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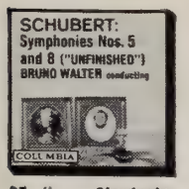
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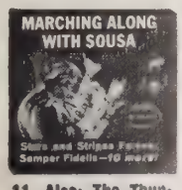
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LETTERS

Religion vs. the State

To the Editors:

Professor Edmond Cahn, in "How To Destroy the Churches" [November], would have us believe that he is terribly troubled lest the churches in seeking help from Government imperil their independence and sacrifice their religious authority. I hasten to reassure Professor Cahn that there is almost nothing in the evidence which he offers which justifies his anxiety. Indeed, the evidence is so weak that it is very difficult to believe that his concern for church independence is his real concern or is, indeed, his concern at all. I would hazard the guess that for many reasons unexpressed he is opposed to aid for church schools. This very difficult, important issue deserves to be fairly faced rather than obscured in a fog of devious sophistication.

The drive by the Catholic churches to secure aid for their schools, he says, would be just the beginning. Corrupted by the initial largesse, they will ultimately be seeking their whole budget from the state. In the end they will have to submit themselves . . . to Government dictation. . . . No one can deny that there are dangers in Government support; but . . . the churches have for years received the enormous benefit of tax-exemption without it having been suggested that the inevitable result was domination by the state. . . .

Professor Cahn summons the churches to return to the separation-of-church-and-state philosophy of Jefferson and Madison. It is not entirely clear to me that Jefferson's and Madison's principal concern was with the independence of the church. They were more troubled by the likelihood that the church, if allied with state, might become too dominant rather than subservient. But the complete separation envisaged by Jefferson and Madison, so far from having been abandoned, has never been realized. The churches and organized religion have been aided in one way or another—tax-exemption, Sunday laws, Army chaplains—for a long time. There is nothing new and nothing sinister about such assistance.

Prof. Louis L. Jaffe
Harvard University Law School
Cambridge, Mass.

The Author Replies:

Since the first paragraph in Prof. Jaffe's letter is not at all like him, I can only regret that he found my article so disturbing. He knows quite well that it is neither good manners nor good logic to express disagreement by impugning the author's sincerity. To impugn the sincerity of my religious concern seems particularly out of place. I should not think of questioning his.

What does my article do? It gives the same solemn warning that has been uttered time and again by various Founding Fathers, Justices of the Supreme Court, and other important figures who cared deeply about the independence of our religious institutions. Here are some recent instances:

Justice Jackson (330 U. S. 27): "If the state may aid these religious schools, it may therefore regulate them. Many groups have sought aid from tax funds only to find that it carried political controls with it. Indeed this Court has declared that 'It is hardly lack of due process for the Government to regulate that which it subsidizes.'"

Cardinal Cushing (*N. Y. Times,* July 3, 1961): "I cannot see how any government or state would build schools without expecting to control them, in whole or in part. . . . There is no alternative to the voluntary method of financing Catholic school building."

Justice Rutledge (330 U. S. 53): "The great condition of religious liberty is that it be maintained free from sustenance, as also from other interferences, by the state. For when it comes to rest upon that secular foundation it vanishes with the resting."

Prof. Edmond Cahn
New York University Law School
New York, N.Y.

A deep bow and a loud hurrah for Edmond Cahn's article. His words of warning recall similar conclusions reached by Alexis de Tocqueville 130 years ago: . . . "In America religion is perhaps less powerful than it has been at certain periods in the history of certain peoples; but its influence is more lasting. It restricts itself to its own resources, but of those none can deprive it: its circle is limited to certain principles, but those principles are entirely its own, and under its own undisputed control." . . .

Rabbi Abraham J. Karp
Congregation Beth El
Rochester, N. Y.

Edmond Cahn's article contributes a good deal of murkiness to an important issue of our day . . . in the assumption that there is a bold clear line between the affairs of the state and the affairs of the church. . . . Certainly, many clergymen like myself have opposed the commercialization of Sunday; and we would not deny that our religious convictions play a part here. But at the root of those religious convictions lies the ageless principle that man needs a day of rest from his labors. Yet the automobile dealers of Chicago cannot rest—and 95 per cent of them want to—if two or three major dealers remain open. As representatives of the churches, therefore, we have simply lent our support to the fervent pleas of the majority. Our hope is that whether these dealers go to church or not, they will at least have a day of rest, even by law, if that's the only answer.

If this is equivalent to destroying the churches, I'm not sure that they are worth saving.

Rev. Clark N. Ross
Waveland Avenue
Congregational Church
Chicago, Ill.

White Collar Crime

To the Editors:

I am appalled that *Harper's* would dignify the activities of Norman Jaspan [in "Private Eye to Industry," Morton M. Hunt, November]. . . . As a CPA and attorney of twenty years experience with "shortages" [discovered by businesses], I know that if American industry would display a little moral indignation about theft, and commit the culprits to the relatively tender mercies of the law, forgetting about the recoveries where the loot is gone, we would have a sharp decline in this type of crime and a sharp uplift in our moral standards. . . .

Patrick S. M. Mitton
Escondido, Calif.

Aid to the Thankless?

To the Editors:

"A Hopeful Letter to Fowler Hamilton" [John Fischer, Easy Chair, November] is the most comprehensive statement that I have read on foreign aid. This was my point of view even when I held my diplomatic post [as permanent representative of Turkey to the UN]. I believed and still believe in foreign aid as an instrument of policy to further the American cause which is the cause of the free world. . . .

I have had very close relations with some friends in the American government. They always . . . consulted with me about the impact of their policies on Asia and Africa. . . . I would insist and plead that the world was not accustomed

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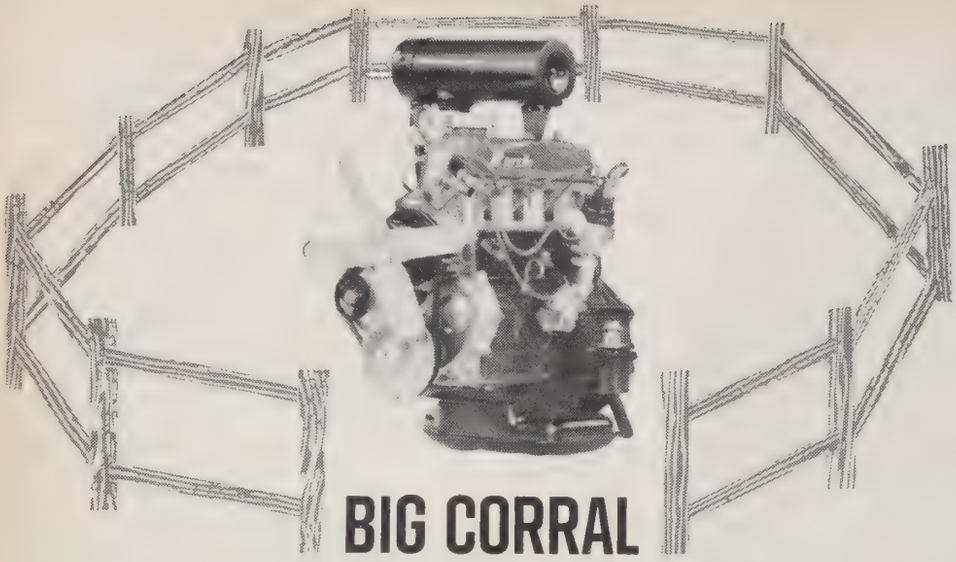
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LETTERS

to something for nothing. That when aid was proffered with no strings attached, the recipient country would always think of its "great strategic or economic or political importance to the United States" and attribute the aid to a mercenary aim and when the U. S. continued to insist on no strings attached, the recipient country would feel itself so important as to think that the U. S. did not dare to impose any conditions. . . .

NURI EREN
Program in Near Eastern Studies
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.

I enjoyed John Fischer's "Hopeful Letter to Fowler Hamilton." It gives a fresh basis for the popular outcry in this country against wasting economic aid. . . . As a former member of the Revolutionary Government of Cuba from January 1959 to September 1960, I was particularly interested in the reference to "the bankers, generals, and landowners who have long formed the traditional ruling class in much of Latin America." Cracking the oligarchy's reluctance to reform is, indeed, the big task of Mr. Hamilton in Latin America. . . . At present the U. S. A., so adamant elsewhere in Latin America, endorses morally and financially a "Revolutionary Council" for Cuba that represents nothing more and nothing less than a return to the status quo. Why the double standard? Why press change in the rest of Latin America and promote a right-wing solution for Cuba? . . .

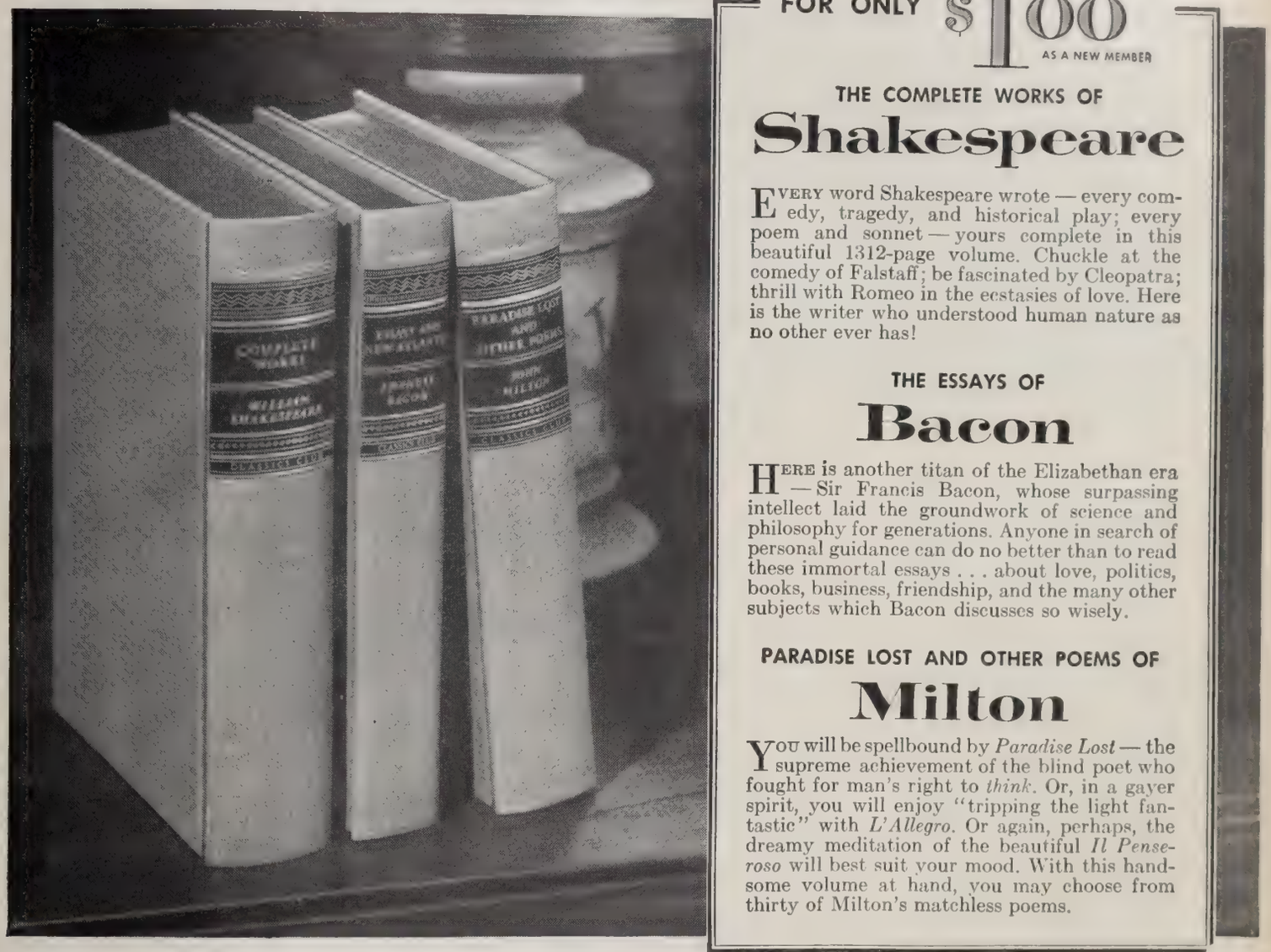
I agree that "the only way you can beat their game is to side with The Good Revolutionists." The "good revolutionists" of Cuba are Huber Matos, Raul Chibas, Manuel Ray, David Salvador, Felipe Pazos, Eloy Gutierrez Menoyo, and they . . . have been opposed, smeared, and ignored by the proper American authorities of the same U. S. government that demands social change as a prerequisite to qualify for economic aid under the Alliance for Progress program. Latin American "bankers, generals, and landowners" could hardly believe that the proddings of Uncle Sam are in earnest when the Cuban example tells them otherwise.

ANTONIO DE LA CARRERA
New York, N. Y.

Many thoughtful Americans who would willingly pay higher taxes for projects that would further the best interests and security of this nation deeply resent the tribute they are forced to advance to numerous so-called neutral countries who expect everything from the United States without even bothering to toss her a pleasant nod in return. . . . Our foreign-aid program is rushing

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headlong downhill, completely out of control. Nobody seems to know how to turn off the ignition or where to find the brakes. Let us trust that Fowler Hamilton will prove to be a better driver than his predecessors.

LOIS HARLOW
Carmel Valley, Calif.

Timeless Eye

TO THE EDITORS:

Thanks for the interview, "Henri Cartier-Bresson on the Art of Photography" [Yvonne Baby, November]. His photography is "art" in the full and best sense. He is almost the only relief we get from the lavish flood of advertising photography which is mostly nauseating, and photo-journalism which is so tirelessly jazzed up. Both of these make essentially small and unimportant things seem very big. Cartier-Bresson, on the other hand, gives timeless importance to the quiet fundamental things . . .

HOWARD HAYES
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poor but Proud

TO THE EDITORS:

A good laugh is rare these days and I am indebted to *Harper's* and to Hughes Rudd for his wonderful article, "My Escape from the CIA" [October]. There was, however, a false note, a very false note, in his hilarious yarn. Where, pray, did he find a college professor who actually had $500 to lend? . . . My husband was a college professor until recently and the shabby gentility common among the teaching fraternity is pitiful to behold. Most of us would have to sell our poor old grandmothers down the river to raise a sum such as Mr. Rudd mentions, although I don't suppose they are paying that much for grandmothers these days.

RUTH BUEHLER
Eugene, Ore.

Negro Campuses

TO THE EDITORS:

In his most interesting article, "Howard University: Campus and Cause" [November], Milton Viorst refers to the fact that Kwame Nkrumah and Nnamdi Azikiwe "wound up at Lincoln, a small Negro college in Pennsylvania, one of the few that acknowledged a bond between American and African Negroes." Lincoln, despite its very small enrollment of 420, is still proud of its African heritage and welcomes African students in large numbers, currently enrolling 52 students from 11 African countries. . . . Included is the only large group of Portuguese Africans studying in the United States. Lincoln has a total foreign-student enrollment of about 15 per cent.

Contrary to Howard, Lincoln now draws most of its American students from the North. Lincoln is the daddy of all "predominantly Negro" colleges in the United States, having been founded in 1854 for the higher education of the sons of slaves and of freed Negroes. . . . Lincoln is also . . . seriously attempting to integrate in reverse in more than a token way as it grows in size. It now registers close to 16 per cent non-Negro students.

Your interest in Negro education is to be commended. Few people appreciate the ferment at these institutions. The Howard experience can be multiplied many times by the smaller colleges. Lincoln and other small predominantly Negro colleges are at the vital center of the greatest domestic human problem of our times [and] also at the center of crucial international questions.

PRES. MARVIN WACHMAN
Lincoln University
Lincoln University, Pa.

Liberals on the Carpet

TO THE EDITORS:

I strongly differ with William S. White's implication [in "The New Irresponsibles," Public & Personal, November] that liberals can go too far in their liberality, and consequently fall off some imaginary horizontal line into the arms of a totalitarian ideology ("The Precious Irresponsibles work, consciously or not, toward a situation favorable to imperial policies of the Soviet Union"). How absurd, when liberalism opposes all forms of rigid, unyielding dogma and any non-democratic procedure. . . .

FAY GAUL
Glendora, Calif.

What William S. White calls the "Precious Irresponsibles" I call the "lunatic liberals." To the lunatic liberal, even the fallout from a Soviet bomb is somehow purer and less lethal than that from an American or Western bomb. Virtue and incorruptibility increase in human beings in direct ratio to the darkness of their skins. Whatever policy is most disadvantageous to our own interests is the one that must be embraced in order to demonstrate our purity of heart. Always the lunatic liberals are apologists for the defenders of the Communists. For that reason the honored concept of liberalism has been soiled and degraded in the public mind. . . .

MARIANNE KING
Seattle, Wash.



Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

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McGEORGE BUNDY

THE EASY CHAIR

A Report from an Academic Utopia

The prophetic guest in the Easy Chair for this New Year's Day is usually seated in the White House at his job as Special Assistant to the President. He was formerly Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard. His article is adapted from a speech made at the 1961 Corning Conference on "The Individual in the Modern World."

THE question that occurs to me, as I speak to you in this year of 1975, is this:

Who would have supposed, back in 1960, that we in the universities should easily reach so many goals that then seemed bold to their proponents? Then we had perhaps five or ten universities of truly international quality; we now have twenty-five. Then it seemed as if the small college might be dying a natural death, but we now understand that its apparent anemia was only the preliminary to an extraordinary rebirth of usefulness and of influence. In those days we asked ourselves in tones of anguish where the teachers of the next generation were to be found; we now know that the question was unreal. In the new life of our colleges and universities there is always help for those who will learn how to seek it. (This may always have been true, but a truth not acted on has no great meaning.)

Perhaps the most surprising thing, to those who were engaged in academic administration in the 1950s, would be our splendid discovery that as new institutions grow in strength, old ones are not weakened. Yale and Princeton have not vanished from the mountain tops as Washington, Vanderbilt, and Brown have joined them. Even Harvard has recovered from the damage which was done by its noisy and overnoticed Washington branch in 1961. And while for a brief period in the middle 1960s it appeared that the entire university system of the State of California might be consumed by a civil war, we now know that these were merely the growing pains of shared greatness, and groups of Eastern deans have even learned to think that this greatness is good.

It may be useful to consider the things which our colleges and universities are *not* doing as they were doing them fifteen years ago. I think, indeed, that if I were to try to explain our accomplishments to an American still living in 1960 I should find it best to begin by telling him of the way in which distinctions and categories which he took for granted have been gradually blurred—and even discarded—in our best institutions today. At least four of the distinctions which were central to the structure of the American college in 1960 have ceased to have any real importance.

DISTINCTIONS RUBBED OUT

I. THE first and in many ways the greatest of our accomplishments has been to rub out most of the distinctions separating the student, the teacher, and the research scholar. These distinctions bedeviled our thinking about higher education in the first hundred years of the American university.

You will recall that by 1960 these opposed categories—and perhaps particularly the categories of "teaching" and "research"—had begun to make a fractionated shambles of the American university. In spite of all that older and wiser men could do and say, fashion seemed to favor what was called "research" as against what was called "teaching." Why was this so? In part it was, of course, the inevitable result of the fact that a professor's reputation could spread more widely by way of the printed word than by way of effective work with students. In part also it was the result of the horizontal institutionalization of specific branches of learning, across the universities and colleges of the country—a topic on which I shall have more to say in a minute. And in part this division grew from the remarkable expansion of the federal government's interest in scientific research in the years after the second world war. With a timidity from which it has fortunately escaped, the federal government initially felt it essential to limit its activities to "research," leaving "teaching" to others. It was imitated, and perhaps in some measure even anticipated, by some of the great philanthropic foundations (which even today have only an imperfect and intermittent understanding of the way a university really works).

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Foundations which sought the credit for supporting "research breakthroughs" were not always sensitive to the impact of their philanthropy upon the internal structure of university life.

But the main responsibility for this radical disjunction of two things which we have now learned to put together must be placed upon the universities and colleges themselves. After all, it was their business to understand first—and to sustain most intensely—the notion that, in the life of a university man, learning as a whole is what counts. It was for the universities to remember and to reassert that there is in the end no sharp line between the learning of a freshman and the most abstract inquiry of the most isolated professor. By the very nature of a university (and I apologize for repeating these truisms now), these widely different activities are part of one way of life, and it follows, with the most inexorable logic, that the institution which separates them sharply, or seems to place one above another, must gravely damage itself.

I will not weary you with a description of all of the kinds of damage that were done by this false distinction. Let us recall simply that the separation of teaching and research flaws both kinds of activity. If learning by a student is not connected to the process of inquiry as a way of life in itself, it is not really alive. On the other hand the work of the investigator takes its full meaning only from the learning by others of what it is. These notions were understood, even in the bad old days, by the best of our teachers and investigators. It is the saving grace of universities that their best men will always transcend the worst pattern of organization and the most radical errors of customary belief.

But the true importance of proper understanding is that it releases a liberating force for ordinary men, and I do not think there will be argument among us as to the improvement which has occurred as we have abandoned this great false distinction. No longer do hundreds of our better men miss the joys of working with students because they have been led to think that "teaching" is beneath their dignity. No longer do thousands of men without the gift of great imaginative investigation torture themselves, and clutter the learned journals, with work of astonishing triviality and indistinction. Our new freedom and understanding have liberated even those who were temperamentally best adapted to the sort of reality there was in the old distinction. The man whose heart really does belong almost wholly to research no longer feels a moral pressure to give a reluctant fraction of his time to forms of teaching which he does badly. In our university community of 1975, all kinds of work are equally honored; all are understood to be a part of the whole; and all are interconnected in so many ways that efforts to protect a misconstrued "balance" are no longer necessary.

Hardly less important than the impact upon the scholar himself of this emergence from folly is its meaning for the student. Our undergraduates and graduate students no longer think of themselves as passively exposed to "teachers." Instead they are members of a learning community. They are younger than the faculty; they know less; they are, as a group, somewhat less gifted intellectually. But they are participants in common activity. It is no longer a rarity to have freshmen who play active roles in laboratory investigation. It is no longer queer for seniors to help in the learning of freshmen. We no longer distinguish sharply between the book which is read as part of a course list, and the book which is read because it is an essential element in a joint inquiry from which a professorial essay may emerge. As the students have become simply junior members in an organization with a common purpose, we have begun to find it hard to understand the massive literature on what was called "motivation" which burdened the desks of academic men in the 1950s.

IRON HANDS OF LITTLE MEN

II. THE beginnings of this radical realignment of categories were evident in the late 1950s, and those of us who were then young Turks would not have been amazed—though we would surely have been delighted—to hear in 1960 that so much could be accomplished in this direction so soon. But I think we could not have contained our astonishment if we had been told then of the change which has occurred in the place and meaning of the "department" in American academic life. For in 1960 the department—whether of chemistry or economics or psychology or philosophy—the department was the decisive unit of organization and action. We would never have guessed that it would so soon become insignificant. For it seemed plain, in those days, that the departments had laid their iron hands upon the final sources of power and influence. Did they not control budgets, promotions, and new appointments, subject only to the frail consent of harried and outmaneuvered administrators? Were they not the source of the magical and persistently dominant degree of Ph.D.? Did they not, in their constantly tightening network of alliances across the major institutions, embody all of the strength and many of the attitudes of the most ferocious of craft unions, so that all philosophers in leading departments of philosophy were banded together against outsiders everywhere? Were not the departments, in short, the necessary and inevitable strongholds of the little men who have always needed more strength than they themselves

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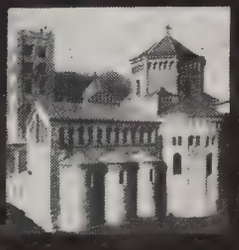


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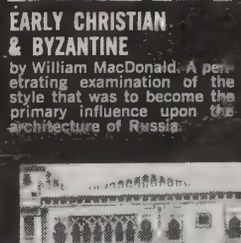


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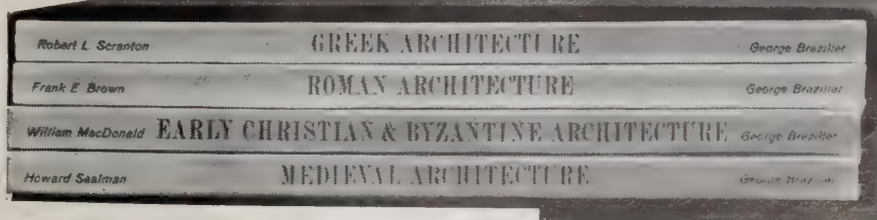
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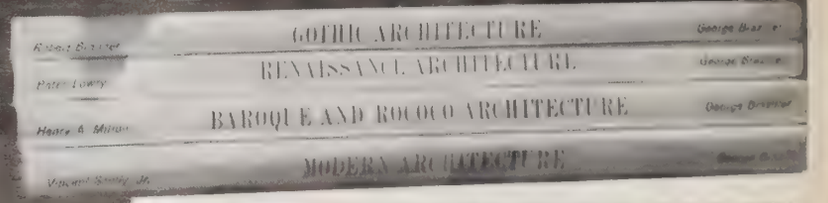


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can bring? How astonishing then that they should so soon become unimportant!

What did it, obviously, was the true and irresistible course of the higher learning itself. The brilliant results of scientific investigation and creative scholarship which characterized the first six years of the 1960s simply smashed the old lines of division. What could be made of the notion of a department of history, as distinct from psychology, when it became wholly clear that Professor William Langer had precisely identified the wave of the future when as President of the American Historical Association he told his colleagues in the mid-'fifties that future historians must also be modern psychologists?

How could there be a department of chemistry, as distinct from physics, when over a period of years it became more and more plain that the first-rate chemists were first-rate physicists first?

How could there be a rational separation of economics and politics after the great and path-breaking works on economic development as a political phenomenon which dominated the best departments in both fields in those same years?

How could departments matter, as centers of academic power, when it became the rule and not the exception for the very ablest men to insist upon the right of affiliation in whatever part of the university they were welcome?

In the end it was learning itself which did to the departments what a few extraordinarily far-sighted individuals, like James Bryant Conant, had tried to do with money, and with especially prestigious professorships, a generation before. The brightest of the young men found the departments foolish, and the best of senior scholars, seeking the company of these bright young men, were forced to agree. So the real powers of the departments were gradually eroded, and while they remain, in most of our older universities today, as useful instruments of decentralization and of administrative tidiness, they spread no terror in the heart of any student or assistant professor.

THE CRISIS OF 1963

III. THE mention of administration brings us to the third of the lost distinctions of the last fifteen years—the distinction, so painfully prevalent in 1960, between the administrator and the professor. You will remember the vogue in the 1950s of what was called Parkinson's Law, under which, as it applied to the life of universities, one could expect that administration would multiply, while scholarship and virtue declined. And indeed administrative staffs did increase very rapidly in those years. Most of the time, I think, these increases were a practical necessity (but here, of course, my own bias as a former administrator may be apparent). The process of admission, the management of financial aid, the unending search for funds, the proliferation of connections with the government, the substructure of the all-powerful departments themselves—not one of these was inevitable in itself, or deeply essential to the very process of university life, but all of them seemed urgent at the time, and those who skimped on administrative effort in any of these areas were not, in the short run, the wise ones. So the distinction was real, and its dangers were evident.

We must not be too hard on the universities of those days for their failure to find a rapid answer to this problem. The distinction between the administrator and the professor faded away only after many strange and unexpected events had occurred. Perhaps the most important was the final demonstration, in the admissions crisis of 1963, that the problem of accommodating properly qualified young men in college could be fully solved only if the enormous admissions staffs of the "prestige" colleges were themselves assigned to professorships in new institutions. Since it speedily appeared that most directors of admission were longing to be professors, the experiment was successful.

This was only the most striking demonstration of a general proposition which many administrators had felt in their hearts for years—that in any well-run place, the distinction between an administrative officer and an officer of instruction is essentially unreal. Administration too is a part of learning, unless it be badly done or unnecessary, and as this truth was demonstrated in a few unusual places, in a time when good men were very hard to get, it began to spread with extraordinary speed. And for the numerous professors who had always had some interest in managing affairs it was a satisfaction to find that what they had been taught to spurn as "administration" became a fruitful part of their whole lives when it was merely one more element in a unified professional existence.

THE NEW HOME

IV. THE greatest change of all—though still the least complete—was the gradual weakening of the line between membership and nonmembership in the university community itself. In 1960, of course, you were either a teacher on the payroll, or a student, or (in a much more distant and less significant way) an alumnus—or you were nothing. Moreover, when you ceased to be a student, either by taking or by failing to take a degree, you went your way, and if you went off the teaching payroll, by resignation, failure of reappointment, or retirement, your connection with the life of the place became either exiguous or nonexistent. This perhaps was the most wasteful of all the patterns of action of our

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universities, and the one which most obviously did violence—as we now so easily see—to the notion of learning as a proper, continuing, and central activity of man. Why should his graduation have cut off a promising chemist from any connection with our laboratory? Why should a man's graduation from law school and entry upon his profession make him no longer a member of a law school?

These questions, which could be reduplicated in varying intensity up and down the university, could not be answered effectively until money and leisure, in fruitful combination, produced both the possibility and the desire for continued connection across a really wide sector of the adult population. Then it began to appear that the university, properly construed, is not merely a place of full-time effort by young students and old professors—it is also a home, for hours, or days, or weeks at a time, of all highly civilized men. Our older universities have found this truth hard to pay for; only a happy few, so far, have had the luck to find the extraordinary new resources which this new concept requires. But our public universities, connected as they are to the full political force of public opinion, have been able to win new appropriations, and the more adventurous of them have begun to show us how radically the whole nature of the university can be transformed, and how sharply its purpose can be clarified to all its members, when this wider concept is accepted. Of course the criterion of continued membership is seriousness, and there can be no room in this promising new development for sloppy or second-rate or merely casual work. But these reminders are not necessary for an audience in 1975; they belong rather to the tired and irrelevant debates in which the real meaning of this opportunity was being missed during the 1950s.

Well, gentlemen, I have talked too long, and so I have not time for even the most cursory review of the detailed history processes by which these four great changes came to pass. It is enough to say, in summary tribute, that we are about equally indebted to two pairs of leaders—first, those who began our two great new Federal Universities in Washington, D. C. and in the Pacific mountains during these years, and second, those in the two of our best-established and greatest institutions which at the same time were not afraid to remake themselves. It was the combination of revolution among the strong and innovation among the new which was basically responsible, as we can now see, for the happy turn in our higher learning which we have gathered to celebrate. No one could have predicted, ahead of time, whether the new or the old would do better, and it was a happy thing for our society, in the early 1960s, that both bets were made at once.

CLERK AND KNIGHT

BUT my analysis so far has been much too narrow, for all these changes could only have happened in the context of the great general events of the last fifteen years:

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All these things—and many more—inevitably have had an enormous immediate impact on our university life. Consider only how the battle for survival ended forever the gap between clerk and knight which was so bad for both—or how the new morality has, among other things, reunited "the two cultures" first defined by Lord Snow (and of course we have all joined in applauding his recent re-election as President of the International Association of Philosopher-Kings). Consider—more broadly—how the academy has been charged with new energy by its central—though not controlling—part in the acceptance of change itself as a necessary part of existence. What our predecessors of the 'fifties and early 'sixties preached without quite believing, we now have learned to live by—without the need to preach.

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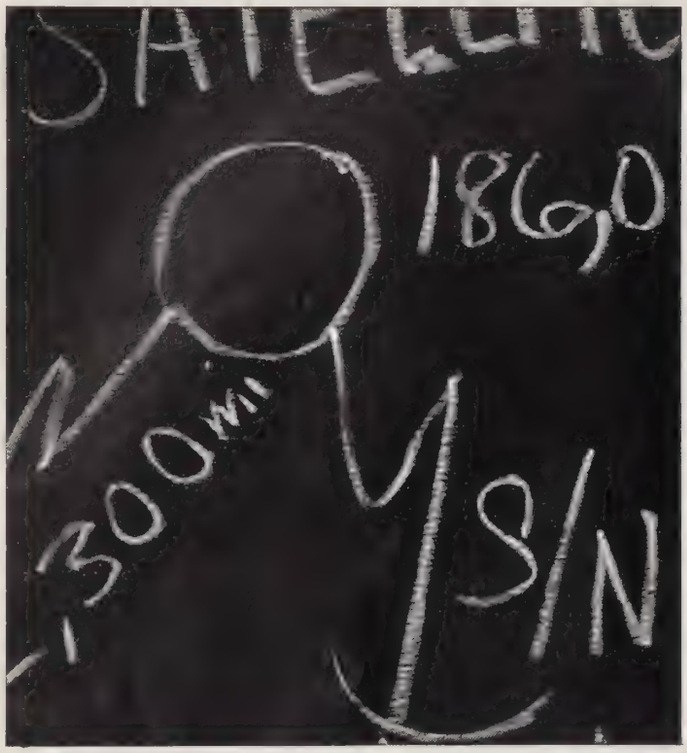
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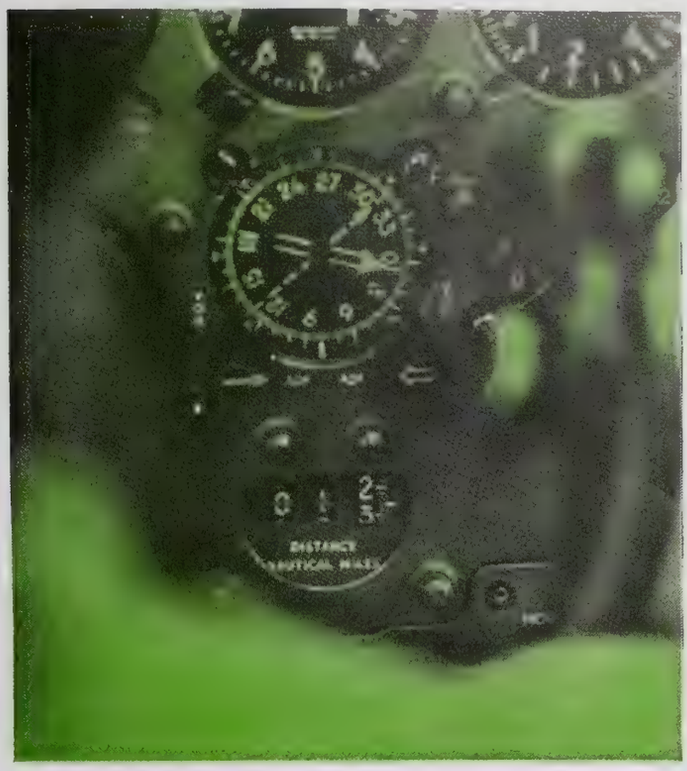
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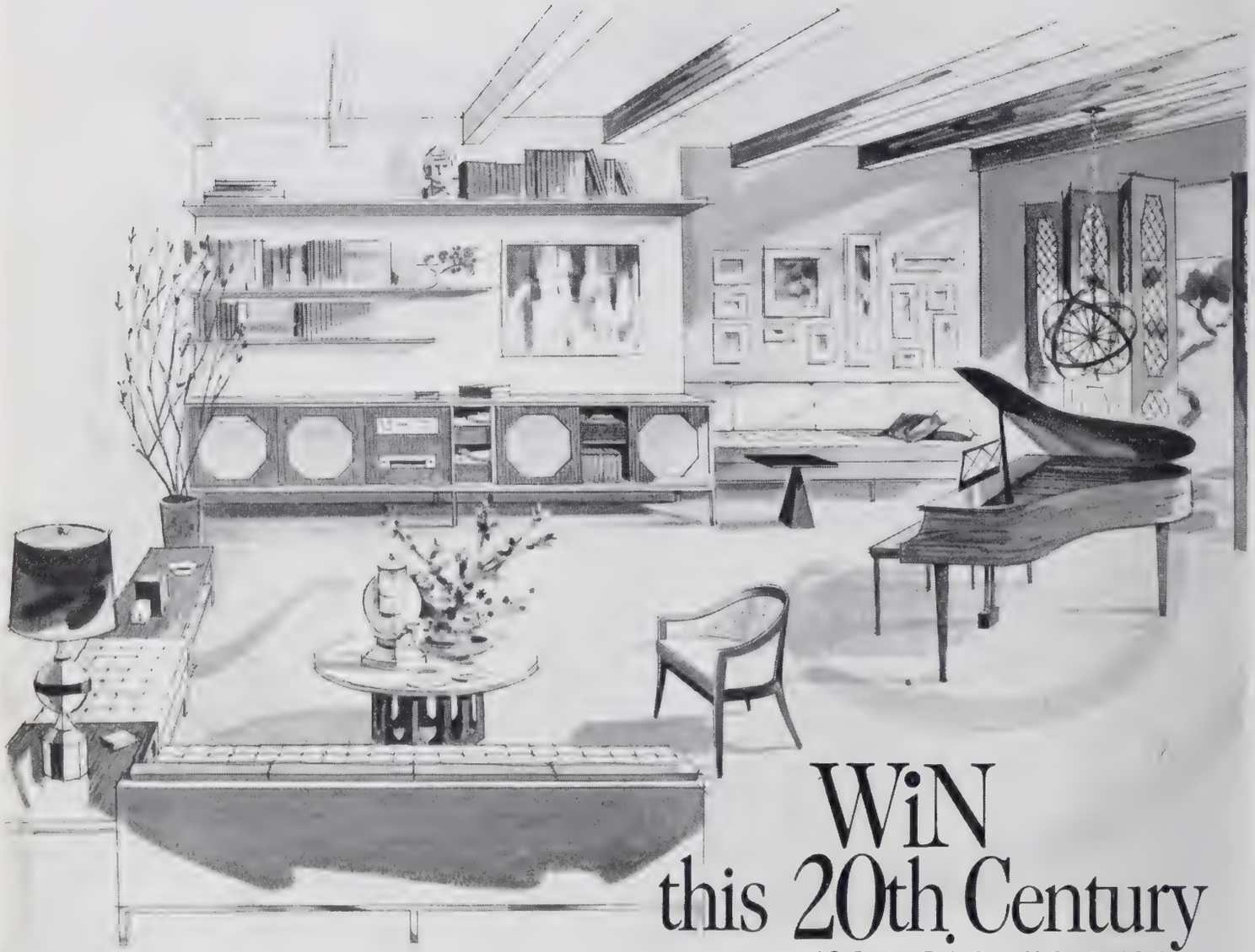


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AFTER HOURS



"THE TREATMENT" IN GRAND RAPIDS

By Russell Lynes

THERE are no rapids in the river that flows through Grand Rapids, but new life stirs on its banks. The Grand is a quiet stream, let down gradually by a series of shallow dams over which it slips as smoothly as upholstery satin. The city straddles its clear water which was once jammed with logs by the old timber barons a century and more ago. Now one is scarcely aware of it. I was driven back and forth across it several times, and no one said, "This is the Grand." Indeed, no one mentioned it unless I mentioned it first. It is merely a fact of life that is less a topographical fact than a social one: those who live on its east side refer to those on its west side with a sort of apologetic condescension. I thought I sensed that the note of apology was something rather new.

Grand Rapids has recently been taught a lesson, and it is quite aware where its spiritual and social divisions lie; social statistics trip off the tongues of its citizens with consistent ease. Thirty per cent of the city's inhabitants are "Dutch"; 15 per cent are "Polish." Forty per cent of the children in the city's schools are, mind you, in church institutions—Catholic, Christian Reformed, and Lutheran. (There is an old schism in the Dutch religious community.) These lines are crossed continually, of course, where people work and in the political and cultural management and interests of the city, but one is constantly reminded of them even in casual conversation, though too few of my conversations there were casual.

My reason for being in Grand Rapids was to give a lecture for the Friends of Art; as I had never been there before, I asked if I might come a few days early and have a look around. My notion of Grand Rapids was compounded of ignorance and myth. Grand Rapids meant only one thing to me—furniture, and to me (as to many others) it meant not good furniture but furniture of gaudy and frivolous design. It meant golden oak tortured into monuments of pretentiousness; it meant what is called in the furniture trade "Borax." I thought it would be interesting to see the city that has had more influence on the taste of the American home than any I knew of. It was, but not for the reasons I expected. Even my ignorance seems to have been half-a-century out-of-date.

My visit took on an aspect of being official. I have no one to blame but myself (I asked for it) but I was given what might be called "the treatment"—given it with tact and generosity, frequently with humor and sometimes with a thoroughness that left me feeling like a pâté goose stuffed with a diet of undigested and indigestible opinion and information. I came away armed with a satchel full of reports, Chamber of Commerce booklets, projects for civic and cultural centers, symphony programs, gallery catalogues, historical brochures, prospectuses, furniture catalogues, annual reports, handouts, and throwaways. There is something of everything in Grand Rapids but not as much as one might suspect of anything . . . except chairs.

The city spreads over a gently rolling landscape which when I was there had a subdued autumnal glow. It is a stolid town with the brush marks of conservatism on its aspect. Its architecture is not unpleasant but it is unnoticeable. The structures that rise over the center of the city are a red-brick County Building with a tower faintly reminiscent of Boston's Trinity Church and a gray-stone City Hall which embodies all of the clichés of the 1880s. I looked for something I could say was characteristically Grand Rapids, something that distinguished it from other cities of its size, something curious or noble or even just a little adventurous. If it was there, I missed it, but one could not help feeling that it was not there on purpose, that nobody had wanted Grand Rapids to be anything but stolid, safe, self-sufficient, and sober. I was shown two houses built by Frank Lloyd Wright in the first decade of the century, and I was told that there were "modern" houses on the outskirts of town. There is one commercial building downtown by Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill; and I met a physician who has commissioned the great California architect, Richard Neutra, to build a house for him. There has been a spate of school building in town and the ones I saw looked as though they had been built for contemporary children, but the new apartment houses in the city are closer to the tradition of the eight-

eenth century than to the twentieth and so is the brand new Congregational Church. Grand Rapids did not exist in the eighteenth century; architecturally it scarcely exists in the twentieth.

This condition seems to be on the verge of changing. Early in 1961, Grand Rapids was selected by *Look* Magazine as an "All-America City" because of a sudden stirring in the community that promised to put a stop to a gradual decline caused mainly by apathy. But in many respects it is anything but typically American. It is, for one thing, extremely stable: those who are born and brought up in Grand Rapids are likely to stay there. Many, who can afford to, go away to school and college, but they come back and settle in houses within shouting distance of their parents and grandparents. (One woman said to me that there were a good many "interconnections" among the families who control the financial and industrial interests of the town. "You mean 'inbreeding?'" I suggested with a smile, and she said, "I guess you could call it that," and laughed.) Seventy per cent of Grand Rapids families own their homes; this is 10 per cent above the national average. I was told that this was the Dutch of it, the conservative, slow-moving, family-bound tradition of the community. It was also suggested that it might have something to do with the traditions of craftsmanship that are deeply imbedded in the community. It has also, I suspect, something to do with nepotism in business management. But if the community is stable, that is not to say that it is static. The ark is a-moverin'.

Fur trading was the first business of Grand Rapids in the 1830s, then it was lumber, and concurrently in the 1840s, furniture. Somber factories rose along the banks of the Grand, about forty of them before 1900. The Dutch came as craftsmen, the Polish as lumbermen, and about twenty-five years ago or so, other industries began to move into the town. Diversification of industry happened not because the furniture industry wanted it to happen but in spite of it.

"They fought it," a local businessman said to me, "but I guess they're glad now."

Something else happened that bothered them more. Mass production of furniture went to the south, mostly to North Carolina, and Grand Rapids became the quality, but not the quantity town. Only two workers out of ten in Grand Rapids now work in the furniture industry; the rest work for automotive firms, in electronics, in metals, in plastics, and a dozen other industries. The market for quality furniture is in good shape; the demand for meticulous reproductions of old furniture, the kind that requires the tender ministrations of expert wood carvers and finishers, has gone up in the last few years. But this kind of quality furniture and expertly made furniture of contemporary design is a drop in the bucket of popular demand. It may have been an insistence on quality of craftsmanship that cost Grand Rapids the mass market; it may have been the town's strong streak of Calvinist conservatism: it may have been that Grand Rapids was smug in its self-esteem and unmindful of how the market for taste was broadening and changing. It is making no effort that I heard of to recapture the mass market. If the low-priced grapes are sour in Grand Rapids mouths, I had no hint of it. Several times I was told that when there is a recession, Grand Rapids feels it six months after most manufacturing cities, and when there is a boom, it arrives with equal reluctance. In "The Furniture Capital of the Nation" furniture is a minor contributor to local prosperity.

I SPENT my first morning in Grand Rapids with J. Paul Jones, the director of city planning for the community, and with John Knapp, an architect. Mr. Jones's office is on the top floor of the City Hall and commands a view of urban demise.

"Almost everything you can see from here," he said, "is going to come down."

Above warehouses and business blocks I could see the red tower of the County Building. "That too?" I asked. Mr. Jones obviously thought that it was not worth saving and that it was economically unsound, even though the structure was probably good for another inconvenient hundred years. He showed me maps of the city with tissue overlays on which were drawn in bright crayons the bright future he hoped for it. Forty acres of "blight" (including the City Hall) would give way to the wrecking ball and the bulldozer, and a civic center would open like a flower on plazas leading down to the river. "Parking and alternate uses" would surround the commercial district of the city, and a cultural and educational area would gradually emerge from what is now a combination of houses and schools and museums and what seem to be called "miscellaneous occupancies." Mr. Jones is in no hurry; he will move a step at a time but, unless I am mistaken, he will eventually get what he primarily wants which is the revitalization, as he calls it, of the downtown area.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Knapp took me on a tour of the city, its slums as well as its middle-income and its prosperous residential sections (though we skirted the suburb of East Grand Rapids, which is the fashionable place to live), its parks, its new, partially built speedways, its old shopping strips and new shopping centers. I was given, in other words, the impartial view of the physicians who see the city as a total organism, some parts of it healthy, some unhealthy, but all of it interesting. I was then taken to lunch with the Mayor and several of the city's commissioners.

Mayor Stanley J. Davis, who was born in Poland and who quite properly wore a quasi-official white chrysanthemum in the lapel of his dark suit, is a Catholic from the west side of town. He and one of the Reformed commissioners kidded each other across the table about who was going to convert whom. I was asked to ask questions of the men sitting at the table. One question was all I needed to ask: "Why suddenly two years ago did things begin to move in Grand Rapids?" They knew what I meant; there is a sense in the town of forward motion and a community of interest that is contagious. I do not remember which answers came from which men (I kept my notebook in my pocket) but the burden of the answers was this:

It became apparent that the city was losing population whereas other cities in Michigan were gaining. This meant loss of tax revenues. It

also meant a loss of civic face and thus of business. It meant that what had once been a lively part of the city was turning into slums, which cost the city heavily in taxes and in policing. It was not that people were deserting the county or even the metropolitan area. Suburbs were expanding just beyond the grasp of the city, and the city's only answers were, first, to annex the communities on its periphery and make them part of the city and, second, to transfuse blood into the city at its heart. Annexation has already begun through a legal process that is too complicated to describe. (Indeed the city of Flint, Michigan, was so impressed with the lawyer who figured out how Grand Rapids might dive through a loophole in the state laws that they have hired him to do the same there.) But through annexation, the population of Grand Rapids has grown in the last few years from about 175,000 to 201,000. This has meant, of course, new school districts for the city to support (and in some cases new schools to build), sewer services and water to supply, but it also meant new tax revenues and new elbow room and a relief from the feeling of strangulation. It seems to have lifted everybody's spirits. It has even, I was told, greatly increased the local enthusiasm for the symphony series: two years ago tickets for the symphony were hard to give away; now they are at a premium. (Someone else suggested reasonably that maybe it was because they had finally got a better conductor.)

A period of soul-searching had gone on for quite a few years before something had begun to happen. Fortunately, somebody handed me three mimeographed talks that Dr. Donald H. Bouma had given in 1958 when he was a sociologist at Calvin College in Grand Rapids (he is now at Western University in Kalamazoo). He had looked hard at the community and what he saw was scarcely encouraging, and his report upset a few of the misconceptions about Grand Rapids which its citizens had been nurturing with self-satisfaction for a long time. It was not, for one thing, the solidly religous community that it thought itself. He pointed out that the city was not as stable as it believed.

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Though its Negro population was low by the average of the state, it was growing and the community was drawing tight "ghetto lines" around it; "Negro-baiting" had become a kind of sport among teen-agers. The slum areas of the city comprised 14 per cent of the land area and 30 per cent of the "dwelling units." They also accounted for a very high percentage of juvenile and adult arrests.

Grand Rapids seemed willing to face up to these problems (and the decline of the core of the city) and various civic groups got to work in various ways. The Mayor claims that his election brought political peace to the city and an atmosphere in which big things could be done. Be that as it may, the citizens who had been stubborn about voting the necessary bond issue for revitalizing the city decided to say yes rather than no. In ten years Grand Rapids is going to have a very different look from today. It will have a new college (it hopes to take in its first freshman class in 1963; it raised $1.5 million from local industries and private citizens and will have a matching grant from the state); it is now building a new $7-million airport big enough to take jets; and it will have, I don't doubt, a great deal of what Mr. Jones and his predecessors have helped to plan for it.

I HAD an hour in each of two Grand Rapids factories, the American Seating Company (which curiously is not regarded by those who were showing me around as part of the furniture industry) and the John Widdicomb Company, manufacturers of expensive furniture made with Tender Loving Care. They were worlds apart. American Seating specializes in school furniture, seats for ball parks and auditoriums, bus seats, and church pews. It can turn out 50,000 folding metal chairs a week. It employs handcarvers, who make rood screens and pews, and metal workers, who operate machines that turn steel ribbons into tubes, presses that bang out backs and seats, and assembly lines that convert the tubing and stamped metal into chairs, in an inferno of clashing metal illuminated by the green flames of welding torches.

The Widdicomb factory, tiny by contrast, smells of wood and varnishes and oil and paints, and the atmosphere is one of craftsmen employing their delicate skills with ease and satisfaction. I watched a man at a machine that operates like a pantograph (perhaps it was one) carving out—at once—a couple of dozen pieces of a Venetian headboard for a bed. I watched other men at other machines putting in details that were beyond the pantograph to make, and still others with several dozen sizes of wood chisels giving sharpness and definition to the design.

At American Seating Mr. James M. VerMeulen, the president, explained with some vigor that his was a publicly owned corporation with a strict policy of not hiring any relatives of the directors or of the management of the company. "If they are bright enough, they'll get on someplace else," he said. "If they're not, we don't want them anyway." It seems to be a rare kind of policy in Grand Rapids.

Later that same day I was picked up at my hotel and taken to dinner by Mr. Hollis S. Baker, the chairman of the executive committee of Baker Furniture, Inc., an old firm with a reputation for the highest quality production.

"I wanted to talk to you," Mr. Baker said as we drove to his house, "about a project of mine. I've been working for some time on a history of pre-Christian furniture—Greek, Egyptian, and Mesopotamian—and I hope I'll have a chance to show you some of the illustrations . . . if you're interested that is."

Mr. Baker is a traveler, has a house in Greece, and his company has a considerable museum of furniture at its factory. He has recently built himself a "little" house (his son, the president of Baker Furniture now lives in his big house) looking out over a lake. I have no idea whether it is furnished with the products of the Baker factory or with originals, but the rug on the living-room floor was an Aubusson. Mr. Baker took me (and my drink) to his study to look at the pictures of the pre-Christian furniture which were, to be sure, interesting.

The next morning I visited the showrooms of the Baker Company in the Exhibitors Building (I have never been in a building where there were more chairs and less chance to use them). There Mr. Baker confirmed a fact that someone else had suggested in passing. The makers of quality furniture have no trouble in this age of the machine getting the very highly skilled handcraftsmen they need. This is hard to believe (I only talked to two manufacturers) but it may be a key to the character of Grand Rapids.

At lunch, the Mayor had mentioned that it would be good if the city had a school for crafts, and others at the table jumped on him, as the city had evidently had an unfortunate experience with a trade school to which teachers sent only incorrigibles. "That's not what I mean," he said. "When I was young every boy in town knew how to plane a board and use a wood chisel. They don't anymore, and they should." There is a school of design in the city, however, and furniture design looms large in its catalogue.

I walked through all eight floors of the Exhibitors Building and I saw (or, I should say, there passed before my eyes) furniture of every period that is now marketable. Mahogany, I gathered, is out. Almost everything else seems to be in. Price is no object ($2,400 for a bureau) and modern office furniture comes equipped with panel boards for dimming office lights and closing doors. Never did a building contain so much taste so difficult to reconcile to a single age.

From taste I was spirited off to culture. (The distinction between the business of taste and the pleasures of culture is a sharp one in Grand Rapids.) By that time I was numb. I looked at the local art museum which is housed in a pretty Greek Revival building and was showing an exhibition of West Michigan painting, sculpture, and crafts; most of the museum's permanent collection was not on view. I was met there by a lady who gave me a packet of information about the symphony series, and I went from there to the science museum, the planetarium, and thence to a luncheon of local educators. That evening I went to another dinner party, gave my lecture, attended a reception, and had a drink at the Morton House bar.

AFTER HOURS

GRAND RAPIDS is an hospitable city, and not surprisingly eager to put its best foot forward for an out-of-towner. "The treatment," however tactful and urbane, leads inevitably to a distorted impression, of course. Of the five meals I ate (excluding breakfast) in Grand Rapids, three of them were at the Peninsula Club; are there Dutch and Polish restaurants in town? Is there any night life? What is it like on Sunday? I saw and talked with only a few dozen people who look at the city from the vantage point of social, business, educational, or political eminence. Several of them confessed that they escaped to Detroit in order to keep their cultural wits about them, but if the attitude of the people I talked with is characteristic, Grand Rapids is a city that is neither apologetic nor without humor about itself. It is serious about its future but not solemn about its accomplishments. These are rare community qualities, but I had the feeling they were not the traditional ones in Grand Rapids. It is, I suspect, a very different place now than it was when it climbed grudgingly onto the analyst's couch a few years ago.

I was presented with one example of what looks as though it may be the traditional attitude. As I was leaving the hall in which I lectured, someone handed me an envelope with a newspaper clipping in it. I put it in my pocket and forgot about it until I was on the plane back to New York the next morning. It was a piece about Mrs. Minnie Powers of John Street, Grand Rapids, and it may have been she who gave it to me. The piece contained some verses of a poem Mrs. Powers had written called "Ideal Grand Rapids." In part it read as follows:

Queen of the Valley, West Michigan's flower,
With opportunity thou are replete,
For financial strength and industrial power
With thee no city thy size may compete.

Furniture City, thy crafts do thee credit,
Thy products are peerless, the world will allow,
Contented consumers by millions have said it,
And now we repeat it, Grand Rapids knows how.



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starts the hard maple on its way to gentling our old-time Tennessee sippin' whiskey.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

ENGLAND WAKES UP

JOSEPH C. HARSCH

After sixteen years of drift, uncertainty, and nostalgia, the British have finally crossed a major watershed in their history. The whole tone of their life is now changing—and they are at last willing to move toward the future, even if they aren't quite sure about the course.

IT'S too soon to pinpoint precisely the moment when it happened, or weigh perfectly the reasons which caused it to happen. That it did happen, no one can doubt.

In the spring of 1961 Britain passed through a change in national outlook and inclination. It made possible things which had long been presumed to be impossible. It converted sacred dogma into amusing heirloom. It produced such a phenomenon as a British Foreign Minister speaking more sternly about the "Berlin crisis" than the American Secretary of State, and Britain knocking briskly on the door of Europe. By such things the future of nations is shaped.

It was more than the passing of a milestone in the life of a nation. It was the crossing of a watershed. It is identifiable by the difference in scenery on the opposite slopes. Pre-watershed Britain was marked by the 1960 vote for neutralism at the Labor party's Scarborough conference, the assumption that Hugh Gaitskell was finished and that tired Tories were in power for all foreseeable time, agonizing uncertainty about Berlin, suspicion of anything and everything American (particularly American bombs), nostalgic clinging to the Commonwealth, bristling resentment toward the Common Market, and evasive apathy toward Britain's steady economic decline.

Post-watershed Britain is marked by reversal of the Scarborough resolution, expulsion of the Communist-dominated Electrical Trades Union from the Trades Union Congress and from the Labor party, revival of the Labor party as a lively and almost modern political vehicle, revival of Hugh Gaitskell as its indisputable leader, equivalent updating of the Tory party, an end to vacillation over Berlin, unparalleled teamwork between the Foreign Office and the State Department, and recognition that the Commonwealth belongs to Britain's past and the Common Market to her future.

Add that after the crossing of the watershed a German tank squadron trained in Wales to the entire satisfaction of the local population, and that the Tory party voted ten to one for the Common Market and turned, if wistfully, away from its atavistic longing for return of lash and gallows. Ban-the-Bomb marchers, including Lord Bertrand Russell, were processed methodically through law courts and jails—with tea, but not sympathy.

Pre-watershed Britain drifted in uncertainty,

indulged in recrimination, lived off residual Victorian fat, and tried to avoid looking ahead. Now she is on the move, recognizes that charity is over, sees herself as part of a new Europe going through its birth pangs, and blames her shortcomings on herself. A single impassioned speech at Brighton in October, to the assembled Tories, blamed America for loss of Empire (a familiar old Tory complaint). Cries of "shame" drowned out the speaker. In that brief moment one knew that the Tory party had glimpsed the twentieth century.

A BRACING COLD SHOWER

THIS definition of watershed scenery is, of course, overdrawn and also unfair to those who labored in the "pre" period to change the inclination. Every tendency which emerged at the divide was present on the way to it. The difference is not of a nation solidly moving over as one man, but of inclinations in the nation becoming dominant which were previously aspirant. The time spent on the upward slope was not wasted. It was the period of germination, of testing and rejecting old ideas and thinking through new ideas. Many were confident throughout that when the time came, Britain would do "the right and necessary." She did.

The change does not mean easy going ahead. On the contrary, the biggest element in it is willingness to accept the hazards and convulsions of change. Prime Minister Macmillan was only superficially candid when he said that going into the Common Market, if it happens, will be entering a "bracing cold shower, not a relaxing Turkish bath." "Bracing cold shower" is a euphemism for bankruptcies, and the probable disappearance of whole industries. If Britain gets through the next six months without the most violent and bitterly fought strikes since the general strike of 1926, she will be lucky.

And it would be going too far to say that Britain knows where she is going. No course is plotted on the chart. It was waspishly remarked that there is no helmsman at the wheel. This, from a prominent Tory politician, exposed a declining inclination to treat Harold Macmillan as the indispensable man. But (with apologies for the metaphorical mixing of watershed and shipping) at least the sails are full and the ship is in motion. H.M.S. *Britannia* can be steered. There are eager candidates for the pilot's role, though the winner is not yet identifiable.

From the end of the war until the spring of 1961, Britain was neither in decisive motion, nor in tune with the new movements of history. The building of the welfare state from 1945 to 1951 was not innovation; it was catching up. The United States, Germany, France, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland—even, in some respects, Italy—were well ahead in the equipment of modern society. Much of what Britain reached after 1945 dates from Bismark's days in Germany and Franklin Delano Roosevelt's in the United States. When the British reviewed their educational system, which they finally did in 1959, it could be, and was, alleged that in some respects only Turkey kept them from leading the European list—at the bottom. Britain was the last industrialized nation to adopt free mass education. She probably does lead all others in the scope of her national health scheme—in quantity if not altogether in quality. The French are ahead in pensions and the Germans in social security.

Sixteen years is a long time for a once-great nation to convalesce, nourish grievances, and let others drive ahead. The lack of motion, purpose, and progress during those sixteen years was concealed from her own eyes, in part from the eyes of others, by the majestic but receding figure of Winston Churchill, the splendid spectacle of the Coronation, and the surviving skill and prestige of British diplomacy. The illusion lingered longer than the substance of power and motion. Suez dispelled some of the illusion. The Berlin crisis of 1961 was not the decisive catalyst, but when it broke wide open with "the building of the wall" on August 13, it did disclose Britain playing an honorable role.

The change was first officially recorded by the vote in the Commons on the Common Market, on August 3. It was decisively confirmed in the first week of October when the Labor party voted by two and a half to one for the Western Alliance, and a week later when the Tories went ten to one for the Common Market.

In the process, individuals who had changed their own minds about many things, but concealed their change lest it be regarded as odd, discovered that several million other people had

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changed too. The "forward thinkers" regarded themselves as a lonely and daring band of radicals until the awareness spread that the country was marching with them. The issue was between backward and forward thinking. It was fought out in every segment and at every level of the British body politic—in business, industry, trade unions, Tory party, Labor party, departments of government. There were radicals and conservatives in each sector. The place where new thought first became dominant was in the Foreign Office. Selwyn Lloyd's translation from Foreign Office to Treasury on July 27, 1960, made a difference at the latter place. He carried the seeds of the new look with him into the top Treasury political level, which had been holding out against the arguments of the civil-service experts below. Downing Street trailed prudently behind.

The battle was most fierce, visible, and decisive in the Labor party. In retrospect, it can be seen that the outcome on every other front hinged on the resolution of the issue in the Labor movement—where Hugh Gaitskell became the storm center, and, in a series of complex struggles, the traditional left wing of the party, led by Michael Foot, Jennie Lee (Mrs. Aneurin Bevan), Ian Mikardo, Barbara Castle, Kingsley Martin *(New Statesman)*, ended up defending Commonwealth and denouncing Common Market. Those whom popular folklore have identified for a generation with "liberalism" and "new thought" in Britain turned out to be the isolationists and true "Empire loyalists" of these times. The shift produced strange harmonies. Editorials in the Conservative *Daily Express* and the Socialist *Tribune* (also in the *Daily Worker*) were remarkably in tune. Lord Beaverbrook and Michael Foot became distinguishable by the fact that "Lord Max" profits from isolationism while Michael's *Tribune* languishes on the brink of bankruptcy. Rumor has it that "Lord Max" manages to keep the *Tribune* going by concealed subsidy. The hallmarks of the fraternity *(Express, Tribune,* and *Worker)* were unmistakable. They were anti-American, anti-German, anti-West Berlin, anti-Alliance, anti-Common Market —and pro-Commonwealth. Only the *Daily Worker* overtly included a pro-Russian slant in the pattern. However, it was there in all.

It is not, I think, too much to say that the issue in the Labor movement was the issue of the nail—the nail which if lost would have lost the shoe, which lost the battle, which lost the Kingdom. Had the Labor party been stampeded into nuclear unilateralism (neutralism) in 1961, Britain would, I am sure, have gone for isolation, not for collective security (NATO Alliance). Nuclear disarmament had become (if unknown to most of the Ban-the-Bomb marchers) the spearhead of "direct action" in a campaign which had as its true goal, nothing less than the wrecking of the Alliance.

And, interestingly, it was on the "action front" that the change was first identifiable.

The Aldermaston march of Easter, 1961, was different. At the time it was difficult to say just how. The numbers were the largest ever—trudging along the roads with their familiar sagging-cross banners. Yet it was noted from the first day of the march that the glint of deep conviction was not in all eyes. Many of the marchers that year, no one could say what proportion, were just "kids" out for a lark.

By osmosis, the change was detected by merchants, publicans, and town fathers. For use of schools as rest centers and barracks, at Braintree and Brentwood, the Essex County Council demanded, and received, £1,237. More remarkable, when the marchers protested, the public at large was unimpressed. The time had come when the people along the route no longer put Aldermaston marchers into the category of Canterbury pilgrims deserving of charity. They had become subject to the normal tariff on hikers. The halo was gone; the odor of sanctity was only the smell of sweat.

MARCH, THE CRUELEST MONTH

BUT while retrospectively this was, I think, the moment when a change in tide was first detectable, it came much too soon after the bleak month of March to be noticed by most people in Britain, particularly by those directly involved in the swirling struggle on this and other fronts. I'll return to the larger story of the struggle in the Labor movement, but first let us review what had been happening elsewhere.

Normally the first quarter of the calendar year shows a favorable balance of payments on Britain's trade books. This produces a rise in Bank of England reserves sufficient to tide the Treasury over the rest of the year. In 1961 the first quarter went shockingly badly. On March 5, Germany devalued the Deutsche mark. Over the next week, a large sum of money, some say £100 million—fled from London to Zurich. Red lights flashed through Whitehall and even the stanchest optimists recognized that the gap could no longer be papered over by manipulation of sales taxes and juggling of accounts. Britain was

MOSCOW TRANSFER

(All Out with the Fallout)

When a comrade meets a coffin
  Leaving Lenin's tomb
Let the sight not send him off in
  Panic or in gloom.

It's not lost or strayed, just Stalin
  Moving with the times,
Posthumously perpetrating
  Retroactive crimes.

—Felicia Lamport

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thus in real financial and economic trouble.

Treasury experts had seen it coming for a long time, but not until March of 1961, with the brutal trade figures in hand, could they penetrate the glossy optimism of Downing Street. The economic shock merely happened to coincide with another rough jolt: On March 8, the Commonwealth Foreign Ministers assembled at Lancaster House under the shadow of what the *Times* called "the vexed question of South African membership of the Commonwealth."

On the Ides of March, Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, Prime Minister of South Africa, announced that his country would withdraw from the Commonwealth. Only when the dust settled did men begin to realize (a) that it had been inevitable, and (b) the Commonwealth would never be the same again. South Africa had not been voted out, it had been squeezed out of an institution which had ceased long since to consist of the great white Dominions. It had become a club of former colonies in which the non-whites outnumbered the whites and the majority were interested in the Commonwealth, not as a great political and trading system, but as a badge of respectability which adds social status as they set forth on the road to independence.

Dr. Nkrumah's Commonwealth trappings give him some extra bargaining power in his increasingly frequent dealings with Moscow. He had had much to do with making the Commonwealth an untenable household for South Africa. There was no evidence that he felt a debt to Britain.

The withdrawal of South Africa was climactic, however, not causal. Nostalgic clinging to Commonwealth was not dissipated because South Africa walked out leaving Dr. Nkrumah in charge at Lancaster House. It was merely disclosed at that moment to have been dissipated already. Long before the event, individual Britons roving the Commonwealth, and collections of Whitehall civil servants dealing with Commonwealth problems, had discovered that what the Commonwealth means to Britain it was ceasing to mean to its other members. Canada, Australia, even New Zealand, for all its "most loyal" status, took for granted the right of free entry for their peoples and goods into the British market. Since the war they had gradually been raising barriers to British goods and people. Like all growing children, they felt it their right to reject Mother, without recognizing that Mother might find it necessary to reciprocate the rejection. In March, Mother began to suspect that she might be forced, for her own survival, to do just that.

KENNEDY IN THE WEST

ALSO in March a new President had been in office in Washington for two months and there was no evidence that he was thinking in terms of that "special relationship" between Britain and America which had been Winston Churchill's great driving purpose throughout the war years. Mr. Kennedy was behaving as though he regarded Britain as just another ally, no worse but no better than the others. The idea that Britain might find an alternate home to the Commonwealth in a closer union with America had been nourished on both sides of the Atlantic through the war and, in fact, down to 1949. It had been killed, cold, in that year by Dean Acheson (some say acting on orders from John Snyder) although most British attributed the result to John Foster Dulles at a later date.

The essential fact here is that in March, with the Commonwealth temple crumbling, the pound gasping, and the nuclear disarmers gathering for Aldermaston, those who were informed in such matters knew that it was too late for Britain to turn to America for an alternate new home. If there was to be an alternate, it had to be found elsewhere. The elsewhere eagerly proffered from Labor left and Tory right was the promised land of isolationism—free from the cost and dangers of membership in the Alliance. The prospect was gilded by the theory that if Britain would opt out of history she might save

enough money to revive the Commonwealth. Doubters were goaded by the familiar charge that America was "bomb happy" and would use West Berlin as the excuse to have its war. This was the moment when "better red than dead" had its strongest appeal. One could not be entirely sure that it would not become epidemic. It had long been endemic.

March also produced in Laos the first "Kennedy crisis" in East-West relations. While Harold Macmillan eagerly seized the Kennedy summons to Key West, it was also clear that Foreign Office and State Department views on Laos were not in perfect focus. What some in Washington saw as the decisive confrontation between East and West, London saw as an excellent reason for getting the West out of Laos. In the absence of a common front in the Alliance, Moscow could find room for maneuver between Whitehall and Foggy Bottom. In March it could not with certainty be said that Britain even belonged with the West.

Meanwhile the neutralists and nuclear disarmers were busy as little nibelungs getting ready for their annual spring activities from Aldermaston to Trafalgar Square. They sang blithely at their work of painting signs, devising new slogans, and planning bigger and better demonstrations. The impending arrival of the Americans' Polaris submarines in Holy Loch supplied fresh inspiration. It was to be a splendid spring and summer.

GUNNING FOR GAITSKELL

AT THIS point, let us put the story of neutralism and the Labor movement into larger perspective. The annual Labor party conference at Scarborough in October 1960 had opened under unusual circumstances. A huge demonstration march was staged around the hotels where the party delegates were gathering. It was nominally a Committee for Nuclear Disarmament affair but every known Communist in the north country was identified in the ranks. The banners said, "Ban the Bomb," but the chant was "Gaitskell must go." It was shouted like a war cry, with overtones straight from the jungle. It was ugly.

The overriding issue was the proposed resolution on unilateralism (*i.e.* British neutralism). During the debate which preceded the vote, Gaitskell faced an audience in which enemies would appear to outnumber friends. He said he knew the resolution might pass. He declared that if it did, he would "fight, and fight, and fight again" to obtain a reversal at the 1961 conference. The resolution, which in effect called for scrapping the Western Alliance, carried. The leader of the party was overwhelmed at his party's conference.

The neutralists' purpose was to hold their gain and do even better in 1961. At Scarborough that day their chances seemed promising. They did not represent a majority of the movement, but they were deeply entrenched in the leadership of the unions. It is the leadership of the individual union which casts the entire vote of that union, as a bloc, at a Labor party conference. They could not be driven from their position without a bruising, open battle in the party. The fear of such dissension won allies for the neutralists outside their own ranks.

As the clans tramped from the scene of battle at Scarborough, the loudest noises came from those preaching compromise and calling for a new leader who would take Labor out of factionalism by the conciliation road. Hugh Gaitskell had defied not only the neutralists, he had also defied both those who put party unity first and the "fundamentalists" brought up in the doctrine that the Parliamentary party should obey the decisions of "conference." Gaitskell was made to appear to be the man who was defying the will of "conference" and splitting the party. From Scarborough on, Labor's loyalty to the Alliance was tied inextricably with his political life. Both were decisively at stake.

The neutralists were delighted by the situation. Any apparently reasonable compromise on neutralism would give them the victory and get Hugh Gaitskell out of their path. Richard Crossman, chairman of the party, and Harold Wilson, shadow Chancellor in the Commons, promptly declared for compromise although piously disclaiming neutralism.

It was a war, and it was to be waged on three fronts. Gaitskell would have to win on all three. He had twelve months in which to fight.

The first front was in the Parliamentary delegation of the Labor party. Neutralists, compromisers, and fundamentalists joined forces to persuade, induce, or frighten Gaitskell from standing for re-election as leader in the Commons. The neutralist vote at Scarborough was on October 7, 1960. On October 13, Anthony Greenwood (to whose father at the time of Munich Tories and Labor had turned with the famous plea, "Speak for England") resigned from the shadow cabinet on the ground that he could not serve under Gaitskell. On October 18, Sydney Silverman, most venerable figure among the neutral-

ists, wrote a letter begging Gaitskell either to accept the Scarborough resolution or retire from the leadership; "please think, and think, and think again," he wrote, "before pursuing a course that not only brings disaster to the British Labor party but leaves little hope for democratic socialism in the world." On October 20, Harold Wilson agreed, "with reluctance," he said, to stand for the leadership against Gaitskell. Crossman announced for Wilson saying, "if Gaitskell gets his way once again . . . this could well mean the end of the Labor party."

Wilson's decision to stand against Gaitskell was almost unprecedented in Labor party politics. The incumbent leader is normally re-elected without opposition. The vote was set for November 3. Gaitskell won, by 166 to 81. It was a victory but some thought it Pyrrhic. It advertised the fact that 81 Labour MPs, a substantial bloc, were in rebellion—which was the purpose. At best, Gaitskell had cleared the enemy from one of his three fronts. He had split the party in the process.

THE STRONGHOLDS ROCK

HE MOVED at once to the second front of the constituency parties. These are heavily influenced all over Britain by the neutralists but nowhere more so than in the Manchester-Liverpool area, where Communists and Trotskyites are deeply entrenched in the upper layers. He faced a shouting, screaming audience in Manchester on November 5, and a wilder one in Liverpool the next day. It was a near-riot and police had to be called in to help clear the hall of the more violent disturbers. "Traitor" was only one of the milder epithets screamed at the party's leader. He finished his speech, but not many heard it on the floor. This was only the opening skirmish on the constituency front. Weekend after weekend, Hugh and Dora Gaitskell wearily set forth from London for another bout of punishment. In effect, these were raids into ancient neutralist strongholds. It was rough going. It went on all through the winter and right up to Easter.

Frank Cousins, secretary of the Transport and General Works Union, was the biggest gun on the neutralist side, and worked closely with Crossman. On February 25, Crossman called it "an absolute tragedy" that Gaitskell was still refusing to compromise. On March 10, Cousins declared the TGWU holding firm to the neutralist line.

On March 16, the Gaitskell forces took extreme and almost desperate action. They withdrew the party whip from five neutralist MPs for voting against Army and Navy estimates in the House. On March 22, they suspended Konni Zilliacus from party membership for having published an article in an East German magazine.

By this time, Gaitskell was also heavily engaged on his third front—inside the trade unions whose votes had been cast for neutralism at Scarborough. Here the battle raged unseen, in the local branches of the unions who send their delegates once a year to a union conference. For decades, neutralists and Communists had been winning these assignments by diligence and better organization. The rank and file of members seldom cared who went to the conferences, or how they voted when there. This was civil war at the squad level. The locals had to be won before the nationals could be changed.

Won they were, but the story is too long to tell here. In brief, it was done by such a campaign as the regulars of the party had never conducted before. The first break came, at Easter, when the USDAW (Union of Shop, Distributive, and Allied Workers) surprisingly voted for the Crossman compromise and also to support Gaitskell policy. Walter Padley, a partner for compromise with Crossman, was president of this union. Eyebrows were raised in interest when his own union straddled but it might have been an aberration. On May 5, the large and very important AEU (Amalgamated Engineering Union) met. Eighteen members of their 49-member executive committee were known Communists, and many were fellow travelers. Gaitskellites did not expect to win. To the astonishment of both sides, the vote went 27 to 22 for Gaitskell and the Alliance. A story is told, untrue in fact but authentic in mood, that when excited friends rushed into Gaitskell's office with the glad tidings, he looked reflectively out the window for a good minute, turned around, and remarked: "I wonder how Harold will like the Ministry of Works." (Harold Wilson was then shadow Chancellor. The Ministry of Works is not a cabinet, or shadow cabinet, plum.)

That was the big break. The AEU vote would be switched at the next party conference. It meant that Scarborough would be reversed. The tide had turned.

Meanwhile, another hand remained to be played out, of first importance to the cleansing of the Labor movement. The Gaitskellites knew it was coming; the neutralists and Communists were in ignorance until it happened. On April

17, the trial had opened in the ETU (Electrical Trades Union) case. That the ETU was Communist-dominated was well known. That the Communist grip on the central office of the union had been achieved by questionable methods had long been suspected. That anything drastic would, or could, be done about it had not until April 17 entered into the broad consciousness of the movement. The opening of the trial set off a shock wave. Michael Foot is said to have wept.

The vast majority of ETU members were not Communists. Yet year after year the total vote of the union was recorded in favor of neutralism by its Communist leaders. The ETU was central to the Scarborough resolution battle, in fact, to the whole internal struggle in the party. In court, the defending Communist majority in the union's executive admitted a ballot-rigging fraud which had given them the stranglehold on the union. The Communist general secretary, Frank Haxell, a member of the Communist party executive, was jettisoned as an admitted liability. On June 28, the court officially confirmed the fraud. The ETU did not vote for neutralism at the 1961 party conference. Instead it was expelled pending the time when it might put its own internal house in order. The link between Communism and neutralism had been established and exposed.

PADDY WAGONS ON CALL

THIS pattern had not yet set when the nuclear disarmers gathered for their annual Easter march from Aldermaston to Trafalgar Square. The Amalgamated Engineers had not yet swung over; the Electrical Trades case had not yet exploded. But the strands were beginning to come together. The normal tariff levied on the marchers along the route was only the first taste of other changes in the atmosphere.

On Easter Monday night, after the speeches in Trafalgar Square, one splinter group marched off to the American Embassy. This was new, and so too was the reception. As the marchers entered Grosvenor Square, the police were waiting, in solid line—and "paddy wagons" too. For the first time in London in one of these affairs, the police bundled the disturbers of British law and order off to the station. Again the public was not shocked. And, three weeks later, another march headed for Parliament Square. This violated an ancient rule about demonstrations within "about one mile" of Parliament. Only six weeks earlier, marchers had been allowed to "sit down" around the Ministry of Defense building on one side of that Square. This time the police formed a long double line with a cul-de-sac at the bottom. It was an efficient assembly line for processing marchers through courts to jail. The authorities had decided not only that the time had come for sterner measures, but also that public opinion would permit.

Easter may not have been the precise watershed, but it was the time when nuclear disarmers could no longer get away with anything. The splinter group's march to Grosvenor Square also raised doubts in the minds of some leaders of the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament. On the morning after, Canon Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral disassociated himself from the obvious anti-American phase of the operation.

In retrospect we can see that through spring and early summer the various movements in the stream of British life were influencing each other and forming new patterns. As in a symphony, dominant themes were becoming recessive, and minor themes rising. Trade gap, Commonwealth, Labor party strife, anti-Americanism, anti-Germanism, collective security versus neutralism—nothing had changed, and everything was changing. In June gold reserves continued to drop. In July, Selwyn Lloyd at the Treasury was forced to call for a wage pause, since his spring budget, founded on pre-first-quarter optimism, had proved inadequate to save sterling. In July the storm clouds were gathering over Berlin and Britain was being pressed ever more insistently from Washington to decide whether to stand by the alliance at Berlin or withdraw into "Fortress Oceania."

But on July 12, Lord Home at the Foreign Office felt confident enough of his position to permit announcement by the Minister of Defense that permission had been granted for the training of a German tank detachment in Wales. Britain was about to acknowledge by deed the fact that Germany, too, is a member of the Alliance. This was step one toward accepting a share in Western responsibility to the people of Germany; more particularly, to the people of West Berlin. It was still popular to say, "We don't want to die for West Berlin," but a poll, published in the *Daily Mail* on July 21, showed that a majority, 68 per cent to 18 per cent, were willing to fight for West Berlin if such readiness were to be the decisive test of Britain's loyalty to the Alliance.

On August 2, the House of Commons gathered to debate Britain's prospective entry into the European Common Market. Most individual British I know were saying it had to come, but

added that of course the country would never accept it. The queues of plain citizens hoping to get into the House to hear a scrap of "the great debate" were the longest since the Suez crisis. The idea was growing that Britain was facing a moment of destiny.

The outcome was startling. Three hundred and thirteen voted to approve the decision to seek British entry. Five members only (the excommunicated Laborites) voted against. Most of Labor's ranks sat it out, neither opposing nor approving, but their leaders wished Harold Macmillan well in the exploration which lay ahead. Shakespeare's "sceptered isle" was mentally ready to conceive itself as once more part of Europe, unmoated and un-"different." It was the first time since the days of Good Queen Bess that the islanders had considered that they might, after all, be Europeans. (Symptomatically, the Channel Tunnel, or bridge, project was taken seriously in these days—for the first time.)

The decision meant that Britain must share in the burdens of defending West Berlin; and this implication lay in the subconscious if not yet in the conscious level of comprehension. For Britain was disclosed by the raising of the wall in Berlin on August 13 to be a member of the Alliance. She knew when it happened that she could not join the Common Market, which after all is Europe, and at the same time shirk her share of the burden of defending Europe. From the first day, Foreign Office statements paced Washington's statements in content, tone, and timing. On August 14, the Foreign Office branded the East German closing of the sector crossing points as "illegal."

HOW TO DO THE NECESSARY

OCTOBER was the month of harvest. As usual, there were tares among the wheat. Labor at Blackpool reversed Scarborough, but the Gaitskell victors found it prudent to provide an escape valve for frustration. They allowed anti-Americanism to express itself in a vote deploring the use of Holy Loch, so close to Glasgow, for Polaris submarines (by implication they would be acceptable in any harbor removed from a major center of population); and anti-Germanism in a vote deploring German troops in Britain (the tank detachment had already left).

And at Brighton a week later the Tories, having gone ten to one for the Common Market, were permitted the illiberal but logical release of voting for restraints on non-white immigration from the Commonwealth. With swarthy Sicilians prospectively in their future, they took out their rising resentment against even swarthier Jamaicans in Notting Hill.

This account of the year of change in Britain slurs over many a dramatic personal story. It remains to Hugh Gaitskell's future biographer to explain how this scholarly man—too much like Adlai Stevenson to be a "Happy Warrior"—brought himself, or was brought, to the point of decisive conflict. Some of Gaitskell's friends attribute the steeling of his will to his wife, Dora, whose Central European roots have nourished in her a perception of decisive issues and instant recognition of the moment when compromise leads to disaster. Dora Gaitskell does not compromise.

And there is the role of Alexander Frederick Douglas-Home. Mild and gentle in speech and appearance, he was called on elevation to the Foreign Office, "this unknown and faceless Earl" *(Sunday Express)*. Did Harold Macmillan dream when he handed Britain's foreign policy to Lord Home that the 14th Earl would be more than an errand boy for Downing Street? It has been said of him that his tone is that of Chamberlain, but his words are the words of Churchill. To him goes much of the credit for bringing Foreign Office and State Department to the point where by August 13 they could, and did, respond in unison . . . if slowly. Between Laos in March and Berlin in August the London-Washington gap was closed. Moscow could no longer maneuver between them.

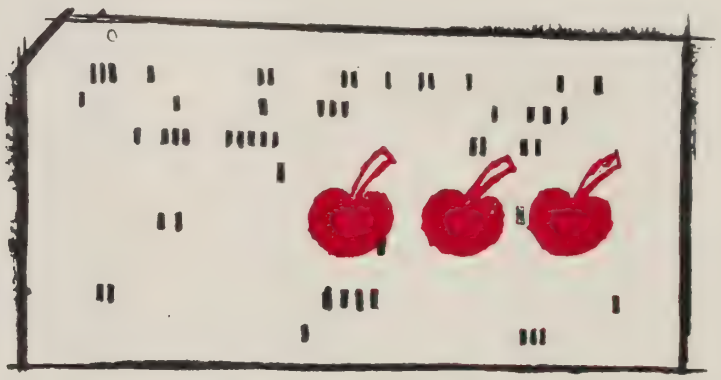
One's mind flashes back to Nelson's captains changing course from the far corners of the world to converge by instinct on Trafalgar Bay. Home and Gaitskell did not concert their battle plans. Yet without Gaitskell's battle in the Labor party, Home could never have brought Britain to West Berlin, nor could the Treasury have won the Tories at Brighton for the Common Market.

No single mind planned or executed the change. It does suggest that when events touch the nerve of Britain's instinct for survival, she can and still does manage somehow, if at seconds to high noon, to do the necessary. (The Common Market vote in the House of Commons preceded by precisely ten days the building of the wall in Berlin.)

That Britain has a new future ahead of her remains to be demonstrated. The chance for it was won, or salvaged, somewhere between October of 1960 and October of 1961. It was a year of change for Britain.

Harper's Magazine, January 1962

The New Gambling King and the Social Scientists



KEITH MONROE

How William Harrah, now America's biggest professional gambler, uses sociological and psychiatric research to draw thousands of Californians into his profitable casinos.

LET us assume that you own one of the biggest gambling establishments in America, but still itch for expansion. How would you expand?

Let's say further that you've done enough research to discover that you can make the fattest profits by soliciting the enormous middle-class market. Then how would you induce large numbers of people of modest means to travel long distances and toss part of the family savings onto your green baize tables?

One thing you really ought to do is take note of the recent rise of William F. Harrah of Nevada. During the past six years, Harrah has quietly become America's biggest professional gambler—and one of the West's powerful men—by doing what nobody ever did before. He has garnered various findings of sociology and psychology and has used them to transform Harrah's Club of Reno and Lake Tahoe into an ever-growing supermarket of gambling for masses of middle-class and lower-class Americans. As part of his study, he paid some $16,000 to the tax-free Stanford Research Institute, a subsidiary of Stanford University, for a special report on some of his own prospective customers. And as one result of what SRI's study showed, he is smoothly operating a vast interstate bus network which unloads passengers day by day into his gambling resort almost hourly from thirty-one nearby cities.

Through Harrah's efforts—and those of his imitators—the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe, once a drowsy summer resort, has become a bustling, year-round Monte Carlo for average Americans: a thirty-mile line of cheery and comfortable casinos where thousands of families bring the kiddies and feel no guilt about betting their bankrolls, and where thousands of lonely elderly people come to bet what may well be their bottom dollar.

The findings of motivation research are serviceable in many fields and they may be obtained by any businessman who can afford the fees. For fifty dollars the nonprofit Advertising Research Foundation will send him *A Directory of Social Scientists Interested in Motivation Research*, which gives names and data about 150 psychologists, sociologists, economists, and anthropologists (mainly on college campuses) who will undertake research projects; plus *A Directory of Organizations Which Conduct Motivation Research*, listing eighty-two establishments, both nonprofit and commercial.

A number of these individuals and organizations have made studies of gambling, and some of them were visible in the offices of Harrah's executives when I visited them in preparing this

article. For example, from the writings of Ernest Dichter, Ph.D., one can get this analysis and advice:

> To the average person, the excitement of gambling is comprised of extremes: "You make a killing" or "You go home broke." Either result brings about "satiety," the feeling that you have had your fill. Gambling loses its appeal where the extreme element is absent. . . . In advertisements, stress pleasant social situations and carefree feelings. The important thing is to dispel a man's fear that his wife will nag him about his gambling and a woman's fear that instead of enjoying herself she will worry about his losing. Promotion and publicity directed at women alone are likely to create undesirable effects.

Dr. Dichter's analysis can be compared with that of Edmund Bergler, M.D., the eminent psychiatrist, whose book was also at Harrah's. The gambler, Dr. Bergler says, is "a neurotic with the unconscious wish to lose, despite the overt behavior which seems directed upon winning." But the appeal, it would seem, has a much broader potential. Dr. Bergler states that "Every person in our culture is a potential gambler. In certain personalities this dormant tendency can be awakened, so that the latent gambler becomes the actual gambler." His conclusions about gamblers, Dr. Bergler explains, "have been influenced neither by sympathy nor antipathy for the object of my research."

While published psychological analyses of this kind are obtainable in professional journals and libraries, consultants come high—Dichter's fee is about $500 a day. Even more costly are the renovations which their studies may suggest. For Harrah, the problem was how to make a gambling hall into a place which the potential gambler (that is, every man) could visit without a sense of sin or folly. Some of his advisers suggested removing it from the lurid setting of Reno or Las Vegas; styling it in the reassuring grandeur of a typical first-run movie theatre; replacing lizard-faced dealers and croupiers with smiling folksy types; masking the yammer of the slot machines (at least during forenoon hours) with organ music suggestive of rousing hymns; arranging for any customer who got noisily disputative to vanish silently from the premises. Everything must be tasteful, inviting. Above all, there must be a better rationale—in other words, people must be provided with plausible excuses for going there.

Filling this prescription cost Harrah about $2.5 million in capital investments, and still costs him an average of about $85,000 per day in operating expenses. But it enables his armored trucks to haul $40 million, mostly in silver and small bills, to the bank every year. This puts him well beyond Frank Costello, whose gross from gambling operations all over the country was estimated at $32,840,000 in one year. Harrah is now Nevada's largest employer, and its strongest pillar of charities.

IT PAYS TO RATIONALIZE

THE unique part of Harrah's uplift movement was, of course, the rationale. As one of his staff explained to me, "When people buy tickets to a church raffle, or play a slot machine in a fraternal lodge, they rationalize their gambling as gifts to charity. When they buy speculative stocks, they are considered investors, not gamblers. But how can a self-respecting person of bourgeois morality rationalize a trip to Reno or Las Vegas? He may secretly wish to go, because roulette is faster than raffles, but he stays away—usually for fear of what the neighbors would think. They'd know he went there to gamble. Even if they didn't know, he might feel guilty, because he couldn't disguise from himself that gambling was the purpose of his trip.

"On the other hand," the Harrah man went on, "if you set up a chalet in some beautiful health resort—preferably just inside the Nevada border, so people can patronize it while sending home postcards with California postmarks—then anyone can make himself and his friends think he's there for other reasons than trying to get rich quick."

Harrah's solution thus became obvious: colonize Lake Tahoe.

Its shores, bisected by the California-Nevada border, were famed for their scenery, their peace, their tonic air. By rooting out pine trees, Harrah could clear space for two huge gambling dens, flanked by ten acres of parking lots, next to the village of Stateline, California. By doubling the width of highways at his own expense, he could encourage a torrent of automobiles to circulate through the area night and day. (Nevada gambling houses, like churches, traditionally never close.)

Harrah's competitors doubted his sanity when they heard he was planning to operate at Tahoe

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in the dead of winter. Except for ski enthusiasts, who clustered along the far-distant California shore, the lake was deserted from October until May—its few motels boarded up, its roads often blocked by snow. Only a crank, seemingly, would hope to lure many tourists into such a lonely mountain retreat.

Yet there was uneasiness throughout the aristocracy of the gaming world. The austere and efficient Harrah had taught them hard lessons in the past. Back in 1937, six years after gambling was legalized in Nevada, a former operator of a carnival wheel of chance had settled in Reno. His name was Raymond I. Smith. By hearty promotion campaigns and a decade of billboard cajolery all over the country, he and his son Harold made "Harold's Club" the biggest and best-known gambling emporium in America. But then Harrah came. In 1946 he opened a large and inviting institution next door to Harold's Club and called it Harrah's Club.

Harrah attracted overflow congregations of bemused pilgrims who could have thought they were in the club they had seen nationally advertised. He entertained them royally while divesting them of funds, and plowed his profits into making his place bigger and brighter than Harold's rather dowdy three-story edifice. He also hired Thomas C. Wilson, an artful and cultivated advertising executive who had created the promotion campaigns for Harold's Club. Before Smith could think up a feasible counterplan (mayhem and arson are not feasible in Reno business circles, due to the omnipresence of private police) Harrah eclipsed him. Smith never regained the ascendancy.

BEHIND THE AIR CURTAIN

GAMBLERS had known no colleague like this unsmiling, seldom-seen ex-student of engineering at UCLA. Harrah built his Reno "club" into an organization of awesome efficiency. He was the first to line walls and ceilings of all rooms with mirrors of one-way glass, behind which his proctors could oversee the rectitude of all transactions. Sticky-fingered dealers and cashiers might succumb to temptation elsewhere, but they couldn't rob Harrah. Anyone caught trying to defraud Harrah by so much as a slug in a slot machine was corrected to the limit of Nevada law, which classifies most forms of gambling trickery as felonies.

Emissaries from Harrah's Club cultivated an entente with Reno's other casino owners, persuading them to set up a private phone circuit for fast exchange of tidings about rubber-check writers, dice palmers, and other transgressors. Harrah agents took surreptitious photos of suspicious characters, circulated prints and dossiers to all casinos, and compiled a useful private rogues' gallery. Once each week Harrah's intelligence chief updated a list, cramming two legal-size sheets, of undesirables in town.

The state fulfilled Harrah's wish for tighter policing of Reno gambling by withdrawing power from the State Tax Commission and vesting it in a new Gaming Commission, under an act written by Gene Evans, a young member of the legislature who went on Harrah's payroll when his term expired. Evans was stationed in the state capital as a Harrah representative in charge of relations with the legislature.

Harrah's bookkeeping became so tight that he knew precisely where he stood financially at 10:00 A.M. daily. His researchers studied such refinements as the best bad-breath preventive for his dice dealers. His screening of personnel was so scrupulous that he hired nobody who had worked in an illegal gambling joint or in Las Vegas; he maintained his own schools to indoctrinate employees.

Most gambling halls are smoky and turbulent. Harrah's became airy and antiseptic and polite. A smudge on a slot machine, a cluttered ash tray, a spilled drink was spotted swiftly by invisible watchers in the woodwork and reported via pocket radio to functionaries on the floor.

Modern promotion techniques kept the volume growing. Harrah even contrived live window displays to attract customers. He installed glass walls so the rites just inside would catch everyone's eye from the street. Kids stood for hours with noses pressed against the glass. (State law, vigilantly enforced by Harrah's uniformed security guards, kept them from entering, but, as potential future acolytes, they of course were welcome to watch.)

Later Harrah discovered how to use sound as well as sight to pull in passers-by. He removed the window glass and substituted an "air curtain" all along his forty-one-foot street front at a cost of $1,000 a foot, to keep a sheet of filtered air circulating downward. Thus strollers near Harrah's now hear the tempting clink of silver dollars, the chant of dice dealers, the happy blare from the Harrah bandstand where there is entertainment twenty-four hours a day. "It takes the action right out into the street," said one of Harrah's staff. "Anybody walking past is practically part of the play. There's no barrier to slow down his impulsive response."

Running Harrah's Club soon cost more money than running the city of Reno. His profit margin, while ample, was probably smaller than in most Nevada houses of luck. Throughout gambling orthodoxy Harrah was known laughingly as a "square apple"—an operator too stupid or timid to trick his customers. This aura had clung to him ever since 1930, when he was launched in business as proprietor of a bingo parlor in Venice, California, by his father, who practiced law, sold real estate, and served as mayor while conducting legal and open games of chance on the side.

When the younger Harrah hit Reno he flooded it with brochures asserting that his slot machines paid "a higher percentage of jackpots than any other machines in the state of Nevada," and he still makes this claim today, as rivals now do also. Such claims are indisputable because uncheckable. But there are proofs, enshrined on the walls of his salons, that on at least three occasions Harrah has paid $25,000 to winners of a single keno game. Such a sacrifice hurts a house which must recoup from masses of small players. Therefore Harrah has ceaselessly studied how to arrange ever-larger assemblages. He apparently does not seek the flashy people from Hollywood and Texas who toss thousand-dollar IOUs around the tables of Las Vegas. These contributors are more trouble than they are worth, in Harrah's view, because some competitors find they may have to be restrained from leaving town until they pay up, or may have to be followed home by emissaries who know how to collect from them.

Yet small players can cause trouble too, especially if they live nearby. When they lose more than they can afford, they may become a nuisance to the community. According to the FBI's annual tally, Reno leads the nation in per-capita crime during most years. Its suicide rate is double the U. S. average. It has more murders than some cities four times as large. There was a Reno police scandal in 1960, when patrolmen were found to have organized a burglary syndicate to finance their ventures in the casinos.

By routing his customers to the shores of Tahoe, the reasoning went, Harrah would be less inconvenienced by losers. This plan has worked out brilliantly. He gets the California family trade, which drives up on the theory that his mountain domain is a healthful place for swimming and snow sports. He even has a movie theatre where children can be parked all day and evening until midnight.

These flocks depart from Nevada promptly after leaving their fleece—there was only one proven suicide last year at the lake—and give little trouble in other ways. Occasionally they slow down operations because of unfamiliarity with gaming procedures, but Harrah enlightens them with free tracts explaining all the bet-placing rituals.

Losers still do cause some irritation to lower-ranking Harrah employees, such as powder-room attendants. The security officers, too, sometimes are distressed by sights they see. "I often wonder how these folks can face their creditors or their families," one guard told me. "But what the hell, that type of individual, if he weren't here gambling, he'd be somewhere drinking. This is better for him. It keeps him from becoming an alcoholic."

FOR THE LONELY HEARTS

BESIDES the middle-class market, there was another harvest to be reaped at Tahoe. If free or almost-free bus service were provided from thickly-populated areas of northern California, thousands of small-income people who led drab and lonely lives might share the excitement of gambling.

In a Stanford Research Institute study made for Harrah in 1957 and entitled *An Investigation of Factors Influencing Bus Scheduling*, Dr. Bertrand Klass and Dr. Harry V. Kincaid described the people who used the buses as "elderly, in a low occupational status, unmarried, a renter rather than home owner, and without a car. This is an unusual segment of the total population."

Harrah set his sights on this segment, and ordered an all-out campaign to proselytize it. He spent about $450,000 in one year on newspaper and radio advertising in San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, and twenty-eight other cities, offering round trips to lovely Lake Tahoe in chartered Greyhound buses. Passengers need only pay the round-trip fare of ten dollars or so (adjusted from day to day in order to keep traffic volume at optimum level). Most or all of their fare would be refunded as soon as they walked into Harrah's parlor. There they would receive a free cocktail and free meal, and "continuous free entertainment" by musicians.

The advertisements never mentioned gambling. They did not need to. Once a traveler was gathered into the fold with cash in hand, human nature could be trusted to do what came naturally.

In bus stations of cities and villages through-

out northern California, Harrah set up booths like Travelers Aid posts, manned with bright young students from college campuses whose work was to tell people about the life up yonder at Tahoe, and also to dissuade certain types from making the journey. Orientals were welcome—they are neat, meek gamblers—but not Negroes, nor anyone who seemed so uncouth that he might disturb the oldsters.

All this seemed inordinate trouble and expense just to bring scrub women and pensioners to slot machines. But the yield was satisfying. Beginning with three buses which cost him $40,000 a month—more than he would need to charter a transatlantic liner—Harrah soon was scheduling as many as twenty buses a day from Oakland alone. Snowstorms seldom stopped them; his private fleet of plows kept the roads open. One Washington's Birthday, during the worst blizzard of the winter, fifty-nine buses unloaded their cargo into Harrah's salons. The average load was 30.2 passengers—almost exactly the average year after year, no matter what time of day or night the buses are dispatched.

The greatest beauty of the bus operation is that it crams Harrah's halls during hours they would otherwise be almost empty. Many of his caravans roar up to the portals at times like 4:00 A.M. or 9:00 A.M., which means that passengers boarded them around midnight or dawn. According to the Stanford Research report, one-fifth of these passengers had made the trip at least eight times. Such compulsive gamblers are willing to queue up at whatever hour Harrah decrees. Schedules are adjusted periodically to synchronize with Stanford forecasts of volume, which have proved accurate. Few buses arrive during days or hours when the car-owning family groups are swarming in.

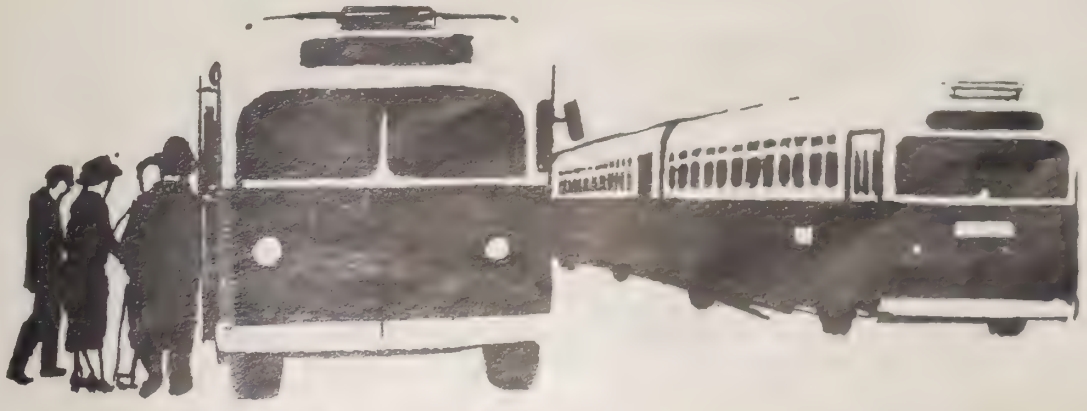
Civic officials and social workers in northern California wish they too could get some guidance from Stanford's nonprofit fact finders. "If we could pay their fee," said the head of one Salvation Army office, "we'd be interested to learn just how huge a caseload they've added here by helping Harrah attract people from this town."

Harrah's revelation at Stateline converted unbelievers in Reno. By 1956, clusters of rival casinos were open year-round at both ends of the lake, where the state border crosses. Now ten big operators are there, some with bus networks emulating Harrah's but drawing from farther afield. A weekly or monthly trip to Tahoe has become part of the way of life for countless Californians and Oregonians. Some small-town women's clubs and service clubs go regularly en bloc. After being scientifically helped to get rid of their money, these people drift outside (there is no place to sit down in a casino except at the bars and games) and find some alley where they try to sleep until time for the bus home.

Far from being hurt by the last recession, Harrah and other proprietors of casinos were evidently helped by it. Nevada's Governor Grant Sawyer reported that gambling in March 1961 was 16.7 per cent higher than March 1960. Some clubs at Tahoe reported business up 30 per cent.

The club owners advertise not only in California newspapers but in Western editions of major magazines. As magazine space salesmen point out, "You can't advertise gambling, but you can advertise entertainment." So the gamblers proclaim big-name entertainers (some hired at $5,000 a day) plus boating, fishing, hiking, and what they discreetly call "Nevada fun."

Fun-seekers have made Tahoe a bigger mecca in summer than Reno or Las Vegas. Before Harrah, it had ten motels, but now there are 376, with free taxi service from them to the casinos. The summer population around the shore is about 48,000—many of them undergraduates from Berkeley and Palo Alto who work there to learn the gambling business during vacations. However, some of these students prove too sensitive to last long. Jeff Snow, a football star whom Harrah recruited for casino work through the



University of California athletic department, recently told me why he quit:

"I just didn't like the atmosphere. The customers all seemed so grim and greedy—women would play two slot machines at once, pumping in coins with both hands, and anybody who tried to get at either machine would catch a handbag in the face. Some of the employees were worse: psychotic gamblers, shaking with jitters. They could barely read, and never held a steady job. On payday they'd gamble away their whole salary in the first hour, then disappear. The college kids weren't much better. I know boys who dropped two-thirds of their summer's pay."

THE DEAN AT FIFTY

A GAUNT, silver-gray man, Bill Harrah looks older than his age of fifty. Facially he shows no more animation than a corpse, but he is in constant transit between his Reno and Tahoe offices, hurling a sports car over the mountain road at demoniac speeds. "He's made a religious man of me," says an aide who rides with him. "I'm a fast driver myself. There's one curve on the road which I sometimes take at speeds up to eighty. But Bill whips around that bend over a hundred. The only harder driver I know is his wife. Once I slid by her in heavy traffic, not seeing who she was, and she scared the bejesus out of everybody on the road until she got past me again."

Bill Harrah gives no interviews and shuns publicity. With friends, he will sometimes talk a little about his hobby of collecting antique cars, but never about his business. Even his top executives don't seem to know what makes him tick or what he thinks of his career. But they theorize that he is a type often found in the scientific professions, and in business: a perfectionist, in love with efficiency, and much more concerned with operational precision than with social consequences.

However, he occasionally seems to feel pangs which cause modifications of his business practices. Children were sometimes left outside his casinos in freezing weather, locked in cars, while their parents gambled all night. Upon discovering this, Harrah ordered guards to patrol his parking lots. This is too much trouble for some other casinos.

He is said to have decided that it was immoral to give people money to start them gambling, and therefore discontinued mailing Harrah's Club Lucky Tokens to lists of prospects. A token could be exchanged for a $5 chip at his gaming tables. He also stopped advertising that he would refund gasoline costs to any motorist who drove to his haven. However, owners of nearby clubs still dangle these inducements before prospective pigeons.

The prosperity which came with Harrah has attracted several colorful new investors to Lake Tahoe and Reno. Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin, together with some swashbuckling associates from outside show business, have bought part ownership of Cal-Neva Lodge. Lincoln Fitzgerald, a benevolent-looking oldster who is said to have run gambling enterprises in Detroit and Miami for twenty years before he went west, is proprietor of Nevada Lodge at the lake and the Nevada Club in Reno.

Although Harrah is the acknowledged dean of Nevada gamblers, Fitzgerald is his leading disciple. He uses many Harrah-style lures and has improved on some. "I made more money in the old days," he told me, "but nowadays there aren't many cities where you can operate under cover—and even there, you have trouble with the police, press, reformers, and what not. I'm happy here." His happiness was temporarily marred when someone fired a shotgun at him from ambush, but by increasing his bodyguards and staying out of sight, Fitzgerald has regained his serenity.

There have been other recent threats—chiefly economic—to the peace and prosperity of Nevada's gambling kings and leading citizens. Last year, for example, there were vociferous drives to legalize gambling in the states of Arizona, Wyoming, and Montana—but big money soon appeared behind the forces of rectitude, and the proposals were beaten. Nevertheless, Harrah's personnel are still seen occasionally in Arizona, where several of the newer hotels and motels have hopefully built oversize lobbies and ballrooms which could accommodate plenty of gaming tables on short notice. Gambling will probably never be legalized in Arizona if Harrah can help it—but if it is, he seems determined to get in on the ground floor.

Sparsely populated states are understandably envious of Nevada (second least populous of all) because its state government takes in $8 million in taxes on gambling operators, plus $10 million in sales taxes plucked mostly from out-of-state seekers of "Nevada fun." This sum pays more than half of Nevada's expenses. Consequently the tax burden of its 285,000 residents is light. To lighten it further, in 1950 the Nevada legislature passed a law legalizing prostitution, but this was vetoed by the governor.



THE SACRED CLIENT

AN employee of a motivation-research company once said, jokingly, that his firm would not draw the line at working for a house of prostitution. Outsiders have no way of knowing whether the Stanford Research Institute would go along with this view of its job, because it refuses to reveal who its clients are. "We simply do not regard our client lists as public records," says the Institute's manager of public relations. The work for Harrah was "cleared through SRI's top levels of management," according to SRI executives. However, an assistant to Dr. J. E. Wallace Sterling, president of Stanford University and chairman of the board of directors of SRI, wrote me as follows:

> This Board did not consider the project undertaken for Harrah's Club. When the Institute's executives told you the research proposal for Harrah's was "cleared through top levels of management," they were referring to the management employed by the Board, not the Board itself. SRI is engaged in doing contracted research for hundreds of organizations at any given time with an annual volume of $25 million in contracts. The research undertaken for Harrah's, I have learned, consisted of a simple data-gathering project in 1957 concerning the free bus service the club was offering between Stockton, Sacramento, and Lake Tahoe. The resulting report was an exposition of the data collected and bore no recommendations as to its use.

SRI hedged when asked whether they were still willing to gather data for Harrah. Dr. Robert L. Woodcock, assistant director of SRI, admitted last March: "Representatives of Harrah's have brought us other problems, and these have been discussed. These discussions have not yet resulted in a clear identification of the area of research. Therefore, we have not received any specific request from Harrah's to undertake research beyond the original study."

The Institute's 1,800 staff members are housed about four miles from the university campus in a headquarters valued at $2.5 million. At this writing, SRI has 129 projects under way, with a revenue value of $53.3 million. It is "recognized as entitled to exemption from federal and state income taxes because of its status as a scientific and educational organization," according to its public-relations manager. "Surpluses have been used . . . to improve facilities and equipment."

Thus SRI has been subsidized indirectly by the taxpayers, at least in part, ever since it was founded in 1946 with a $500,000 loan from Stanford University. The university trustees elect SRI's board of directors. The aura of a respectable scholarly organization, toiling in the public interest, spreads over it. Frequent publicity for SRI feats of research has helped to heighten the prestige—and perhaps the financial support—accruing to Stanford University, which is now campaigning for $100 million in contributions from alumni and friends.

The question of whether a nonprofit academic organization should sell its services to a big-time gambler was debated briefly inside SRI. Dr. Klass, who has since left, remembers when Harrah's men first walked in six years ago: "The Institute did give serious consideration to the propriety of undertaking a study for Harrah's. It recognized that there was a possibility of someone misinterpreting both the objectives and the findings. However, it was concluded that since the research objectives (*i.e.*, the accumulation of objective descriptive information) were no different from those characterizing many studies for legitimate businesses, we would proceed as in any other case."

Since the policy of the Institute is never to make recommendations to any client, Stanford's scientists obviously do not feel that they can be accused of helping Harrah widen his clientele. Dr. Woodcock recently endorsed this statement concerning the Institute's position: " . . . as a nonprofit applied research center it is engaged in the accumulation, analysis, and presentation of objective information. While conclusions may be drawn from this information, the use to which it is put is the prerogative of the client organization alone."

To which, no doubt, many of the world's scientists would say amen.

Harper's Magazine, January 1962

ALBERT BERMEL

THE FUTURE OF THE HEARST EMPIRE

In the tough, competitive jungle of today's newspaper and magazine world, his cautious successors are steering a course which would have startled America's most flamboyant publisher.

WHEN William Randolph Hearst the First sent out directives to his editors and other underlings, as he frequently did, he liked to compose pithy little tips on how to give the Hearst publications more zing, wham, and gee-whiz. One such manifesto, written in 1939, was majestically entitled "First Principles." It advised editors to "Economize on your PROCESSES, not on your PRODUCTS." This was curious advice, coming from a man who had never economized on anything.

Since Hearst's death in 1951 his successors have clearly defied his advice. The watchword around the Hearst Corporation these days is: Caution and Cutbacks. In the name of these twin "principles," the Corporation, which is ruled by thirteen "voting trustees," has closed or disposed of one news service and six newspapers, and, over the last decade, has watched circulation drop away on many of the other papers.

It may be that the deceased Hearst newspapers were not particularly good to begin with and not worth saving. Possibly they would have failed even under more enterprising management. But the fact is that the Hearst publishing empire has steadily declined since the early 'fifties.

A rival magazine publisher* summed up the current Hearst policy in these words: "The company has chopped and slashed—and, believe me, some chopping and slashing were needed—but they haven't made many serious efforts to update the papers or magazines. They've allowed good editors to leave; they've let hundreds of employees go at a stroke when a publication folded or merged; and they've raised a wave of ill will against the company name. . . .

"In the old days you could hardly uncover a businessman in the upper crust of the organization. Today you find nothing *but* businessmen. . . . The philosophy at Hearst nowadays is: 'Don't stick your neck out.'"

Advertising Age has called the Hearst Corporation "the largest communications empire in the world." Together with its largest subsidiary, Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., the Corporation employs about 19,000 people and jointly governs:

- Fifteen newspapers with a total average circulation of over four million weekdays and four and one half million Sundays.
- Thirteen magazines with a combined circulation of over ten million a month.
- *King Features,* the largest comics and feature syndicate in the country.
- Six radio and TV stations, in Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and Milwaukee.
- Six magazines published in Britain.
- A Sunday supplement, *The American Weekly,* and its appendages, *Puck The Comic Weekly* and *Pictorial Review.*
- Land and mine holdings, including vast acreages of timber.
- An art collection, consisting of paintings, sculpture, furniture, and other valuables amassed during W. R. Hearst's lifetime.
- Two Hearst foundations, one of them being

* The names of informants inside and outside the Hearst organization have been withheld at their request. One Hearst employee, when asked for information, said: "It'd be more than my job is worth."

the wealthiest in the state of California.

These and other properties (the ones that have been sloughed off) formed the inheritance that came in 1951 to Richard Emmet Berlin, president of today's Hearst Corporation. When Hearst died, Berlin moved swiftly. According to *Time* of August 27, 1951, within twenty minutes of The Chief's death, Berlin "swept into the [Marion] Davies home [where Hearst had died], told the guards and nurses: 'You are all working for me now.' "

Dick Berlin's claim to the imperial role was strong: he had been nominal president of the Corporation since 1940. Hearst's widow also backed him, Hearst's thirty-four-year association with Miss Davies was soft-pedaled in the press, and Miss Davies was not invited to the funeral.

Berlin is a burly, handsomely dressed Nebraskan of Irish descent, an advertising salesman by training and a financier by instinct. "He makes a terrific impression when you meet him," says an acquaintance. "He's confident and used to authority." Outside the office, he indulges in good works. He is a director of the Boys' Clubs of America, a trustee of Roosevelt Hospital, a Saratoga Springs commissioner, and a friend and admirer of Francis Cardinal Spellman.

Berlin went to work for Hearst in 1919 on the magazine *Motor Boating*. He is said to have arrived with eight full pages of advertising lined up for the next issue. By the early 1930s he was powerful enough, according to W. A. Swanberg's book, *Citizen Hearst*, and the New York *Herald Tribune*, of July 21, 1931, to have had a hand in compelling the resignation of Ray Long, the editor of *Cosmopolitan*, which was then a thriving venture.*

Over the years Berlin's influence grew steadily. In 1937, the newspapers were sliding toward bankruptcy because of W. R.'s extravagances. Berlin, says an ex-associate, "held the empire together with spit. The Old Man was grateful to Dick for that. Whenever he needed money it was to Dick he went. Consequently, Dick always had the Old Man's ear and confidence." John Winkler, whose *William Randolph Hearst: A New Appraisal* reads like a sustained press release, goes further: "During the last years of Hearst's life, he was one of the old gentleman's most trusted advisers and their personal relationship was almost that of father and son."

In his will, Hearst asked his executors and trustees "not to part with the ownership or control of any newspaper, magazine, feature service, news service, photographic service, or periodical . . . unless it shall, in their opinion, be necessary or prudent to do so. . . ." A year or so after his death one of his five sons proclaimed, "We don't sell newspapers, we buy them." *Business Week* had already discovered that "quite an imposing chain of newspapers could be fashioned from the Hearst properties that have been folded, merged, or sold [during W. R.'s lifetime] in Oakland, New York, Chicago, Rochester, Syracuse, Washington, Omaha, Fort Worth, and Atlanta."

Berlin alleged that W. R. Hearst had taken "great pride in training his top executives in a painstaking manner so that he could rely on them to carry on after his death with uninterrupted continuity."

Since then Berlin has gone on to sell the daily and Sunday Chicago *American*, the Detroit *Times*, and the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*. He has merged the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* with the Scripps-Howard *News*, and the Boston *American* with the Boston *Record*. In 1957 when Hearst's International News Service abruptly merged with United Press to form UPI, several hundred employees were let go.

In the last decade Berlin has purchased a single paper, the evening *Knickerbocker News*. The Hearst-owned morning *Times-Union* is the only other daily in Albany.

Why the rash of sales, closures, and mergers? Berlin's treatment for whatever ails his publications has been, apparently, to slice off the unhealthy members. "Dick Berlin," said an advertising executive, "ought to swap his pruning knife for a tuning fork. What the papers need is new ideas." But Berlin undoubtedly thought he had those ideas when he took over the top post, instead of the heir apparent, Bill Hearst.

W. R.'s second son had been a diligent newspaperman since his teens. In 1923, as a youngster of fifteen, he wrote to his father from Hitchcock Military Academy: "My ambition is . . . to be able to help you in your business, to be capable to do my part and then some. . . ." Two years later he spent his summer vacation working as a pressman's helper on the New York *Mirror*. Forging steadily upward, he became, at the un-

* Under Long's editorship, *Cosmopolitan* had published articles and fiction by a string of leading writers and political figures of the day.

Albert Bermel, a graduate of the London School of Economics, worked for the Hearst Corporation as an editor for fifteen months; he resigned in August 1961. He came to the U. S. in 1955 from Britain, via Canada, and is now an editor with a New York publishing house.

seasoned age of twenty-three, president of the New York *American*. In the early 1940s he volunteered for duty as a war correspondent. When his father complained that he lacked experience, Bill set about getting it by going on bombing missions, and later by filing firsthand reports from France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, and North Africa.

At the peak of his postwar career in 1955, he became editor-in-chief of all Hearst newspapers, a title no one had held since his father's death. Earlier he had originated the "Hearst Task Force." This reporting team has interviewed "in depth" such celebrities as Churchill, Debré (not de Gaulle, though), Khrushchev, Adenauer, Nasser, and Ben-Gurion (the latter two leaders in one trip), Chiang Kai-shek, Macmillan, Hirohito, and Nehru. After sessions with Salazar and Franco, Hearst cabled that "today Spain and Portugal have flourishing economies. You can walk the streets safely at night. Peace and prosperity prevail. And both countries are solidly in the ranks of the West. If that is the result of dictatorship, I say make the most of it."

Bill Hearst is now at fifty-four a pleasant-mannered gentleman who gets on well with his immediate subordinates and treats them—as his father never did—as comrades and confidants. He enjoys the title of "chairman of the Hearst Corporation"—but Berlin remains president.

IN ACCORD ON COSMETICS

IN THE magazine division* of the company, Bill Hearst's opposite number is Richard Emmet Deems (by coincidence his first two names are the same as Berlin's). Deems has been highly critical of other companies' "mass magazines." "Embroiled in a frantic effort to outdo each other in acquiring multimillion circulation figures," he has said, "they are being forced to trade down, both in the quality of their editorial content and the methods they employ to acquire new subscribers. . . ."

But Deems has himself been criticized on similar grounds after what has happened to some of the Hearst magazines, particularly *Good Housekeeping* and *Cosmopolitan*.

Deems had no editorial experience until he became Hearst's magazine president. Previously he had worked in the circulation departments of *The New Yorker* and *Esquire*. He joined *Harper's Bazaar* (a Hearst publication) in 1939 and was its advertising manager from 1947 to 1952. There he caught Berlin's eye and in 1955 he shot up to vice president in charge of Hearst magazines. In effect, he was then editor-in-chief.*

Deems looks and behaves like a model salesman. Tall, good-looking, "sincerely" dressed, he sells his personality rather than his product and engulfs his business associates in a warm wash of charm and compliments. At forty-nine he is a lot younger than most of the Hearst top brass, but he is no "Young Turk" by temperament. "He's methodical, like an adjutant," said an editor who has worked under him. "That would be fine if Hearst was an Army supply depot. But when you're overseeing every magazine in the house you need a certain kind of taste. He claims he has it, of course; the proof is in what comes out between those covers."

Deems' next-in-command on the magazines is seventy-four-year-old Fred Lewis, who is widely considered the most meticulous "economizer" in the magazine industry. "Lewis," said an ex-Hearstian, "can spot money troubles a mile off, and knows exactly how to root them out. He'd be worth three million a year in savings to any major magazine in the country." Another former associate said: "Fred goes through a sheaf of bills like a cost accountant. He doesn't let a supplier get away with a thing."

Many people are misled, on a first encounter with Lewis, into seeing him as a small, colorless figure. They find his shyness hard to reconcile with his reputation as the hatchet man of the magazines, who is responsible for getting rid of unwanted upper-level staff.

In the day-by-day functioning of the magazines, Lewis takes care of most of the overall administrative and production work, while Deems concerns himself with overseeing the editorial material and with helping the publishers of each magazine to win new advertising and keep the old. Deems' keynote in his work is Caution. For example, when *Cosmopolitan* wanted to run what the editors considered a mild article on Charles Revson of Revlon, Deems demurred at the possibility of frightening a powerful cosmetics advertiser out of the other Hearst magazines. The piece finally appeared as a brief picture-story with diffident captions.

* The division also includes the Periodical Publishers Service Bureau, Avon Books, International Circulation Distributors (which distributes Hearst and other magazines and books in the United States and overseas), and the six British publications owned by Hearst.

* This was not his official title; in fact, no one is called editor-in-chief of magazines in the Hearst Corporation, which is probably the most title-ridden publishing company in the country.

Except for Bill Hearst, the men who determine policy are not "editors," they are "businessmen." Ironically, their most conspicuous recent failure in the Hearst publishing ventures has been on the business side. Following are the cold, red figures:

In 1958, 1959, 1960, and the first six months of 1961, Hearst Consolidated, which controls two-thirds of the newspapers, had a total net loss of $15.8 million.* And up to 1960 it had skipped forty-seven payments on its Class A preferred stock. By contrast, in 1944 (a war-boom year), the company made $26 million, and it continued to operate in the black until 1953.

SICK CHICKS OF THE PRESS

WHAT has gone wrong in the last eight years? Certain social changes have profoundly affected newspaper economics. Newspaper readers today are shopping for "quality." Once it was feared that yellow journalism, with its scare headlines, huge type,** and a welter of comics and sensational news, would triumph over the more responsible papers.

The reverse has happened. Since 1951 those that present a greater ration of sober news—the *New York Times,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* and the Washington *Post* and Washington *Star,* to cite only a few—have maintained or increased their strength. In the same period the circulation of many Hearst newspapers has dropped—sometimes severely. The Boston *Sunday Advertiser* (180,000 down), the Baltimore *Sunday American* (30,000 down), and the Sunday editions of the Los Angeles *Examiner* (60,000 down), the San Francisco *Examiner* (120,000 down), and the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* 8,000 down) are among the invalids. A few Hearst papers, to be sure, have gained in circulation; but even they have lost ground to their competitors. The Los Angeles *Herald-Express,* for example, has gone up but not as swiftly as the Los Angeles *Times.* Similarly, in Milwaukee, the Hearst morning *Sentinel* has grown, but at only one-tenth the rate of its dignified rival, the afternoon *Journal*—and this at a time when afternoon papers in general have suffered greater losses than the morning ones.

Most newspaper publishers are well aware of the mounting demand for better news presentation. Even the New York *Daily News,* the most boisterous tabloid in the country, has increased its foreign news coverage. And, for some time, the funnies—for long a Hearst staple—have not helped sales much. "The comics were once a specific for circulation ills," a wire editor said in 1955. "They are now the sick chicks of the newspaper business."

The Age of Leisure has confronted newspapers with a new kind of competition as radio, sports, movies, theatre, and television vie for the free time of the reader, who is also a viewer-spectator-listener. A less familiar but equally fierce competition has come from suburban newspapers. In the postwar years they have taken great bites out of the metropolitan dailies' circulation. "Suburbs used to be bedrooms; now they are communities," said Vincent J. Manno, a newspaper consultant. "TV and radio supply national and international news and the suburban papers can now afford the wire services. Since the suburbs are now communities, suburbanites are more interested than ever in local news. . . ."

Hearst papers, as well as others, are threatened by the suburban trend in their three largest markets. There are now seventeen independent daily suburban papers in Los Angeles County. In the San Francisco area, suburban dailies have pushed up in Burlingame, San Mateo, Oakland, San Rafael, and other nearby communities. So far the Hearst weekday papers in the region have held their own, but the Sunday circulation of the *Examiner,* W. R. Hearst's first paper, has dropped by almost 120,000 since 1951.

Around New York City, suburban dailies are thriving in nearby Long Island, New Jersey, Westchester County, and Connecticut. Their impact is felt by all the seven metropolitan dailies but Hearst's paper, the *Mirror,* seems to have taken the worst beating. Its circulation has slumped by over 150,000 weekdays and 785,000 Sundays—a more startling drop than that of any other paper in New York.

The *Journal-American* has slipped too. During the last decade its circulation fell by 80,000 on weekdays and close to 300,000 on Sundays. In recent months both the *Mirror* and the *Journal-American* have registered modest circulation gains—for the time being, at least—since they introduced contest promotions. In the *Journal-American* contest lucky Social Security numbers win prizes—an interesting refinement of the Wel-

* Figures for the Corporation as a whole are not published; it is a private company.

** According to H. L. Mencken (in *Newspaper Days),* Lynn R. Meekins, a Hearst managing editor in the early 1900s, was "amused rather than outraged by the exuberance of the Hearst typography, and used to defend it wryly on the ground that it at least enabled him to fill a lot of space at small expense of labor."

fare State. "The *Journal-American*," said a New Jersey lady who had just garnered $500 in this fashion, "is a paper I can depend on."

The plight of all the Hearst papers is dramatized in the contraction of *The American Weekly*, which, under William Randolph Hearst, was the biggest Sunday supplement in the country. It ran to ballyhoo science, history, astrology, archaeology, slurpy sex, self-help articles, and lightly dressed "Zodiac Girls" on the front-cover. In the early Fifties, the inner girls gave way to pumpkins and other homely items. Since then there have been graver shake-ups. Editors and publishers have come and gone like relay runners, competing supplements have displaced the *Weekly*: advertising revenue has shrunk. Late in 1961 the *Weekly* was carried by less than a dozen papers. It had once served more than thirty, most of them not owned by Hearst.

YO-YO CIRCULATION

THE Hearst magazines have fared little better than the newspapers in recent years. The Gallagher Report noted in July 1961: "All Hearst magazines off [in the first half of 1961] except *Cosmopolitan* and *Harper's Bazaar*. *Motor Boating* dropped 21.6 per cent. *Popular Mechanics* slid 12.2 per cent. *Good Housekeeping* is off 12.1 per cent. *House Beautiful* down 18.5 per cent. *Town & Country* off 10 per cent. *Sports Afield* down 7.5 per cent. Hearst magazine president Dick Deems on the spot."

Not that any of the other multiple-magazine publishers had had an easy six months. Curtis* and Time Inc.** two other giants, were left like Gargantua combing cannon balls out of their hair.

Why the distress? The weekly and monthly "slicks" look healthy enough. But they cannot break even, let alone make a profit, without carrying great doses of advertising. *Collier's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Coronet*, for example, were selling millions of copies when they lost a tiny fraction of their advertising revenue—and disappeared. To survive, a mass magazine today must—or thinks it must—convince the advertising agencies that it has more readers, or more "select" readers, or more spendthrift readers, than its competitors.

The Hearst magazines are in the middle of the advertising scrimmage. And losing ground. Because they are not sufficiently attractive as "editorial packages," the Hearst magazines do not capture enough potential advertisers to pay their way. In the last five years the only economically healthy and growing Hearst magazine has been *Harper's Bazaar*, which ranks sixth in size among the thirteen periodicals.

Cosmopolitan, on the other hand, has had bumpy sledding. A few years ago, the management stripped it of its advertising and subscription departments. Circulation tumbled, from around two million to an average of 800,000, and has since, said one editor, "gone up and down like a yo-yo," depending on the appeal of each issue. At present *Cosmopolitan* reads like six features in search of a theme.* But it is still alive.

So is *Good Housekeeping*, but only after repeated money transfusions. Once it was the most prosperous of "the three old ladies." (The other two are *Ladies' Home Journal* and *McCall's*.) In 1958 Deems did not renew the contract of Herbert Mayes, editor of *Good Housekeeping*. Mayes was immediately hired to run *McCall's* and *Redbook*. Under his charge, both magazines have nearly doubled their circulation and more than doubled their advertising revenues. While Mayes was its editor, *Good Housekeeping* is said to have made a substantial profit. This year it is likely to lose a tidy sum.

When *McCall's* first picked up speed, *Ladies' Home Journal* took off in pursuit. For a time *Good Housekeeping* tried to follow. Lavish sums were spent on circulation and advertising promotion, more color, more pages, and sexier fiction. It hired as columnists Arthur S. Flemming, former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Helen Valentine, founding editor of *Seventeen*. It published an attack on Frank Sinatra and advice from Debbie Reynolds. It stressed the validity of its *Good Housekeeping* Warranty ("Only *One* Magazine Screens Spaghetti"). It serialized such best-sellers as *My 30 Years Backstairs at the White House* and *Mothers and Daughters*.

But the other two ladies stayed ahead, though both showed signs of strain. So *Good Housekeeping* pulled out of the race and raised its single-copy price from 35 cents to 50 cents, hoping, apparently, that readers rather than advertisers

* Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, American Home, Jet and TV.

** Life, Time, Fortune, Sports Illustrated, Architectural Forum.

* A "special issue" during 1961 ran lubricous journalistic articles on "Queen Elizabeth's Fabulous Wardrobe," "Crash Diets and You," "Top Table Fashions," "How to Start a Little Dress Shop," and "The Makeup Who Made Women Young," the makeup being Gabrielle Chanel.

would foot the bill. It remains to be seen whether enough copies will be sold at 50 cents to make the magazine prosper in the long run.

What of the people who work on the Hearst publications? To a former employee, their morale is summed up in this remark overheard in a New York Hearst office where an editor was typing out some rush copy: "Don't be different. Be indifferent."

Unlike many other publishing giants, Hearst has no year-end bonus. Male employees, however, get life insurance—valued at two weeks' salary—six months after they join the company. Only after twenty-five years is a Hearst life insured for a full year's salary.

After every sale of a Hearst publication, great numbers of people have been thrown out on the job market. When the Detroit *Times* went in 1960, for instance, fourteen hundred people were dismissed. Many of them received telegrams and phone calls at 3:00 A.M. telling them not to report for work that morning. The sale of the *Times* brought in $10 million. But not one of its employees was offered a job with another Hearst paper at the time. Six months later many of them were still out of work.

Hearst, for most of its employees, is a faceless company. Even at headquarters in New York the top people are seldom visible. The average employee may read about W. R. Hearst, Jr. in his paper (if it is a Hearst publication), or sneak a look at a memorandum on an executive desk, signed "D" (Berlin), or "Dick" (Deems), or "Fred" (Lewis, who has been described as a "past-master of the memo"); but he will see the brass in person only if he attends the annual dinner-dance or catches a glimpse of Berlin and Hearst entering or leaving their Cadillacs. He learns of Hearst policy from notices posted in the washrooms and warnings issued by the office manager, that thieves have been in the building or that Columbus Day is not a legal holiday or that there are too many personal phone calls.

To date, neither Berlin nor Deems has come up with constructive editorial ideas that have changed the Hearst pattern of sales.* Bill Hearst, however, has tried to rescue the newspapers. "We are trying to do away with the oldish elements that have crept into our operations," he announced ten years ago. He asked Hearst editors to publish more local stories and straight news. "Our news and campaigns," he said, "should not be extreme, unfair, or one-sided." Brave words, and very different in spirit from his father's celebrated "must run" editorials. But only words. Since 1951, the papers have changed little editorially. They remain plinths for such columnists as George Sokolsky, Westbrook Pegler, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and, lately, Barry Goldwater.

* They have, however, bought *Sports Afield, Science Digest, Popular Mechanics,* and Avon Books. After the *Sports Afield* transaction in 1953, Berlin said: "This is the first of a series of acquisitions by the Hearst Corporation and part of a long-term expansion program." The Corporation then passed up *TV Guide,* the most successful postwar magazine, twice in a row, once for $75,000, the second time for $2 million. *TV Guide* was sold shortly after for $7 million, and is now worth considerably more.

"EXCLUSIVE" FROM MOSCOW

IN A second burst of zeal, Bill Hearst in 1958 established the Hearst Headline Service to produce "exclusive and colorful stories, articles, and news features" by "name writers." However, most Hearst Headline stories are merely regular news items, sometimes prefaced by a couple of paragraphs of guesswork or an intimation that they are based on "exclusive" interviews or material. The "name writers" are veteran Hearst reporters like Bob Considine, Pierre J. Huss, and Serge Fliegers.

Bill Hearst's most successful scheme was the Hearst Task Force. It was launched in Moscow in 1955 when Joseph Kingsbury Smith, Frank Conniff, and Hearst interviewed—and talked back to—Bulganin, Khrushchev, Molotov, and Zhukov. During their stay in Moscow, Malenkov resigned and John MacVane of ABC asked Hearst about this event by radio telephone. Here is an extract from their conversation:

> MACVANE: You've been on the scene for the past week and you've talked with the Soviet heads of state. Did you have any inkling that the change in leadership was coming?
>
> HEARST: Not the slightest, Johnnie.
>
> MACVANE: Was this a great surprise generally in Moscow?
>
> HEARST: I would say no one here . . . for a moment . . . in diplomatic circles . . . would even . . .
>
> MACVANE: I see. What has been the effect on the people of Moscow? Is there open discussion of the matter in the streets?
>
> HEARST: If there is, it's in a language I can't understand . . .

The Hearst team's reports later won the Pulitzer Prize and were published in a book, *Ask Me Anything: Our Adventures with Khrushchev,* which was reprinted by the Hearst paperback division, Avon Books.

But even after a Pulitzer citation, the Task

Force interviews and Hearst's other innovations do not seem to have done much for the papers. Hearst himself would probably say that they have jolted circulation upwards, but that the jolting effect has been softened by rising costs. For, like Berlin, he blames costs for the Hearst woes. In a "WCBS-TV Views the Press" program in 1961, he complained:

> Newsprint that cost . . . $38 or $39 in 1940 now costs $134 per ton. Our payrolls have doubled, trebled, and in some instances quadrupled. We're burdened with featherbedding and make-work practices that drive efficiency experts nuts. As a result, there have been many mergers and consolidations and foldings of papers in the past and undoubtedly there will be more in the future. However, alert and aggressive newspapermen all over our country are looking to the future with courage and conviction and imagination. . . . Newspaper publishers, as a whole, are a pretty savvy group. Their idea of meeting competition is to beat it.

Later in the program he wound himself into a peroration:

> As I take one last look into this ink-stained crystal ball, I can see newspapers for all of the tomorrows that will ever be and see them as defenders of the rights of men, as protectors for the oppressed, as crusaders for justice, as a vigilante—as a vigilante committee against evil. I see them as a living conscience of all mankind, which is why a free press is guaranteed for all time by the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States.

WAR OF SUCCESSION?

THE Constitution may guarantee a free press but to guarantee a solvent press takes managerial talent. In W. R. Hearst's early days, the talent—what there was of it—was underpinned by money. Hearst was a spending-mechanism incarnate; he lavished his father's mining fortune on his papers, hardly caring whether or not they made money, so long as they "beat every other paper in the world" in news breaks and circulation.

Today, to support Hearst's brand of journalism, his successors would have to spend money at least as freely as he did—which they obviously don't want to do.* Or, to attract today's readers, they would have to find a new contemporary formula—which they seem unable to do.

This report—up to this point—has been concerned with the sorry condition of the Hearst publications. But they are only one side of the corporate picture. In spite of its staggering losses through the last few years, the Corporation is rich. According to a Wall Street analysis, the magazine and newspaper losses have been offset by income from real estate, mines, lumber, paper processing, King Features, and sundry smaller enterprises. The Company's "tangible net worth" exceeded $72 million in 1960 and its balance sheet showed a "sound financial condition." The sagging Hearst publications are thus being propped up by, among other things, timber.

But the Corporation has suffered one crucial loss that does not appear in financial statements—the leaders are growing old. Berlin is now sixty-eight. His closest advisers and supporters are mostly over sixty—one is seventy-five—and the management is reminiscent of the tribe in Central Australia that Frazer defined as a *gerontocracy* or "government of elders."

As the "elders" exceed retirement age, a shift in control, led by members of the Hearst family, seems likely. George Hearst, Jr., a grandson of the founder and currently publisher of the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*, is moving up fast in the organization; he has been called a "whirlwind of a guy." And Bill Hearst's youngest brother, Randolph Apperson Hearst, recently became president and chief executive officer of the largest subsidiary, Hearst Consolidated.

While I was gathering facts for this article, I repeatedly requested interviews with leading Hearst executives. The interviews were not granted, but I did receive the following telegram, much later, from Randolph A. Hearst:

> THE MANAGEMENT OF HEARST CONSOLIDATED IS FULLY AWARE OF THE SITUATION WITHIN THE COMPANY. WE ARE TAKING STEPS TO CORRECT THIS CONDITION AND SHALL ANNOUNCE THEM AT THE PROPER TIME.

I am not certain of exactly which "situation" Mr. Hearst had in mind.

Next month, Harper's *will publish another article on the press: "Roy Thomson Invades America," by Francis Williams. Like Mr. Bermel's article, it is one of a series—appearing at irregular intervals—on the changing quality, management, and prosperity of American newspapers. Earlier pieces covered the peculiar press of Boston, the Washington press conference, the* Wall Street Journal, *the* New York Times, *and the* New York Herald Tribune.

Harper's Magazine, January 1962

* Berlin once said that he would rather publish the third-largest paper in a market profitably than lose money on the first one. The shade of W. R. Hearst must have quivered.

RALPH GINZBURG

Portrait of a Genius As a Young Chess Master

As exasperating as he is talented and as determined as he is eccentric, Bobby Fischer promises to become the game's most respected and least understood champion.

RUSSIA'S traditional hold on World Championships in chess is about to be challenged by the United States in the person of an eighteen-year-old boy from Brooklyn named Bobby Fischer. Bobby has been United States Chess Champion for four years. He won the title at the age of fourteen, the youngest player ever to do so. He has since successfully defended his title three times and has won virtually every major chess title in the country.

In an international tournament at Bled, Yugoslavia, last summer, he astonished the chess world by defeating Russia's Mikhail Tal in his only game against this former World Champion. The present World Champion, Mikhail Botvinnik, did not participate in the tournament. Fischer is aching to play Botvinnik. "I know that I deserve to be World Champion and I know I can beat Botvinnik," he has said. "There's no one alive I can't beat."

Fischer may have his chance early in 1963 when the triennial chess World Championship will be played. He will first have to win two preliminary international tournaments, the Inter-Zonal and the Candidates, in 1962. Many of America's leading chess authorities agree with Lisa Lane, the twenty-four-year-old Women's Chess Champion of the United States. "I'm sure that Bobby can beat Botvinnik," she has said. "There's never before been a chess player with such a thorough knowledge of the intricacies of the game and such an absolutely indomitable will to win. I think Bobby is the greatest player that ever lived."

John W. Collins, columnist for *Chess Life* and *Chess Review* and one of the country's most highly respected chess annotators, has written: "Bobby is the finest chess player this country ever produced. His memory for the moves, his brilliance in dreaming up combinations, and his fierce determination to win are uncanny. Not only will I predict his triumph over Botvinnik but I'll go further and say that he'll probably be the greatest chess player that ever lived."

Frank Brady, business manager of the United States Chess Federation, the governing body of American chess, has said: "Russians have held chess World Championships in all but three of the past thirty-four years. Bobby is the man who will break that chain. Definitely. Maybe not in 1963, maybe not even in 1966, but eventually, for sure."

Botvinnik himself has acknowledged Fischer as a threat to Russia's chess supremacy. Last May he deplored the decline in the popularity of chess in Russia (which remains, nevertheless, the most chess-mad country in the world) and he cited the possibility that Fischer might win the World Championship for the United States.

It is safe to say that Bobby Fischer has aroused greater admiration for his chess-playing skill than any young player has ever before enjoyed. It is also a painfully well-known fact in the chess world, however, that never before has a young player aroused so much personal antipathy. This ill will seems to stem from what I. A. Horowitz, former U. S. Open Champion, has described as Fischer's "colossal egotism." Horowitz says: "The huge egos of great chess players are legendary. Psychologists have been amazed by their vanity, have studied it, and anecdotes concerning it are abundant. But never before has there been such a prima donna as Bobby. . . . Already he has managed to alienate and offend almost everybody in the chess world. That includes

officials, patrons, writers, almost everybody and anybody who might be in a position to help him in his career."

It was chiefly to try to find the clue to Fischer's much discussed temperament that I arranged to interview him last summer.

HOW A GENTLEMAN LIVES

BOBBY came to my office in midtown Manhattan last August 25. The date had been made for the day before at three o'clock, but at four he had phoned to say that he just didn't feel like coming. When he did appear, he was again an hour late. Without knocking, he flung open the door, strode halfway across the room, and greeted me with the words, "Hey, do you have some food up here or something?"

I said I would phone for some food and asked what he wanted.

"A turkey white meat on rye, two celery sodas, some tea, and a couple plums," he said.

Fischer is handsome, over six feet tall, with broad shoulders, intense hazel eyes, and sharp features.

"Do you go to school?" I asked.

"No, I'm a professional chess player. I quit school when I was sixteen."

"Lisa Lane has said—and lots of other people agree—that you're probably the greatest chess player alive."

"That statement is accurate, but Lisa Lane really wouldn't be in a position to know. They're all weak, all women. They're stupid compared to men. They shouldn't play chess, you know. They're like beginners. They lose every single game against a man. There isn't a woman player in the world I can't give knight-odds to and still beat."

"How about the men champions, like the Russians, Botvinnik, Tal, Keres, Smyslov, can you beat them?"

"They have nothing on me, those guys. They can't even touch me. Some people rate them better than me. That really bugs me. They think that no Americans play chess. When I meet those Russian potzers I'll put them in their place." ("Potzer," an ugly and insulting word in its original Yiddish, means an inferior player in chess parlance, where it is used without insulting connotation. Bobby's English is entirely free of profanity.)

"Would you consider yourself the greatest player that ever lived, even better, say, than Capablanca, Steinitz, or Morphy?"

"Well, I don't like to put things like that in print, it sounds so egotistical. But to answer your question, Yes."

"What does it take to become a strong chess player?"

"A strong memory, concentration, imagination, and a strong will."

"Does mathematical ability have anything to do with it?"

"Very little."

I was surprised by this last statement but later checked it and found that Bobby was entirely correct. Psychological tests have shown that chess masters do not necessarily excel in math, or, for that matter, in general intelligence. What they do possess is almost total recall as regards chess moves, fantastic imagination, and marvelous perception for spatial relations enabling them to glance at the thirty-two pieces and sixty-four squares of a chessboard and fashion a winning pattern of moves from the possible 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 variations that the average tournament game of forty-five moves can take.

"How does one make a living at chess?" I asked.

"Reshevsky and I are the only ones in America who try. [Samuel Reshevsky is America's second-best chess player.] We don't make much. The other masters have outside jobs. Like Rosselimo, he drives a cab. Evans, he works for the movies. The Russians, they get money from the government. We have to depend on tournament prizes. And they're lousy. Maybe a couple hundred bucks. Millionaires back this game, but they're all cheap. Look what they do for golf: thirty thousand dollars for a tournament is nothing. But for chess they give a thousand or two and they think it's a big deal. The tournament has to be named after them, everybody has to bow down to them, play when they want, everything for a couple thousand dollars which is nothing to them anyhow. They take it off their income tax. These people are cheap. It's ridiculous."

A reliable estimate which I later received fixed Fischer's and Reshevsky's average yearly prize winnings at $5,000 each. This just about covers

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Ralph Ginzburg's office is four flights up a spiral staircase on top of an old thirty-story office building in Manhattan. Since Army service in the Korean War, he has been a newspaperman, photographer, advertising man, staff member of "Look" and "Esquire," and author of the best-seller, "An Unhurried View of Erotica." He plays lots of chess, but Bobby Fischer beat him (he says) in three seconds flat.

their chess-playing expenses. In short, they earn no surplus directly from playing. Reshevsky, aged forty-nine, a married man with a family, receives a stipend from the American Chess Foundation. Bobby, who lives alone in a Brooklyn flat, has his rent, food, and clothing bills paid by his mother.

"Why this lack of support by millionaires?"

"It's the fault of the chess players themselves. I don't know what they used to be, but now they're not the most gentlemanly group. When it was a game played by the aristocrats it had more like you know dignity to it. When they used to have the clubs, like no women were allowed and everybody went in dressed in a suit, a tie, like gentlemen, you know. Now, kids come running in in their sneakers—even in the best chess club—and they got women in there. It's a social place and people are making noise, it's a madhouse."

Bobby's voice was beginning to take on a whine as he became more relaxed. I noticed that his fingernails were badly bitten.

"Am I correct in surmising that there are quite a number of Jews in the upper echelons of chess?"

"Yeh, there are too many Jews in chess. They seem to have taken away the class of the game. They don't seem to dress so nicely, you know. That's what I don't like."

"You're Jewish, aren't you?"

"Part Jewish. My mother is Jewish."

"It's been said, Bobby, that in your relations with some of the people in the chess world you behave very much like a prima donna. How about that?"

"Well, I'm not sure I know what you mean by a prima donna, but if something doesn't interest me or if someone bores me, or if I think they're a phony, I just don't bother with them, that's all."

"How about school, did that bore you?"

"You don't learn anything in school. It's just a waste of time. You lug around books and all and do homework. They give too much homework. You shouldn't be doing homework. Nobody's interested in it. The teachers are stupid. They shouldn't have any women in there. They don't know how to teach. And they shouldn't make anyone go to school. You don't want to go, you don't go, that's all. It's ridiculous. I don't remember one thing I learned in school. I don't listen to weakies [Bobby's term for non-chess players or for chess players who are weaker than himself]. My two and a half years in Erasmus High I wasted. I didn't like the whole thing. You have to mix with all those stupid kids. The teachers are even stupider than the kids. They talk down to the kids. Half of them are crazy. If they'd have let me, I would have quit before I was sixteen."

BIRTH OF AN OBSESSION

WHEN I asked Bobby about his personal life, he said he was born March 9, 1943, in Chicago. His father was a physicist and his mother a registered nurse and schoolteacher. He has an older sister. When he was a baby, his parents were divorced. His mother took him and his sister to California, Arizona, and then Brooklyn, where the family settled. Bobby's father left the country soon after his son was born and Bobby has no recollection of him. Bobby's mother provided all of the family's support. (Bobby's sister, Mrs. Joan Targ, later described their mother to me as a woman of great intellect and boundless energy. She is accomplished in at least half-a-dozen languages and holds a pre-med degree. She is also "something of a professional crusader," as Mrs. Targ said. At the time of the writing of this article she was walking her way across Europe to Moscow as part of a pacifist antiwar demonstration. Mrs. Targ underscored the fact that Bobby had never come under the strong influence of a man at any time during his formative years.)

Bobby began to play chess at the age of six. "My sister bought me a set at a candy store and taught me the moves," he said to me. At first it was just one of many board games that Bobby was interested in. At the age of nine, however, he became obsessed with the game and began to exhibit talent. He was invited to play at some of the city's best chess clubs, and when he was thirteen he entered tournament play. He soon won the U. S. Junior Championship, the New York Metropolitan Chess League Championship, and the coveted Lessing J. Rosenwald Chess Trophy. (In winning the Rosenwald Trophy he played a game that was so intricate in its combinations, so brilliant in its ingenuity, so fraught with apparent—but not real—danger that it has since become known as "The Game of the Century.") In 1957, when Bobby was fourteen, he won the U. S. Championship and the following year, at fifteen, he was the youngest player to be designated an International Grand Master by the Fédération Internationale Des Echecs (FIDE), the world governing body of chess—the highest of all honorary chess titles.

"After that I quit school," Bobby said.

"How did your mother feel about that?"



PHOTOGRAPH OF BOBBY FISCHER BY RALPH GINZBURG

"She and I just don't see eye to eye together. She's a square. She keeps telling me that I'm too interested in chess, that I should get friends outside of chess, you can't make a living from chess, that I should finish high school and all that nonsense. She keeps in my hair and I don't like people in my hair, you know, so I had to get rid of her."

"You mean that she moved out of the Brooklyn apartment you lived in?"

"Yeh, she moved in with her girl friend in the Bronx and I kept the apartment. But right now she's away on this trip with those people [the pacifists] for about eight months. I don't have anything to do with her."

"I was under the impression that she had had a great deal to do with the success of your career. Didn't she go on a hunger strike last year and picket the White House to dramatize the need for funds to send you and the American team to the Chess Olympics in Leipsig?"

"Yeh, but she doesn't know what she's doing. She ought to keep out of chess."

I asked him to describe a typical day in his life. "Lots of the time I'm traveling around. Europe, South America, Iceland. But when I'm home, I don't know, I don't do much. I get up eleven o'clock maybe. I'll get dressed and all, look at some chess books, go downstairs and eat. I never cook my own meals. I don't believe in that stuff. I don't eat in luncheonettes or Automats, either. I like a waiter to wait on me. Good restaurants. After I eat I usually call up some of my chess friends, go over and analyze a game or something. Maybe I'll go to a chess club. Then maybe I'll see a movie or something. There's really nothing for me to do. Maybe I'll study some chess book."

"You travel around the city mainly by subway?"

"Unfortunately, yes. It's dirty—kids there see I have nice shoes on so they try to step on them on purpose. People come in there in their work clothes and all, people come charging in like animals, it's terrible. People sitting and staring directly across the aisles at you, it's barbaric."

"Do you have any one or two closest friends?"

"No. I don't keep any close friends. I don't keep any secrets. I don't need friends. I just tell everybody everything, that's all."

I asked him if this policy of 100 per cent honesty toward everybody at all times wasn't perhaps at the core of his difficulty in dealing with people. That is, if his forthrightness hadn't perhaps sometimes been misinterpreted as tactlessness. Bobby said that that might have been the case.

WHAT IS AN UNCIVIL HOUR?

AS WE discussed his difficulties with people in the chess world, I brought up a number of his most publicized controversies and asked Bobby for his side of the story. In each case he was able to present what sounded like perfectly reasonable explanations for the position he had taken. Whether or not he subsequently damaged his position by obstinacy and unwillingness to compromise is another question.

In 1959, for example, he caused a rhubarb by refusing to defend his title as U. S. Champion unless pairings for the tournament were drawn in public, though hitherto they had always been drawn in private. Explaining this action, Bobby told me that he had showed officials of the U. S. Chess Federation a FIDE rule which required public drawings. The officials admitted that they had been violating the rule unknowingly, and they promised to draw the pairings for all future tournaments in public. Although it would seem that Fischer had made his point, their promise did not satisfy him, and he insisted that the pairings already made—and announced—for 1959 be withdrawn. When the officials refused, he threatened not to defend his title. Eventually, he was forced to back down; he played and won. But as far as the general public was concerned, his earlier triumph of principle was demolished.

In a second highly publicized incident, just

last summer, Bobby forfeited a sixteen-game, cross-country match to Reshevsky, because the twelfth game of the series was set for 11:00 A.M., an hour that Bobby regarded as uncivil for playing chess. Explaining this to me, he said that the match had originally been scheduled for play at the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Los Angeles on Sunday, August 13, at 1:30 in the afternoon. At ten that morning, he received a phone call from the referee of the game saying that playing time had been moved up to eleven. This, he said, was to accommodate the wishes of the principal patron of the series, Mrs. Jacqueline Piatigorsky, who wanted to be sure the game would be over in time for her to attend a concert to be given that night by her husband, cellist Gregor Piatigorsky. Bobby refused to play at that early hour and cited a clause in his playing contract which stated that playing time had to be acceptable to him. When Bobby failed to show up, the Los Angeles referee announced the game a forfeiture in favor of Reshevsky. The score of the series up to then had been tied at 5½ games each. The forfeiture put Reshevsky ahead, 6½ to 5½.

The next game was to be played in New York four days later. Fischer refused to continue the series unless the forfeiture were first overruled. No one at the New York offices of the American Chess Foundation, sponsor of the series, was in favor of the decision of the Los Angeles referee and it was almost certain that in due time the forfeiture would be overruled. But Chess Foundation officials resented a threat to quit. "Fischer is holding a gun to our heads," the president, Walter Fried, told the *New York Times*.

When playing time for the thirteenth game arrived, the Chess Foundation had not yet overruled the forfeiture and Fischer did not show up for the game. The entire series was then declared a victory by default for Reshevsky and the trophy and prize money were awarded him. "There was no other course we could take consistent with our responsibility and our self-respect," Fried said later. Bobby told me that in each of these cases he was merely "defending" his "principles." It is this rigid adherence to principle—to the point of self-destruction—that seems to characterize almost all of his difficulties.

"I DECIDED TO DRESS UP"

THE topic of the interview changed to clothing. "I gather that clothes mean quite a bit to you," I said. "Wasn't there a time when you dressed rather carelessly yourself? Weren't you once pictured in a full-page photograph in *Life* playing simultaneous chess against a group of older men who were respectably dressed while you were wearing sneakers and blue jeans?"

"Yeh, I used to dress badly until I was about sixteen. But people just didn't seem to have enough respect for me, you know? And I didn't like that, so I decided I'd have to show them they weren't any better than me, you know? They were sort of priding themselves. They would say he beat us at chess, but he's still just an uncouth kid. So I decided to dress up."

I noted that Bobby was wearing a green, vertically striped tie, white shirt, and a brown checked suit with tightly pegged pants. He was meticulously groomed, though his clothes showed no particular individuality.

"Where do you buy your clothes?" I asked.

"I have them all made for me."

"Where?"

"Different places. This one I had made in Germany."

"Have you any particular objection to ready-made clothes?"

"Oh, I wouldn't touch them. I have my shoes made to order, my shirts, everything. I like to dress classy. I have seventeen suits now, all hand-tailored."

"Clothes are just a weakness with you, is that it?"

"No, just a strength." He laughed. "I don't know. I've had suits made in Argentina, Trinidad, England, New York, California, East Germany, West Germany, and I guess that's all, so far. If you get seventeen suits, you can rotate them. They wear a long time. That's where the poor man gets it coming and going. His suits wear out fast and he never has a wardrobe to choose from."

"You say your shoes are handmade, too?"

"Yeh, some Hungarian uptown makes them. They cost a hundred bucks a pair. I've got five pairs, not counting ready-mades, which I don't wear anymore anyhow."

"What about shirts, where do you get them?"

"This place called Sy's; they cost twenty-five dollars each. It's the same place where Kennedy gets his made. I found out who Kennedy's tailor is in England. I might go there, too."

"You like Kennedy? Would you have voted for him?"

"I don't think so. I don't like to see millionaires in there. He has it too soft, you know. I don't think he's ever had any hardships. Besides, he doesn't have any class. He puts his hands in his coat pockets. God, that's horrible!"

"Where do you have your laundry done?"

"This shirt I'm wearing I sent to some stupid laundry in New York. They ruined it. I lugged the shirts all the way from Brooklyn. Boy, I'm mad about that. On my way to Yugoslavia next week, I'll stop off in Italy and get some shirts to make up for it. I hear they cost only ten dollars in Milan. You know they say you can tell the decline of a nation when the people begin to lose interest in their clothes. Nowadays if you're dressed up people think you're a dandy. In the olden days the most virile men were the men who dressed the best."

I then asked Bobby if he had any interest outside of chess and clothes. Apparently not. He had recently wanted to learn judo, but after inspecting New York's judo schools he found them "too low-class for me with too much riffraff and no place to put your clothes," and so he abandoned the idea. For a while he was interested in "occult subjects," palmistry in particular. "Palmistry is a definite science," he said. "It's not just a bunch of nonsense like astrology." His own palms, he said, show a flexible mind and a soul that has been calloused by the hard knocks of life. "Like I'm not as soft or as generous a person as I would be if the world hadn't changed me."

Bobby listens to short-wave radio a bit, particularly if a chess match is being broadcast over the Voice of Moscow. He says that his favorite actor is Marlon Brando but adds that "in Hollywood they say he's terribly conceited." He doesn't watch TV much. He is, as he says, "a cautious person" and he read somewhere that "every time you watch TV you get a little radiation" so he stays away from TV.

Bobby doesn't believe in God. "I read a book lately by Nietzsche and he says religion is just to dull the senses of the people. I agree." Recently he had been reading about Dr. Fu Manchu, Hitler, and Caryl Chessman. "That was a pretty bad thing they killed Chessman. I felt pretty bad about that." Also, he has read Errol Flynn's *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, a book which seems to have made a deep impression upon him.

"Does Flynn's sort of life appeal to you?"

"Well, yeh, a little bit. Yeh, I'd like to travel around, be an international playboy. They have all that money, they could really do it right. Look at Flynn."

"You mean he had all those dames?"

Bobby laughed. "No, I mean all that money."

"Do you have a girl friend?"

"Naw, I don't like American girls. They're very conceited, you know. In Europe they're more pleasant."

"Do you correspond with any special girl over there?"

"No, but I get a lot of fan mail from Europe. Chess is very big over there. Sometimes girls write me. One girl in Yugoslavia sent me a whole slew of love letters. I don't know how she got my address. She was in a crowd watching me play. She says when I left there the stars fell out of the sky over Yugoslavia, or something like that."

We both laughed uproariously. "Aren't you afraid to go back to Yugoslavia?"

"Nope," he answered still laughing.

"Why is chess so much more popular in Yugoslavia than in the United States?"

"Well, you know, in America everybody is interested in making the dollar fast. In Yugoslavia no matter how much you hustle you're not going to get rich, so you might as well play chess."

We had been talking for nearly five hours and it was time for me to drive Bobby home.

"Before we end this, though, I just want to ask you one more question." I said. "You've rapped an awful lot of people today. I want to know what class or group of people, no matter how small, you admire without qualification. That is, do you feel that there's anyone around who is free of uncouthness, who is thoroughly respectable, intelligent, and entirely deserving of your admiration?"

There was a long pause. "Well, I . . . gee . . . I don't know." Bobby peered up sheepishly. "Wait! There is: the aristocrats! Yeh, I admire the aristocrats. You know, the millionaires, except they're millionaires the way millionaires should be, not the way millionaires are. They're the European millionaires. The French people, you know. Not like the American millionaires. Here you can't tell them apart from the other people. Some of them even drive Chevrolets. They dress casually and all, they're like afraid to be looked at. They should be setting the standards for other people. Instead, they dress like slobs, you know."

"Have you ever met any of these European aristocrats? Do you know for sure that they exist?"

"I haven't met any, yet. But I've read about them . . . like in Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*."

The interview ended. Several things about him had become clear. First of all, whereas chess is just a game for most people, a diversion from life, for Bobby Fischer chess *is* life and everything that happens off the chessboard is a distrac-

tion. Second, though Bobby is possibly the greatest chess player of all time, he is not a genius in other respects (nor, incidentally, are most other chess masters of the world). Third, though Fischer is eighteen years old, he shows some traits of much younger children, who believe that the world is centered around filling their needs. Finally, though it was easy to see how Bobby could offend people with his sweeping statements, he does not show malice. Concerned with his own feelings, he is gentle, shy, almost timid. Bobby is, as his sister later told me, "a boy who requires an extra amount of understanding." Perhaps this is inevitable for a boy who has grown up without a father.

"TO MY OWN MEASURE"

ON THE way to my car after leaving my office, we made two stops. The first was at a paperback bookstore where Bobby wanted to buy a book. He examined *Commandant of Auschwitz* and *Bridge over the River Kwai* and finally selected the store's last copy of Bernard Baruch's *My Own Story*. He seemed particularly impressed by the photographs of old Wall Street tycoons. "They were pretty snazzy in the old days," he said. "Look how elegant and gentlemanly they are."

We next stopped at a posh espresso house for a bite to eat. Bobby ordered a slice of pecan cream pie, a side order of butter cookies, and an elaborate frozen pineapple drink. When he had finished his pie, I mentioned that the place was reputed to be owned and operated by homosexuals. Bobby was horrified and eyed the waiters narrowly. "Gee, you'd think the place would die off with a reputation like that." He turned his attention to his drink. "Maybe they put something in here. I better not drink it." He didn't touch it again. Nor did he eat any more of his cookies.

We drove to Bobby's house located on the edge of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant district where the homicide and general crime rate is among the highest in the city. The house is a four-story walk-up with a barber shop and a candy store on the ground floor. He told me that his four-room apartment has a library of some two hundred chess books, piles of chess magazines, and an inlaid chess table made to order for him in Switzerland. There are three beds in the apartment, each with a chessboard beside it, and Bobby sleeps in them in rotation.

It was a hot August night and men were sitting in undershirts on stoops up and down the street. Half-naked Negro and white children were playing hide-and-go-seek, and rock 'n' roll music was blaring from a saloon juke box. The gutter was littered with pizza crusts, ice-cream wrappers, and empty beer cans. In his handmade suit, Bobby stepped from my car, then stooped over and poked his head into the window to say good-by. I asked him what he planned to do if and when he managed to beat Botvinnik and become the World Champion.

"First of all," he said, "I'll make a tour of the whole world, giving exhibitions. I'll charge unprecedented prices. I'll set new standards. I'll make them pay thousands. Then I'll come home on a luxury liner. First-class. I'll have a tuxedo made for me in England to wear to dinner. When I come home I'll write a couple chess books and start to reorganize the whole game. I'll have my own club. The Bobby Fischer . . . uh, the Robert J. Fischer Chess Club. It'll be class. Tournaments in full dress. No bums in there. You're gonna have to be over eighteen to get in, unless like you have special permission because you have like special talent. It'll be in a part of the city that's still decent, like the upper East Side.

"And I'll hold big international tournaments in my club with big cash prizes. And I'm going to kick all the millionaires out of chess unless they kick in more money. Then I'll buy a car so I don't have to take the subway any more. That subway makes me sick. It'll be a Mercedes-Benz. Better, a Rolls-Royce, one of those fifty-thousand-dollar custom jobs, made to my own measure. Maybe I'll buy one of those jets they advertise for businessmen. And a yacht. Flynn had a yacht. Then I'll have some more suits made. I'd like to be one of the Ten Best-dressed Men. That would really be something. I read that Duke Snyder made the list.

"Then I'll build me a house. I don't know where but it won't be in Greenwich Village. They're all dirty, filthy animals down there. Maybe I'll build it in Hong Kong. Everybody who's been there says it's great. Art Linkletter said so on the radio. And they've got suits there, beauties, for only twenty dollars. Or maybe I'll build it in Beverly Hills. The people there are sort of square, but like the climate is nice and it's close to Vegas, Mexico, Hawaii, and those places. I got strong ideas about my house. I'm going to hire the best architect and have him build it in the shape of a rook. Yeh, that's for me. Class. Spiral staircases, parapets, everything. I want to live the rest of my life in a house built exactly like a rook."

Harper's Magazine, January 1962

WILLIAM C. VERGARA

WEATHERMAKING

a dream that may come true

Although the first experiments with cloud-seeding proved disappointing, new tests are now under way—from Arizona to Australia—on how to make rain to order . . . and even to fend off lightning.

EVER since the dawn—no doubt the cloudy dawn—of time, man has been trying to change the weather. For a long while he relied on magic and prayer; later he switched to what we can loosely call science. (In 1891, for example, a gentleman named Robert St. George Dyrenforth "proved"—to the satisfaction of a Congress which subsequently awarded him $19,000 to make loud noises—that rain is caused by the cannonading of great battles.)

Until quite recently, all such efforts failed. Only within the last fifteen years—since a young scientist hit upon the technique called cloud-seeding—have we made any real progress. And even the first experiments with that method, after raising excited hopes, proved disappointing.

Cloud-seeding, which we shall examine in a moment, has touched off one of the most baffling controversies in meteorological history. It has been blamed for, or credited with, practically all kinds of weather. Some scientists claim seeding can produce floods and hail. Others insist it creates droughts and dissipates clouds. Still others stanchly maintain it has no effect at all. The battle is far from over, but at last one clear conclusion is beginning to emerge: man *can* change the weather, and he is getting better at it.

Several carefully planned tests now under way have produced promising initial results. Perhaps the most significant of these is the mammoth experiment directed by Dr. E. G. Bowen of Australia's Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization. Avoiding many pitfalls that hampered earlier work, Bowen uses airplanes to put rainmaking "smoke" directly into clouds. Others have used smoke generated on the ground in the hope that it will somehow get to the right place at the right time—before losing its effectiveness through exposure to sunlight.

The test, covering the vast region of Australia from Adelaide to Brisbane (which includes the Great Dividing Range), is organized in terms of five smaller areas, each made up of two adjacent regions having similar topographical and climatic characteristics. One is seeded; the other is not. And each day, to determine which will be which, the scientists simply do the mathematical equivalent of flipping a coin. This random sampling neutralizes the statistical effect of minor atmospheric differences.

After three years of operation, Bowen's tests have shown that cloud-seeding can produce worthwhile increases in rainfall if—and it's a big "if"—large, suitably cold clouds are available. In the Adelaide region, for example, because the cold clouds necessary for rainmaking were virtually nonexistent, no increase in rainfall could be detected. But in the area near Canberra, rainfall was increased by 18 per cent, and in Australia's New England, the increase was 25 per cent.

In allied fields, too, results are encouraging. Irving P. Krick, the most famous rainmaker of the century, has been working for the last five years on hail suppression in central Alberta, Canada. Until 1948, Dr. Krick was head of the Department of Meteorology at the California Institute of Technology. During the war, he helped set up new weather forecasting methods which proved invaluable in the chancy weather predictions for the D-day invasion. He has seeded hundreds of storms since 1948, and has been a central figure in most of the weathermaking controver-

sies. Krick's hail-suppression theory, essentially, is that seeded clouds will spill their water long before it can be used to form the huge hailstones that damage crops and buildings.

Some Canadian and American scientists dispute his theory but, according to the Alberta Research Council, Krick has been amazingly successful. In 1960, walnut-sized hailstones were about four times as prevalent in unseeded areas as in the seeded regions adjacent to them. Toward the end of the summer, although hail continued to fall at its usual rate elsewhere, the seeded territory got almost none.

LEARNING WEATHER MOODS

OTHER kinds of severe storms have begun to bow to the meteorologist's will. Scientists have already reduced the force of Caribbean wind storms and they are gingerly trying their luck with hurricanes. With the help of new seeing-eye satellites, they can detect the birth of storm systems well before they can be spotted from the ground. If a hurricane seems unlikely to hit land, they may try to influence its growth or steer it where it will do the least harm. Understandably, meteorologists are chary of tinkering with hurricanes headed for land areas, since so little is known about what may happen. (On October 17, 1947, the Air Force seeded a hurricane off the Florida coast. Almost immediately, the storm made an "impossible" 120-degree turn and hit Savannah, Georgia, with damage costing $5 million. But fourteen years later, in September 1961, Hurricane Esther was seeded without changing its course at all.)

Part of controlling the weather lies in learning when and how to co-operate with it. As Bowen's group showed in Australia, atmospheric conditions must be favorable if seeding is to succeed. But Bowen has uncovered certain remarkably constant days when conditions are likely to be favorable all over the world, days when nature seems to invite co-operation in making rain. January 12, for example, has much more rain, according to records back through the years, than January 26. And this is true around the globe—in the United States, South Africa, New Zealand, or the British Isles.

Annual meteor showers may, Bowen believes, have something to do with these "preferred days." Each December 13, the earth passes through a cosmic dust cloud that produces the brilliant display of shooting stars called the Geminids. By January 12, the smallest particles of meteoric debris have settled to the lower atmosphere where they may serve as the nuclei around which raindrops grow. It will be curiously fitting if meteorology, which had no original connection with meteors from outer space, should eventually include their study. Bowen's theory is far from universally accepted, however. Most scientists wonder why it should take precisely a month for the dust particles to fall to the cloud levels.

The difficulty encountered by Bowen's theory is merely a symptom of a controversy existing in present day meteorology. One school of thought believes that weather is the inevitable result of many factors, each contributing its bit to the overall result. We can't predict the weather accurately only because we don't yet know all the factors involved and how they are interrelated. The other school believes that the atmosphere is an inherently unstable mass which can be influenced to rain or not by the most insignificant of causes—the presence or absence of a pinch of dust, for example. To the extent that the latter view is correct, weather prediction must fail.

But theoretical differences of opinion are only part of the problem. The field as a whole is unusually prey to charlatanism, outright fraud, and "generally inconclusive" pronouncements. Many laymen wonder why. Cloud-seeding either works, after all, or it doesn't. But as the rainmakers know too well, it just isn't that simple. Their biggest problem is that they can never be sure what would have happened if cloud-seeders had *not* been at work. Since they can't predict the weather with certainty, they can never prove that they have affected it one way or the other.

Through statistical analyses they can, however, aim for highly accurate guesses. Unfortunately, the judicious use of bad statistics is a lethal, and popular, weapon in the hands of the unscrupulous or the misinformed. And, worse, most meteorologists know as little about statistics as most statisticians do about the weather.

Rainmaking took its first faltering step toward scientific respectability on an appropriately muggy day in July 1946, when Vincent J. Schaefer, a young scientist working at the General Electric Laboratories at Schenectady, announced jubilantly that he could make it snow any time he liked. Since melted snowflakes make

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excellent raindrops, Schaefer's remark raised meteorological eyebrows all around the world.

Each raindrop that falls to earth is a complicated business. Most clouds consist of tiny drops of water that condense when moist air rises to colder altitudes. In spite of their small size, these droplets add up to a considerable amount of water and, obligingly, they head for earth. But their falling speed is more than overcome by the upward motion of the air within the cloud.

How, then, can any cloud rain? A million droplets must coalesce somehow to form a single raindrop heavy enough to fall through the rising currents of air. One of nature's methods is to grow snowflakes around tiny ice-crystals in the cloud. The crystals sometimes form spontaneously when clouds are "supercooled" down to 40 degrees below zero Fahrenheit (minute droplets remain liquid well below water's normal freezing temperature of 32 degrees F). But more often, infinitesimal dust particles trigger the freezing of some of the cloud droplets at temperatures as high as 15 degrees. Either way, the cloud becomes filled with ice crystals. Although tiny droplets can't merge with one another when liquid, they can transfer their water to the ice crystals, which then grow quickly into snowflakes. When they are heavy enough, the snowflakes fall to warmer air levels and melt into rain.

Schaefer, using dry ice, found a way to provide clouds with the rainmaking nuclei nature often denies them. Dropped into a supercooled cloud, a quarter-inch pellet of dry ice produces embryo snowflakes numbering in the hundreds of millions. Soon Bernard Vonnegut, also with General Electric in those days, discovered a man-made chemical that is easier to use than dry ice and more effective than dust—silver iodide. Burned in a "smoke generator," silver iodide particles can freeze a cloud that has resisted the best efforts of nature. Its atomic arrangement so nearly matches ice that it "fools" cloud droplets into freezing at a temperature only slightly below 32 degrees F. Silver iodide is now the weathermaker's most important seeding agent.

WHO OWNS THE CLOUDS?

BASIC research on weather modification continues and, for the past three years, has been supported by the National Science Foundation. One grant has enabled Louis Battan and A. R. Kassander of the University of Arizona to begin a carefully designed five-summer field research program in the southeastern part of that state. Early results hint that seeding has produced larger thunderstorms and increased rainfall. Lightning, the mortal enemy of forests, is also coming under attack. Scientists are seeding potential storm clouds with silver iodide in the hope that seeding will change the clouds sufficiently to prevent lightning. Other scientists are working toward fog dissipation and even rain prevention.

In a new area of research, Bernard Vonnegut and Charles Moore, now of Arthur D. Little, Inc., are testing the effect of electricity on cloud formation by suspending a four-mile length of wire about thirty feet above the ground and charging it with 10,000 volts of electricity. Nearby particles in the air are given an electric charge by the wire, and measurements taken aloft show that the charged particles are swept up into the clouds. Scientists have long wondered how electricity is related to the weather. Experiments such as these should show what effect, if any, this artificial electrification has on rainfall and cloud development.

All told, the Foundation is sponsoring about a dozen research projects. The money involved—modest by government standards—amounted to a mere $1,391,000 in fiscal year 1960. Still, the sum represents a windfall to historically church-mouse-poor meteorologists. The real need, however, is for skilled manpower, and that too is now becoming available. New research opportunities have begun to attract fresh, imaginative young scientists to the field.

Undoubtedly, controversy will continue to yap at their heels. Legal, and even moral, questions will soon have to be answered. Who owns the water rights in the sky? If rainmaking in one area causes less rain in a neighboring area (which seems to have happened in southern California), is there cause for legal suit? If so, what is the penalty for "cloud-rustling"? In the spring of 1950, when New York's water supply was perilously close to exhaustion, the city fathers engaged W. E. Howell Associates, a cloud-seeding firm, to stimulate rainfall over their Catskill reservoirs. The Catskill resort areas shrieked a protest and the seeding firm's report was promptly locked up by the city Corporation Counsel's Office; no hint of its contents is available yet. Surely we have not heard the last of such conflicts.

The problems of the rainmaker are kaleidoscopic. But the fact remains that he is starting to make it rain; the amounts may be small, and the timing uncertain, but it is *his* rain. Vilified perhaps, and somewhat soggy, he can nevertheless stand rather proudly beneath it.

UNTIL NOW, THERE'S BEEN LITTLE GREAT MODERN DESIGNED FOR RICH PEOPLE. Herman Miller, like most of today's better manufacturers, has spent a decade searching for ways to make good design cost less. As a result, aluminum has become as elegant as gold leaf, nuts and bolts are as chic as fleurs des lis. This buffet, however, is from a new and rare group by Herman Miller. Each chest, each table, each bed was designed with a discerning (and mythical) millionaire in mind. Each is so luxurious it could move into any castle.

The buffet, for instance, is made of a highly prized teak framed dramatically in ebony black hardwood. Doors closed, it's a paragon of dignity and discretion. Doors open, it's a masterwork of linen and crystal storage trays. It also has a top panel that conceals an electric casserole warmer. The price, with marble top, around $876.42. Other beautifully conceived pieces in the group from $250.00. See them—if only to dream. If you'd like to own it but can't find it, send a check to Herman Miller, Dept. HPJ, Zeeland, Michigan. Or send $5.00 for the new Herman Miller catalogue—and a lot of other temptations.



THE HOSTAGE



A Story by MAY DIKEMAN

"WE WANTED to slink in the back door," was how we explained choosing Staten Island when we came back to New York after a year of exile in Georgia, where my husband had tried his uncle's textbook and religious press. Basically, I think we made our decisions, like many very young couples, in negative tropism to all those who said, forgivingly, "Well, they're young."

But our feeling for New Zuider Beach itself was positive. That is, it reminded us of Europe, where we had never been; and the first time we drove round the reduplicated letter S of its streets—really one serpentine road, but each curve named, Anemone Street running east, Coral Cove west, Nautilus east—we were on vacation, and it was early morning. As usual, we had a sound rationale: winterized beach houses, added-onto, like mosquelike Russian churches, were available and cheap, with a yard for our three-year-old Victoria. The people weren't abroad yet; the few we did see, over the barricade of fences and mutual scrutiny, we noted as exhibits, by species (children: towheads; elderly: eccentric), and they wouldn't come into our lives any more than the zinnias and the dry-docked rowboats in the yards.

Even after we moved there, Anemone Street was an enchanted place in the early morning, and again in the evening, when there was no sound but birds, and shade purified the colors of the asbestos siding, turquoise and salmon, and the Italian gardens of soldier-height dahlias in drill formation. Since it was only like this that my husband ever saw it, I could not explain to him —nor since she also went to work, even to my neighbor, Mrs. Shroeder, a huge, sunlike woman shining on the just and the unjust—what happened during the day, when the people came out.

Strangely enough, Mrs. Mercer herself, the catalyst of all the malign elements, was the one neighbor I never saw, until that night when I could hardly see at all, and when it was too late in any case. I would only see the chartreuse and tomato-red stripes of her deck chair in her garden; or catch a back view of her, shielding her head with her *Staten Island Advance* (as if recumbency and shade were her requisites for survival) and always, to judge from accounts and events, plotting against me. Of Mr. Chesney, across the street, who took care of the children while his wife went to work, and of Johnny the butcher, I saw all too much, and the blatancy of their intentions I found not merely annoying, since at twenty-four my vanity was so boundless

as to be spiritual, but deeply saddening. Mr. Chesney's sons, Gary and Steve, the only available playmates for my three-year-old Victoria, and Mrs. Mercer's balefully handsome adolescent grandson Arthur, gave me nameless apprehensions.

My husband and Mrs. Shroeder tried to interpret. "A place like this accretes a lot of people who just couldn't make it anywhere else," explained my husband, who had the technique of insuring his privacy by seeking locations among those with whom rapport was safely out of the question.

Mrs. Shroeder, over her garden hedge, herself a marvel of landscaping—for with all her size she was always waved, ironed, manicured, a mountain of flawless detail—was, in a rich Hoboken voice, more voluble.

"Old man Chesney and Johnny need to be put in their place," she said. "To me, I'm fat, fair, and forty, I've outgrown your troubles. But when my girl Gail is home on vacation, Johnny in particular has that look in his eye that means business, which I do not like. Gail isn't safe buying a cube steak! But what ails Mrs. Mercer, now, is not so simple. Mrs. Mercer I have known a long time. I can't say she is my bosom friend, we aren't friends like you and I are friends, I just do such little things for her that I can. You see, suddenly I was without chick nor child. The old man and I went our separate ways. Then Gail goes to college. So I commenced trying to be neighborly to Mrs. Mercer. I would take her a batch of my cheese straws, or I would stretch her curtains."

"But what does Mrs. Mercer have against me?" I asked Mrs. Shroeder. "Is she jealous?"

"She can be peculiar," admitted Mrs. Shroeder. "You know, she's a great sufferer. She's got angina and arthritis, and it seems what would benefit the one is death to the other. To her, it follows that the neighborhood should be at her beck and call. Then she gives a home to Arthur her grandson, who, I don't say he is bad, but he was borderline. I mean, he is not on dope, but he is no Eagle Scout. Granted, it is no strawberry festival. But she's got many finicky notions. She believes you pulled down your blinds when she was in her garden."

"I never even saw her!" I cried.

"I *said* to her!" said Mrs. Shroeder. "I said, listen, you have got that woman wrong, she's not that type of girl. Then she said she would make you come to her."

"What did she mean, make me come to her?" I said.

"I doubt that she meant anything particular," said Mrs. Shroeder, hopefully. "Because what could she mean, she would make you come to her. I mean, you're not a snob, but you're not going to crawl. If she means she's going to ask you to tea, that's some invitation! I think she's getting to be a case. I would wash my hands of her, but I feel for her sufferings. She's a great brooder. She is not on terms with her son. He married a girl beneath him. Then the grandson, Arthur, was in a place which, it wasn't a reform school, but which was more or less to prevent, let's say. So Mercer gets the custody for her golden years. That's some pension. So I feel for her. Besides, we've got a bond in the same landlady. I said to Mrs. Mercer, in a winterized beach house, it's a case of divided we fall! The three of us have the same landlady, it should be a bond. A bond could be one thing the landlady provides for us!"

WE HAD not been living on Anemone Street long when I found I was pregnant with our second child. During the first couple of months I was constantly drowsy, and Victoria took to straying from our yard. She got the habit of telling me Gary *made* her go, Steve *took* her. Once she came home crying that Gary had put her in a well, and her hair was damp. The midsummer heat at New Zuider Beach was stunning, with the sandy street mirroring the yards of giant flowers glowing in translucent poison-sugar colors. I fought sleep all the time. When I yielded to a doze, I came to to find Victoria gone again.

One morning after Victoria had gone out to play, a policeman came to our door. "She's been run over," I thought. I could not even feel anything until he asked me if the Georgia car out front were ours. Delayed reaction made me sick, and unable to handle it as I might possibly have been able to do otherwise.

The policeman said the department had had a call from a neighbor who said our car was blocking traffic. I pointed out that everybody parked their cars out front, and there was no traffic.

The policeman got irritated, and said perhaps he could just not happen to see a car with a New York tag, but if it had an out-of-state tag and they got a complaint, he had to give a summons.

Born on Long Island, May Dikeman now lives with her three children on Manhattan. She is a novelist and painter; her first story in this magazine was "The Polarizing Force" (May 1961).



The hardest part for us was that an issue on which we were procrastinating was forced. Interference with our active resolves never made us desperate, as a prod at our inertia could. We hadn't been able to decide what to do about the car, which needed overhauling. What we couldn't decide what to do with, we always kept. When forced to do something, we always got rid of it.

On the evening that our old car was towed away, we stood on our steps and watched, speaking abstractly, with tight throats, of that special pathetic fallacy of the machine age, the American tendency to sentimentalize cars, for any trait we derided which we found in ourselves, we called American. Victoria, in her pajamas, sobbed. "Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, as the front end rose in the air, "it looks like a dead turtle. Oh, isn't that Mrs. Mercer an absolute bitch!"

"Well, we should have gotten our plates changed," said my husband, with a masochistic male fairness.

When we were in bed that night, Mrs. Shroeder called me on the phone. She did this often, and really became a part of our marriage. My husband said he got to sleep easily with her voice running like a motor from the phone I held in the pillow while I fooled with his hair and gazed up at the old swing hooks in the board ceiling, for our bedroom was an enclosed porch.

"Mrs. H., do I feel terrible about your car!" she began. "Oh, the little Vicky, she cried. If it was Mrs. Mercer that called, it was a terrible thing, that's what I've been unable to figure. Because one day the mailman told me he tore his pants on your fender. Oh, the world was coming to an end, damage to his uniform he had to pay. He was up on the wrong side of bed. So I thought nothing of it. Well, tonight, I said to Mrs. Mercer, 'Listen, to me it's a shame the young couple should lose their car,' and I watched her for her reaction. Her face did not turn red in any way, and she said it again. She said, 'She'll come to me! She'll come to me!' Now, this is very puzzling!"

I was unable to resist rousing my husband to relay this to him. "Senile," he muttered, without opening his eyes.

"But who do you think it was, Mrs. Mercer or the mailman?" I insisted.

"The mailman," he said, arbitrarily, as he did when Victoria tried riddles on him.

THE summer focused into fall, my morning sickness and fatigue transformed into the euphoria of the mid-months. But the neighborhood problems increased. Even the tiny, white-haired, brown Italian couple who loaned me their hedge clippers—when they asked me to ask my cat to stay away from their dahlias, and I tried to explain the difficulty of asking this, or anything, of a cat—looked aggrieved, although they replied courteously in an Italian saying like, "When it rains, everywhere is wet."

One morning I took Victoria to the beach, and Johnny the butcher drove his car onto the sand and asked to take us for a drive. I felt a sanctuary in my pregnancy, and was not alarmed, but the incident spoiled our excursion. As I led Victoria away, Johnny, switching sportingly to sales promotion, called, "I can give you a good buy in a lamb-shoulder-chop-and-stew combination, missus!" In the afternoon, I got Victoria to take a nap, and lay down myself. The sense of somebody nearby woke me, and I saw Mrs. Mercer's grandson Arthur outside the window, in the path between our house and Mrs. Shroeder's, testing our screen. "What are you doing there?" I said sharply.

Without starting, Arthur countered with a question. "Have you seen our ball?"

I ordered Arthur off our property. But his brazenness chilled me more than his possible intent, and, stimulated by dismay, and the short rest, I went to work on a pile of ironing, trying to soothe myself in watching the limp, wadded clothes stiffen smooth under my iron. The job hypnotized me; I pressed out the sash of Victoria's little yellow dress, and thought, Now I'll go out and check on her, but I picked up one

more thing, a maternity skirt of mine, easy to do, and finished that first. Then I rushed out, as if I had been unavoidably delayed, and called Victoria, without expecting her to answer. I went around to the front to check the Chesneys' yard, and called again. Gary and Steve were playing by themselves. Mr. Chesney, loafing around his side steps, as usual, said they had not seen Victoria. I went on down Anemone, calling. A couple of neighbors remarked, as I passed, that they had not seen her. One woman described a different child to me. After covering Anemone the long way, I went back the other way, but the other end of the street was only a short way from our house, and I saw the empty yards before I came to them. I went around the corner to Coral Cove Street, still calling, *"Victoria!"*

I saw a group of children in a front yard on Coral Cove, but Victoria was not with them. One little girl, who used the word "sister" for all relationships, said to me, "Are you looking for your sister?" I did not want to question the children, because watching the slow process of their recalling, fabricating, deciding whether they wanted to soothe or agitate me, and whether it had been five minutes or two hours since they had seen Victoria, was going to be too much for me now, and would waste time.

Because I had been off Anemone for a few minutes, it now seemed even likely Victoria would be there, in full view. But as soon as I rounded the corner back into Anemone Street, still calling her, and saw the streets clarified and oil-colored with evening, the houses somehow all roofs, the strangeness stunned me, as if I had gotten off at an unknown railroad station; a sign in a porch window, "Notary Public," seemed to be in a foreign language. The women who had said they hadn't seen her said, "Did you find her? Didn't you find her?" A man I had never seen before said laughingly, "Lost her again?" Gary and Steve ran behind me down the street, imitating my calling, but they called *"Gloria! Gloria!"* The baby I was carrying felt very hard, a dead weight like a coconut.

I ran to New Zuider Lane, the street of empty lots and a few stores between the long serpent of the beach-house streets and the beach itself. Staggering down the middle of the Lane was a familiar beach character, a young man who carried two armfuls of three-foot-high stacks of baseball cards, scarcely able to walk, yet never dropping a card. My fear made his very harmlessness sinister. I ran up to him and said, "Have you seen my little girl?"

Johnny the butcher came hurrying out of his store, his face awestruck for the first time at the impiety I had committed, for if he did not respect women nor maternity, he had a medieval peasant's reverence for mental defectiveness. "Missus, missus!" he cried in protest. "He don't speak English!"

"Johnny, have you seen my Victoria?" I said. If he had seen her since I had, this made me feel close to him; I understood why parents forgive a suspect, as if any hand that had touched her, even in violence, I might retroactively stay by pardon.

"I'll get my car," said Johnny. The idea of search with a car for a small child seemed to give her up. But with every other possibility now scratched off, exposing my underlying fear, I ran for the beach, wondering how I could not have run first to the beach. "Oh, why didn't I go to the beach first," I gasped as I ran. The asphalt road broke off in big crumbles at the sagging security fence, and I ran through the gateway onto the open pink sand, where armatures of driftwood crawled, saluted, or prayed, and an apple-juice can, bricks, mop heads of seaweed, and potato-chip bags lay. Beyond the rocking pilings and the two salivating rows of waves lay the dark honeycomb of the channel. I watched the kinesis of the beer-colored honeycomb that went nowhere and showed nothing, until I lost focus. I turned and ran back, fast enough to cut my breath off, although the baby seemed to be pushing me backwards, as desperately as if I had arranged to meet Victoria on Anemone Street at dusk, and was late, hearing my own voice, a wild voice, echoing, "Toria! Toria!" from the sky. The roofs now plotted a solid graph with one star showing above them.

"Did you look on Coral Cove?" said the women. "Did you look at Chesneys'?"

"If something had happened to her, Gary would have come and told us," said Mr. Chesney, proudly.

Mrs. Shroeder's car pulled into Anemone Street. "Mrs. H., she's *somewhere,*" she said, capably. "I mean she could not have gone far. She's good. Let me see. Isn't that a peculiar thing." But I saw doubt and panic come over Mrs. Shroeder's blue eyes. "Mrs. Shroeder, do you know where there's a *well?*" I cried. "You do right to be careful of a girl," said Mr. Chesney. "I know a wishing well in Dongan Hills," said Mrs. Shroeder. "Because the world is full of degenerates," said Mr. Chesney, "and especially in this here particular neighborhood." Lights went on in three of the beach houses, making it night. I saw Mrs. Mercer's shadow on the lit-up window of her kitchen

door. "I'm going to call the police," I said.

"Well, it mightn't be a bad idea, just as a precaution," said Mrs. Shroeder. She was almost whispering to keep her voice calm.

I ran into my house. In the house, the difference between no Victoria and Victoria seemed an optical effect, adjustable by a maneuver, a hidden word, a concealed electric switch. The difference between Victoria here and Victoria gone closed to the absolute partition which sealed without thickness, like sheet steel. Life and death were operable, but neither could ever annihilate nor ever duplicate Victoria. As I dialed the phone, the baby kicked, and I wondered if a boy or another girl could be more unlike Victoria, and I knew I would not be able, in two months, to look at either. "No," I whispered. "I don't want to see him, I don't want to see her."

When the voice answered, "Policeman," I knew I had no hope.

He said, "Describe the child."

I said, "She has dark-blond hair and hazel eyes. She had on a yellow T-shirt—" My teeth chattered as I said "yellow T-shirt," and I had to speak very slowly to enunciate the rest. "A blue windbreaker, and navy shorts. She had white socks and tan sandals. She had a pink barrette." Itemizing her clothes, I saw them in the dark lot at the end of the street—a white sock, the pink barrette.

"We'll get a car out," said the policeman.

MY LEGS gave as I hung up, and I fell, knocking myself, then got up instantly and ran back out into the street. Mrs. Shroeder came running toward me, holding a cup of tea, half of it already spilled down her, clattering the cup in the saucer. "We'll conduct a door-to-door search!" she said. "With system!" "I've already asked at every house," I said. Suddenly I turned and rushed for the Mercers' house, and knocked on the kitchen door. Mrs. Mercer immediately opened it.

Only braced by our cold war, as if we cherish hostilities to nerve ourselves for life, could I have spoken then in this controlled and courteous voice. "Mrs. Mercer," I said, "have you seen my Victoria?"

While I was still speaking I saw her—a very small girl, now that I found her, for her lostness to have filled the whole night, making the sky noxious, the local Don Juans abductors. Weak at her power over me, the possibility struck me of a love that might contain all her absences and returns, binding them in a constant salutation, so that instead of "She is mine," I could say, "She *is*"; but I knew this vision came from our reunion—we are ready to give when we have retrieved. "Yes, *she's* here, she was *just* coming home," said Mrs. Mercer, in a formally polite whine. She was only a little gray-headed housedress, lamed as the bee with the stinger shot.

Victoria went into a loud burst of tears. "Mommy, Mrs. Mercer *made* me," she cried. "She *made* me stay!"

In a faint, high voice, I only said, "Oh Vicky, I was so worried about you."

Mrs. Mercer's thoughtful whine followed us, as I led Vicky to the door where Mrs. Shroeder stood with clasped hands. "I asked her was she allowed to be here, and she said she was allowed. She watched the cartoons. She watched Porky Pig. I asked her did she have her supper, and she said she didn't have her supper. I gave her cereal and she had apple sauce and graham crackers, which I figured couldn't hurt her."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mercer," I called.

"Mrs. H.," said Mrs. Shroeder, in her heavy whisper. "Am I relieved. Was I sick. Oh, Mrs. H., you don't suppose? I mean, we saw her, she was standing there looking out, while you were tearing up and down, in your condition, screaming your lungs out. Could it be any person would see a dog suffer as you were suffering, in your condition?"

I told Mrs. Shroeder we would never know for sure. As if superstitiously, I abstained from discussion of Mrs. Mercer. Besides, I now felt the strength and determination of reclamation, I knew that we were going to move, and that meanwhile Victoria would never be out of my sight.

My husband and I had been married just long enough to have reached the stage (perhaps what is called mature adjustment) when I asked him for nothing unless it were life and death to me, and, while ordinarily passive, he would act dynamically on these rare requests.

When he came in that night, the first thing I said was, "We've got to move." He gave me one look, and replied, "I'll get us an apartment in Manhattan. I'll find one in a week." After that, I gave him the story. Of course he asked at once if she were all right. My account was one of those "But you can't imagine what I went through!" stories. Of Mrs. Mercer, I kept repeating lavishly, "I wasn't aware of her *existence!* I asked nothing but to be let alone!"

When I got to bed, I curled myself around the baby I had tried to outrun all evening, whom I now knew to be the son I wanted, but

dead. I lay on my side, and the hard globe of the baby sank like an anchor to the mattress. I pushed it, and the baby pushed back. Just as I went into grateful sleep, Mrs. Shroeder phoned. "Mrs. H., my mind is in a turmoil," she began. "Is she such a snake in the grass? There you were, tearing up Anemone and down Coral Cove, in your condition! Oh! Could it be she did it with malice? Because that would be very wrong. I mean, that was not right! Granted she is a great sufferer. Angina and arthritis is no party! If I had a son and I didn't speak to him, it would be a heartbreak in my life I won't deny. So I tried to make myself of service, with the mutual landlady I become the legal mind at work, oh, it is I that do the dirty work! But I thought she was good, she could be good. So I felt pity. But what gets me, Mercer said she would make you come! Vicky said Mrs. Mercer *made* her stay!"

I tried to explain to Mrs. Shroeder that Vicky was at the age of making this excuse. I went on trying to spare Mrs. Mercer as if I knew another side, which of course I did not.

"If Mercer had not said she would make you come," said Mrs. Shroeder. "I am in a distracted state. I am going around in a squirrel cage. What is there left in the world? What has happened to New Zuider Beach?"

MY HUSBAND had said he would find us an apartment within a week, and he found one at noon on Wednesday, four railroad rooms in the Village. Just as we had reveled in our beach community idea the year before, we now exulted in the spiritual insulation of apartment living, united with our neighbors only by the echo of our plumbing, our TV's and high-fi's, our inscrutable thumps, the freedom of not knowing if the woman upstairs had dropped something or dropped dead. Now that the time limit was set, I lived secure in a state of emergency, exacting regulations I could never have sustained indefinitely, and Vicky, awestruck for the first time, stayed obediently within the bounds of our yard.

We moved early in the morning, so early on such a morning that New Zuider Beach was enchanted into the scene we had driven through on that vacation morning, and even I felt wistful, as we feel wistful for the illusions of which we have been disabused. As we drove down Anemone in the conquest of the injured, I thought, as if I had conferred a spurned benefice, "We asked nothing but to be left alone. Nothing!"



A few neighbors waved, the little old Italian couple said something like, "In spring, all cherries are blooming."

"That probably means something very wise in Italian," I said.

"It loses in translation," said my husband.

Mrs. Shroeder was taking her morning swim at this time (all old Islanders swam morning and evening as routinely as they might take tub baths) and we drove round New Zuider Lane to find her to say good-by. We saw her coming across the dawn-lit sand, her tan bathing suit giving the imposing effect that she was nude, wearing only the towel draped like a cape over one shoulder, a monstrous goddess of victory, the ripples chiseled in her wet hair.

"I have done some thinking!" she hailed us. "Have I been a fool! No more. That was vicious. That was pure viciousness, that she could stand and watch you traipse up Anemone and down Nautilus, in your condition! I have concocted nourishing dishes, with the landlady I have been a buffer zone, and that is a lot of territory! I have given the landlady Hail Columbia when maybe there were two sides. There are two sides to everything, even your landlady.

"But I thought Mercer meant well! Now I am finished, kaput. Listen, do I have such a life of Riley? For me, is everything beer and skittles? I get very *tired!* I have blood pressure. I'm not svelte. I have made a fool of myself. Oh, I was handyman, cook and bottle washer, and Legal Aid Society gratis. I wanted to give of myself, that is where I made my big mistake, I will save myself a little. I have my dahlias. I have my dogs. The human element can go fly a kite. Mercer will make out! I wash my hands. Live and let live. Am I my neighbor's keeper? I have learned! You want to get going. Oh, I'll miss you. Good-by, Vicky, good-by, sweetheart! Oh, you're on your way! You're young!"

If I had any feeling as we drove off, besides restoration to myself (and there is always another feeling when we withdraw triumphant in our wrongs), it was that no fault I recognized was mine, but in a bond of failure I would take them with me. In omission only—("I asked nothing of you!")—I had deprived them of one another, I had robbed them all.

Harper's Magazine, January 1962

IN SEARCH OF A CHARACTER

A CONGO JOURNAL

BY GRAHAM GREENE

The story of how a novel gets written has rarely been so explicitly traced as in this journal which Graham Greene kept in 1959 and later annotated for publication. It is the basic material from which Mr. Greene's recent best-seller, "A Burnt-Out Case," evolved.

Born in Hertfordshire in 1904, Graham Greene served in the Foreign Office in World War II. His many popular novels and plays include some of the most probing and hotly discussed works of the past three decades. His current Broadway success is a comedy, "The Complaisant Lover." He is a Roman Catholic convert, and many of his books have religious themes. The Congo journal, together with a West African notebook, will be published in book form in January by the Viking Press.

I HAVE set two of my novels in Africa. *A Burnt-Out Case* in the Belgian Congo and *The Heart of the Matter* in Sierra Leone. . . .

I went to the Belgian Congo in January 1959 with a novel already beginning to form in my head by way of a situation—a stranger who turns up in a remote leper colony. I am not as a rule a note-taker, except in the case of travel books, but on this occasion I was bound to take notes so as to establish an authentic medical background. Even making notes day by day in the form of a journal I made mistakes which had to be corrected at a later stage by my friend Dr. Lechat. As a journal had been forced on me I took the opportunity to talk aloud to myself, to record scraps of imaginary dialogue and incidents, some of which found their way into my novel, some of which were discarded. Anyway for better or worse this was how the novel started, though it was four months after my return from the Congo before I set to work. Never had a novel proved more recalcitrant or more depressing. The reader had only to endure the company of the character called in the journal X and in the novel Querry for a few hours' reading, but the author had to live with him and in him for eighteen months. As one grows older the writing of a novel does not become more easy, and it seemed to me when I wrote the last words that I had reached an age when another full-length novel was probably beyond my powers. . . .

My Congo journal was not kept for publication, but it may have some interest as an indication of the kind of raw material a novelist accumulates. He goes through life discarding more than he retains, but the points he notes are what he considers of creative interest at the moment of occurrence.

January 31st, 1959

. . . All I know about the story I am planning is that a man "turns up," and for that reason alone I find myself on a plane between Brussels and Leopoldville. The search for the character cannot end there—X must have known Leopoldville, come that way, but the place where he emerges into my consciousness is a leper station, many hundred miles up the Congo. Perhaps Yonda, perhaps one of the smaller stations four days away. I know no more about him than do his involuntary hosts. I cannot even picture the scene, or why should I be here? He is a man of means—perhaps he turns up by car, perhaps by a paddle-steamer, even perhaps by canoe. He flings himself with abandonment into the life of the leper colony—is that a practical possibility?—but what his motives are I know no more than the priests and the doctors at the station. The novel

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is an unknown man and I have to find him: a situation I cannot yet even vaguely imagine: a background as strange to me as it was to him at his first entrance. . . .

February 2nd, Coquilhatville

Met by Dr. Lechat at the airport and brought to Yonda. A garden city of 800 patients. At night the little groups round fires outside the houses. The doctor examining the dossiers, touching the skin, washing his hands in spirit, all here are contagious cases. If once the nerve ends are affected, the fingers or toes are lost, though the disease can be checked there.[1]

Tired with the heat and too many strangers. The Bishop was at Yonda to celebrate the jubilee of a nun—I felt depressed. My room seemed too bare with nowhere to hang clothes, and five large cockroaches in the communal shower. Why was I here? In the evening the Governor and his wife came for a drink—a motherly woman who wanted me to translate her books. She had written one and published it at her own expense. After dark the mosquitoes bad.

The story of the old Greek shopkeeper who saw his clerk in bed with his Congolese wife. He said nothing but went and spent his savings on an old car—so old that it would only start when pushed. Nobody could understand why he wanted it, but he said he wanted to drive a car once before he died, so they pushed him until the engine started and he went down to his square in Coq and hooted his horn to some of his clerks. He couldn't stop his car because then it would never have started again. He called to his clerk to wait for him, made the circuit of the square, twisted the wheel, and drove over the clerk into his doorway. The clerk survived but with his legs crushed and the pelvis broken. The old man left the car where it was and waited for the police. It was the first case of the new young commissioner. "What have you done?" he said. "It is not a case of what I have done, but of what I am going to do," the old man said, and shot himself through the head.[2]

[1] As L. told me later, many of those cases with mutilations were afflicted with a non-contagious type of leprosy, and even the degree of contagiousness of the so-called open cases is very controversial. The danger of leprosy has been much exaggerated.

[2] The economy of a novelist is a little like that of a careful housewife, who is unwilling to throw away anything that might perhaps serve its turn. Or perhaps the comparison is closer to the Chinese cook who leaves hardly any part of a duck unserved. This story—placed in Dr. Colin's mouth—helped me to bridge a gap in *A Burnt-Out Case*.

February 3rd, Yonda

Everything suddenly changes. Woken in the dark to the sound of prayer and responses in the little chapel next door, then slept again till seven. Bright sunlight and the air still fresh. No cockroaches in the shower. The terribly tired priest—tall and washed-out with long elegant hands: teaches in a black seminary—only one other white man, apart from the teachers, in the whole region; the red-headed priest, the stump of a cigar always in his mouth; the tough reserved lay brother who was in a Japanese prison camp—he gives the appearance of enmity, but in my story he begins to come alive as the one who speaks surprisingly at the very end in defense of X, my chief character.[3] As for the exhausted priest, what a life it must be to take one's rest in a leper colony.

Arranged my room better with a coat-stand to serve as a wardrobe. It begins to look like home. Walked down to the Congo. The great trees with their roots like the ribs of ships. From the plane they had stood out from the green jungle carpet browning at the top like cauliflowers. Their trunks curve a little this way and that giving the appearance of reptilian life. . . . The huge Congo flowing with the massive speed of a rush hour out over the great New York bridges. This has not changed since Conrad's day. "An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest." . . . Two rusting metal boats. Blue water-lilies. A family sitting in a pirogue: the mother's bright yellow dress, the girl with a baby on her lap smiling like an open piano.

The Danish doctor who excavated in an old cemetery and found skeletons without fingers—it was an old leper cemetery of the fourteenth century. With the help of X-rays he made certain discoveries in the bone, especially in the nasal area, previously unknown. Now he is a specialist on leprosy and brings his skull to international conferences: it has passed many a *douane* in his baggage.

At the end of my siesta came a rather rat-like man, a Fleming and a teacher in the Protestant school. He had written a novel in English and wanted advice about an agent. Is there any part of the world, in the most remote corner, where an author who is known will not encounter very soon one who wishes to be a writer? Do doctors encounter middle-aged men who still have the ambition of becoming doctors?

Dinner with the fathers: their tiny dart-board: the persiflage between the tired priest and the

[3] This idea was not followed.

ex-prisoner who has relaxed a little. Water: soup: scrambled eggs: pineapple. . . .

February 4th, Yonda

. . . Woke at six-forty to an overcast morning. Wrote to my mother and then took Julian Green's journal down to the Congo and found a place to read free from ants on board the rusty metal boat. . . .

One priest in charge of constructions, one of education (the universal problem of what to do with the boy who has passed out of primary), the ex-prisoner, I think, of electricity. Is it possible that X (who is certainly no Olga Deterding as one imagines her to be) might be an architect? The drawings of the past he keeps concealed. Perhaps when he came he had illusions that he could work in the hospital. Go back to Europe, he is told, and have a six months' course in physiotherapy and massage—then we could make use of you. But he is afraid to return. They wonder—but without worry—whether perhaps in his own country he is wanted by the police. He speaks French very badly and inevitably therefore his intimacy grows with the only priest who speaks English.[1] . . .

A Japanese atlas of leprosy: some of the plates resemble the warm landscapes of Van Gogh.

Through whose eyes shall I tell my story? It cannot be through X's, though I can imagine certain letters from women—condemnatory letters which perhaps in one of his rages he shows the priest. I don't think it can be through the priest's eyes—I wouldn't know this father and his daily routine well enough; I am suspicious of several points of view, except in so far as, like the letters and the dialogue, they are "contained" in the story. There remains the author's "I," but then he should not penetrate into the thoughts of any character—which must be indicated only in action and dialogue. This makes for the mood of mystery which I wish to catch. Title? possibly "The Uncompleted Dossier." If the priest keeps a dossier on X, it will enable us to penetrate a little into his mind. The one who must never put up a case for himself is X.

Red beard never ceases to smoke except at meals: he stands around, bicycles around, strolls around, a veritable overseer. For the convalescent priest his breviary is a little like a cigarette, something to have between the fingers.

Visit to the dispensary of Dr. Lechat.

The circle of leprosy—contagious and non-contagious are different diseases, but the non-contagious can develop into the contagious. If caught at the right moment of the development, the cure of the more serious cases is quicker than that of the non-contagious, but if that point is missed the position is very serious.

Reactions from treatment can be terribly painful and very serious—blindness, mutilation, etc., come from the accumulation of the drugs. Nodules are typical signs of contagious leprosy—on the ears, back, etc. The man without fingers (cured) who makes pullovers. Cortisone for reaction cases, DDS tablets daily through the mouth is the ordinary treatment[2] at a cost of a few shillings a year. The flirtatious girl who had had a surgical operation on her arms to cut the nerves[3] and who now suffers from a "small palsy." Her made-up fingernails.

Bacilli have to be cultivated—you cannot transmit to an animal. The social problem: the husbands are less inclined to follow their wives into a colony than the wives the husbands. The husband will set up in his village with another woman, and when his wife finds a lover to look after her in the colony, the husband descends demanding justice and the return of his *dot*. The Protestant missions allow this to happen, but the Catholic fathers give the husband short shrift. People here are left alone and there are no moral inquisitions. Two husbands left cured, and both wives are now being looked after by one man.

One of the little houses: a bedroom with two beds, very neat and clean under coverlets: the sitting-room with radio, bicycle, picture of King Baudouin, both Popes, a shop calendar (a girl advertising Singer sewing machines), holy pictures.

It is strange how even the African is not acclimatized to this humidity and heat. Today is unusually bad, and so there is only a sprinkling of inert patients at the dispensary when otherwise there might be hundreds clamoring for attention. Read a strange terrible pamphlet, "The Social Stigma of Leprosy," by Doctor Eugene Kellersbergen.

Story of how a cultivated old gentleman in Paris—a friend of Gide—almost turned a doctor out of his apartment when he heard he was working on leprosy. "You should have told me. I feel responsible to all the residents. How long will it be before I know whether I've caught leprosy?" He was seventy-four. "Ten years." "Do you mean that I must live for ten years with this hanging over me?"

The case of the leprophils—many volunteer

[1] I don't know why X, who later became Querry, lost half his English nationality.

[2] Inaccurate. Corrected later.

[3] No. The sheath of the ulnar nerve.

workers but also many victims. The case of a European who contracted it very mildly, but because he boasted of it had to be transferred. He was told to keep his mouth shut this time, but again he told everyone and he had to be returned to Europe. The vanity of being something special—even in disease. Should one class Father Damien among the leprophils? The difficulty of catching leprosy shown by the 114 healthy people whom a German doctor (the forerunner of the doctors of Belsen) tried to infect at their own desire (they were to be expelled from Damien's island) with no success.

Vagaries of contagion: the two Texan soldiers of the same company who suddenly, after no contact with lepers, became infected. They had both been tattooed by the same man on Hawaii (?) and he had last used his needles on a leper.

The lady who developed a mild leprosy. No question of her morality. But perhaps it had been enough in her case to handle a ball or some other object which had been handled by a leper.[1]

Memo to ask Doctor L. about the leprous prone.

In the evening the air was so humid that every now and then one felt it break on the skin like a single spot of rain. After dark, storms broke around and there was rain but not heavy rain. We were missed out. L. said that in six years he had known only about twenty days of such heat and humidity. Pursued by the schoolmaster who now tries to exercise a kind of spiritual blackmail.[2] I am replying that I am not competent in matters of faith: he should apply to a priest.

The atmosphere more relaxed when I had dinner with the fathers, perhaps because I am less shy and beginning to understand better the Belgian accent.

February 5th, Yonda

A very overcast day. The absence of the warning sun makes many people late for work.

[1] The fathers had an idea that contagion might be carried by the breath and always in the confessional box held a handkerchief between their mouth and the leper's.

[2] I would claim not to be a writer of Catholic novels, but a writer who in four or five books took characters with Catholic ideas for his material. Nonetheless for years—particularly after *The Heart of the Matter*—I found myself hunted by people who wanted help with spiritual problems that I was incapable of giving. Not a few of these were priests themselves. I can only attribute to the heat my irritation with this poor schoolmaster and to the fact perhaps that I was already beginning to live in the skin of Querry, a man who had turned at bay.

COMING NEXT MONTH IN HARPER'S:

. . . INDIAN ENTRIES, *by E. M. Forster* . . .

A private journal of his visit to India a half-century ago, from which emerged his great novel, *A Passage to India.* Edited by the author and published for the first time in America, with an introduction by Santha Rama Rau.

It is always depressing the first day in a very strange region knowing that weeks are to go by before one returns to the familiar, but after a few days (hold on and wait till they have passed) one has constructed the familiar in the very heart of the strange. One takes to routine as to pleasure: after breakfast a shave, a letter to be written, perhaps an entry in the journal, then down to the Congo with a book to read on the old tin ship, return, another letter, a book, perhaps as yesterday a visit to the dispensary—it is almost time for lunch at the doctor's, then a siesta, a walk again to the Congo, the evening glass of whiskey, dinner with the fathers, bed, another day rapidly gone. It is almost disturbing that today the routine will be altered, my meals reversed (lunch with the fathers), a visit to Coq for a *piqûre* and to make plans for my trip into the bush, drinks with the Governor.

The laughter of the African: where in Europe does one hear so much laughter as among these leper workers? But the reverse is true: the deep sense of despair one feels in them when they are sick or in pain. (I remember that too among my carriers in Liberia, my boys in Sierra Leone.) Life is a moment. This is their form of eternity.

Scene in the dispensary yesterday when there was too much noise of children crying and the doctor called to his assistant who commanded, "Put the children to the breasts," a command, he says, you hear frequently at Mass. Certainly silence suddenly reigned.

Sufficiently overcast for walking. To the main dispensary and the new laboratory which is being built. L. showed me complicated apparatus for measuring to 1/20 thousandth of a second the reactions of the nerves. But what pleased him was a relatively cheap apparatus for taking the temperature of the skin simultaneously in twenty spots. A patch seems to have a higher temperature and he hopes that it will prove possible to forestall in a child the formation of a patch and begin treatment before a patch appears. In the

same way he hopes to be able to foresee mutilation in the fingers and forestall it.

The man at the dispensary with elephantiasis: his feet and lower leg gnarled and noduled like an ancient tree trunk which has been carved at the end in the shape of huge toes.

If X has been a successful architect, isn't it possible that he has come to the end of his vocation? The love of his art has gone the way of his love of women: a kind of sensual exhaustion has overtaken that too.

After lunch went into Coq with the L. family and had my second T. and B. rather painfully at the National Health Service. Told of a man there who is continually ringing up the Sûreté at night to say that there are Congelese outside his house who have come to murder him and his wife. A lot of people at Coq now are sleeping with guns beside them—the chief danger is an incident provoked from fear.

Went to the Bishop's. A wonderfully handsome old man with an eighteenth-century manner—or perhaps the manner of an Edwardian boulevardier. He will try to lend me his boat. . . .

Drinks at the Governor's: a simple kindly couple quite free from the vices of *colons*.[1] After dark an engine passes through the streets spraying DDT so thickly that for a little we were lost in our cars as completely as in any London smog: visibility down to a few yards. The Governor's *adjoint* with twenty years' experience. His admiration for the African woman. He spoke with emotion of the gentleness of life in the villages, but he feels—as I cannot—that that tribal framework must be broken and material incentives be given for that purpose. Doesn't this lead straight to the gadget world of the States? He spoke of the necessity for a mystique, but is there any mystique in America today, even inside the Catholic Church?

February 6th, Yonda

Slept well for two hours, but then lay awake curiously uneasy—perhaps the effect of the *piqûre*—imagining that the distant voices among the leper houses meant danger. Lights flashed: I lost my torch and lay among illusions as thick and disagreeable as a DDT cloud. When at last I slept again I dreamed all the time of one person. How strange it is that for more than a hundred years Africa has been recommended as a cure for the sick heart. . . .

DDS given orally in tablets—two tablets three times a week: an interval of one week at the end of a month. Hydrocarpus oil—of social use only in disguising the patches.

The constant conversation, ribaldry, and laughter of the workers. If one could understand, the noise would become tedious, but incomprehensible it makes a kind of cacophonous background music.

A man whom L. has cured wrote a letter to his sister still in the leproserie urging the death of L. and boasting of what he had done in Leopoldville in the riots. The sister was frightened and couldn't understand and took it to a monitor at the school. Now another letter has arrived and L. wonders what is in it. . . .

The wing of melancholia flicks at me today, perhaps because I have learned nothing new here, perhaps because of my bad night, perhaps because of my dreams.

February 7th, Yonda

A good night with the help of a pill and only one dream. My *piqûre* nearly better and the wing of melancholy removed.

Pamphlet speaks of how Europe eradicated leprosy, but was it leprosy and was it eradicated?

Because of a delay in the cleaning of my shoes, I nearly missed the morning half-hour by the Congo. How easily a habit in strange surroundings takes on the character of a magic charm. Against what? Melancholy perhaps or ennui. . . .

Perhaps the first argument concerning X will be whether he should be classed as a leprophil. At the moment X stands still in my mind: he has hardly progressed at all. I only know a little bit more about his surroundings. Perhaps it will be necessary to name him—and yet I am unwilling to give him a definite nationality. Perhaps—for ostensible reasons of discretion—he should remain a letter. Unfortunately, as I learned before, if one uses an initial for one's principal character, people begin to talk about Kafka.

Leprosy bacillus very similar to that of tuberculosis. Hansen's bacillus, however, cannot be transferred to an animal. Appearance: (a) patches with loss of sensation; (b) loss of sensation in the limbs without patches; (c) thickening

[1] I learned later that they had spent some 25 years in the Congo, almost always in the bush, in the early days without boat and without mail. They were on trek in the forest 20 days a month (that was the duty), resting the ten other days in such small missions as I describe here. They taught the Congolese how to cultivate manioc and rice, supervising the building of the dispensaries, inspecting native tribunals. Out of such experiences came the wife's book of stories which had to be published at her own expense, for we have seen how little interest there was in Belgium for her colonies. This is only one example of the tragic waste of small heroic lives.

JOHN UPDIKE

LES SAINTS NOUVEAUX

PROUST, doing penance
in a cork-lined room,
numbering the petals
in the orchards of doom,
exhaled through the vortex
of his own strained breath
the wonderfully abundant
perfume called Death.

Brancusi, an anchorite
among rough shapes,
blessed each with his eyes
until like grapes
they popped, releasing
kernels of motion
as patiently worked
as if by the ocean.

Cézanne, grave man,
pondered the scene
and saw it with passion
as orange and green
and weighted his strokes
with days of decision
and founded on apples
theologies of vision.

---

of the skin of the face and ears, and the appearance of nodules. The last is a mark of the contagious.

Cleanliness is important to the non-patient: hardly at all to the patient.

When one travels far one travels also in time. A week ago at this hour I was still in Brussels, but I feel separated from that time by weeks not days. In 1957 I traveled more than 44,000 miles. Is it for that reason—I began my long journeys in the '30s—that life seems to have been quite interminably long?

Is there a way in which I can use the dreams of X? As I knew to my cost yesterday dreams can dictate the mood of a whole day and bring a dying emotion back to full life. . . .

New drugs sometimes too expensive to be practical when dealing with millions. DDS costs only 3s. a year.

Colonial protocol. I have been told that at any gathering—however casual and spontaneous, say in a restaurant—one cannot leave until one's seniors in rank have left. As was the case to

my knowledge in Sierra Leone, furniture is according to rank. L. will soon be in a position to have six instead of four armchairs or let his wife have a full-length mirror. The sad story of the man who couldn't have a second *cabinet* passionately wanted by his wife without passing certain exams and entering another grade. He failed and so out of his own money he built a second *cabinet* in the garden. But the garden belonged to the State and the Governor of the time told him to destroy it.[1]. . .

February 8th, Sunday, Yonda

Mass at six-thirty in the leproserie church; the Africans at the back. Segregation for health reasons? Taken in a bus driven by the beautiful nun whom I had seen in the *foyer social.* Melancholy on the horizon. How everything seems to be dying all the time in the tropics, if only a butterfly on the altar steps. What a mountain of *débris* there must be every day of mosquitoes, cockroaches, cockchafers, *moufes,* moths.

At breakfast spoke to the convalescent Father Henri. He would like to come with me on the Bishop's boat and get off at his seminary on the return voyage. Spoke of the Protestant and Catholic missions. The native is Protestant or Catholic according to the school in the neighborhood, but he felt certain that there was a stronger credence in the Catholic, partly because of the cult of Our Lady, since the love of the mother is the chief element in the family. The mother is a constant, but the children may have many different fathers or be uncertain of the fathers. The seminary course too difficult for the Congolais: apart from French and Latin they are expected to learn Flemish too, with alternatives of German or English—in fact the whole European course studies.

Drove with Doctor L. into the country. A family with a member in three branches of the public service who also make money by fishing and even by collecting caterpillars in the forest to sell at five francs a handful. The brothers do not live together, but they pool their money. Wives in town: girls in the country. . . .

[1] In 1942 outside Freetown I lived in a house in a swamp used by the natives as a lavatory, a great encouragement to flies. (Once I closed my office window and killed 150 in two minutes.) I sent a demand for a native lavatory to the Colonial Secretary, who replied that such a demand must come through the proper channels, but as in my case there were no proper channels I had to remind him of Mr. Churchill's minute on the subject. I got my lavatory and was able to record on the Government files that like Keats my name was writ in water.

In the evening to Coq to see some native dances arranged in a native bar for a *colon* who is leaving for Leo. Male dancers called athletic, but these athletes would have been put to shame by any second class music-hall troupe in Europe. Nonetheless they were watched by B., the district officer, with smiling proprietorial pride. How often have I seen that smile—like that of a proud schoolmaster watching a school performance of "The Merchant of Venice," on the faces of British district officers or administrators, in West Africa, or Malaya . . . at least it is not the stupidity of the *colon*.

Returning I found my floor covered with big flying ants. A sign of rain? I remember them falling in showers over my food in Freetown just before the rain.

February 9th, Yonda

The rain came in the night.

I'm worried about my book. It's possible that for the *mise-en-scène* I should go back to my memories of Mosambolahun and Ganta in Liberia and my arrival at those places.

The arrival of X has to set the tone, and perhaps what L. would call a more "sentimental" setting is required than this highly organized garden city. I am worried too by the members of my priestly chorus: they are right for Europe but not for the missions. I have never yet found in a missionary priest either the naïveté which I want for certain of them, nor the harshness toward human failing, nor the inquisitiveness. These men are too busy to worry about motives—they are concerned with cement, education, electrical plant—not motives. How can I get rid of this falsity?

A morning with the doctor at the dispensary and hospital. The leaf-like tattoos on the faces of old women: the withered breasts like a pair of small empty gloves: the man without fingers or toes nursing a small child: the man with elephantiasis, testicles the size of a football: the tubercular women (it seems unfair that if one is a leper one should suffer from other diseases as well): the old man with the sweet face and a gentle courtesy who has retired into the mud hut behind his hut to die (high blood pressure)—legs like a child and the face of a saint: the woman without legs who has borne a child: the man who retired to die and was not discovered at the back of his house for days. . . .

Into Coq with L. to try to arrange about the boat. A terribly hot afternoon and a sense of despair. A funny little high-built boat badly needing paint like a miniature Mississippi paddle-steamer. Received by the retiring captain, a tall priest with gold-stopped teeth and a long straggling beard who gave us beer in the saloon with big windows above, I suppose, the bridge. A cupboard with a painted panel of the Nativity.[1] There was a difficulty in sailing, it was explained; the boat had for long been in bad condition and now it was dangerous: a hole or a rotten plank (I'm not sure which) in the bottom. (Outside the cabin a lifebelt looking like a dried eel all twisted out of shape.) . . . Return to the cathedral. Only Monseigneur could give word for the boat to go, and the day before he had fallen and broken his hip. Conversation with the ambiguous Father André. Perhaps the boat could go next week—or next month. Apparently the captain, Father Pierre, is "a captain who hates the sea." On every trip (about four a year) something is wrong. Father A. agreed to speak to the Bishop. The answer: the boat is to be examined by two employees of Otraco [the trading company] and if they say it is safe it will sail. Otherwise no.

I distrust the whole affair. I don't believe in a favorable decision.

Just as I sat down to dinner L. came in to say he had had a telephone call: all was well. I go on board Wednesday evening.

February 10th

Leprosy cases whose disease has been arrested and cured only after the loss of fingers or toes are known as burnt-out cases.[2] This is the parallel I have been seeking between my character X and the lepers. Psychologically and normally he has been burnt-out. Is it at that point that the cure is effected? Perhaps the novel should begin not at the leproserie but on the mission-boat. . . .

The old woman with the palsied eyelids who could not blink. The doctor had bought her dark glasses but she would not wear them because they were not a medicine—she had trust only in drugs. The problem of shoes. Special shoes were brought for the mutilated but many people would not wear them. They wanted ordinary shoes. Even if they consented to wear shoes it was only on a Sunday, and usually they would accept them only to sell them.

The problem of charity. A special lepers' day in Coq produced enough clothes for four hun-

[1] This was used as an altar for daily Mass.

[2] The English phrase is used by the Belgian doctors—there is no French equivalent, and for that reason I had to find quite a different title for my novel in French.

dred patients, but there are eight hundred, so four hundred more had to be bought—a great expense. Then the four hundred given were all different, and this caused infinite jealousy. . . .

Visit with L. to dispensary for an inspection of hands. He made the patients move their fingers in certain exercises. Treatment: paraffin wax, massage, splints. The typical monkey-hand due to a damaged medial[1] nerve. Surgical treatment, when the nerve is being strangled by a thickening of the sheath, to cut through the sheath and let the nerve free. . . .

Palsy and mutilation alternatives. A man goes on working with dead nerves and injures his fingers because they feel nothing: palsy where the nerves react is some sort of protection.

February 11th, Yonda

Everyone quiet and depressed.

The leper tribunal outside a house—three men, representatives of their tribes, listening to the witnesses. They can hear small cases of theft, abuse, stealing a man's wife, and they can sentence to short terms in the prison near Yonda. But the prisoners are allowed out for work and treatment: they only spend the nights in the prison.

Shopping for the boat—DDT bombs, eau-de-Cologne, soap-flakes, ten whiskeys, thirty-six soda.[2] Gave the L.'s dinner in the hotel. The terrible bar with steel chairs and man-in-the-moon lampshades. The dinner not so bad.[3] Then whiskey on the boat. The Bishop's cabin very pleasant. The altar in the deck-house. . . .

At the last moment a local mail brings a letter from another local writer with a copy of his book published at his own expense. Why should this dream of writing haunt so many? The desire for money? I doubt it. The desire for a vocation when they find themselves in a life they haven't really chosen? The same despairing instinct that drives some people to desire rather than to experience a religious faith?

[1] No. Ulnar nerve.

[2] It had always been my experience in Europe to find whiskey the favorite drink of the clergy, but on board the captain only drank beer, Father Henri would not take more than one glass before dinner, and the rest was left to me. The soda water was at any rate useful for cleaning teeth, for the Congo water was the color of clay.

[3] One of the saving graces of the Congo was the excellent cheap wine obtainable, even in Coq. I remember in particular an excellent Portuguese rosé. Whiskey only cost the equivalent of about 22 shillings. Camemberts flown from Europe were creamy and mature.

February 12th, on the Bishop's boat

. . . There are three priests on board, and the African hands, who seem to include at least one woman. There is Père Henri, the convalescent, a former captain himself, who has come for the trip but is longing to reach by daylight his seminary at Bakuma; the retired captain, Père Pierre, with his long ragged beard and glasses, who is joining the seminary as a professor, and Père Georges, the new captain—a man obsessed with shooting. There is a kind of monkey near here which lives on the ground, and he boasted of how many he had shot on one round-up—apparently they are very good to eat. Just now we passed a cormorant—long neck and tiny head—sitting on a log and he took a shot at it, but the vibration of the boat made him miss and it flew off the way we had come, keeping always the same distance above the water. Apparently the crocodiles here are long-nosed and not man-eating. Bathing is safe. This according to the fathers: the doctor doubted their dependability.

The first day one watches to see whether a routine will emerge: it is a routine that makes home. You can have moments of excitement, ecstasy, happiness, but you can't have the sense of peace. . . .

More and more worried the last few days whether anything will come of this book. Perhaps I am not accepting the reality, but struggling against it, and at the same time I am frightened of what the doctor calls "sentimental," which is his word for picturesque or dramatic. Perhaps X helps with hand-exercises and is caught forgetting the obvious precautions of washing with spirits. The priests are more concerned with engineering, electricity, navigation, and the like, than with the life of man or God—but that is X's wrong impression. He has come seeking another form of love and is faced with electric turbines and problems of building, and he fails to understand the priests as much as they fail to understand him.

The water at the bow of the pontoons the color of burnt-sugar.

A first sentence perhaps: "Each day after breakfast the captain read his breviary in the deckhouse." [4]. . .

February 14th, on the River Ruki

. . . The book moves a little. Opening: the doctor and the burnt-out cases: a bitter discon-

[4] The book was coming nearer. Indeed the second sentence was very like to this: "The captain in a white soutane stood by the open window of the saloon reading his breviary."

tented man, tired of the raillery of the priests, unable to do what he wants to do: a hard smoker of cheap cheroots. This is the opening. Question, to turn to the boat and X in passage down the river or to carry straight on to his arrival? I incline to the first.[1]

Is the doctor perhaps married? To a foreigner —the same nation as X. As X's past comes out the doctor becomes obsessed by jealousy. It is he, not one of the priests, who worms the past out of X and misunderstands. If it is to be a choice between X and the doctor, of course the mission have to choose the doctor. Who is a good man. Spoilt by frustration, that's all. So the man who is seeking a new form of love finds a new form of hate.[2]. . .

At the end of *The Burnt-Out*[3] we have a jealous husband (without reason for jealousy) who drives X away from his attempt at rehabilitation. But the doctor's wife pursues him to Coq, Leo, Brazzaville, perhaps with the sentimental idea of "atoning." She understands as little as her husband. She offers herself and of course he doesn't want what she offers—which to the husband is the worst insult of all. He kills him and she becomes the heroine of a crime of passion in a classic African scene. What cannot be read at the trial, for it would destroy the picture, is X's last letter—to one of the priests at the leproserie, or perhaps to his mother who had never burnt-out, or to both.

Am I going too far from the original vague idea: am I beginning to plot, to succumb to that abiding temptation to tell a good story? Yet I feel that X must die because an element of insoluble mystery in his character has to remain. Of course he could simply walk off like an early Chaplin.[4]. . .

A very hot night in the deckhouse because we had to have the veranda doors closed for steering in the dark, so I went to bed early and had bad dreams.

A lot of singing in the dark: Africans sing the events and characters of the journey. It is a possible opening to begin with a native song: "Here is a man who is not a father nor a doctor. He comes from a long way away and he goes to blank. He drinks much and he smokes and he gives no man a cigarette."[5]. . .

February 20th, Lombo Lumba

Lombo Lumba means a clearing in the forest and the leproserie is only that, picturesquely studded with rounded red hills covered with foliage which are the work of the termites. Drove out early with the fathers of the boat and walked all around till well after ten. Terribly hot. Great sense of width and airiness in spite of the heat. A children's home where the children are segregated from birth—the mothers come twice a day to feed them and have little desks to hold their cleaning material. Neither the women nor the small children in this region attractive. The poor little wasting creature, four years old, without speech, crouched in womb position on a bed in an empty dormitory, as small or smaller than a year-old child, and a permanent unresponding misery on his face. Fathers allowed to visit on Sundays. . . .

February 21st, Lombo Lumba

. . . Off with a lot of deck passengers, goats, etc. Half an hour later we stupidly struck a snag in midstream and bent the rudder. Now we are tied up to the bank in the forest, the rudder must be unshipped, a fire lit, and *perhaps* it will be possible to straighten it. Frustration and heat! The long fingers of the palm leaves quite still which in the smallest suspicion of a breeze begin to play like fingers on a piano.

For book:

"The passenger wrote in his diary: 'I am alive because I feel discomfort.' He was uncertain why he kept the diary. Perhaps—'I feel fear, but it is of small things: the cockroach in my cabin . . .' "[6]

[1] In fact I abandoned the idea of beginning with the doctor, who seems in the writing to have lost his discontent and his cheroots.

[2] Another abandoned intention?

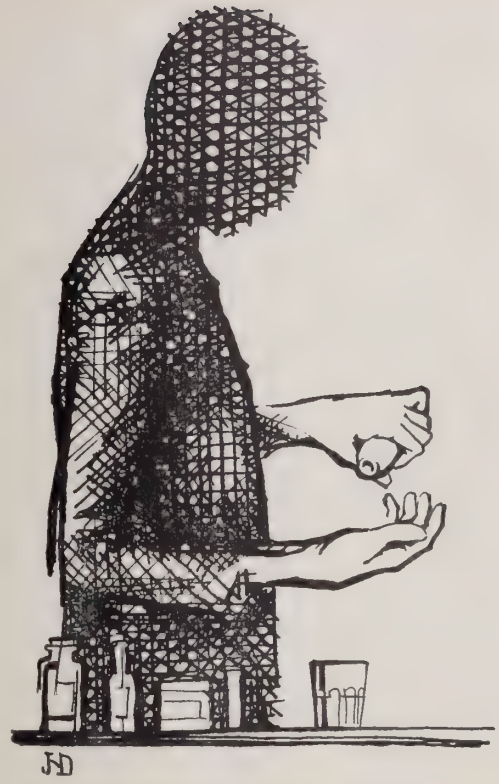
[3] I had nearly found the title I wanted.

[4] As the novel came patchily into consciousness the doctor refused to act this jealous role. He soon lost his wife as well as his cheroots, which returned to their rightful owner, the father superior. Eventually a *colon* took his place as the jealous husband.

[5] Another abandoned beginning. The beginning of a book holds more apprehensions for the novelist than the ending. After living with a book for a year or two, he has come to terms with his unconsciousness —the end will be imposed. But if a book is started in the wrong way, it may never be finished. I can remember at least three novels I have abandoned, and one abandonment at least was caused by a wrong opening. So one hesitates a long time before taking the plunge—whether one is to sink or swim depends on that moment.

[6] The dreaded essential opening sentences have almost arrived. The actual one: "The cabin-passenger wrote in his diary a parody of Descartes: 'I feel discomfort, therefore I am alive,' then sat pen in hand with no more to record."

Harper's Magazine, January 1962



Harold J. Harris, M.D., F.A.C.P.

Prescriptions Anonymous

Why it is important for your doctor to tell you exactly what medicine he is prescribing—and put on the label information which just possibly could save your life.

WHEN I walked into the room, the elderly woman, bolstered up in bed with pillows, was gasping for life. Quick examination of her heart and lungs confirmed that this was heart failure and rapidly progressive.

"We couldn't reach our own doctor," said the patient's daughter. "This is her medicine."

She handed me a box of pink, uncoated tablets. The label bore a druggist's prescription number, the doctor's name, and the direction "One daily."

"Is this digitalis?" I asked.

Neither of them knew. Yet I *had* to have the answer. If the patient had been taking only a small dose, she needed more immediately. If she had been getting full dosage, more could be disastrous. On the other hand if she had not been taking digitalis at all, she needed a really massive amount.

There was no phone in the house. I gave the patient a hypodermic of morphine, the only drug that could safely unburden her laboring heart, and drove off to phone the druggist. Fortunately, the store was still open and the medicine was digitalis—in a small dose. I rushed back and gave enough by vein to produce what is called "full digitalization." Two hours later when I left she was breathing easily and with a nearly normal heart rate.

Next morning I talked with her physician, a young man who had been in practice only a few years. I asked him with some indignation why he didn't tell his patients what medicine he was prescribing.

"Sometimes I do," he said. "But most people don't care. They wouldn't understand anyhow."

This attitude—a very common one—is most illogical to me. In the course of nearly forty years in the practice of medicine, I have come to regard an unlabeled bottle as a serious menace. In heart cases like the one I have described, ignorance can be not only dangerous but fatal. I recall one tragic New Year's Day when neither the druggist nor the prescribing doctor could be reached; the patient died after a large dose of digitalis. She was already getting the drug although there was no way of knowing this when the emergency call was made. In another critical case, I was assured by both the patient and her husband that she was not taking any heart medicine. I had my needle in her vein ready to give what might have been a lethal dose when doubt assailed me. The husband produced a bottle of pellets whose size, shape, and color made it possible for me to identify them as the digitalis preparation of a well-known company.

When we discussed this narrow escape the next day, it seemed clear that her physician had felt the patient might be alarmed if she knew she

was being treated for a heart ailment. In my opinion there could be no more fallacious line of reasoning. No one can be sure that his family doctor, who knows all about the little green pills, will always be available when needed. Mysterious little boxes of unlabeled drops and pellets are not good traveling companions.

There was, for example, the man who stopped off in my town in the course of an extended family motor trip. He was in a state of near-panic because of a violent headache which had lasted two days and which he thought must be caused by a brain tumor. He was too sick to go on or turn back and unable to reach his own doctor, who was on vacation.

When I saw him in his hotel room he was pacing the floor in agony. After examining him, I asked whether he was taking any medicine. He produced a box of red-coated pills but had no idea what they were. On further questioning he mentioned that recently his blood pressure had been "a little above normal." A rather expensive long-distance call to his local druggist confirmed my guess. It was a tranquilizer of the Rauwolfia serpentina group which tends to lower blood pressure but also produces an unfavorable reaction in a small percentage of patients. I told him to stop taking his pills. Next day he felt well enough to continue the motor trip. Before leaving, however, he and his wife had some unkind words for the doctor who had not told them the name of the drug he prescribed nor mentioned its possible side effects. I could not blame them for being angry.

It seems equally strange to me that doctors don't tell and patients don't ask. For instance, one woman came to me suffering from progressive fatigue and a low-grade fever. Her pulse was rapid and she had a marked tremor of her hands. It turned out that she had decided to take three —instead of one a day—of the little white pills her doctor had given her to help her lose weight. It was thyroid extract, though her physician had never told her so.

Even more important than the knowledge of what medicine you are taking is knowing what medicine your child takes. A strange doctor called in an emergency might be seriously handicapped. Children's illnesses often are extremely rapid in their onset and progression. Time wasted may well be the deciding factor between life and death.

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MULTIPLE-MIRACLE DRUGS

IT IS quite a commonplace today for a patient to walk into a doctor's office and announce that he or she has been taking "one of those miracle drugs—you know, antibiotics"—and expect the physician to identify it by its size, color, or shape. In point of fact any drug—including aspirin—may be coated and/or colored. There are more than fifteen different antibiotics of the "mycin" group in general use, and many more combinations. They differ in their effectiveness against different germs and some are more likely than others to have upsetting side effects. All have one thing in common—they are very expensive.

In contrast with the "mycin" antibiotics, penicillin is relatively cheap except in some of its brand-name forms. It is a so-called narrow-spectrum antibiotic and is very effective in certain infections such as those caused by streptococcus, venereal disease, and some types of pneumonia. It is completely worthless against many other bacterial infections and *all* viral infections. Penicillin should not be prescribed indiscriminately for several reasons. First, certain strains of bacteria seem to be developing an immunity to it and thus are creating a new health menace. In the second place, an individual who has once had penicillin may have become sensitive to it. The next time he takes it he may develop swollen joints or break out in giant hives. Or the reaction may be much more serious and death can occur in minutes after the penicillin shot is given. In fact, not long ago, an article in the *New England Medical Journal* estimated that a thousand deaths a year are caused by sensitivity to penicillin. Probably more than 10 per cent of the population is sensitive to penicillin today.

Yet millions of patients keep demanding—and getting—shots of penicillin, often for influenza or simple colds for which it is entirely worthless. There is no test that can determine in advance with certainty whether a patient has become sensitive to penicillin. But if the doctor knows that it has been given previously, he is at least forewarned to avoid it unless it is absolutely essential. In the majority of infectious diseases, other safer antibiotics or sulfonamide preparations are equally or more effective. But in any

THOMAS WHITBREAD

CHANGE OF LIFE

CONSIDER this sad change the happy end
Of something bad—a masquerade of key
And closet now no longer needed, so
Doffed and discarded. Curtainless, uncalled,
Consider this bare stage and empty house
A place that fits. The drama was a farce
That pleased awhile, until each change of guise
Rang too predictably. Now that its run
Is over, the play done, you are alone,
Considering how to act in all the future.
Consider it good you have no prop, no script,
No audience. Consider your sole self.
It is absolute zero just outside the theatre.

---

event, it is folly for the patient not to know himself whether or not he has had penicillin.

Another reason for knowing what drug you are taking is cost. Trade-named drugs cost anywhere from two to twenty times as much as their identical counterparts sold under their chemical or generic names. For example, you can pay as little as ten cents per hundred for first-rate aspirin—or 75 cents per hundred for a highly advertised trade-named brand. Both are equally good since both measure up to the United States Pharmacopeia standards. A common headache remedy—APC (aspirin, phenacetin, and caffeine)—can be bought for 25 cents per hundred under its proper name, or you can pay $1.19 per hundred for a widely advertised, brand-named identical product—or $1.35 per hundred for another. If you are taking one of the best-known tranquilizers, there is a choice between paying 10 cents per hundred, or $3 per hundred for its identical counterpart under a tricky but easily remembered trade name.

But in this instance the choice isn't yours. With potent drugs such as tranquilizers and many others, the laws require a prescription—so it is your doctor who has the choice. And too often he remembers only the trade name which mountains of elaborate advertising literature fix in his mind.

What can the patient do to avoid this financial trap? He can't tell the doctor what to prescribe. If he tried, the doctor would be justified in prescribing another doctor. But it's not what *drug* he prescribes that the patient should discuss—it is what *brand* of drug.

Some physicians have such faith in brand names or in individual drug manufacturers that they will prescribe no others, honestly feeling that there *is* a difference. Such, alas, is the power of advertising. Under such circumstances there is nothing the patient can do. He cannot ask his druggist to substitute a non-brand-named drug for the brand the prescription calls for, even though it is identical. The law in New York State at least says that prescriptions must be filled with the exact drug *and brand* prescribed (if a brand is specified). So it is up to the patient to ask questions of his doctor whenever cost is a significant factor—as indeed it is with most trade-named modern drugs. Generally speaking, there is little difference between the products of various firms. Rarely does any reputable company market an inferior drug.

The druggist is required to do what the doctor orders, although of course there may be an occasional slip-up. For instance, a patient of mine recently phoned to ask about continuing her medicine. I told her to "stop taking the ammonium chloride."

"Is that the green tablet?" she asked.

"Look at the label! *Never* try to identify drugs by shape or size or color! My prescriptions *always* are labeled as to their content," I said impatiently, and too proudly as it turned out.

She came back to the phone. "Is this the one? It says, 'One every four hours,' and then your name."

Chagrined and angry, I phoned the druggist, who was new to the community. He said that it had been an oversight but asked why such cumbersome labeling was necessary.

I pointed out that the word "Signa" (the Latin imperative for "write" or "label") on a prescription is an *order* to the druggist, not a request. Whatever is written by the physician after the "Signa" or its usual abbreviation "Sig." *must* be copied by the druggist on the prescription label. When drugs such as ointments are dispensed in their original package, I usually direct the druggist just to leave on the original label. Unlabeled drugs, moreover, are a potential danger in the home—accidental poisoning is all too frequent. The druggist agreed. "But," he went on, "you are the only doctor who requires such labeling. Why don't the others demand it?"

The question stumped me. Perhaps it is time for the patients to speak up and decline to purchase anonymous prescriptions. Ask your doctor what *he* thinks!

Harper's Magazine, January 1962

ROWLAND EVANS, JR.

LOUISIANA'S PASSMAN:
The Scourge of Foreign Aid

The mysterious—and highly undemocratic —workings of Congress' seniority system have made him one of the most powerful men in Washington . . . and perhaps the most effective enemy of American foreign policy.

MOST Americans have never heard of Otto Ernest Passman, the glib and dapper Congressman from Louisiana's Fifth District. And yet this rather frenetic, immensely clever sixty-one-year-old legislator exerts a power over American foreign policy that may outweigh all the foreign-aid administrators, all the Under Secretaries of State, and all the Ambassadors and plenipotentiaries of the United States put together.

He has defeated Presidents, confounded Secretaries of State, pushed the powerful Senate to the wall, and compelled his own leaders in the House to yield to him. So formidable has he become that President Kennedy once asked a Congressman at a bill-signing ceremony at the White House: "What am I going to do about Otto Passman?"

"Mr. President," the Congressman said, "you're surrounded by a lot of well-armed Secret Servicemen. Why don't you just tell one of them to shoot him—by accident, of course. In fact, Mr. President, if you promise me immunity, I'll do it myself."

Mr. Passman says: "I bleed in my heart when I think of the pain I give my friends in the Executive Branch."

The source of Mr. Passman's power to pain his friends is his command post as chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Operations. Since 1955, when he became chairman, he has almost single-handedly chopped $4.8 billion from requested foreign-aid appropriations totaling $26.4 billion. Not once has he been reversed by the full committee and only twice by the House itself.

He has accomplished this despite the fact that foreign aid has been the cornerstone of American foreign policy ever since the Marshall Plan in 1948 (which he voted against). One after another, Presidents of the United States have spent more time educating the country and the Congress on foreign aid than on any other single legislative issue. And one after another, they sooner or later run afoul of Mr. Passman, who once told me: "If you have the limited capacity I do, you are forced to think these things through. The President just doesn't have time to understand this program."

Who is this small-town, self-educated businessman from Monroe, who has been able to thwart the White House on an issue of such high priority? And how did he come into this power?

We'll take the second question first. Because of the nearly one-party politics of the South, Southerners come to Congress and stay while their colleagues from the North come and go. Once *in*, the Southerner has a leg up in gaining and holding the highest positions on the various committees. ("A man can use his seniority to great advantage here," Mr. Passman says.) The most powerful men in the House, next to the elected leaders, are, of course, the chairmen and members of the more important standing committees. The Appropriations Committee, because of its decisive voice in all federal appropriations, is the Number One standing committee. Conservatives have entrenched themselves on this committee under tough, old Clarence Cannon of Missouri, now chairman, and tough, old John Taber of New York, the ranking Republican. Their combined age is 163 years.

Of the thirty Democrats on the House Appropriations Committee today, eleven come from the states of the Old Confederacy and another four from the border states of Missouri, Kentucky, Oklahoma, and West Virginia. Once a Southerner is assigned to the Appropriations Committee, he can look forward to spending the rest of his political life comfortably digging himself in on one of the fourteen subcommittees, each of them a bastion of political power. If party leadership of the House switches, the chairman steps down—but not off the committee. Representative Passman first came to Washington in 1947 and two years later made the Appropriations Committee. He was an ideal candidate—rigidly conservative in his politics (he opposed the Kennedy-Johnson ticket in 1960), economy-minded, a shrewd and intelligent operator who, in the normal course, would keep on getting re-elected to Congress as far as the eye could see. He was, in every notable way, a "safe" repository of the committee's conservative tradition. In 1955, he was moved by Chairman Cannon to the chairmanship of the foreign-aid subcommittee.

The battles between the Presidents and Mr. Passman have been growing in intensity each year. Before the days of foreign aid, Presidents could conduct the day-to-day operations of foreign policy with scarcely a thought to the House or its Appropriations Committee. The Constitution makes the Senate, not the House, a partner of the Executive in certain foreign-policy enterprises. But foreign aid requires vast sums of money—sums which can be obtained only by vote of the Congress. This vote depends on the decision of the House Appropriations Committee and, with respect to foreign aid, this decision turns in large degree on the verdict (some would call it the caprice) of Otto Ernest Passman. He gathers the evidence with the skill and perseverance of a district attorney, not just when the new aid bill comes before him but fifty-two weeks out of every year.

"In principle, I am very much against foreign aid because I don't believe that giving away our wealth and dollars alone will save our country," Representative Passman told Lawrence E. Spivak on a session of "Meet the Press" last summer.

The man who made this candid confession has also made the most of his opportunities to carry it into action. He is a "loner," sometimes wildly unpredictable, and a dangerous antagonist in the honorable game of log-rolling.

"One of the most regrettable things in my life was acquiring the chairmanship of this committee," he says with a trace of melancholy. "My temperament forces me to do a conscientious job, y'understand."

Rowland Evans, Jr. watches the Washington scene as political reporter for the New York "Herald Tribune." He started in newspaper work in 1944 after serving as a Marine in the Solomons campaign, and has traveled since to India and, recently, to Russia and Eastern Siberia.

OTTO'S REAL CONVINCIN'

WE SAT in his office in the House office building. He was immaculately turned out in a black silk suit, a white shirt, and white four-in-hand tie. His face was rather long and serious, its paleness enhanced by black wavy hair, streaked with gray. His eyes were intense and restless behind thick glasses, half-rimmed with tortoise-shell. His hands drummed on the desk, toyed with a pencil, reached for a paper. His head bobbed and nodded and shook sideways to make his points, and the long tapered index finger of his right hand stabbed the air for further emphasis.

In the closet on the other side of the room, thirteen suits and jackets hung neatly on hangers. He is reputed to have dozens more at home and enough shoes for a family of centipedes. He displays a handkerchief with all four corners peeking above the breast pocket in equal triangles. Perhaps the nattiest dresser in the House, he often wears the black suit and white tie—"Otto's Satan suit," it's called—when he takes the House floor in the annual foreign-aid debate and stands in the well of the chamber vibrating like a Model T, embracing the lectern with both arms, the admonishing finger piercing the air.

In his office, the telephone rings repeatedly: a fellow Congressman, an important home-town constituent, a State Department official. He handles them all with a breezy good fellowship, throwing out to each caller pleasant little Passmanisms: "I wish I could be a conformist, but hell's fire"; or, "I'm the most forgiving person you ever knew. I love people"; or, "My greatest asset is knowing my limitations. I don't want Passman's way, I want the right way."

The Passman version of the "right way" is to defeat the other fellow by Southern charm and cajolery, political shrewdness that some of his enemies prefer to call trickery, and unshakable self-confidence. "Otto's real convincin'," says a Louisiana colleague, with admiration. "Brother,

when he gives you that ten-thousand-dollar Southern job, watch out!"

There was the time, for example, when he telephoned Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon last spring. The President's $500-million Latin fund, the first installment of the Alliance-for-Progress program, was reaching the final "mark-up" stage in the Passman subcommittee. The chairman wanted to reduce the fund by as much as $100 million, the portion earmarked for the International Co-operation Administration, but the White House was expertly roping off one committee vote after another, cutting out the usual Passman majority.

With the other ten subcommittee members sitting around the table, the chairman put in his call to Mr. Dillon. The members heard only the Passman end of the conversation, which gave the impression that—no matter what Mr. Dillon was saying publicly—privately he had no objection to reducing the fund by $100 million.

What Mr. Dillon really said on the phone was quite the reverse: Not only did he oppose any cut at all but also he was convinced that a reduction would have had a disastrous political reaction throughout Latin America. He had no way of knowing that the entire subcommittee was listening to the Passman end of the conversation, and Mr. Passman did not tell him. But the mere fact of receiving the call was alarming, and the Secretary of the Treasury immediately called the White House and made a full report.

One of the committee members, whose alarm bell had also sounded, likewise put in a call to the White House and reported in detail on the Passman end of the exchange. It took the White House no time at all to decide what was afoot. Mr. Dillon has a high standing in Congress. His personal opinion might be expected to weigh enough with the subcommittee to decide the issue in Passman's favor. And so that very day, Mr. Dillon put in writing what he had said on the phone. He nailed it down by sending a copy not only to Mr. Passman but also to every member of the subcommittee, and thus nicely blocked this bit of Passmanship. When the chairman learned that Mr. Dillon had sent carbons of his letter to the full subcommittee, he was outraged. He ripped off an indignant reply: he might have known, he wrote, that the Secretary would pull the rug out from under him on the Latin fund.

As it happened, the subcommittee voted the full amount of the fund and so did the House and the Senate. Even Mr. Passman voted for it in committee, a vote that amazed his colleagues in much the same way as a vote by Senator Eastland for civil rights would amaze the Judiciary Committee. Later, Mr. Passman explained his vote.

"If the time ever comes that I can't bow to higher authority in time of real emergency, then I'm not Otto Passman," he said. "The Administration had that terrible time in Cuba, don't you understand, and I just could not let them down. But, you know, the Administration couldn't justify one nickel of that hundred million."

A suspicion persists, however, that the "higher authority" Mr. Passman bowed to was not the Administration but simple arithmetic. He didn't have the votes and he almost certainly knew it.

UP AGAINST IKE

IF HE has ever "bowed" to a Presidential request, it's the best-kept secret in Washington. Passman bargains, but never bows. As he once told me:

"Am I just supposed to take what they tell me they need every year for foreign aid and just go ahead and vote it, or should I earn my money and sweat the facts out of these people? They can't use Congress as a stooge. We're not rubber stamps. I figure I'm just as important as a Senator and the work of the House is more important than the Senate."

Chairman Passman has proved time and again that when it comes to foreign aid, he is often as important as any President, too. For example, in 1957, as the foreign-aid bill was getting its final touches, President Eisenhower and his advisers decided to try an advance truce talk with Otto. They gave him the full treatment, and he recalls it with a nice touch of sadness even today.

"It was kind of embarrassing, you understand," he told me in his musical Southern voice. "I refer to it as the Passman trial. They sent for me in a long, black Cadillac, I guess the first time I had ever been in one. I felt real important, which is not my usual way of feeling. When I got to the President's study at the White House, all the big shots were there, Admiral Radford and Secretary Dulles and the leaders of Congress. We had tea and little cakes, and they sat me right across from the President. They went around the room, asking for comments, one minute each. When they got to me, I said I would need more than one minute, maybe six or seven minutes, to tell what was wrong with their program.

"I told the President, 'Mr. President you haven't been given the facts. You've got a

friendly committee up there in the House that is going to act on the facts, not fiction.' And then I gave the facts and the meeting broke up."

Passman's lecture was complete with footnotes and fine print, figures down to the last thin dime, unobligated balances in the various foreign-aid accounts, carry-over funds, re-obligated de-obligated obligations, supplies in the pipeline, uncommitted balances, and so on—in that mysterious verbal shorthand that only a man who lives and breathes foreign aid could comprehend. The President had never heard anything like it before. It was, to quote Bryce Harlow, the President's legislative assistant, "a deeply emotional performance." After Mr. Eisenhower signaled the end by standing up, and everyone left, the President turned to his staff and said:

"Remind me never to invite that fellow down here again."

Mr. Passman cut the program that year by 25.4 per cent, his biggest axing to date, and the House went along with him. Only twice, in fact, has the House ever tampered with his decisions. In 1960, President Eisenhower mobilized the Republican conservatives and put the arch-budget-cutter, John Taber of New York, at their head in a desperate flanking attack that restored $200 million in military aid excised in Passman's subcommittee. Ike followed this up a few days later by adding $65 million for defense support to a supplemental appropriation bill. Then in 1961, liberal Republicans led the House in another increase over the Passman figures—but in the end, after the 1961 bill went to conference with the Senate, Representative Passman emerged the winner and still champ.

THE HARD-BITTEN FIFTH

OTTO PASSMAN had traveled a long road to get to the White House that day in 1957. Born in 1900 on a Louisiana tenant farm, he ate unseasoned cornbread and clabber as a child and went around barefoot; the family was poor, and he left school in the fourth grade to start working for a few pennies an hour. Somewhere in those harsh years of childhood and adolescence, Otto resolved that his life would become more than this.

But the long climb up was not quite in the tradition of Horatio Alger. With all his restless energy and ambition, he slipped into one scrape after another, and got out by charm and smooth talk. He fought and licked alcohol, and is now a confirmed teetotaler. His early ventures into business were shaky. "If Otto ever settled down, he would be the greatest salesman in the world," a local judge who had given him help at a crucial time, remarked to one of Otto's friends.

Otto finally settled down. A Baptist, he had married in the 1920s and during the 1930s made his stake with an appliance store, in Monroe, the biggest town in the Fifth District. He acquired an interest in a restaurant-bar that catered to servicemen. He began to make money, to get into politics—as, perhaps, an escape hatch from the humdrum of small-town life. By Pearl Harbor in 1941, he had become something of a figure in Monroe and he began to make judicious contributions to local politicians.

After two years as a lieutenant commander in the Navy (he got his commission by passing an examination to prove that he had educated himself to the equivalent of two years in college), he went back to Monroe. In 1946, he entered the tough, rowdy Democratic primary in Monroe against the incumbent and won by 455 votes out of 34,703 cast. In 1948, with two primary opponents, he had a plurality of over 8,000. He has coasted in ever since and in 1960 was re-elected 22,181 to zero. There is not even the semblance of a Republican party in the Fifth.

As a freshman member of the Truman-labeled "do-nothing" 80th Congress, Passman was on hand when Congress tackled the first foreign-aid bill: the Greek-Turkish aid program. He voted for it. Since then he has never once voted for a foreign-aid authorization bill and is proud of it.

"When I first came to Congress," he says, "when I came up here from my humble beginnings, I knew I was an actor in the greatest show on earth. And I thought I was the lowest man on the totem pole. But I soon found out that wasn't true, y'understand, because it struck me quite hard after a time here that just because a man had been elected and served for twenty years didn't mean he had all the answers. I found out there is no automatic superior knowledge, for the President or anyone else."

It took Representative Passman no time at all to develop his own superior knowledge. The core of it was a conviction that foreign aid is slightly wicked for the country and a sure path to fiscal disaster, because on all things fiscal Otto Passman stands to the right of Senator Byrd.

The politics, economics, and geography of the Fifth District of Louisiana encourage him in this conviction. Bordered on the East by the Mississippi River, it has no big industry, in fact scarcely any industry at all other than a scattering of saw and pulp mills. The soil is poor in

hilly Lincoln, Union, and Jackson Parishes, inhabited by hard-bitten hill folk.

In the flat alluvial plain along the river, well-heeled planters, whose politics are starkly conservative, plant, grow, and ship cotton. In the entire district, there is not a single important defense industry, not a single major Army camp or Air Force base. Accordingly, foreign aid has no built-in industrial support and the federal government has no weapon such as closing down a military post or choking off a defense plant, with which to beguile, threaten, or accommodate Mr. Passman. And most of the Mississippi River projects, for which Passman pressed brilliantly in his earlier years in the House, have now been completed or at least financed, so that avenue of pressure is closed.

The only connection between the Fifth District and foreign aid, aside from Mr. Passman, is Public Law 480, which relieves cotton and other farmers of some of their surplus crops and ships them abroad. It is a tribute to the Passman perspicacity that year after year he can promote PL 480 at the same time he is gutting the "give-away" foreign-aid program.

On civil rights Passman has little need to bother. The 350,000 people in his own district are about equally divided between white and Negro. In contested elections, about one out of every four voting-age Negroes has the franchise. This is scarcely relevant, however, in light of the fact that Representative Passman has had no opposition of any kind since 1956. Yet he is reported to have attacked deLesseps Morrison, during one of Morrison's campaigns for Governor of Louisiana, as a man "who wanted to vote the illiterate Negroes like putting cattle through a dipping vat."

In 1960, Mr. Passman voted for an appropriation bill with a rider attached extending the Civil Rights Commission for one year, and he was promptly accused of being a "moderate" on civil rights. So he told the voters in his district that the appropriations bill contained money for jail guards and trustees at Alcatraz and other federal prisons. A vote against it, he said, would have been tantamount to unlocking the gates and freeing hundreds of hardened criminals to roam the country at will.

PASSMANIZING THE FACTS

THIS bit of political or perhaps statistical hyperbole was a typical Passmanism. He has often said, for example, that the foreign-aid program operates in 97 countries, with 67,000 persons "in the program" (that is, one would assume, actually employed). The facts are that in the present fiscal year, according to the people who run the program, 42 countries are receiving a combination of military and economic aid and another 42 are receiving one or the other. The aid agency employs 6,500 American citizens, two-thirds of them abroad. Another 30,000 work in the military end of the program, but most of these are blue-collar workers at supply depots who handle military matériel. An additional 10,000 foreign nationals are undergoing training, here and abroad, in various kinds of aid programs such as Point Four. Still others are being trained by the Defense Department to improve the effectiveness of local military forces of our allies abroad. In Southeast Asia, for example, the United States is engaged in a large operation to teach the South Vietnamese to resist Communist guerrillas, infiltrators, and saboteurs. To tot up all these as an example of profligacy in hiring is pure bunkum, but every year when the aid bill gets to the floor of the House, Mr. Passman plays the same record.

Some Passmanisms are clever sophistries, trotted out year after year to edify and beguile the House. In his annual letter to members, he rallies his forces against the misguided Men of the Executive Branch. The letter last year ended with this stirring call to arms: "Beautiful phrases, carefully-worded reports, claims and executive courtesies cannot change the facts, as above indicated . . ." One of his "facts" was this:

> . . . so unfirm have been the estimates [for foreign-aid spending] in the past, and so uncertain the actual need, that even after the Congress reduced the Executive's requests in the past six years by FOUR AND ONE-HALF BILLION DOLLARS the Congress still appropriated so much in excess of needs that the cumulative unobligated balances for the same period exceeded ONE AND ONE-HALF BILLION DOLLARS.

This bit of verbal legerdemain seems to say that the Administration was unable to find ways to spend $1.5 billion in aid funds even though Congress had cut the requests by $4.5 billion.

But the actual fact, as opposed to the Passman "fact," is as follows: Foreign-aid money not "obligated" for spending at the end of the fiscal year is re-appropriated. What Mr. Passman did was to add up all these year-end amounts of unobligated money for six years. What he did not say was that these year-end balances were added in with the following year's appropriation and then spent routinely as originally planned. The relevant figure to support the Passman "fact" was

the amount of unobligated money on hand at the end of the last fiscal year, on June 30, 1961, and that figure was $106.4 million. All the rest of the $1.5 billion had been spent as planned, and the $106.4 million will be this year.

To understand this Passmanism, imagine a $100 end-of-month balance in a checkbook, a minimum balance carried forward from month to month. By Passman's computation, the "cumulative" unspent balance after one year would be $1,200.

No man in Washington, in or outside the aid agency, can rattle off foreign-aid figures as Passman can. He watches foreign aid with the trained eye of the bookkeeper and punches them out in staccato profusion, in the same way that he manages to keep precise financial statistics on his own private businesses at the tip of his tongue. From nothing, Mr. Passman has built himself a net worth of perhaps three-quarters of a million dollars. He keeps his own books on his two business firms—the Passman Investment Company and the Passman Wholesale Equipment Company. "I know exactly what I need to have in the way of depreciation and contingency reserves," he says. "I can tell you right now the exact amount of my accounts receivable, my outstanding loans, my obligations. I get a report from home almost every day."

Then, without switching gears, Mr. Passman plunges into the government's fiscal affairs as though they, like his own business, could be handled with exactitude. He seems unimpressed by sudden political changes in a foreign country that might require sudden changes in the level of aid. He thinks not in terms of India's development program, or Turkey's military-aid program, but in terms of the Daily Treasury Statement. In addition to this focus on figures, he has a nightmarish (and I believe quite genuine) obsession with national bankruptcy.

WHY WASN'T HE PURGED?

SOON after President Kennedy was elected, the Democratic party had its one great chance to do something about Otto Passman—strip him of his seniority and committee assignment on grounds that his refusal to support the Kennedy-Johnson ticket sacrificed all his party perquisites. Having been spared this ultimate censure, he can talk today matter of factly about the 1960 campaign: "I said it was more important to defeat the Democrats than elect the Republicans. I was afraid the Democrats would spend us into terrible bankruptcy. But I didn't take any real part in the campaign, y'understand. Who did I vote for? I voted for Passman."

Representative William Colmer of Mississippi, an Administration *bête noir* on the House Rules Committee, and one or two other Southern Democrats played the same game. When the Democratic Congress convened in January, the President-elect was ready to back up his House leaders in any punishment they saw fit to administer to the Passman-Colmer bolters.

But the House leaders ruled otherwise. A successful purge would have swept away the President's basic problem with foreign aid (Representative Passman) and his basic problem with the whole gamut of domestic legislation (Representative Colmer, who could have been replaced by a friendly Administration Democrat); but there was no purge. Instead, the Rules Committee was packed with three new members and Representative Passman was left on his throne.

In retrospect, it may have been a serious error. Mr. Passman's power to obstruct is intact, and last September he proved it again. With Congress ready to adjourn, he held out for a lower foreign-aid figure in the House-Senate conference committee than the Administration would accept. Twice he was invited secretly to the White House for talks with the President, but although he gave a little, he held on to much and he had the trump card—control of the House conferees. Finally, after bargaining with the leaders of the House, with the Secretary of State, and with the President himself ("They can convince me if they can make a case, but I will not be driven"), Otto Passman won again.

It is hard to believe that he won't continue to win in the future, although his reputation of invincibility is now tarnished—first in 1960, then on the Latin fund early in 1961, and finally in early September, when the House refused to take his recommendation on military aid and added $300 million.

But his allies are durable and built-in: the Constitution, which gives the House control of the Treasury; the seniority system, which freezes him into his chairmanship as long as the Democrats control the House; the growing frustration over foreign aid in Congress and the country. And then there are the formidable (make no mistake about it) weapons of the man himself—total concentration on the aid program; unshakable self-confidence that he is right and all the Presidents are wrong; and, as he puts it, a skin "as tough as a piece of rawhide."

"Crazy Otto," his colleagues sometimes call him. Crazy—like the canniest fox you ever saw.

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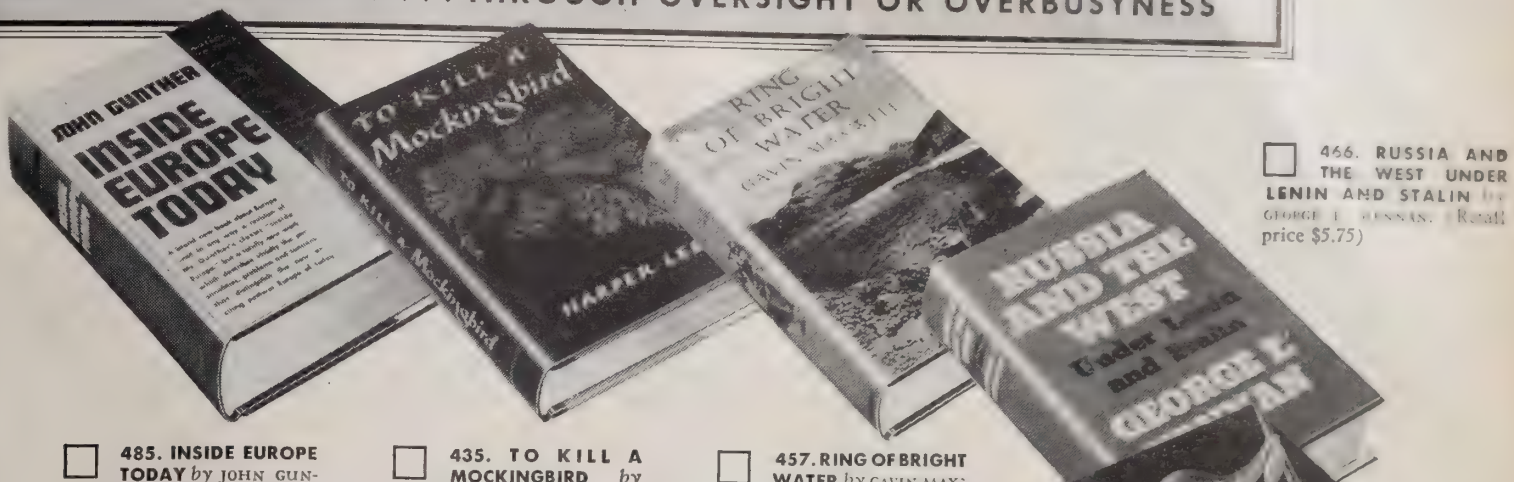
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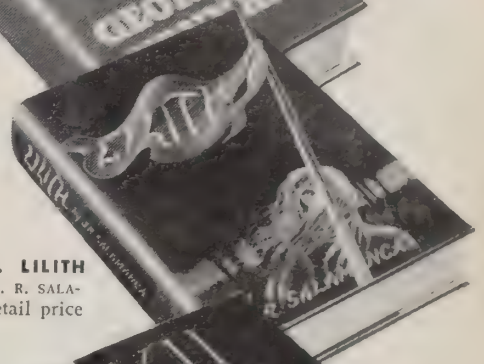


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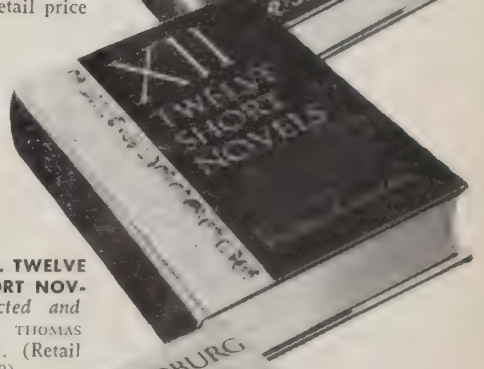
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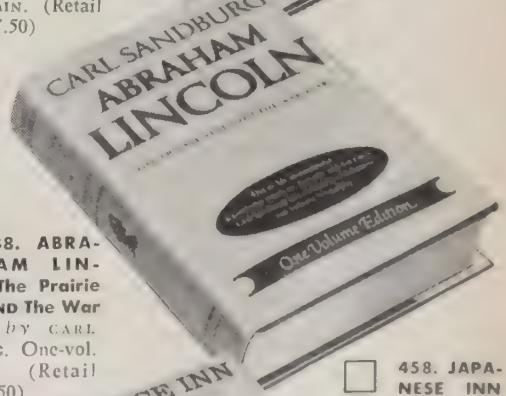
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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



Mr. Ribicoff of Welfare Street

A sensitive advance agent for the Administration, this seasoned campaigner carries his department business under one arm—and, under his hat, a canny sense for what the people want and what Congress will take.

WASHINGTON—Of the many current missions of Abraham Ribicoff, the greatest of all is never mentioned aloud. It is nothing less than to prepare the Kennedy Administration for a challenge in 1964 from Nelson Rockefeller—the one Republican who has enormous political strength in the street where Ribicoff himself lives.

This is the street which some call Welfarism (often with a hard, unkind adjective). Ribicoff himself calls it looking after people who cannot at the moment look after themselves.

Neither President Kennedy nor anybody else has actually assigned Abe Ribicoff to batten down the hatches and get ready for the big blow. Probably Ribicoff has not consciously assigned himself. But he is a remarkably forehanded man as well as a master politician who can sense instinctively that Rockefeller is the most likely enemy in the next Presidential campaign. Moreover, he reckons that Rockefeller is the Republican nominee most to be feared by Kennedy.

Ribicoff is well aware that Richard Nixon—whom, by the way, he likes, and he frankly says so—is by no means out of the running for a second nomination. But Ribicoff is a city type, like Rockefeller, and no man alive can more quickly total in his mind Rockefeller's latent vote appeal to urban America and to that vaguely mixed-liberal bias which urban America now typifies. Nor can any man more readily apprehend Rockefeller's high acceptability among two powerful minority groups, Jewish and Negro. Ribicoff, who is cheerfully Jewish, without hypersensitivity or animosity to any other tradition, knows both groups well. And he will be, as the saying goes, active among them from now until November of 1964.

What he is now doing, and has been doing for some months, is to act as the Administration's principal political advance agent about the country. His ordinary travel schedule is almost as urgent and complicated as it was when he was helping to direct the Kennedy preconvention campaign. Indeed, he is already on a campaign schedule—Cleveland one night, Chicago next, and so on.

All this might seem to cramp his style as the administrative head of a monster bureaucracy. But Abraham Ribicoff, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, carries—and performs—all his duties under one arm. The Department of H E and W is wherever Ribicoff himself may be at a given moment. In this (and in some other things) he is a great deal like his old friend, Speaker Sam Rayburn. Speaker Rayburn used to caucus primarily with Congressman Rayburn when running the affairs of the perpetually clamorous House of Representatives.

Thus, though Ribicoff is off many days on a high-level form of politicking, he is by no means neglecting affairs inside his department. His problems "on the road" are indivisible from the problems of 1964, and equally inseparable from the proper conduct of his bureaucratic responsibilities.

TO THE FIRING LINE

FOR H E W and its programs fell upon evil days in the last session of Congress. Medical help to the aged was stopped cold. Federal aid to education emerged as a pallid and equivocal shadow of what had been proposed. Ribicoff was caught most painfully in the harsh complications of "the religious issue" on education, and the formidable opposition of organized medicos to the health program.

For none of this was Ribicoff to blame; but from none of the blame is Ribicoff running away.

At the beginning of the session, he went up to the firing line for the President, and there he stayed. He could have done nothing else. Fully aware that a Cabinet officer's first duty is to carry out the President's program while diverting such fire as he can from the person of the President, he simply did that duty, and thought no more of it.

In the new session of Congress, aid to education, medical care, and all the rest—including a thoroughgoing revision of the federal relief program—must go back to bat on The Hill. If these programs are to have any success at all, they must have greater, more informed, and above all more practical, public backing. Cultivating this kind of support is what keeps Abe Ribicoff on the road

so much. For this objective must first be reached before the more distant objective of neutralizing a putative Rockefeller candidacy can be grappled with effectively.

"Practical" public backing is the operative term. Ribicoff, the first strictly professional politician ever to preside over H E W, has long since exhausted his tolerance for those doctrinaire types—whether politicians, social workers, or "educationists"—who cannot grasp that obtaining *something* of value from Congress is infinitely better than making proud and inflexible demands for more than Congress will grant in the foreseeable future. The doctrinaires have given him much heartburn. On more than one occasion when he was on the point of making some measurable advance from Congress, they fouled things up by crying out for all or nothing.

NO ORGANIZATION MAN

H E is now trying to forearm himself against such well-intentioned people. He is drawing closer to the moderates—who are in fact more to his private taste anyhow—in hopes that the second session of the Eighty-seventh Congress will tell a gladder tale for sensible welfarism than did the first.

His aim is to reduce to the minimum the precious aspects of social good works. He also is trying to cut out and bury much of the jargon of welfarism—words like "work relief." He will point out that what he is trying to do is not to restore leaf-raking, but to move against hard-core unemployment in the only possible practical way. This is to give relief, yes; but to accompany it with genuine job-training so that the relief "client" will ultimately be off the public's back and stand on his own feet as a productive member of society.

Thus, while he decries extremist remedies such as the Newburgh Plan, he is ready to examine with sympathy any proposal to end relief chiseling. He recognizes that our whole relief system proceeds as though these were still the 1930s rather than the 1960s. His most basic project, therefore, is a hard, total review of relief methods. (The fact that this will please the Conservatives is not his motive; but he

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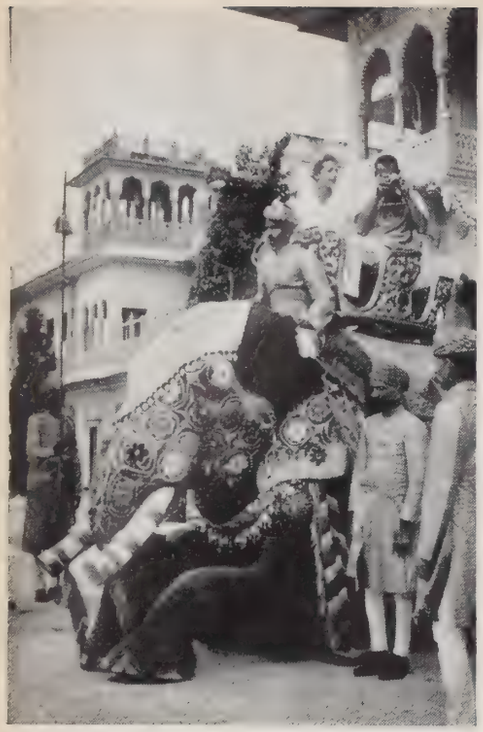


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does not undervalue the usefulness of their support.)

He told me in his office here—where I found him dictating speeches for his staff to flesh out—that he was almost as tired of ideological labels as of the extremism of Leftists and Rightists on welfare. He didn't know anymore, he said, whether he was a Liberal or a Conservative; and didn't much care. What he hoped was that he was a doer, a man with compassion for the unfortunate, but also not by sentiment or principle automatically hostile to the taxpayers.

His job, but for those of Dean Rusk at State and Robert McNamara at Defense, is actually the livest and the most demanding in the Cabinet. And it has the greatest immediate human impact on the most people. Like many politicians, he instinctively demands the company of people, and often feels confined in Washington, this "company town," as he calls it. He is not fond of the "wise guys" (again his term) who inhabit every cocktail party here. As a former Congressman and an almost spectacularly successful Governor of Connecticut, he is the polar opposite of the Organization Man, or bureaucrat.

Dark, compact, handsome, he likes people and is stimulated by them. His conversation at ease is quick and colorful; it can be earthy indeed. Sensitive and extraordinarily well-read, he throws off ideas—and occasionally angry curses—on many apparently irrelevant lines, all at once. But in the end they all fall into place and make precisely the mural he has intended.

I would judge that his job gives ample scope to his talents (which are many and genuine), except perhaps for one thing. He came into the Administration under his own power—more than any other Cabinet member—and had been long accustomed to being strictly a No. 1 man. No member of the Cabinet can be quite that. He is deeply loyal to the President. But the cumbersome federal machinery, for decision-making and then for action, rubs him up sometimes.

It was he and his old political comrade John Bailey, now chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who locked Connecticut up very early for Kennedy and then carefully helped lock up enough of the rest of the country to make the Kennedy nomination at first viable and then inevitable. He is, therefore, a kind of latter-day Jim Farley, as Farley was to FDR, but with an important difference: Farley, as Postmaster General, could keep the pros in line, but his departmental functions gave him little opportunity to draw in the people themselves. Ribicoff's vast bailiwick helps people from the cradle to somewhere near the grave. It will extend very close to the grave itself if he can manage to put over health assistance to the aged.

HEART AND HEAD

ON this program Ribicoff will focus his most urgent efforts in the next session of Congress. He will not neglect aid to education—which actually lies closer to his own heart. But he will promote health aid to the aged with every ounce of power he can summon, for it probably has both greater public appeal and better prospects for Congressional approval.

In this commentary there may well be a few faint intimations that I like and admire Abe Ribicoff. I do. About Abe Ribicoff, as a person and as a practitioner of the art of politics, I am not completely "objective." But I am entirely "objective" about his programs. I am anxious about the spread of the welfarist concept. I am, for illustration, afraid of federal aid to education when it reaches the point of federal payment of part or all of the local teachers' salaries. I am by no means wholly "committed"—in a favorite word of some of the Kennedyites—to any massive federal health aid to the old folks. I am not necessarily against it; but I am not willing to go along until we see a great deal more of the specifications.

But the point of all these admissions is this: If anybody at the head of H E W can make a sound case for more welfarism, it is Abe Ribicoff. It always seemed to me that his appointment to the Cabinet was the most perceptive Mr. Kennedy made. For this is surely no moist do-gooder with all heart and no head. This is a fellow with both a good heart *and* a good head.

the new BOOKS

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Manner and Matter in Non-Fiction

Beginning with this issue, Elizabeth Hardwick and Paul Pickrel will alternate as reviewers of "The New Books." A new book of Miss Hardwick's trenchant essays, "The Letter and the Life," will be published in 1962.

MARY McCARTHY! *"The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt! That's my Bible!"* I once heard a young woman exclaim. No doubt the famous short story is rightly understood as a sort of parable representing many a young girl's transgressions, even if it does not concern itself with the steps in the sinner's rehabilitation. It would be hard to think of any writer in America more interesting and unusual than Mary McCarthy. Her work, from the first memorable *The Company She Keeps* down to her present brilliant new collection of essays, **On the Contrary: Articles of Belief, 1946-1961** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50) is not like that of anyone else and certainly not like that of other women writers. We might naturally wonder from what blending of bravura and common sense this tart effervescence has come.

In America we have had the quiet, isolated genius of Emily Dickinson, on the one hand, and the dignified, worldly, astute Edith Wharton on the other, each holding a prime spiritual location in the national landscape. In the background we might imagine the highly usual romantic glamour of Edna St. Vincent Millay, the romance of lyrics and lovers and tragic endings. Mary McCarthy, because of the radical turn of her mind, is not much like any of these figures, even if there are occasional correspondences to Edith Wharton and Edna Millay. And yet how difficult it is to define the image of this writer. If it is popular fame to figure somehow in the scheme of persons who have not had the time to examine the actual claims of the famous person, then she has popular fame as well as genuine literary distinction. Perhaps to the world her image is composed of the clear eyes of the Cecil Beaton photographs, the strong profile, the steady gaze; and it is certainly made of the candor about Sex in her novels and stories and the "attacks" on gods like Tennessee Williams. This is all very unexpected. There is charm and vigor and an almost violent holding of special opinions. She is, as someone said of Thackeray, "an uncomfortable writer."

Not so long ago, Brooks Atkinson, the retired dean of American drama critics, had the sobering occasion to report that Mary McCarthy had been very hard, in a review in an English newspaper, on the bright young English drama critic, Kenneth Tynan, whom she found neither very bright nor very young in his literary spirit and style. The event was dismaying. Where are you if Walter Kerr lights into Howard Taubman, an unimaginable act of disloyalty for either of those members of the Establishment?

If there were any real ancestor among American women for Mary McCarthy it might be Margaret Fuller. How easy it is to imagine the living writer as a visitor at Brook Farm, a friend of Mazzini's, a journalist in Rome during the 1840s. Both women have will power, confidence, and a subversive soul sustained by exceptional energy. A career of candor and dissent is not an easy one for a woman; the license is jarring and the dare often forbidding. Such a person needs more than confidence and indignation. A great measure of personal attractiveness and a high degree of romantic singularity are necessary to step free of the mundane, the governessy, the threat of earnestness and dryness. Moderating influences are essential. Madame de Staël, vexing and far-out as she was, needed her rather embarrassing love affairs to smooth over, like a cosmetic cream, the shrewd image. With Mary McCarthy the purity of style and the liniment of her wit, her gay summoning of the funny facts of everyday life soften the scandal of the action or the courage of the opinion. In her novels and stories, the "shocking" frankness of the sexual scenes is very different from the hot prose of male writers. These love scenes are profoundly feminine, even though other women writers do not seem to want to take advantage of this same possibility. In her fiction, shame and curiosity are nearly always found together; and in the same strange union we find self-condemnation and the determined pursuit of experience; introspective irony and flat, daring action. In the paperback edition of *The Company She Keeps*, we see on the cover a pretty girl posed for the

seduction scene in the train—bare shoulders, whiskey bottle, and a reflecting pout on her lips. But the picture cannot give any idea of the unexpected contents of the mind of the actual fictional heroine. The psychological fastidiousness and above all the belligerent mood of the surrendering girl are the essence of the story. The sexual affair with the second-rate "man in the Brooks Brothers shirt" is for the heroine both humbling and enthralling; and so, in the same way, is the outrageous coupling on the couch in *A Charmed Life* of the remarried young wife and her former husband. The coarse actions are described with an elaborate *verismo* of detail. (The safety pin holding up the underwear in the train scene; in *A Charmed Life,* "A string of beads she was wearing broke and clattered to the floor. 'Sorry,' he muttered as he dove for her left breast." The "left" notation is a curiosity, a kind of stage direction, inviting us to project ourselves dramatically into an actual scene.)

Plot and dramatic sense are weak in Mary McCarthy's fiction. Taste and accuracy are sometimes substitutions. What people eat, wear, and read carry enormous burdens in this fiction. The reader follows the parade of tastes and preferences with a good deal of honest excitement and suspense, wondering if he can guess the morals of the kind of person who would cover a meat loaf with Campbell's tomato soup. Taste is also used as the surest indication of character. "There were pieces of sculpture by Archipenko and Harold Cash, and the head of a beautiful Egyptian Queen, Neferteete." Accuracy, on the author's part, means for the reader excitement, recognition. The fantastic story, "Dottie Makes an Honest Woman of Herself," is about contraception in the way, for instance, Frank Norris' *The Octopus* is about wheat. The story concerns itself, in the coolest manner, with the "fitting" at a birth-control clinic of a nice Vassar girl, demurely named Dottie. *Memorable,* to put it mildly. Perhaps it is meant as a parody of the excesses of naturalistic fiction, a parody, too, of the brute, prosaic sexual details in a writer like John O'Hara. There is an air of imparting information—remember whaling in Melville and so on. This aspect of *information* brings to memory the story, later, by Philip Roth in which a college girl suggests she knows all about contraception because she has read Mary McCarthy.

In a writer of this kind there is an urgent sense of the uses to which a vivid personal nature may be put by a writer's literary talent. There is very often an easily recognized element of autobiography and it is in autobiography that Mary McCarthy excels—that is, of course, if one uses the word in its loosest and largest sense. *The Company She Keeps* and *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* are richer, more beautiful, and aesthetically more satisfying than, say, *A Charmed Life* or *The Groves of Academe.* The condition that made *The Oasis* somewhat stillborn was that it was more biography than autobiography. In autobiography, self-exposure and self-justification are the same thing. It is this contradiction that gives the form its dramatic tension. To take a very extreme case, it is only natural that critics who find importance in the writings of the Marquis de Sade will feel that the man himself is not without certain claims on our sympathy and acceptance. In Mary McCarthy's case, the daring of the self-assertion, the brashness of the correcting tendency (think of the titles, *Cast a Cold Eye* and *On the Contrary*) fill us with a nervous admiration and even with the thrill of the exploit. Literature, in her practice, has the elation of an adventure—and of course that elation mitigates and makes aesthetically acceptable to our senses the strictness of her judgments.

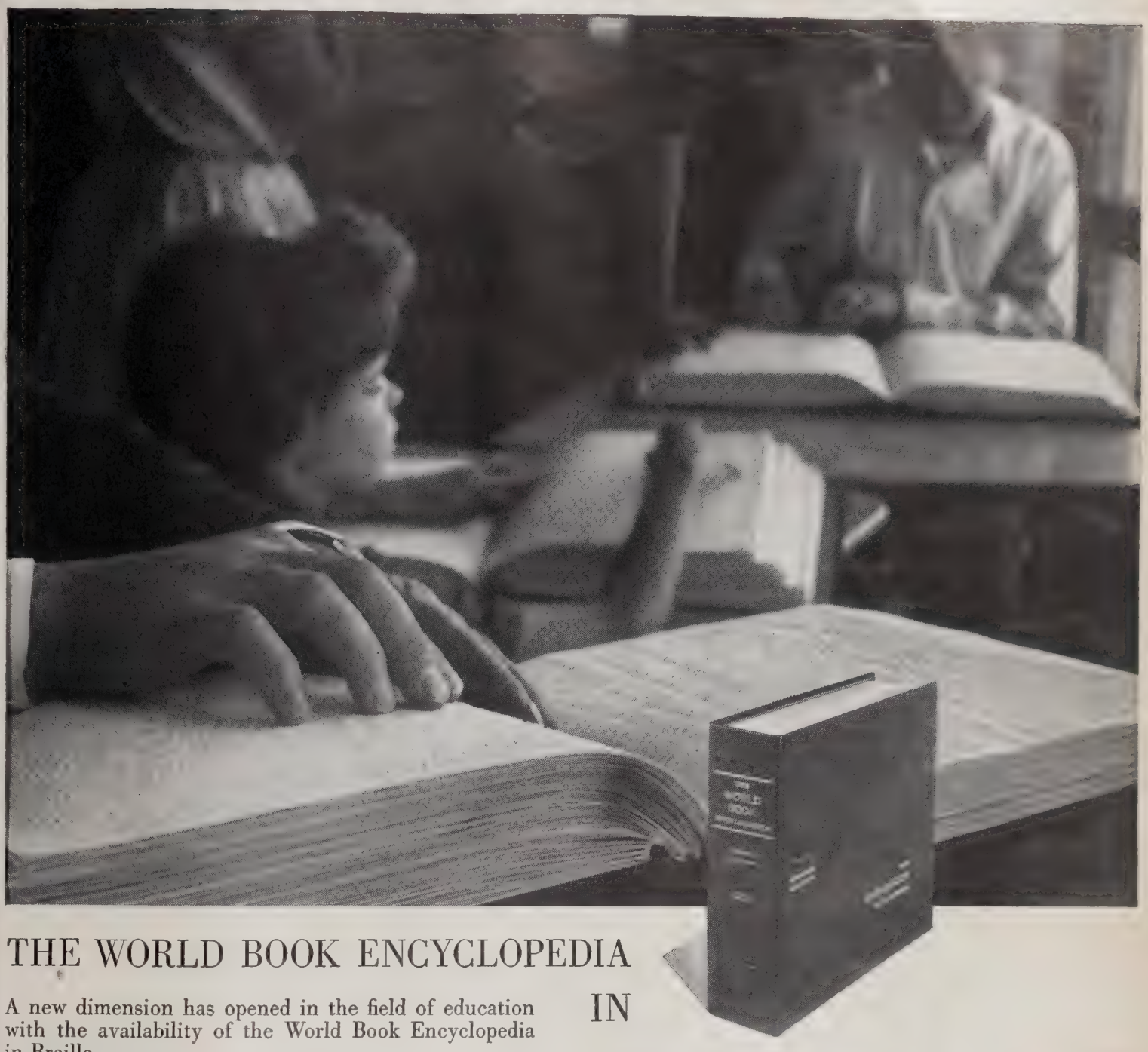
She is not moved by reputation. Indeed her congenital skepticism bears down hardest on the most flattered. Only occasionally, as in her essay on the fashion magazines, does she write about what is known as "popular culture." She does not bother to discuss television, but she might discuss the imperfections of, for instance, J. D. Salinger. In her dramatic criticism, collected in *Sights and Spectacles,* there are times—I think of her remarks on Shaw and Ibsen—when she seems in an uneasy relationship with the great men. Shaw's mad reasonableness is put to the test of her own reasonableness; the toils of Ibsen appear to come off less prosperously than her own toils to define them. One sometimes has the feeling of a mistake in tone, rather than a perversity of judgment, as if the meeting of the author and the subject that everyone expected to go so well had unaccountably gotten off to a bad start.

In her new book, *On the Contrary,* she has written her two best essays: "Characters in Fiction" and "Fact in Fiction." In their manner and feeling these essays suggest a new gravity and sympathy, a subtle change in the air, already felt in her large books on Florence and Venice. As for the ideas in the two essays: they are the only new things said about the art of the novel in many years.

GOOD WRITERS, GOOD IDEAS

ANYONE who has the obligation or the wish to look at books as they issue in quarterly labors from the womb of the publishing houses will notice again and again how little love or energy is necessary to take one's part in this overpopulation. And yet it could all be simple, of such regular eugenic soundness, if only it were remembered that to qualify for this procreation one should be either a good writer or have a good idea. Out of many homely offspring, the books in this review, all of them first-rate in one

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By Edward R. F. Sheehan

way or another, were chosen. To write about good books, as they appear without the benefit of the additions of history, requires more time and more labor than to write about other books. The very adjectives of praise do not lend themselves easily to metaphorical elaboration, nor does the affirmative mood offer ready possibilities for self-display. What is good is a matter of taste, but what is bad is the occasion for argument. In an argument one can, in defense of his thoughts, call upon that energy we are all familiar with in times of danger.

How to say it? James Baldwin, the author of **Nobody Knows My Name** (Dial, $4.50), is an American writer of great importance. It often occurs to me in reading him or thinking about him that he is, even so early in his career, a great man who may give works of lasting value to American letters. He is a Negro writer who has modeled his style on Henry James, rather than on the naturalistic American style that has always appeared so suitable and so near at hand for the expression of the ugly facts of our life, of Negro life, and through Negro life, all our American lives. What Baldwin tells us in his style is the overwhelming complexity of the Negro situation, the unexpected subtlety of this great thing, this great, menacing, waiting complexity. He is not just angry and full of plain horror and pain, he is tense, self-conscious, not quite normal. He is quivering and yet he has unusual strength that comes from his artistic mastery of his notions and feelings. He suffers, he is personal; he is immensely intelligent; he is frightened; he is original. He can refuse what is most expected and then suddenly, as in his wonderful portrait of the Reverend Martin Luther King,* take with an almost self-effacing seriousness a common theme or point of view.

His new collection of essays is a continuation of his superb *Notes of a Native Son*. It goes on telling us about Baldwin, about America, about the feelings of the Negro. It is Baldwin's strong sense of his own private destiny that makes his writing on general themes so different from anything else I know on the matters that come under his concern. And in what way is he different? He is certainly not less humiliated, not less militant. I'm not quite sure wherein his singularity lies. There is some lofty quality of mind that connects him at every point with the highest aims of the great tradition of English letters. And we feel this even as we look at his picture in a sweat shirt among the rubble of Harlem where he was born. "Negroes in the North are right when they refer to the South as the Old Country. . . . The landscape has always been familiar; the speech is archaic, but it rings a bell; and so do the ways of the people, though their ways are not his ways. . . . He sees himself as he was before he was born, perhaps; or as the man he would have become, had he actually been born in this place. He sees the world, from an angle odd indeed, in which his fathers awaited his arrival, perhaps in the very house in which he narrowly avoided being born. He sees, in effect, his ancestors, who, in everything they do and are, proclaim his inescapable identity. And the Northern Negro in the South sees, whatever he and anyone else may wish to believe, that his ancestors are both white and black." Of course, it is not Baldwin's style, it is the quality of his imagination that sets him above his own material; it is the terrible risk he has been willing to take, the risk of knowing about more than he needs to make his point.

* This appeared originally in *Harper's* (February 1961).

BRUISED ROMANTICISM

BECAUSE Claude Lévi-Strauss is French and his book is a translation one may not have quite the closeness he could, if he wished, have with Mary McCarthy and James Baldwin. **Tristes Tropiques** (translated by John Russell; Criterion Books, $12.50) is one of the most interesting works of the last decade. It was a best-seller in France and received important reviews in England. So far as its reception here was concerned, it seems to have been unremarkable. "Travel and travelers are two things I loathe—and yet here I am, all set to tell the story of my expeditions. But at least I've taken a long while to make up my mind to

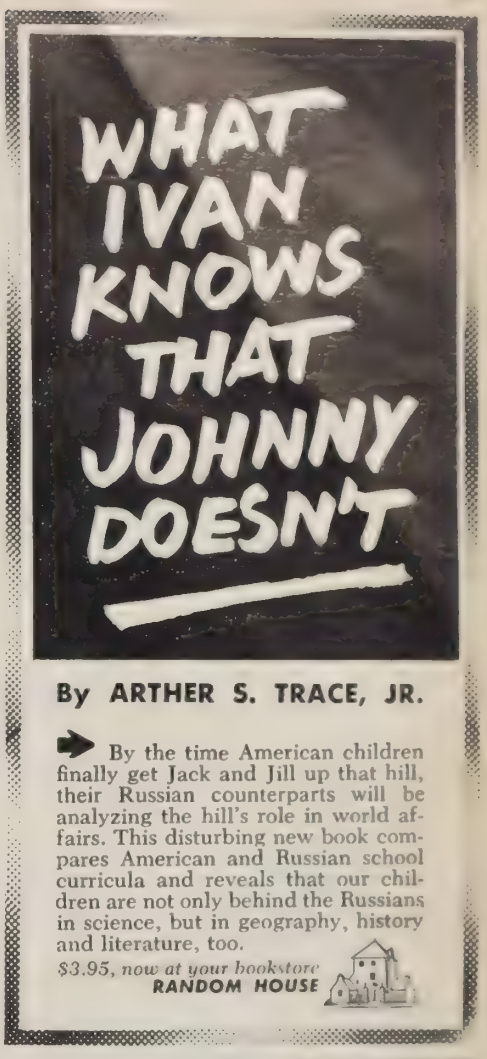
it: fifteen years have passed since I left Brazil for the last time and often, during those years, I've planned to write this book, but I've always been held back by a sort of shame and disgust." That is the beginning. And the end, after journeys in the interior of Brazil, after thought about many things, after half a life of reflection and work: "Farewell to savages, then, farewell to journeying! And instead, during the brief intervals in which humanity can bear to interrupt its hivelike labors, let us grasp the essence of what our society has been and still is, beyond thought and beyond society: an essence that may be vouchsafed to us in a mineral more beautiful than any work of Man; in the scent . . . that lingers in the heart of a lily; or in the wink of an eye, heavy with patience, serenity, and mutual forgiveness, that sometimes, through an involuntary understanding, one can exchange with a cat."

Lévi-Strauss is a "structural" anthropologist and his book is one of those rare creations in the life of a specialist, a creation that sums up all he has thought and yet gives a testimony to his private nature, his uniqueness as a man. In some not quite direct way, Lévi-Strauss is not particularly "likable." I had this feeling also in reading in French a book of interviews last year. There is something harsh perhaps or unforgiving about him; there is a true disgust with the decisions of society and yet a wonderful sense of bruised romanticism, of some sweetness and hope left in unfulfillment. He calls himself a disciple of Rousseau, but he thinks the common idea of Rousseau as a partisan of the "state of nature" an error in interpretation. Rousseau, in this view, does not discount society; he merely wants to question whether its obvious evils are inherent in it. Or Chopin. "For weeks on end, on that plateau of the western Mato Grosso, I was obsessed not by my natural surroundings, which I should never see again, but by a hackneyed tune that my memory deformed still further: the third of Chopin's Etudes, op. 10, which seemed to me—and I well knew how bitter was the irony of it—to summarize all that I had left behind me." These are merely some of the conclusions of this unforgettable book. The core, his study of some tribes in the Brazilian interior, is of unrivaled beauty and fascination.

JANE JACOBS, author of **The Death and Life of Great American Cities** (Random House, $5.95), isn't in possession of the highest literary tools, but she is pre-eminently in possession of not one, but a dozen, ideas and insights about urban life in America. Anyone who has ever cared about New York or Boston or Philadelphia might be moved to tears by her tenderness for these scarred landscapes and her understanding of their true meaning and possibilities. She has been able to rid her mind of all the bias of contemporary thought and go back to the city as a place to live in, not as a projection on a drawing board. Her greatest insight is the simplest: a city is not a work of art, not a project, but a wild, formless, haphazard place for crowds of people to live in. She is able to tell you why the long block on West 57th Street in New York City, the block of Carnegie Hall, is alive and pleasing, and the long block on West 23rd Street in the Chelsea section is boring and dead. The most agreeable city situation is the very opposite of the centralized function the planners have been giving us—houses here, businesses there, shops someplace else; "diversity" is all, for each neighborhood. The diversity that gives you in your block, or near it, a flower shop, a bookstore, a delicatessen, an antique shop, a movie. There are few things more affecting than Mrs. Jacobs' description of the desolate housing project, with no place to buy a cup of coffee or a newspaper, and only the empty halls and elevators which have become like those nightmares of threatening isolation.

IMAGE OF LOST EDEN

Cavalier and Yankee: The Old South and American National Character by William R. Taylor (Braziller, $6) is another work of distinguished thought and scholarship on a subject we all believed had hardened beyond any hope of reshaping. It is Professor Taylor's purpose to examine the development of our notions of North and South. He writes, "By 1860 most Americans



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By Edward R. ... INE

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had come to look upon their society and culture as divided between a North and a South, a democratic, commercial civilization and an aristocratic, agrarian one." The way these two characterizations came about is of great interest; they were in a sense creations of what we would now call "mass culture." They came from books no one reads any more, and were in contradiction to the ideas of the two regions held by the greatest representatives of each. "Adams, with his alertness to the danger of a false aristocracy in New England and with his keen sense of fallibility, . . . probably would have found the fully developed idea of the Yankee laughable . . . but he scarcely would have looked for better materials south of the Potomac. Jefferson would have looked upon the full-bloom Cavalier ideal with something like loathing. . . ." Our notion of a lost life of legendary charm and rural grace in the Old South—a charm perhaps selfish but useful in a hard, pushing commercial and industrial world—lingers on in all of us, Northern and Southern. By now it is fixed and only the most fanatical and unhistorical would hope to change it. How it came to be, how the image of the Lost Eden developed, is of surpassing interest.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Wilderness, by Robert Penn Warren.

This is the story of Adam Rosenzweig, a young Bavarian Jew who came to America in 1863 to "fight for freedom" in the Civil War. It is surely and primarily a novel of ideas. From the very beginning when young Adam must make the decision whether or not he would forsake the Jewish law which says, "when two great forces collide, stand aside and wait for the Messiah," one is caught up in moral dilemmas. He decides to fight for Man, though in the eyes of his uncle, his only remaining relative, it is blasphemy. But he is lame, and when he gets to America the Yankees won't have him and by a series of adventures and misadventures he finds himself a job with a sutler selling provisions to the Northern army. His life as he learns what he must know "to be a man," is a series of rejections and acceptances. Through one incident after another, Adam grapples with what is integrity, what is betrayal, what is truth for him. One is continuously interested in the moral conflict, in the portrayal of life in nineteenth-century America at war, less convinced and involved in the haphazard events which somehow fail to become welded into a convincing story. At the end we find Adam in the midst of a battle in the Wilderness in which he at long last fires a shot and kills a Rebel but suspects even then that he has done it for the wrong reason. "We always do what we intend." An interesting philosophical conclusion.

Random House, $4.95

The Executioner, by Pierre Boule.

In a small restaurant in "the magical city of Yin-Yang," a novelist listens to an old Chinaman telling him the story of a Chinese executioner who was tried and convicted of the heinous crime of poisoning his victims so that they were dead before he beheaded them. To poison helpless men already brought so low!—Well, it is a nice conceit, as anyone can see, and there is room for wit and satire, both of which are here. The novelist listens avidly, in search of material, in spite of the reiterated advice of his literary guardian angel, with whom he holds long conversations interrupting the story. Alas, from the author of *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* and *The Test,* one expects a lively story. This decorated legend occasionally amuses but is credible only as a tour de force, and on the whole one tends to agree with the guardian angel, who advises against using such exotic material.

Vanguard, $3.95

The Towers of Love, by Stephen Birmingham.

Mr. Birmingham's first novel, *Young Mr. Keefe,* was a perceptive, serious, yet often amusing story of a mixed-up young marriage. This story

of the scion of a wealthy old New England family who has made a fortune in his own right before he is forty has its penetrating moments but otherwise seems written by an entirely different person. The successful scion in his thirties seems too old to accept the browbeating he gets from two—well, really three—women; the characterization of the spoiled, dominating, snobbish mother who rides roughshod over everybody is terrifying; but the aggressive childhood sweetheart and the spineless hero are like paper dolls with attributes clipped on. One can't imagine them as people. And humor seems to have vanished altogether.

Little, Brown, $4.95

Daughter of Silence, by Morris L. West.

One hears a good deal about "psychological thrillers" these days, but this really is one. It starts with a murder committed by a beautiful young woman in the Italian hill town of San Stefano near Siena. She gives herself up to the police. Thus the murderer is known from the beginning and it is the motive that is tracked down through nearly 300 exciting pages by a brilliant young lawyer and two psychiatrists, one Italian, one Australian. The author, who wrote *The Devil's Advocate,* is also an Australian, but his knowledge of Italian court procedure, his eye for the look of light on the hill towns of Tuscany, and his easy and convincing portrayal of all kinds of people give his work the stamp of a most pleasing urbanity. He treats of the universal problems of love and law and the intricacies of the sick mind through an absorbing and witty story set against one of the most beautiful backgrounds in the world.

Morrow, $3.95

NON-FICTION

The Best Remaining Seats: The Story of the Golden Age of the Movie Palace, by Ben M. Hall, with an introduction by Bosley Crowther.

A large and lavish presentation of a lavish and lamented era in our twentieth-century moviegoing. They are nearly all gone now, those palaces, since the movie has moved into the parlor, but here are their pictures and their histories for one last showing. Nostalgia for nearly everybody.

Clarkson Potter, $15

Little Me: The Intimate Memoirs of That Great Star of Stage, Screen, and Television, Belle Poitrine, as told to Patrick Dennis. With 150 photographs by Cris Alexander.

Last year we had a book called *My Royal Past: The Memoirs of the Baroness Von Bülop,* as told to Cecil Beaton—a glorious spoof, in pictures and text, on all royal memoirs. Now comes this naughty, nonsensical parody of all theatrical autobiography. Now you know what to look for—the sober mock-morality of the childhood story, the fatuous extravagance of success and failure. The pictures (in which you may recognize some of your favorite theatrical characters) are absurdity—and often nudity—itself, and sometimes hilariously funny. The author hopes the book may discourage all other actresses from writing their memoirs. (Is there anyone who doesn't know that Patrick Dennis is the author of *Auntie Mame?*) Dutton, $5.95

Perhaps it's winter that brings them on, the books about nature and the country, for fireside reading when it's too cold to go out and observe the outdoors for ourselves. Perhaps it's only that in the winters of our discontent we want to remember happier days. In any case, here are five more of them (we mentioned three last month). Four of them are about New England or even farther north (Canada), and one of them, an anthology, reflects the seasons, in nostalgic mood, across the country.

North of Monadnock, by Newton F. Tolman.

As one who learned to swim in Silver Lake at the foot of Mt. Monadnock and spent childhood summers in the country Mr. Tolman describes (I even fished in Tolman's Pond), I am of course predisposed to enjoy this story of a New Hampshire man and his wife who make their living on an upland farm, teaching people to hunt, fish, train dogs, or ski. They are both licensed guides and Mrs. Tolman has been a state representative. Here are their very contemporary New Hampshire seasons.

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New England Flavor: Memories of a Country Boyhood, by Haydn S. Pearson.

Another native of New Hampshire tells of his boyhood. This is strictly remembrance of things past, like Donald Hall's *String Too Short To Be Saved* mentioned last month—making ice cream, getting in the Christmas tree, the general store, the frosty mornings, etc. We may be losing this way of living, but the records are piling up in abundance

Norton, $3.95

Green Mountain Treasury, A "Vermont Life" Sampler, edited by Walter Hard, Jr., with Ralph Nading Hill, Stephen Greene, and Murray Hoyt. Introduction by Carl Carmer.

The four dedicated Vermont editors have been doing distinguished and affectionate work on the magazine, *Vermont Life,* since 1946. Here from its pages, arranged by the seasons, are 60 full pages of color photographs, 120 pages of half-tones and line drawings, and stories and articles reflecting the look and feel, the industries, the very nature of that most lovely state. (Adopted daughter speaking.) A confirmed son of New York, Carl Carmer, writes the enthusiastic introduction which is perhaps the book's most effective endorsement. Harper, $7.95

Watchers at the Pond, by Franklin Russell.

This is life outdoors—mysterious, teeming life and violent death as Mr. Russell watched them at the pond through his Canadian year: hawk and crow, woodpecker and chickadee, mink, muskrat, otter, rabbit, and weasel, not to mention what he calls "the sleeping billions" of insects, fish, and frogs who sleep away the winter in and around it. A charming book, slow-moving like the seasons, infinitely careful in its observation. Decorative drawings by Robert W. Arnold. Knopf, $4.50

The American Year, edited by Henry Hill Collins, Jr.

This anthology—"nature across America through the four seasons, as observed by the great writers and naturalists of past and present"—is largely nostalgic, especially in its illustrations which have been adapted from Currier and Ives prints. The quotations include works of Thoreau, Ernest Thompson Seton, John Burroughs, Mrs. Frances Trollope, Donald Culross Peattie, to name only a few. It includes Walt Whitman's "When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd" and opens with Lowell's "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Putnam, $10

A new series of books (which would have delighted Bernard DeVoto) has made its appearance this fall. It is called simply "Western Americana" and will reprint from original editions classic narratives of Western American history. Archibald Hanna, Curator of Yale's Western Americana Collection, and William H. Goetzmann, Assistant Professor of History at Yale, are the general editors. The first two publications in the series are:

The Lewis and Clark Expedition: The first major Western exploration as reported in the day-to-day journals of Meriwether Lewis (published in 1814) and including Thomas Jefferson's life of Captain Lewis. With an introduction by Archibald Hanna. Three volumes, boxed.

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Astoria, by Washington Irving.

The story of Wilson Price Hunt's overland crossing from the Missouri River to the West Coast to establish a fur-trading post for John Jacob Astor (Fort Astoria) at the mouth of the Columbia River. This is the unabridged 1836 story of the whole ill-fated expedition. Two volumes, boxed. Lippincott, cloth, $8.50
paper, $3.90

Four more volumes of the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers are now available. Each (about 45 pages) 65 cents.

Edith Wharton, by Louis Auchincloss, novelist and critic.

Herman Melville, by Leon Howard, professor of English at University of California (Los Angeles).

The American Short Story, by Danforth Ross, professor of the short story at Southwestern (Memphis).

F. Scott Fitzgerald, by Charles E. Shain, member of the American Studies Faculty at Carleton College (Northfield, Minnesota).

FORECAST

News in Novels, 1962

To most people Richard Hughes means one thing: *A High Wind in Jamaica,* which was published in 1928. He has written other novels but not since 1938. In January Harper will publish a new one, the first in a trilogy to be called *The Human Predicament.* This first part is called *The Fox in the Attic.* . . . On January 17 Lippincott will publish *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie,* by Muriel Spark. A large section of it has appeared in *The New Yorker.* . . . In March, from McGraw-Hill comes *Uhuru,* a new African novel by Robert Ruark, whose *Something of Value* was a Book-of-the-Month choice in 1955. . . . The New York Graphic Society in its first list of general trade books announces *The Quarry,* "a work of chilling suspense" by Friedrich Duerrenmatt, author of the Broadway success, "The Visit." . . . The Book of the Month has chosen for January a novel about a murder and trial in Texas, *Twilight of Honor,* by Al Dewlen (McGraw-Hill); and for March Mary Renault's new novel, a continuation of the Theseus legend of *The King Must Die, The Bull from the Sea* (Pantheon).

Letters and Younger Brothers

Atheneum has scheduled for February Dame Rose Macaulay's *Letters to a Friend 1950-1952,* and the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown announce that Edwin O'Connor, author of *The Last Hurrah,* will edit a book of Fred Allen's letters with the co-operation of Mrs. Allen. No publication date as yet. . . . Brendan Behan's younger brother, Dominic, is writing for Putnam a memoir of life with the Behan clan in Dublin during the 1920s and '30s to be called *Tell Dublin I Miss Her.* Spring publication date. And in January, World will publish a biography of Ernest Hemingway by his younger brother, Leicester; but Scribner and Mrs. Hemingway announce that the authorized biography will be written by Dr. Carlos Baker, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Literature at Princeton and the author of two other books on Hemingway. This for the future.

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It's not an anniversary or any kind of celebration, but for some reason Chopin discs have suddenly been flooding the market. In a way they are a year late, for Chopin's sesquicentennial was observed twelve months ago (1810-1960). The composer who *should* be getting a lot of discs to himself is Liszt, born in 1811, but so far scant commemoration has been made. One had hoped for some of the late piano music, never before recorded; or for a disc of his remarkable songs. But no.

Victor has issued a disc of Liszt piano music played by **Vladimir Horowitz** (LM 2584), but it is a kind of Indian gift, in that all of the performances had previously been available on other discs. (There is nothing on the new record that even faintly suggests these are old recordings. This is misrepresentation, and surely the buying public should have been apprised of the age of these performances somewhere in the liner material.) Horowitz plays the Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 2, 6, and 15 (the latter is the *Rákoczy March*), the *Funérailles*, the *Sonetto del Petrarca No. 104*, that wonderful, near-impressionistic little piece called *Au bord d'une source*, and finally the familiar *Valse oubliée*.

For those who are not familiar with Horowitz' Liszt—and fewer and fewer are; he has not been before the public for almost ten years—this disc should be of value. As one of the most staggering technicians of all time, and as the pianist who probably commands the greatest sonority in history, Horowitz brings to Liszt an overwhelming quality of bravura and excitement. In the Second and Fifteenth Rhapsodies he does not play the notes as written; they are too simple; he adds cadenzas, counterpoints, and all kinds of dizzy finger work. This is romantic pianism carried to its height, and it is completely appropriate for the repertoire that Horowitz has chosen. There are those who sneer at this kind of transcendent virtuosity; but one might as well sneer at a three-stage rocket bound for Mars.

Getting back to Chopin: there are discs by Van Cliburn, Artur Rubinstein, Abram Chasins, Leonard Pennario, Fou Ts'ong and Guiomar Novaes. The **Cliburn** (Victor LM 2576, mono; LSC 2576, stereo) is the young pianist's first solo disc; up to now he has been represented by concertos. His choice consists of the A flat Polonaise, F minor Fantasy, A flat Ballade, C sharp minor Scherzo, and a few smaller pieces. The playing is interesting, if unfulfilled. Cliburn's naturally big style and equally big technique are in full evidence; and so is his musical integrity. He never consciously makes a cheap effect or plays to the gallery. So far, so good. But there also is an inhibited quality. His playing is too careful, too painstaking, too much concerned about textual accuracy and not enough about the meaning of the music. Sometimes there is no meaning at all, as in the very opening of the B major Nocturne—a flat, unimaginative, matter-of-fact statement. The playing commands respect for its professional finish. One hopes that more personality, color, and relaxation will follow.

Rubinstein's disc contains the two Sonatas—B flat minor and B minor (Victor LD 2554, mono; LDS 2554, stereo). In his youth Chopin did compose a C minor Sonata, but it is completely out of the repertoire. This is the first time in his illustrious recording career that Rubinstein has turned to the B minor Sonata. It is gorgeous. He shapes the phrases with complete authority, with flexibility and color, and with the ardor that only he among living Chopinists seems able to maintain. And how he glories in the extroverted fireworks of the finale! In the B flat minor Sonata the first impression might be that he is a little overdeliberate in the first movement. A few playings should reveal the careful planning that went into this interpretation—the planning that builds to an overwhelming climax.

Full of Ideas

Abram Chasins is a pianist who stopped concertizing some time ago and has turned his attention elsewhere. He made a few LP recordings in the early 1950s and has now picked up again with Chopin's C sharp minor Scherzo, F sharp Impromptu, A flat Ballade, A flat Polonaise, and F minor Fantasy (Kapp 9063, mono; S 9063, stereo). Much of the material here is duplicated on the Cliburn disc. Chasins, of course, is a much more mature artist than Cliburn, and he is full of ideas. Some of those come off brilliantly, some fail, such as the ending of the Scherzo, where Chasins' fingers are not entirely up to the task he has set himself (substituting broken octaves for the unison single notes). The feeling is that this is the disc of a man who was once a very strong pianist but who

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AND ALSO . . .

Mozart: Four Horn Concertos. Albert Linder and Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Hans Swarowsky (Vanguard 1069, mono; 2092, stereo).

Linder gets sweet and mellow sounds from his recalcitrant instrument, and he is also a good Mozartean.

Mendelssohn: Scotch Symphony; Scherzo from Octet. Charles Munch and Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor LM 2520, mono; LSC 2520, stereo).

A luscious performance, in which the string players of the Boston Symphony come heavily down on their instruments. Except, of course, in the Scherzo from the Octet, where the precision and lightness are something to marvel at.



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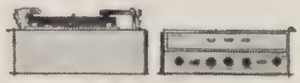
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now is a little rusty. There is no denying, however, the authentic sweep of his conceptions. A bad tape splice toward the end of the A flat Ballade is responsible for the omission of a measure.

Leonard Pennario is heard in the twenty-four Preludes (Capitol P 8561, mono; SP 8561, stereo), a triumph of technique over imagination. What infallible fingers Pennario has! And how glibly he plays, without much inner force or imagination! **Guiomar Novaes,** in her disc of Chopin's E minor Concerto, with the Bamberg Symphony conducted by Jonel Perlea (Vox 10710, mono; 510710, stereo), does have the imagination, but here her technique is not what it might be. In sections like the E major development of the first movement, her playing is hard-put and labored: something one does not expect from so great an artist. In the slow movement she does sing out the melodies in her pure, natural way, but on the whole this does not represent her at her best.

Some interest is attached to the Chopin disc by **Fou Ts'ong** for several reasons. Up to now no Chinese pianist has made much of an impression on the international scene. Ts'ong, furthermore, is a defectee from the Soviet bloc. After his studies in Shanghai and Warsaw he managed to get to London and claim refuge there. He also married Yehudi Menuhin's daughter. On this disc he plays the four Ballades and three short pieces (Westminster 18956, mono; 14137, stereo).

Chopin to Fauré

His schooling is obvious. Most pianists with a certificate from Warsaw are very well trained, and Ts'ong is no exception. His finger work, conceptions, tradition, rhythm —all are the product of a superior school of teaching. The rest is up to him. What he lacks right now is a real identification with the music. One gets the feeling that he is a highly skilled performer who plays by rote; who does everything correctly but without much inner impulse. His playing here, incidentally, is not too different from that of Cliburn on *his* Chopin disc.

A few other piano discs, not Chopin this time, are worth mention. There is **Glenn Gould** playing

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

ten Intermezzi by Brahms (Columbia ML 5637, mono; MS 6237, stereo) in a smooth, beautifully regulated style. This is one of his most uneccentric, sensitive discs. Next thing you know, the boy will be playing Liszt. **Emil Gilels,** in Schubert's Sonata in D (Op. 53) gives a powerful, scrupulously exact performance, one in which incredible control is matched by a good feeling for the lyric quality of the music (Victor LM 2493, mono; LSC 2493, stereo). And, for a souvenir of the late **Dinu Lipatti,** there is an off-the-air disc of Mozart's Concerto No. 21 in C (K. 467) and Enesco's Piano Sonata No. 3 in D (Angel 35931, mono only). Lipatti died in 1950 at a very early age. He already was a great pianist and would have been one of the immortals. This disc illustrates his beautiful, tensile way of playing the piano.

One other piano album, of unusual interest: Vol. I of the complete piano music of Gabriel Fauré, played by **Grant Johannesen** (Golden Crest 4030, 2 discs, mono only). Johannesen is one of the most underrated of the American pianists. He never gets into the papers much and has made relatively few records. But he is a gifted artist blessed with a fine music mind and first-class pianistic equipment.

On this disc he plays the *Pièces brèves* (Op. 84), the Nine Preludes (Op. 103), the five Impromptus, two Barcarolles, and shorter works. Only a handful of Fauré's piano pieces are heard in American concert halls with any regularity, but the French master did compose a good deal for the instrument. The earlier works stem from Chopin and Schumann (Fauré was born in 1845 and died in 1924); the later ones are indescribable: introspective, full of strange harmonies, subtle, even forbidding at times. The more one hears them, the bigger impression they make. Fauré was a limited composer, but within his sphere he was inimitable. And Johannesen's sensitive, clean-cut, and impeccably honest playing places the music in its best light. The results (including the clear recorded sound) are a credit to all concerned, and a wonderful introduction to the music of one of the most interesting composers of the French school.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

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The sound of Bill Smith's clarinet in the records below is liquid and expressive, as a jazz style should be, but there is something else—a firmness in tone and evenness in phrasing—that echoes faintly of the "legit." And this is not surprising, inasmuch as he is also known as William Overton Smith, assistant professor of music at the University of Southern California, composer, winner of a Prix de Paris and a Prix de Rome, former pupil of Roger Sessions and Darius Milhaud.

What is really remarkable about Bill Smith is that his career is not remarkable. There is no longer anything especially astonishing about a man making his way in jazz and classical music at the same time. It was perfectly natural, while he was studying with Milhaud at Mills College, that Smith should meet his fellow-student Dave Brubeck, that he should help form the experimental Brubeck octet in 1947, and that the octet should perform his first recorded composition (*Schizophrenic Scherzo,* Fantasy 3239). It is equally natural that his anything but jazz-like *Suite for Violin and Clarinet,* composed in Paris in 1952, should be dedicated to Benny Goodman.

Bill Smith's trademark is a folkish quality, perhaps to some extent a result of wanting to write good parts for his own clarinet, and of relishing that instrument's potentiality for the woodsy and wistful. At least the "folk jazz" mood predominates in his new album of that name for Contemporary and in Columbia's *The Riddle,* where he and Brubeck devote two entire sides to variations on the English folk melody, "Heigh, Ho, Anybody Home?" There must be something about this phrase that sticks in Smith's head (the theme of the *allegro* in his *String Quartet,* on Contemporary 6001, has the same rhythmic pattern), as it will certainly stick with anyone who listens for long to *The Riddle.*

William O. Smith. Contemporary Composers Series. Contemporary C 6001. **Music to Listen to Red Norvo By.** Contemporary C 3534 (Smith's *Divertimento,* side 2). **Folk Jazz.** Bill Smith, Shelley Manne, et al. Contemporary M 3591. **The Riddle.** Dave Brubeck Quartet. Columbia CL 1454. **Dave Brubeck Octets.** Fantasy 3239. **Brubeck a la Mode,** featuring Bill Smith. Fantasy 3301. **Near-Myth.** Brubeck/Smith. Fantasy 3319.

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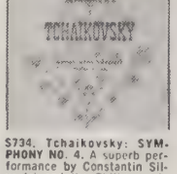
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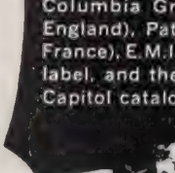


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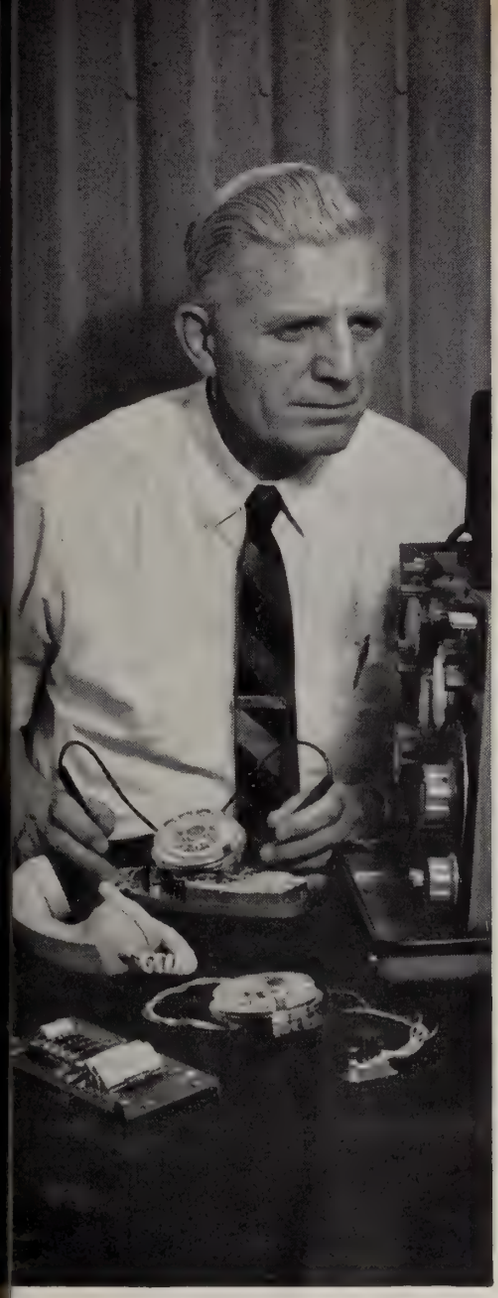


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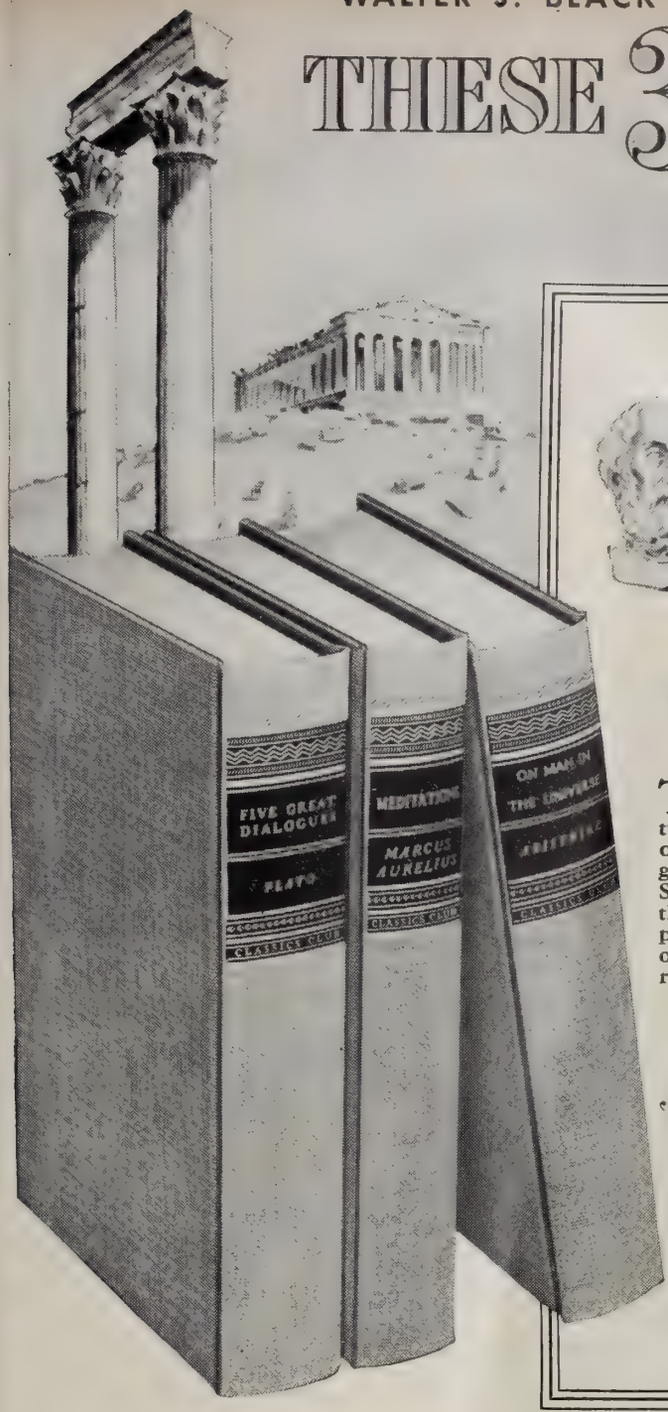
116 **Jazz Notes,** *Eric Larrabee*

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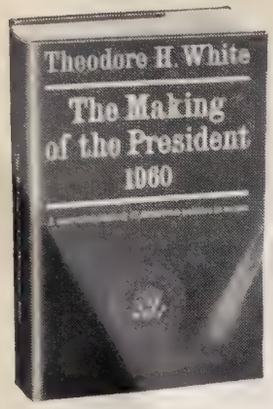
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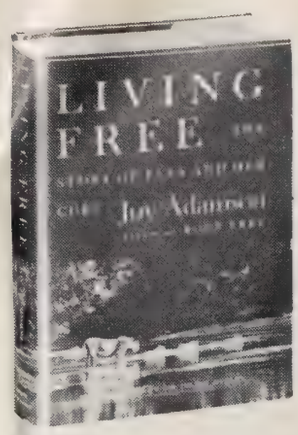
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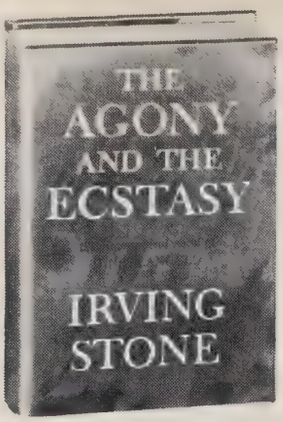
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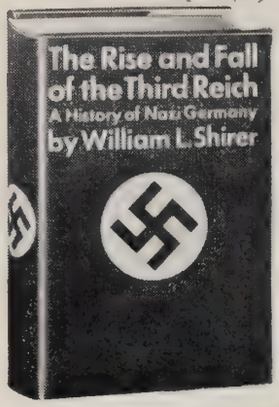


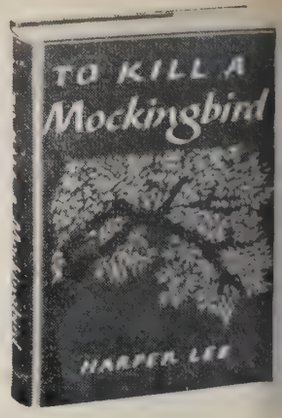
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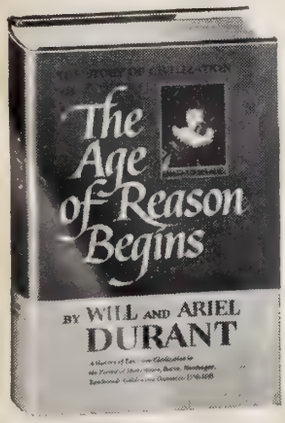
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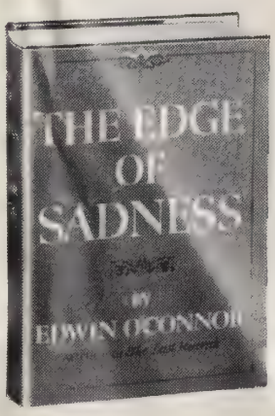


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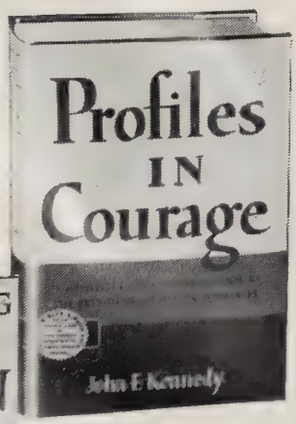
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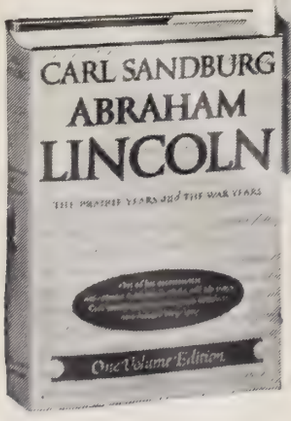




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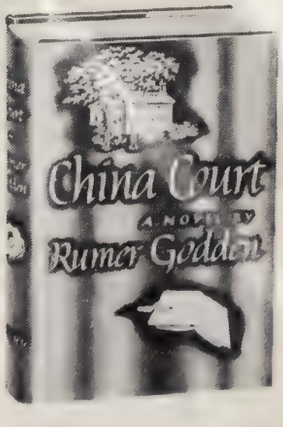
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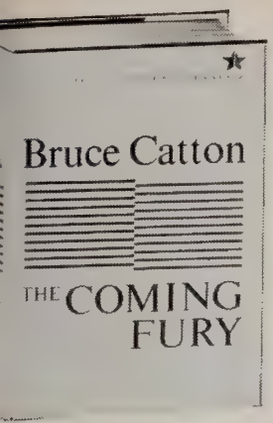
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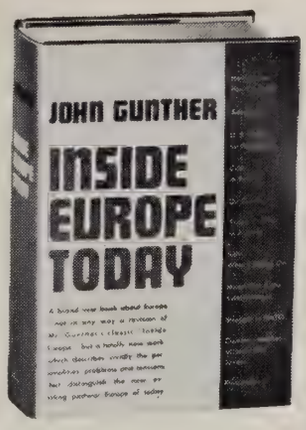
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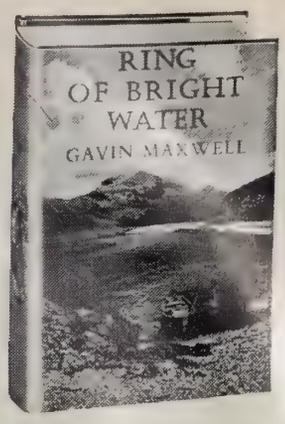
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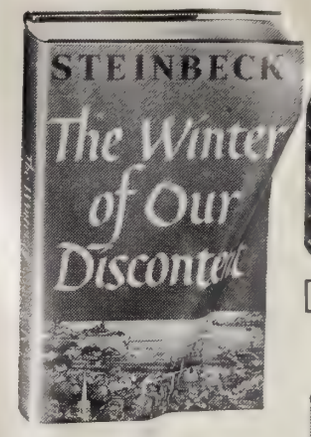


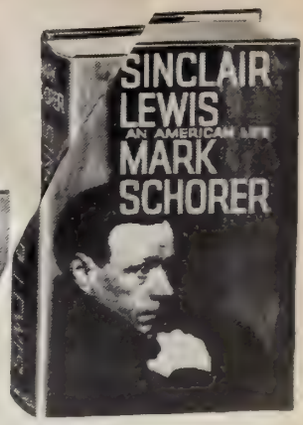
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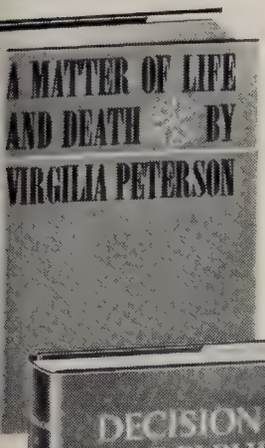
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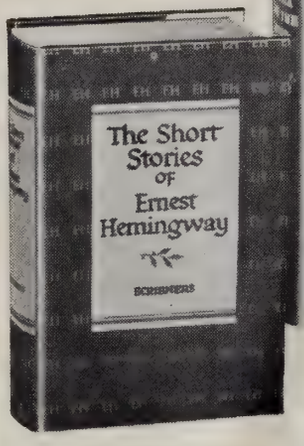


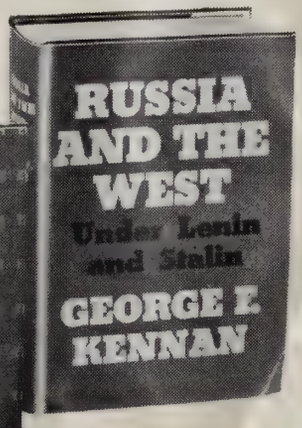


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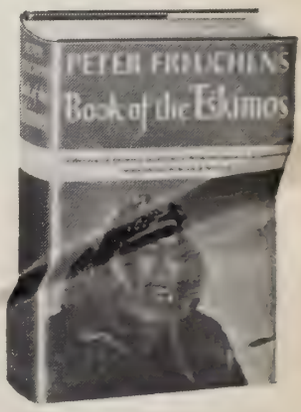
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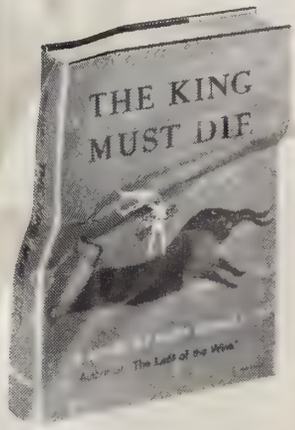




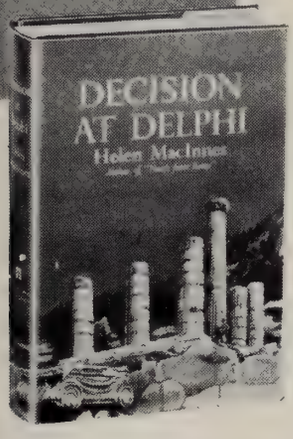
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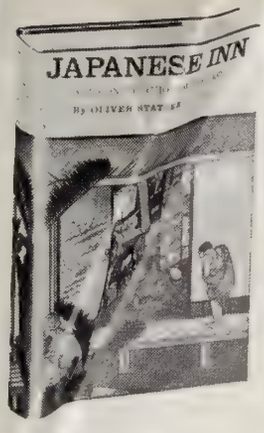


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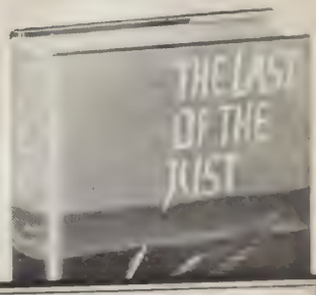
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LETTERS

Men on the Moon?

To the Editors:

Arthur C. Clarke's article on "The Uses of the Moon" [December] shows in almost pure form what makes Western civilization so jumpy: the obsession with means, the ignorance of ends. To "use" the moon at all is repugnant, but to use its vacuum to manufacture transistors to be sent back to earth to amplify trivia is so absurd it makes the angels weep. . . . When a man talks seriously (it's not a joke, is it?) about our "dominating the whole accessible universe" . . . it shows not only breath-taking arrogance but a dangerous divorce from the real nourishment of our being. That way, I'd say, lay madness, if I were sure these days who's sane and who's insane. Lovers after all know the moon's best uses.

Freeman Keith
Lunenburg, Vt.

I agree completely with Arthur C. Clarke's article. Mr. Clarke is one of the few modern "prophets" who have enough imagination and knowledge to be able to predict the future fairly accurately. . . .

Nickolaus E. Leggett
New York, N. Y.

No Seals in Bedroom

To the Editors:

James Thurber's last article ["The Future, If Any, Of Comedy," December] brings to mind a question: Where are the men, if any, to replace Thurber, who coupled poignant observation and simple presentation to bring laughter from the heart? . . . The future of comedy is dying with its past. Today a seal could not enter the bedroom; walls of fear and self-indulgence would block his way, for there are no more men to crumble them with laughter.

James Kotsilibas-Davis
Worcester, Mass.

John Bull's Giveaway

Dear John Fischer:

I am writing in response to your "Hopeful Letter to Fowler Hamilton" [Easy Chair, November] even though it turned out to be addressed, not to me, but rather to a chap with a name somewhat like mine. The amazing coincidence is that this chap seems to have recently taken on a post almost identical with the one I held from 1801 to 1803 in the Cabinet of the late Henry Addington. . . . I was head of His Majesty's Ministry for Underdeveloped Districts (MUD). I was responsible for determining where and for what purposes British funds and personnel would be dispensed among various impoverished and benighted areas overseas. How I regret that I never had the benefit of penetrating advice like that your letter offers to my namesake and apparent successor. I shudder to think of the mistakes we must have made in the absence of such wise counsel!

One area gave me particular concern—an upstart new nation that called itself the United States of America. Sir, we poured millions of pounds of good British capital and thousands of our best people into that country without applying any of the obvious tests you prescribe. . . . Now, after reading your letter, I can at last see what a terrible waste this all was.

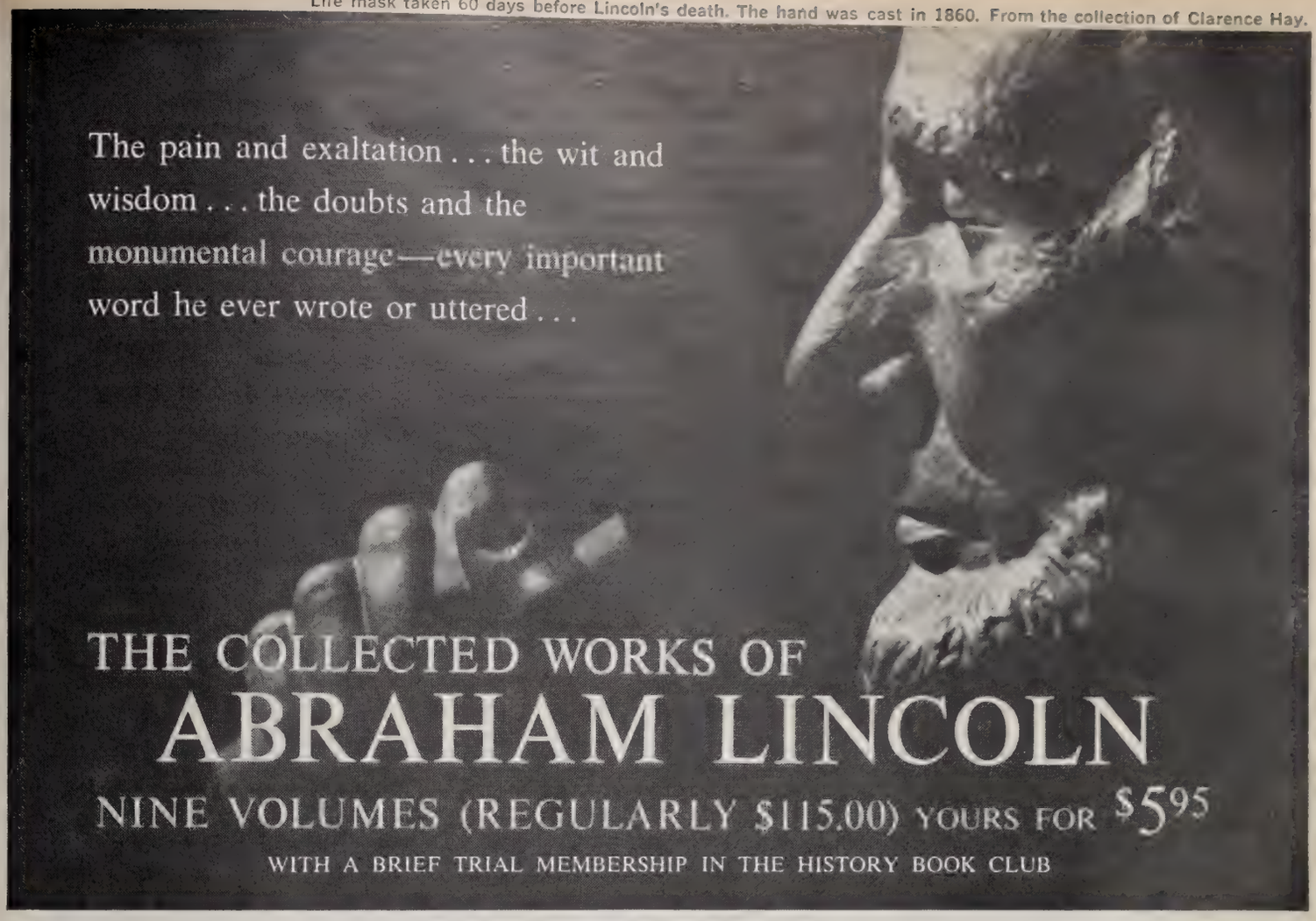
Take your international political test. We surely should have seen that it was most unwise to put any funds into a country that was not basically on our side in our long cold-and-hot war with the French. And that U. S. A.! It claimed to be "neutral"—but its leaders often disagreed flatly with our policies and seemed to go out of their way to make rude remarks about us. They took funds from the French at the same time they were getting them from us. And worst of all, they showed a strong interest in a lot of radical French ideas!

Then take your economic test. We certainly should have had sense enough to realize that a country like that—disorganized; squeezed between the sea and the Appalachian Mountains; with few educated people and no mines, industry, or communications to speak of—just didn't, in your words, "have the resources to support a modern society." . . .

Finally there is your test of internal policy. We should have cut them off without a farthing when they persisted in such offensive political notions as anti-Royalism and such outdated and immoral social practices as slavery. And [their] leaders! They had the gall to elect as President a man named Jefferson, a wild-eyed radical if ever there was one. This man had written the most frightful revolutionary balderdash and had actually lived for many years in the capital of our archenemy, France. . . .

As you see, I have learned much from

Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay.



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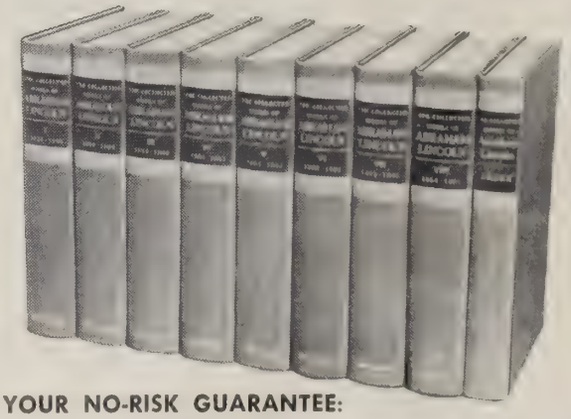
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your letter—alas 160 years too late. I would take it as a great kindness, Sir, if you would write again—this time actually to me—and let me know what became of that country in which we so mishandled our British investments—if indeed, any trace of the country yet remains.

HAMILTON FOWLER, Bart.
Paradise-on-Thames, Heaven

MR. FISCHER REPLIES:

The parallel perhaps is not quite as close as Mr. Fowler seems to assume. I was not recommending that we cut off aid to neutral nations, or those that disagree with us. I was merely arguing that our money ought to go where it would be usefully employed, not stolen, and that in each case we ought to have a clear idea of how our national interest is being served. The British knew very well what they were getting out of their investments in the infant United States—for one thing, a return, in many cases, of 10 to 25 per cent annually. When they did grant aid, in the true sense, to allied countries such as Portugal during the wars with the French, they tied a string onto every shilling and knew precisely what they expected to get in return. Finally, I'm sure Mr. Fowler would agree that there is no real comparison between the resources and population pressures in the early U. S. and those of most of the underdeveloped countries today in the Southern Hemisphere.

JOHN FISCHER
New York, N. Y.

Bright Young Men Wanted

One of the chief officers of the Central Intelligence Agency has suggested that Hughes Rudd's "My Escape from the CIA" [October] might be a discouragement to young men interested in intelligence work. That article was a somewhat frivolous account of how Mr. Rudd met a CIA recruitment officer in 1952, thought he was offered a job—and then heard nothing more from the agency until it tried to reopen the subject four years later. By that time Mr. Rudd wasn't interested.

Such an experience, the gentleman from the CIA points out, is by no means typical. It happened because the agency got sudden orders to cut back its staff and halt recruitment at the end of the Korean war.

The CIA now hires a modest number of well-qualified young men each year. Its recruitment procedures are not mysterious. It is looking for college graduates with education in a wide variety of fields, and hopes to draw them from every geographic area, economic level, and social stratum. (There's nothing to the rumor—which crops up now and then, to the agency's distress—that it is especially interested in rich boys from Ivy League colleges.) It offers reasonable pay, interesting work, and a chance to take part in an undertaking vital to the survival of us all.

For any college senior, or preferably graduate student or recent graduate, who wants to explore the possibilities of a career in intelligence work, the procedure is simple. He should apply to the Student Employment Office of his college, which will then put him in touch with a CIA recruiting officer, or write to Personnel, CIA, Washington, D. C.

THE EDITORS

Prideless Cities

TO THE EDITORS:

Fortunately, the good citizens of Chicago have no immediate plans for the architectural future of the world ["What Chicago Could Be Proud Of," by Elinor Richey, December]. Stonehenge is obviously unsuitable as the framework for a sheep shed. The Taj Mahal could not conceivably be converted to office space. . . .

How sad we cannot look into the future. The citizens in our little city still bemoan the fact that, in the interests of "progress," an early brick mansion was demolished to make room for a school which is now, unfortunately, right at the edge of the business district. What a perfect building it would have been for the museum the city cannot afford to build. Our museum is now housed in a wooden barn on the Montana State College campus. Shame on us, and you too, Chicago.

MRS. MARGARET DUSENBERRY
Bozeman, Mon

Tribute to Translato

TO THE EDITORS:

I write this in a mood of contrition. By an unforgivable oversight my review in December [The New Books] of Marcel Jean's *History of Surrealist Painting*, which I admired so much both for content and style, failed to mention that the work published by the Grove Press, N.Y., was an unusually creative translation from the French by Simon Watson Taylor. Please permit me to extend to Mr. Taylor my apology and my sincere admiration.

LEO STEINBERG
New York, N.

After THE Jo

TO THE EDITORS:

William S. White's suggestion ["How to Put Kennedy Back in the Senate," Public & Personal, December] to place former U. S. Presidents as nonvoting



Joel Clark (left), President of Allamakee-Clayton Electric Cooperative makes billionth dollar loan repayment to REA Administrator Norman Clapp.

RURAL ELECTRICS repay billionth dollar on U.S. loans

A $43,272.06 check from Allamakee-Clayton Electric Cooperative, Inc., Postville, Iowa, recently pushed repayment of Rural Electrification Administration loans past the one billion dollar mark. Now, more than one dollar out of every four loaned has been returned—plus almost half a billion dollars in interest!

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members of the Senate is often heard but rarely examined. I am wondering if the Senate would not cloak with undue officiality utterances by ex-Presidents to the disadvantage of the current occupant of the White House. Eisenhower, for instance, is said to enjoy great popular acclaim. Might not views expressed by the former President emanating from the Senate chambers in his honorary capacity be more widely noted than those of the Chief Executive? . . . To permit ex-Presidents to officially breathe down the back of their successor, who is sitting in the hottest seat in creation, would seem to be an unwarranted interference with the affairs of that office and would add to the already merciless burdens of the President.

ALVIN B. LEBAR
Perth Amboy, N. J.

The Different Life

TO THE EDITORS:

Paul Pickrel disqualifies himself as a critic for *A New Life* by Bernard Malamud [in The New Books, November] when he writes of the impact of a bearded Jew upon the conventional college. The Western college in which Mr. Malamud taught and wrote isn't any more concerned about a bearded Jew than it would be about an Anglo-Saxon from Evanston. I'm sure Mr. Malamud is only concerned with a man who happens to be different and of course Jews are still men and are also a part of the American scene. . . . (I help English students from the college where Mr. Malamud taught and wrote.)

MARY E. ROBERSON
Dir., Educational Service
Corvallis, Ore.

MR. PICKREL REPLIES:

As I understand her letter, Miss Roberson objects to my comments on *A New Life* because she thinks that I have disparaged Corvallis, Oregon, and its college by suggesting that they are anti-Semitic, and perhaps have disparaged Mr. Malamud by suggesting that he ought to be. I did nothing of the sort.

In discussing *A New Life* I was speaking about a book—not a town or a college or a man who apparently once lived in that town and taught in that college. And the point I was making about that book has nothing to do with anti-Semitism; it has to do instead with what I can only call the law of literary economy. That law runs something like this: a novelist should utilize the situation that he has set up for himself; not to do so is wasteful—wasteful of the demands he has put upon his reader's imagination and upon his own. I am perfectly willing to take Miss Roberson's word if she wishes to give it that a mustached gypsy would be accepted without question in Corvallis and its college, but I think that a novelist who chose a mustached gypsy for his central character and then proceeded to treat him as if he were Roger Johnson from Minneapolis would be missing his chances—setting up a wasteful fictional situation.

According to Miss Roberson, Mr. Malamud's central character is "a man who happens to be different." She has described him accurately and I do not see how she can take offense when I suggest that what is "different" in Mr. Malamud's character ought to count for something in the book. I do not know the exact source of Levin's difference: is it his beard? his Jewish descent? his Eastern background? his debased family life? his dedication to literature? I only know that at the beginning of the novel he has a profound sense of difference and that his story peters out in routine faculty adultery and political intrigue. Therefore it is a disappointing story, and I said so. That is all I said.

PAUL PICKREL
New Haven, Conn.

Role of the Poll

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations to Noel Perrin for the skill with which he has presented his bill of particulars against public opinion polling [After Hours, December].

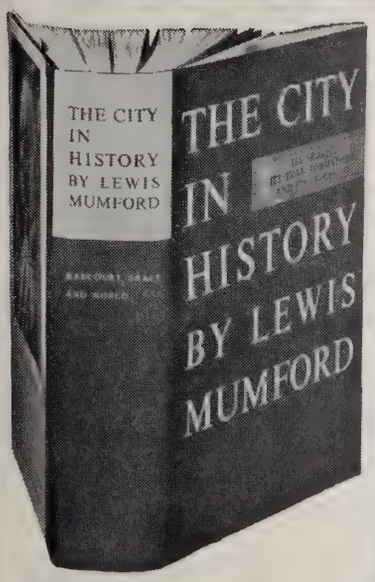
I was most interested in his inference that the statesmen who led this nation to independence chose to ignore the opinions of "an ignorant Populace." He undoubtedly regrets that such radical rabble-rousers as Jefferson, Paine, and Sam Adams did not concur in the quoted belief of the anonymous founding father, but instead devoted so much effort to mobilizing what they realized was a lagging public opinion behind the Revolutionary movement.

Perhaps we shall soon reach a state in our history when our political leaders will feel safe in ignoring public opinion when deciding to "get on with plans for the war." Matters are so much more expeditiously handled in other countries where the political scene is not befuddled by either free elections or public-opinion polls. In the meantime, I hope Mr. Perrin will be able to bear with our political system which, since it requires our leaders to be responsive and responsible to public opinion, makes inevitable a concern with what that opinion is like.

IRVING CRESPI, Vice Pres.
The Gallup Organization, Inc.
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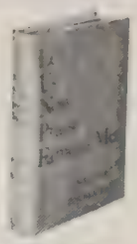
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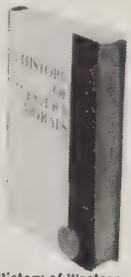
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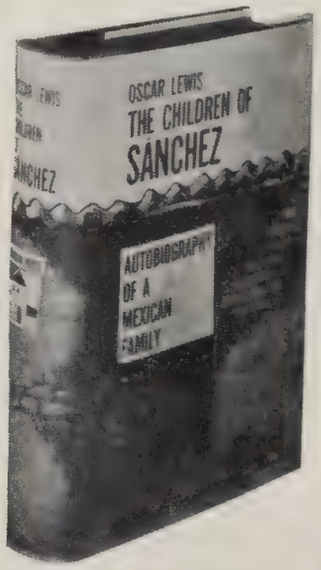
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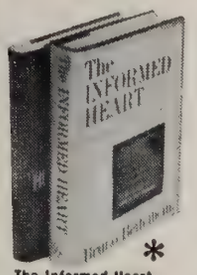
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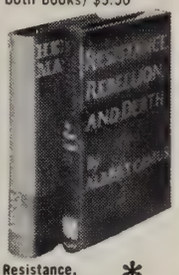
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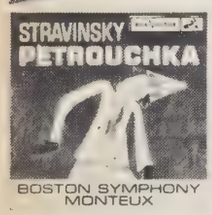
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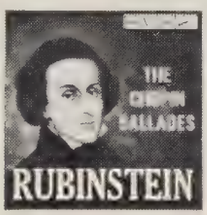
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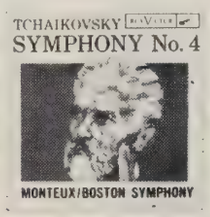
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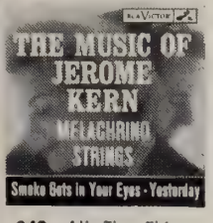
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The Kennedy Era: Stage Two

A Forecast

By JOHN FISCHER

ON THE last day of November, two appraisals of the Kennedy Administration were laid before the public.

Norman H. Strouse—president of the J. Walter Thompson Company and one of the most respected executives in the advertising world—told a San Francisco audience that "theorists in the field of economics, sociology, and political action are in the ascendancy in government once more. . . ." Their theories, he said, "reach in the same direction as do the theories of communism and fascism"; and he foresaw a "historical reprise of the early Roosevelt regime, in which we once again see the academicians surrounding the Presidential center of power. . . ."

At almost the same moment, a very different summing up was published* by Dr. Oscar Gass, a Washington consultant to businessmen and foreign governments, who once served under Roosevelt as the Treasury's chief economist. He observed that the President had sought out "businessmen and bankers" for many of his top appointments, and that he "surrounds himself by choice with Ford and Inland Steel, the First Boston Corporation, and Dillon, Read and Company." To Dr. Gass's eye, the theorists not only are not ascendant; their scarcity causes the chief trouble of the Administration—its "absence of a philosophy," its lack of taste for "fundamental and systematic thought." He sees no resemblance between the New Frontier and the New Deal; the enthusiasm of the Frontiersmen "is—for the time—quite exhausted, and there are no indications whatever of important unmatured novelties." In sum, Dr. Gass believes that the Kennedy Administration has accomplished little, and that not much more can be expected in its remaining span.

These two appraisals fascinated me for, by coincidence, I know both Mr. Strouse and Dr. Gass. Both are men of good will, intelligent, responsible, and far better informed than the average citizen. How, then, could they look at the same set of facts and come up with such contrary judgments?

In an effort to reach some conclusions of my own, I have been talking for the last two months with a number of people in the White House, including Mr. Kennedy; with both the academicians and the businessmen he has brought to Washington; with Congressmen of both parties; and with a good many veteran civil servants who have watched, sardonically and unillusioned, the performance of four Presidents. The resulting assessment is not, I am afraid, quite so clear-cut as that of either Mr. Strouse or Dr. Gass. (Which does not, of course, necessarily mean that it is more correct.)

Until the turn of the year, any guess about the over-all direction of the new Administration seemed premature. Every President needs about twelve months to get his executive team organized, to feel his way into the vast and dangerous machinery of the bureaucracy, and to lay out guidelines of policy for both of them. (The policies drafted during the campaign, and earlier, always have to be revised. For nothing looks quite as simple from the Executive Office as it did from the outside. Mr. Eisenhower, for example, stepped into the White House full of confidence that he could, in short order, balance the budget and slice Big Government down to size; he was astounded to discover he could do neither.)

This shakedown period is difficult enough under tranquil circumstances. For Mr. Kennedy it was further troubled by a sudden series of emergencies: Cuba, Berlin, and Southeast Asia. While he was still trying to move in the furniture, in effect, he found the roof falling in and the doors blowing off.

By December, however, the roof was—for the moment—shored up; the official family had found its places and got acquainted; and everybody

* In *Commentary*, December 1961.

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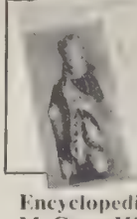
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could, for the first time, take a deep breath and think what to do next. Consequently, the outlines of Stage Two of the Kennedy Administration are now beginning to emerge.

ONE fact already seems quite clear: this is not going to be another New Deal.

There never was any possibility that it could be. FDR took over a country in collapse and panic, desperately eager for change—any change he asked for, so long as he moved fast. And in Congress, bewildered and frightened, he had overwhelming support.

Kennedy, in contrast, won a bare majority of an electorate that is on the whole quite happy, thank you, with things as they are. The voices for change—from the isolated pockets of unemployed, from intellectuals worried about the quality of American life—are few and politically feeble. In Congress he has never commanded a solid working majority; and, for the reasons noted by William S. White on page 96, his influence there is likely to grow increasingly precarious during the next three years.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Kennedy could not "roll up his sleeves and make America over," Roosevelt-fashion, however hard he tried. Indeed, he gets a little impatient with those disappointed liberals who keep urging him to "exercise more leadership"—as if a fireside chat could work the same magic for him that it did for FDR thirty years ago.

In any case, he is too sensible to squander his strictly limited political capital in that way. He aims to spend it where it is needed most.

For Roosevelt, the urgent job was internal: a massive rebuilding of the country's crumpled economic and social structure. For Kennedy, it is external: a massive rebuilding of America's position in world affairs. He knows as well as anybody that plenty of things at home need fixing, and he hopes to get around to some of them. But they are secondary. Unless he can first cope with the dangers outside, domestic affairs won't matter much; we may not have them any more.

It looks probable, therefore, that for the rest of his term the President will expend about 80 per cent of his time, energy, and political coin on external problems. On defense, in the sophisticated sense—that is, political and economic, even more than military. On disarmament, if the Russians ever show any hint of wanting to negotiate seriously. Above all, on the Grand Design for an Atlantic Partnership.

This promises to be the most imaginative and far-reaching undertaking of the Kennedy regime—potentially an historic milestone comparable to the Marshall Plan. Certainly it is a prime example of the vision and bold statesmanship which—according to some critics—had previously been hard to find in this Administration. (*Vide* Gass: "Only let a speech begin, 'The trumpet summons us again,' and we can be sure we are being called to wash our hands.") Because this plan is examined in detail by Joseph Kraft in the leading article of this issue (see page 29), only one point about it needs to be made here: it is by no means sure to succeed.

The opposition will be enormous; and since so many local interests will be in jeopardy—or can be spooked into thinking they are—the heat on Congress will be searing. (A Congressman hates nothing quite so much as being forced to choose between the national interest and the protection of a glue factory in his own district.) Besides, an idea as new and big as this one takes a long time to seep into the mind of the country. Consequently, it would not be surprising if Mr. Kennedy loses his opening battle in the current session of Congress; almost certainly he won't get the full authority to bargain over trade and tariffs that he is asking for. But if he goes on fighting as doggedly as I think he means to, eventually he is likely to win the campaign—even if it takes him three years.

WHAT else can he reasonably expect to accomplish in the time he has left?

A good deal less, I suspect, than he and his lieutenants may have hoped for a year ago. While their enthusiasm is not nearly so exhausted as Dr. Gass suggests, it is certainly lower-keyed. Today they are a sober lot. They keep reminding each other that politics is the art of the possible. Even Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has shed some of the ebullience that he used to wear as jauntily as his bow tie.

One lost hope is federal aid to education. The Catholic bishops saw to that, when they announced that they would not accept any bill that does not help parochial as well as public schools. That ultimatum started a slow burn among the non-Catholics in Congress*; they are now acting just as stubborn as the bishops. The upshot, almost certainly, will be no aid at all—at least not for primary and secondary schools. The more sanguine people in the Administration still hope that some way can be found to help higher education—probably by means of scholarships,

* The feeling among their constituents—especially in the heavily Protestant states of the South and Midwest—may be stronger than one might suspect from surface indications. It isn't often reflected in the press or public statements, but during recent trips through those areas I heard a surprising amount of anti-clerical talk. Rarely was it directed against the President; the religious fears of the last campaign apparently have pretty well died down. Instead it focused on the political activities of the hierarchy, and the supposedly disproportionate number of Catholics in top posts of the executive branch, Congress, and the Democratic party. Moreover, lots of Baptists, Methodists, and Lutherans are quietly determined not to pay tax money to subsidize religious teaching which to them is anathema—and unconstitutional to boot.



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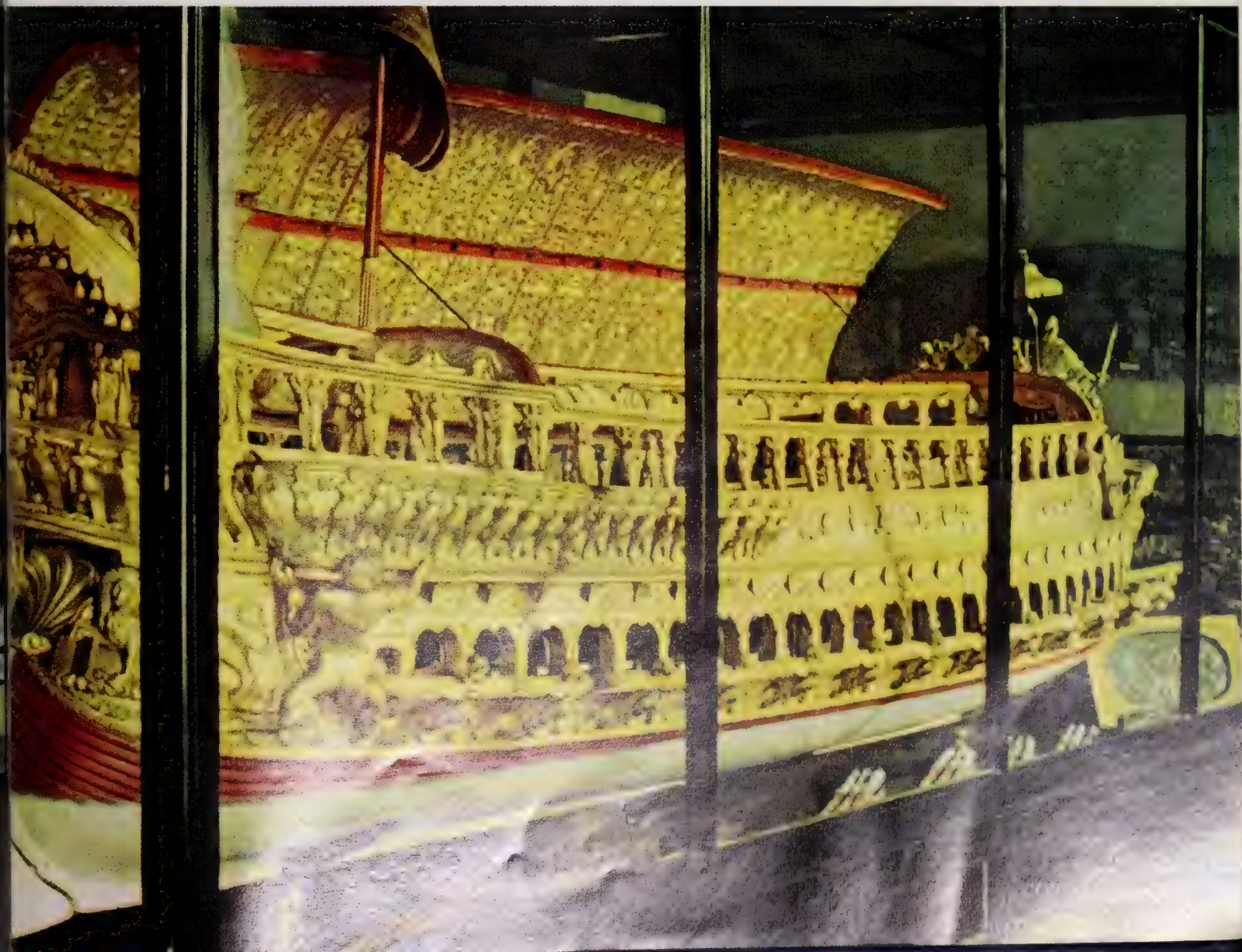
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which would avoid the religious issue.

The chief remaining hope for this session of Congress is legislation to provide medical care for old people, preferably through Social Security. In spite of the opposition of the American Medical Association (the richest and most powerful lobby in Washington), so much public sentiment is building up for such a bill that Congress probably will pass it. If it doesn't, Kennedy will win anyhow, politically speaking, since he will then have a popular issue for next fall's Congressional elections.

The New Frontiersmen also plan to get started during the present session on a thoroughgoing reform of the tax system. This does *not* mean a tax cut. The President is going to try his damnedest to balance the budget—he has to, for reasons to be noted in a moment—and so long as the Cold War goes on, he can't hope for a budget much below $100 billion a year. What might be done, however, is to design an entirely new tax structure, to replace the present ramshackle code which has grown like a coral reef, by a process of accretion and amendment, over the past thirty years. The purpose would be to get rid of a mess of inconsistencies, loopholes, and inequities, which now make life unnecessarily hard for business firms and individual taxpayers alike. People who now profit from special tax gimmicks will, no doubt, call it an antibusiness measure. The rest of the business community, however, will eventually see that it has much to gain from a clearer, simpler, and fairer tax code; and in the end, after months of groaning and heaving, Congress will go along. Or so the Administration hopes.

MORE distant items on the agenda are mostly concerned with the nation's housekeeping. They include:

1. A long-range plan to make better use of our increasingly precious supply of water. This will mean antipollution measures, flood control, and integrated programs for river basin development. All of them will, ideally, fit in with . . .

2. The opening up and protection of new recreation areas—in national parks, forests, and seashores—to keep up with the rapid rise in public use of open spaces. And also with . . .

3. An effort to Do Something about the urgent and hideously complex problems of our sixteen supercities. So far, nobody knows just what to do, or how to do it, because the world has never before seen anything like these huge urban clots. How do you manage the orderly growth—or the traffic, the government, the sanitation—of a Megalopolis which stretches from Portland, Maine, to Norfolk, Virginia? Or from Milwaukee to Gary, Indiana? The Administration already has pushed through Congress a pretty fair housing bill, for a starter, and it realizes it will somehow have to rescue the collapsing rail networks which serve these areas. Beyond that, so far as I can discover, the planning is still in the amoeba stage.

The farm scandal is probably insoluble. Nobody in Washington likes to admit it, of course, but I'm convinced that this is the unsavory fact. So long as our representation in Congress remains heavily stacked in favor of the rural areas, Congress just isn't going to do the two simple things which need to be done: (a) take a lot of land permanently out of cultivation; (b) move a few million unnecessary farmers into useful work. No matter what the Administration pleads for, Congress will vote for another dose of the same old Swamp Root Tonic: high subsidies and weak crop controls. Most of the money, as usual, will go to the rich farmers, and the mountains of surplus wheat and corn will continue to swell.

No hope in sight? Probably not—until city people get mad enough to force their state legislatures to make an honest share-out of Congressional seats. That looks like decades, maybe generations, away. After all, the Republicans have just gerrymandered New York, and the Democrats California, with hardly a squeak of protest in either state.

NOT quite so hopeless, but plenty tough, is the unemployment problem. The Administration's goal, as announced by the Council of Economic Advisers last March, was to push down the percentage of men out of work from 7 per cent to 4 per cent. Nearly a year later, and after a considerable pickup in business,



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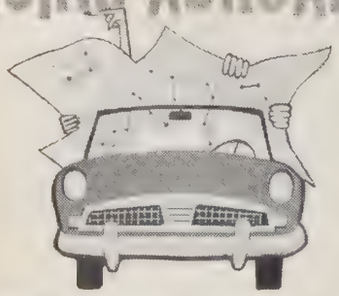
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the rate had dropped only one percentage point. Many independent economists, and a few inside government, now think Mr. Kennedy will be lucky if he can gain one point more during the remainder of his term—leaving us still with an ominous 5 per cent unemployed.

They cite three reasons:

1. Most of the jobless are nearly unemployable, except in the boomiest of boom times. They are the unskilled, the elderly, the kids who dropped out of high school, the families stranded in places (such as West Virginia) with few jobs, and the Negroes, who have to buck not only discrimination, but often poor schooling and work habits as well. And a modern economy has little use for old-fashioned muscle labor.

2. Automation is steadily cutting down the number of jobs in manufacturing and transport, even when the economy is rolling at full speed —while our population growth pours more people into the job market every day.

3. The traditional New Dealish remedies—big deficit spending, large-scale public works, youth camps, and all the rest—simply are not available to Mr. Kennedy. He doesn't dare run a deficit for long, because that would again start up the flow of gold from our shrunken reserves to other countries. This hemorrhage, which began to run dangerously fast during the Eisenhower Administration, was checked during the early months of last year; at this writing it is beginning to trickle again.

For reasons too complex to list here, FDR had no such worry. (Even during the depths of the depression, gold moved from overseas to the United States.) For Kennedy it is inescapable. It is perhaps the tightest single checkrein on his freedom of action. For if the loss of gold ever gets out of control, he would be faced with a sort of international run on our bank—and the horde of metal in Fort Knox is no longer big enough to meet such an emergency.

If that should happen, it could destroy our whole foreign policy. It could force an abrupt halt of foreign aid, a withdrawal of our forces from overseas, collapse of the Free World trading community, and a quick glimmering-out of the vision of Atlantic Partnership.

This is why Mr. Kennedy, when he says he is going to balance the budget, really means it. It explains why he will have to pass up a lot of worthwhile projects that are dear to the hearts of the liberals, and perhaps to his own. This time, no kidding, it is actually true that we can't afford everything that the big pressure groups are asking for—including some items that the country urgently needs.

SO, willy-nilly, this will have to be a middle-of-the-road Administration. It is walled in there by circumstance.

For all that, its accomplishments may be considerable. I'm inclined to think they will. But they are not likely to be the spectacular kind.

Abroad, about the most that can be expected is brilliant holding actions, not great victories. (In a time of nuclear weapons, there is no such thing as a great victory.) At this writing, Berlin is beginning to look like a successful holding action. So is Laos. (Most informed observers thought the Communists would be in complete control there by last May; yet by December they were still stalled.) All of Southeast Asia may fall eventually—when Red China develops atomic weapons of its own—but if it can be held for two or three years, that would be something of a triumph. If the revolution now boiling in the whole Southern Hemisphere, from India to Latin America, can be kept within orderly bounds (and out of Communist hands) that will be a greater one. Best of all would be the construction of a durable Atlantic Partnership—but even that will be a slogging, complicated, and essentially unspectacular piece of work.

At home, too, the Administration's accomplishments are likely to be those of a good housewife, not of a daring pioneer. A lot of its energies must go into cleaning up the debris, and taking care of the deferred maintenance, left over from the Eisenhower Administration. Homely things, like housing and water supplies and recreation spaces. Engine-room jobs, which look vitally important to people in Washington, but unexciting to the rest of the country.

One of these, for example, is the rebuilding of the State Department so it can do its job with passable



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efficiency.* Another is the heroic effort of Secretary of Defense McNamara to bring the proliferating military bureaucracy under control, for the first time in a quarter of a century. (This year, for instance, he will submit the first military budget since World War II which is actually tailored to fit the strategic needs of the nation, rather than the vested interests of three competing services.) Still another is the revitalizing of the regulatory agencies so that they may serve the public for a change, rather than the industries they are supposed to regulate. A fourth is the slow, grinding fight to make sure that Negroes finally get all the civil rights an American citizen is entitled to—including the right to vote in Mississippi as well as Harlem.

Perhaps most important of all is a bundle of complex moves—ranging from tax reform to special aid for distressed areas, from antitrust actions to promotion of exports—which are all designed to speed up the rate of economic growth. On them will hang, in large part, Mr. Kennedy's hopes both for a balanced budget and for a big rise in employment. And unless this country can achieve a rate of growth at least close to that of Russia and Western Europe, the rest of the world is likely to grow increasingly skeptical about American leadership—and with reason.

This sort of thing will never satisfy Dr. Gass, and the other old-time liberals who yearn for flaming action. It may never reassure people like Mr. Strouse, who feel uneasy about professors around the White House. (A puzzlement, since Mr. Strouse's own firm uses Ph.D.s now and then with no sign of discomfort.) Certainly, it won't calm down radical rightists like Senator Goldwater, who demand "total victory" over communism, whatever that may mean.

But I have a hunch that it will sit pretty well with the majority of Americans, in their present unadventurous mood. Barring unforeseen economic troubles at home or catastrophes abroad, therefore, it would seem a reasonable bet that Mr. Kennedy will be re-elected in 1964 by a fairly comfortable majority.

* See Joseph Kraft's "The Comeback of the State Department," *Harper's*, November 1961.

AFTER HOURS



BOOKMAN IN SAN JUAN *by Al Hine*

IN San Juan, Puerto Rico, where he now lives, Dr. Elmer Adler is an outlander dwelling in a center of quite fiercely proud Hispanic culture. He is not an official of any outside government, but this in fact lends more strength and importance to the special role he plays—underplays, to be accurate—in the present Puerto Rican renaissance.

I had never met Adler before I came to San Juan, and had known of him only dimly from my own inexpert and desultory interest in the graphic arts. His name had something to do with printing, or was it book collecting? Everywhere I poked my head, it seemed that someone mentioned Adler. If I asked about printing: "You'll have to look in on Elmer Adler. He'd know about that." If I inquired about the restoration of ancient Spanish houses in Old San Juan: "You'll want to see La Casa del Libro where Dr. Adler lives."

It is a fantastic house, La Casa del Libro, a handsome and meticulously careful restoration of an eighteenth-century building that had been previously going to slow and undignified ruin. It holds, under the direction of Dr. Adler, one of the finest collections of fine printing and incunabula (weighted in favor of volumes with some Hispanic point of reference) in Latin America. Dr. Adler bore my questioning patiently and unfolded the story of the Casa and of his connection with it.

"I came down here in 1955," he recalled, "for a short vacation. I'd never been in San Juan before, but I had some friends who recommended it and I knew it was warm and sunny —two very good qualifications for a man past sixty. Some people knew that I had some interest in printing, and I found myself at lunch with Ted Moscoso of Economic Development and some other officials."

The "some interest in printing" of which Adler spoke is a reputation built on bedrock. When he made this visit to Puerto Rico he had just retired from Princeton, where he had almost single-handedly created a Graphic Arts Department and helped to build the university's rare-book collection into one of the most respected in the country. Before that he had been instrumental in founding Pynson Printers of New York, had been publisher of the bibliophile quarterly, *The Colophon,* had helped a fledgling editor named Harold Ross with the typographical problems of an off-beat magazine called *The New Yorker,* and had introduced to Alfred Knopf —and thus to a wide book-buying audience—two of the foremost American typographers and designers of our time, William Dwiggins and Bruce Rogers.

"The lunch with Ted Moscoso had been arranged with the idea that I might be able to lend a hand to encourage the development of fine printing in Puerto Rico," Dr. Adler said, "but I couldn't see any hopeful program on those terms. There's no way of encouraging a fine art in an area where it quite simply does not exist.

"But I couldn't let the challenge drop entirely, and by the end of the lunch, we were talking about creating a library in San Juan devoted to the art of the book and about organizing public exhibitions of the different phases of that art.

"I was about to say a polite good-by, when he inquired about how busy I was with other projects and whether I might be interested in staying over a few weeks to get the proposed art-of-the-book project launched.

"Well, that was five years ago, and here I am still."

The vast program of restoration for Old San Juan was not yet under way that spring of 1955, but Dr. Adler insisted that the old Spanish area was the proper place for the new venture. A house was found, a dilapidated and teeming tenement at the south end of narrow, cobbled Calle Cristo. Calle Cristo is now the address of many of the most elegant and impressive restorations in the Old City, but the Casa was the pioneer and pilot operation. In less than three years, almost a miracle in Puerto Rican time, La Casa del Libro had opened its doors to the public with an exhibit of "The Development of the Recorded Word."

The Casa's beautifully tiled and harmoniously finished first floor showed off bibliophilic treasures in air-conditioned, dehumidified cases along its walls. There is a leisurely feeling of spaciousness and tradition about the house, with its courtyard open to the sky. To the right a marbled staircase leads to the second floor, the front of which houses the basic library of some 4,000 volumes, available to the interested bibliophile, also in air-conditioned safety. To the rear of the second floor are Dr. Adler's pleasant living quarters.

"My own library had been left at Princeton," he says, showing off volumes from the second-floor shelves,

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News of the death of Dr. Adler in San Juan on January 11 came as this article went to press.

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"but we had an arrangement that some special duplicates would revert to me. There were enough such duplicates to give us a small but respectable start for the Casa. The Puerto Rican government is not wealthy, but we got an allowance to buy some books. The lack of a fat bankroll has stimulated us to find ways of getting the books we want through private contributions."

Encouraging such contributions has been one of Adler's primary pursuits. He approached his fellow members of New York's Grolier Club, for example, and the result was a gratifying response of gift volumes. He persuaded the executives of Molinos, a new flour and feed plant just opening on the island, to put up the purchase price for the original *cédulas*, or government decrees, signed by Ferdinand and Isabella to authorize the provisioning of the fleet of one Christopher Columbus.

In 1956, before the Casa was even open, the "Amigos de Calle del Cristo 255" was organized to help promote wider interest and regular contributions and to spread understanding of what La Casa del Libro is and what it is doing.

"We're at least known now in the field of book collecting," Doctor Adler said. "Dealers in international fine-book centers like London and Amsterdam, in Spain and California, will often let us know of a particular item that may interest us before it goes into their catalogues. In some cases, we get books on loan in the hope that having them where we can get the proper people to look at them may help us cajole the money necessary for their purchase.

"From a start with almost nothing, we have a quite respectable collection of incunabula—that is, books printed before 1501, not before 1500 as numerous slipshod books of reference sometimes define the word. Ten of our forty Spanish incunabula are unduplicated anywhere in the Western Hemisphere."

WHERE was the best printing being done today, I wanted to know, and were there any signs yet that La Casa del Libro had worked some magic in stimulating the beginnings of fine printing in Puerto Rico?

"You'll find the best printing in America, and some of the best in the world, in California, around both San Francisco and Los Angeles," Dr. Adler said without hesitation. "Beautiful things. They have the Grabhorn Press there and a solid tradition of interest in fine books. The California Book Club has been an important stimulant.

"We still don't have really good bookmaking in Puerto Rico, although I do think the Casa has provided the first flicker of interest. But any actual creative movement is not going to happen overnight, not even over a very long night. You have to remember that here you have not only no strong tradition of the art of the book, but no real general tradition of printing whatsoever. Until early in the last century, around 1830, the Spanish colonial policy here prohibited printing for general public consumption."

A look back in Puerto Rican history bears Dr. Adler out. Colonial policy in Puerto Rico favored and promoted ignorance for the masses. Trying to find printing from Puerto Rico's pre-nineteenth-century past uncovers at best only a few seditious handbills, libelous political broadsides, that sort of thing. A hundred years ago it was a criminal act even to send a child from Puerto Rico to the United States for an education.

"Puerto Rico has public education now," Dr. Adler went on, "and a fantastic increase in literacy. Do you know that right now over 20 percent of the population is attending some kind of school? All we can hope for is that an interest in books as familiar tools and fascinating entertainment may lead to a birth of interest in the art of the book itself.

"Laurencio Homar, an unusually fine poster artist with a good sense of typography and an interest in printing, has unearthed an old printing press from Aguadilla. His posters have an international reputation and he teaches and trains young men at the Institute of Culture and experiments himself. Something like that may be a real beginning.

"But even that beginning is in the future. We had to have our books for the Casa printed abroad, in The Netherlands. An organization devoted to fine books simply must live up to the standards it professes."

The look of disappointment

Dr. Adler's face as he spoke of the present state of the art in the Caribbean gave way to pleasure as his eye caught a giant volume on the shelf before us.

"You should have seen this when we got it," he said, taking the book down gently. "It's a beautiful folio of 1489, but the binding was in abominable shape. We've been able to bring it back to good condition.

"We treat all our leather with the British Museum formula: lanolin, beeswax, cedarwood oil, and hexane. This still needs some rubbing in—you have to do it by hand—but it's coming along." He pressed his fingers across the mahogany-brown binding, up and down the spine and over the sides, smoothing more of the mixture in. "The air-conditioning and humidizing are a great boon," he said. "Back home I used to feed my library twice a year. In the room here, one meal a year is enough except for special cases."

A gentleman with tripod and several bulging bags of photographic equipment tapped at the glass doors behind us.

"He is doing a story on the Casa for a Department of Education publication," Dr. Adler explained. "Now he wants my picture in it." After he had posed himself unhappily by a balcony, we went back to the library office.

"It isn't that I'm a shrinking violet," he said. "It's just that I think it's bad for an organization like this, which belongs to Puerto Rico and which must eventually be run by Puerto Ricans, to be publicized with a continental in the foreground. There is enough of that already." (Dr. Adler has accepted no salary for his work.)

"If the Casa is going to survive successfully, it is going to do it by means of Puerto Rican support and Puerto Rican pride," he said. "It isn't going to have much meaning if it is thought of as an uplift enterprise masterminded by a North American."

I have few doubts that the Casa is going to survive and quite possibly succeed in its mission as a spark for local action in the art of the book. Now I find myself buttonholing newcomers and saying: "Of course, you'll have to look in on La Casa del Libro and talk to Elmer Adler. . . ."



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The Kennedy Era: Stage Two

THE GRAND DESIGN TAKES SHAPE

BY JOSEPH KRAFT

How men and the tide of affairs are swinging the Administration toward a new kind of Atlantic Partnership . . .

"THIS is not speculation about some grand design for the future," President Kennedy said in his trade speech to the National Association of Manufacturers on December 6. But there is in the Administration speculation about a Grand Design. It is a design for Atlantic Partnership. If it has not crystallized at the very top, it represents views widely and strongly held in parts of the White House, the State and Defense Departments, and the Congress. It is likely to mark, along with the Marshall Plan and NATO, another spectacular leap in this country's remarkable transit from isolation to international engagement.

Exactly what new structural forms will emerge is not yet certain. No more is it clear precisely what steps lie ahead. In the progress from idea to institution, there must be a knitting of bone to bone, and a breathing in of life: organic growth. What is clear, and what is new, is that the Kennedy Administration has found—in foreign-trade policy—a functional means for setting the process in motion. It is also clear that the process will go across the board. Besides economic harmony, it will involve more military and political co-operation.

Undoubtedly, the birth pangs will be severe. "*Il faut reculer pour mieux sauter*," the French say: You have to step backward, the better to jump forward. For this country the backward step may be as painful as the liquidation of empire has been for Britain and France. It means renunciation of the myth that there is an American patent on supremacy in world affairs. But with sacrifice go immense opportunities. Atlantic Partnership will confront the Soviet bloc with a force such as the world has never known. It—and perhaps it alone—will be of a scale to cope with the tasks of developing the southern continents. And the process of creation is likely

to yield for this country some surprising benefits: a shaking of the economy that will sweep aside structural obstacles to much faster growth; a clearing of the political air that will blow away the negative majorities and frustrated ideologies of the recent past. For what is emerging is a unifying intellectual principle for the New Frontier—a way to keep the country on the move.

THE SHORTEST CENTURY

WHEN World War II began there were eight great powers; when it ended, only one. Germany, Japan, France, and Italy had been defeated and occupied. Britain had only just survived. China, in similar condition, was rent by civil war. Though victorious, and with its troops spilling over Eastern Europe, Russia, literally decimated, was on the point of exhaustion. The U.S., by contrast, had upped national income by half, spread its forces across the globe, and acquired a monopoly on a decisive strategic weapon. It attained, in the afterglow of near-universal disaster, an eminence far in excess of its relative strength in population and resources, and thus there was born the myth of The American Century. The predictable recovery of the rest of the world, however, has made it the shortest hundred years in history. Largely illusory to begin with, this country's seemingly assured predominance has been called into question by an overwhelming problem; a challenge direct; and a friendly rivalry.

The overwhelming problem, of course, is the problem of the underdeveloped countries. What they seek is the establishment of modern nation-states with roughly the American standard of living. What they lack sounds like a litany of the damned: they lack capital; they lack skills; they lack energy and other resources; they lack political forms, social structures, administrative routines, well-demarcated frontiers, and homogeneous populations. (Every India has a Goa and every Congo a Katanga.) No man can tell how the gap will be closed. How much, for instance, does Latin America need? But there is taking place a total transformation on a universal scale. It will affect three continents engrossing half of the world's land surface and more than half of its population. It will demand transfers of capital that make the present flow look a pittance. It will last this century and beyond. Moreover, in the non-Marxian sense at least, the process of change will almost certainly be revolutionary. Wherever underdeveloped countries have begun to move, there is apparent a moralistic tone in foreign affairs, and in domestic politics a motif of good guy against bad guy, rich against poor, weak against strong, innocent against corrupt. For the political equivalent of development is convulsion, a turn of the wheel leading to rule by the oppressed. Whether that turbulent process can be held within peaceful bounds—as it has been so far—is very doubtful. It is in any case clear that the United States cannot manage the process alone. Cuba, a speck of sand on a wide strand, affords an example of the grief that comes from trying.

The challenge direct, of course, comes from the Soviet Union. Since the war, Russia has steadily made the kind of progress implicit in a large and rapidly growing population, abundant natural resources, and a highly centralized government, prepared to manipulate men and resources ruthlessly in the interests of national power. While Russia's gross national product is today only a little better than half that of this country, its rate of growth is more than double: 7 per cent against 3½ per cent over the past decade, according to most reliable estimates. By 1975, Soviet national product will be about three-quarters of this country's. Even that measure is deceptive, for thanks to centralized control and lower consumer expectations, the Soviets channel a far larger portion of their wealth to the turbines of national strength. Probably twice as large a share of national product goes into defense. For investment in new enterprise they set aside more than 25 per cent of gross national product, as against less than 20 per cent for the United States. They already have better than 10 per cent more trained scientists and engineers than this country and are graduating every year more than three-quarters again as many as this country turns out. Certainly, in some key areas —notably space—the Russians have outpaced this country.

Nor can it be assumed that Soviet economic strength rests on starving the consumer; while consumption levels are undoubtedly low, over the past five years the annual per capita improvement seems to compare favorably with consumption growth in the United States. The re-

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Joseph Kraft will explore the prospects for Atlantic Partnership more fully in his book, "The Grand Design," to be published by Harper & Brothers later this year. He is a former newspaperman and the author of "The Struggle for Algeria." His most recent articles in this magazine were assessments of the Defense and State Departments which appeared last fall.

peated pledge to "overtake and surpass" the United States is no idle boast. As Abram Bergson writes in his monumental study of Soviet income, "Khrushchev's plans for the future may often be overoptimistic, but they have a basis in fact." With that basis in fact, the Russians have been able to hold together an extensive bloc, and to mount steadily increasing pressures against the most conspicuous hangovers from the era of American supremacy: West Berlin and the strongly pro-Western (not to say client) regimes of Southeast Asia.

The friendly rivalry comes, of course, from Western Europe. Not only has the Continent recovered, but it has enjoyed a heady boom. There was a German miracle, then a French miracle, now an Italian miracle which promises to wipe out within five years one of the world's chronic unemployment problems. The sign and agent of the comeback has been the European Economic Community, or Common Market, now joining six West European nations, but soon to include probably another ten, Britain among them. Together they will comprise, not a dozen or so tails wagged by a big American dog, but an independent force of undoubted potency. They will have a population (256 million) larger than that of Russia or the United States; a steel capacity below this country's but higher than Russia's; a rate of growth higher than this country's and only a shade below Russia's. They will comprise, by far, the world's fastest-growing market for consumer goods.

European growth, to be sure, has not been directed against the United States, but it has nevertheless posed problems. European goods have displaced American wares not only in parts of Europe and "third markets," but to some extent in this country too. European accumulation of dollar holdings has been at least the proximate cause of this country's balance-of-payments difficulties, and conversion of these dollars has led to the gold drain. That drain, in turn, has sharpened American pleas that Europe shoulder a larger part of the burden of defending the free world, and helping the underdeveloped one. Thus many Europeans who counted it the height of ambition to achieve a "third force" now speak of themselves as the "first force."

The collision of these three sets of developments has produced, since 1957, a nearly universal malaise in this country. The nation had been true to its best principles. It had virtually wiped out poverty at home. It had followed peaceful policies in the world, and in some cases made unparalleled peacetime sacrifices for the benefit of other peoples. But the result was not the unbought ease of life. It was sputnik and the U-2 incident and Berlin; it was the balance-of-payments crisis and the small European car; it was Castro in Cuba and a lack of sympathetic approval almost everywhere else in the southern continents. And it gave rise in this country to a discouragement with the apparatus of politics and an ill-concealed wish for some forceful expression of authority: the "program" of the radical right.

EUROPE DISCOVERED AGAIN

THE Grand Design is grand precisely because it gives promise of dealing with all these problems. Its essence is creative harmony between the United States and Europe. It would bring together in a working Atlantic Partnership two separate but equal entities. On the one hand would be this country with its special ties to Canada, Latin America, and the Pacific, notably Japan. On the other would be Western Europe with its special ties in Africa and the Dominions of the Commonwealth. Between them, the two entities would command the overwhelming majority of the world's technical skills, financial resources, consuming power, and productive capacity. By co-operative arrangement, the two partners would first adjust mutual differences; and then, while combining forces to hold Communist aggression in check, apply their manifold strengths to the harmonious development of the southern continents.

Thinking along these lines has been going on for years in various bureaus of the State Department and Pentagon, in the Congress and the White House, and in the nest of universities and semi-private agencies that serve so often as intellectual pacemakers for the government. NATO, as early as 1949, carried the seeds of Atlantic Partnership, but at that time the European countries were too weak, and too uncertain about the German problem, to hold up an end by themselves. Though other issues—Korea, Indochina, Berlin, for instance—came to dominate the news, the notion of Atlantic Partnership hung on, notably among those who watched close-up the progressive revival and unification of Europe. These included practically everyone of eminence in the making of foreign policy over the past fifteen years: for example, Harriman, McCloy, Bruce, and Fulbright. But particularly important were, in the Truman Administration, Secretary of State Dean Acheson, who shared the idea with his Policy Planning chief, Paul Nitze; his

Economic Under Secretary, Will Clayton; and the editor of his papers, McGeorge Bundy; and, during the Eisenhower Administration, the Ambassador in Paris, Douglas Dillon; the head of Policy Planning, Robert Bowie; and the second Secretary of State, Christian Herter.

To that list, the Kennedy Administration added one central figure: George Ball. Ball had been for fifteen years the Washington representative of the chief architect of the European Community—Jean Monnet. As a task-force master in the Kennedy campaign, he had supervised penetrating studies of American foreign trade and balance-of-payments problems. In January 1961 he became Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, and in November the Under Secretary. Into his office he brought three gifted State Department career men: Robert Schaetzel, Stanley Cleveland, and Arthur Hartman—all of them long versed in the European story. Another Ball associate, Myer Rashish—a chief aide on the task-force studies and formerly staff director on Representative Hale Boggs's Foreign Trade subcommittee—went to the White House as deputy to the vigorous Philadelphia banker, Howard Petersen, in a special office studying American trade problems.

Even before that, the revival of Europe had led to certain *ad hoc* approaches toward partnership. In the economic field, in 1959, Douglas Dillon had proposed to turn the European agency for receiving American aid into an Office of Economic Co-operation and Development, linking European representatives with those from Canada and the United States. In the military field, in 1960, Secretary Herter had proposed that if the European NATO countries could get together on strategic and tactical questions, a nuclear deterrent, in the form of the Polaris submarine, might be put at the disposition of NATO.

Both these leads were energetically followed in the Kennedy Administration. Backed by Under Secretary Ball and Dillon, who had taken over at Treasury, the OECD treaty went through the Congress in 1961. A high-level interdepartmental committee to study NATO was set up under Dean Acheson, including Nitze, now an Assistant Secretary for Defense; Bowie, then back at Harvard; and Henry Owen from the Policy Planning Council. Technically the committee wound up its work with a report (confirming the Herter proposals but adding important safeguards against diffusion of nuclear weapons) last May. But informal discussions continued. In one talk between Bowie and Owen at the Department in September 1961—the idea of Atlantic Partnership emerged clearly. Owen arranged for Bowie to outline his views at two high-level State Department–White House meetings. Among those included were McGeorge Bundy, the President's assistant for National Security Affairs; his deputy and later Policy Planning chief, Walt Rostow from the White House; and Schaetzel and Cleveland from Ball's office. The meetings were held on October 13 and October 17. The Atlantic idea, accordingly, was explicitly in the air.

Still these were merely ideas, bold but naked. Unfortified by anything but the vaguest general interest, they lacked also a mechanism for getting into motion: a means of political engagement. As it happened, there was thrown up in the fall of 1961 a starting mechanism deeply engaging private interest. It emerged from developments in the European Economic Community.

THE SCENT OF HARD CASH

"EUROPE has taken for me the value of a country," Metternich wrote in 1824 to Wellington, who did not understand. The Common Market is a little like that. The expression of a mystique, and heavily endowed with supranational features, it goes beyond mere analysis. It denotes invisible bonds of kinship, ties that make for what has rightly been called (by Walter Hallstein, President of the European Commission) "membership in the great European family." But the Common Market also has some obvious visible features.

It was set up by the Rome treaty of March 25, 1957, among the European Six: France, Italy, West Germany, and the Benelux countries. It provides for the gradual leveling of virtually all barriers to the free flow of men, goods, and money among member states. Thus under Common Market arrangements, the Volkswagen concern in West Germany can sell its cars duty-free on the French market—and everywhere else within the Community. By the same token, Renault in France has a free crack at the German automobile buyer and his fellows elsewhere in the Community. But while fostering free trade among member states, the Rome treaty also provides for a Common External Tariff which all member states must apply against goods from the outside. Made up of the average of the old tariffs of the individual states, the Common External Tariff lowers some duties while raising others. Automobile tires from the outside world will eventually have to go against an 18 per cent

tariff applying to all Common Market countries. That is lower than the former Italian tariff, 28 per cent; but higher than the old West German duty, which was zero.

Inevitably, the very existence of the Common External Tariff has enormous impact on outside states. On the one hand it is almost bound to discriminate against non-members. The tire manufacturer who shipped wares duty-free to West Germany obviously suffers when, under the new arrangement, he has to pay an 18 per cent duty; particularly as his French competitor, being inside the Common Market, can continue to sell tires in West Germany without a tariff. Even in selling in Italy, where the duty comes down from 28 to 18 per cent, the outside manufacturer is at a disadvantage; for there too his French competitor sells duty-free. On the other hand, the Common Market countries represent the world's second-richest and fastest-growing market —notably for consumer goods, agricultural products, and basic commodities. For those outside countries who wish access to these rich selling opportunities, the Common Market is prepared to make two kinds of accommodations. It will accept new members, providing they subscribe to the Community's principles; or, it will negotiate reciprocal tariff concessions.

The pull-and-push effect of the Common Market was markedly evident in the long tug of war with Britain. At the outset, British membership seemed to be excluded by traditional insularity, and the system of preferences for Commonwealth products which ran athwart Europe's Common External Tariff. Britain, however, must export to live—and particularly to the Common Market countries which take 15 per cent of her products. Thus the Macmillan Government was under mounting pressure from all major British producers to get a foot inside the Common External Tariff wall.

It first tried in direct negotiations with Common Market officials to win tariff concessions without yielding sovereignty or Commonwealth preference. These talks collapsed in March 1959. To strengthen its bargaining position, Britain in November 1959 formed the European Free Trade Association (EFTA, or Outer Seven) with six other European nations outside the Common Market: Austria, Denmark, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, and Switzerland. On paper, EFTA provided for gradual reductions of tariff barriers among member states while allowing each to maintain tariff schedules as it wished against the outside world. In fact, EFTA was a device for putting the squeeze on West Germany, which sends over a quarter of its manufactured exports to the countries in the EFTA group. The theory was that West Germany, fearful of losing EFTA markets, would put pressure on its Common Market partners to make tariff concessions.

The riposte of the Common Market was to crowd on more sail. On May 12, 1960, it announced a decision to accelerate the schedule for elimination of all tariffs among members and for application of the Common External Tariff to the outside world. The decision had the effect of offering to West Germany immediate replacement inside the Common Market for export sales lost in EFTA. In going along, West Germany threw in decisively with the European Community. Britain was not slow to draw conclusions. Within a matter of weeks a meeting between de Gaulle and Macmillan opened the path that led to Britain's announcement, on July 31, 1961, that she would seek membership in the European Community. The pull of export markets, in short, had won over the Commonwealth, and over Englishry itself.

BEGAT BY GATT

WITH Britain (and the other EFTA countries) entering the fold, the American number came up. To be sure, this country, with a broad and relatively prosperous home market absorbing 95 per cent of domestic production, was under only limited immediate pressure for export outlets. Distance from Europe—not to mention the Constitution—ruled out any early prospect of American affiliation with the Common Market. So did American commercial ties with Japan and Latin America. As the President put it, speaking at least for those in government: "I have not heard proposed that the United States should become a member of the Common Market."

Still, this country had some manifestly important interests to work out with the Common Market. For one thing the U. S. wanted assurances the External Tariff would not exclude agricultural commodities—many of them in surplus here—from the growing European markets for grains, meat, and tobacco. For another, the U. S. wanted to block any big hikes in industrial tariffs—the more so as sluggish American demand has suggested the future need of wider foreign markets. Third, it had a very big stake in trying to safeguard the export interests of Latin America and Japan against discrimination by the Common Market. All these claims it raised in August 1961, at the appropriate international

forum—GATT (the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs) which sits in almost continuous session in Geneva.

GATT negotiations are secret, and the details of the talks have not been disclosed. But the general outline is clear. When the United States presented its claims, the Common Market negotiators, while reserving their stand on agriculture and exports from Latin America and Japan, countered with an offer to reduce industrial tariffs across the board by 20 per cent. What, they in effect asked the American negotiators, did the U. S. have to offer in return?

It was, to put it mildly, an embarrassing question. The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, which governs American policy on concessions, has been renewed successively since 1934; but since 1951 with increasing restrictions: among them the peril-point and escape-clause procedures, forbidding concessions that threaten "injury" to domestic industry. Under the terms of the 1958 renewal, the American negotiators at Geneva had virtually nothing to trade against the Common Market offer of a 20 per cent cut. Where the Europeans were proffering across-the-board terms, the Americans had to offer their terms item by item. On at least one item (automobiles) the American offer was contemptuously dismissed by the Europeans as "worthless." By mid-September, the Geneva talks were running into the ground. It was clear that unless the United States was able to hold out promise of substantial revisions in the Trade Agreements Act, the GATT conference would collapse. The issue was up to Washington.

MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS

INSIDE the Administration, two groups had been preparing for renewal of the Trade Agreements Act against anticipated resistance in the Congress. One was the office of Under Secretary Ball in the State Department. The other was the special White House office headed by Howard Petersen. While basically in agreement on long-range objectives, the two groups at the outset varied in their approach to the tactical problem of getting round anticipated Congressional opposition.

The Ball group favored a radical revision of the Trade Agreements Act, with authority for the President to deal on an across-the-board basis, and to make very deep cuts. To get round the political problem, it favored letting the present Trade Act expire, and then writing a new bill for submission to a new Congress in 1963. The Petersen group favored renewal of the Act in 1962. As a concession to Congressional opinion, it offered retention of some of the Act's restrictive features, including peril-point procedures.

Between these two positions, during the month of October, there took place behind the scenes a complex bureaucratic debate. On both sides there was give and take, an articulation of points left shadowy, and in some instances a reversal of position. The upshot was reinforced harmony on principle, and a double knockout on tactical details. Against the Ball proposal for waiting a year, it was effectively argued that, in allowing the Act to lapse, the Administration would lose the initiative. Against the Petersen proposal for renewal with limited changes, it was effectively argued that the President needed far more authority. After hearing both proposals and criticisms, the President bought the boldest features of each plan. He decided to move in 1962, as recommended by Petersen, while seeking major revision, as recommended by Ball. But with both sets of recommended concessions cut away, the Trade Act proposals were politically naked. "For this one," a White House adviser said, "we need more than a League of Women Voters."

At that point the stage was set for the Grand Design. On the one hand, Atlantic Partnership held out the kind of broad, general appeal necessary to push renewal of the Trade Act through the Congress. On the other, the Act was a means of dropping Atlantic Partnership into the hopper of interest politics. In the last week of October, by a process difficult to trace but familiar in government, the logic of the merger suddenly asserted itself. In many minds, in many places, the Trade Act was fused with Atlantic Partnership.

The merger expressed itself almost at once in a campaign of public enlightenment that was neither quite spontaneous nor wholly co-ordinated. Under Secretary Ball kicked off on November 1 in a speech to the Foreign Trade Convention in New York entitled "Threshold of a New Trading World." Next day, in the first of six reports by various hands to Representative Boggs's Foreign Trade subcommittee, Messrs. Herter and Clayton emphasized the need to take "a new giant step." Three days later, in the second of the reports, Congressman Henry Reuss of Wisconsin outlined "The Task for 1962; A Free World Community." Within the next week, Secretaries Rusk, Dillon, Hodges, and Goldberg had all addressed themselves to the issue. Within the month, Walt Rostow in a

speech had pronounced the words Atlantic Partnership.

Public reaction was surprisingly favorable. George Meany put big labor behind a more liberal trade bill almost at once. Informal indications of support came from the principal farm organizations. Large segments of the business community expressed approval. So did magazines and papers, from the *New York Times* to the San Francisco *Examiner*. And a strange restraint marked a series of hearings called by Representative George Dent, from a district in Pennsylvania likely to be hard hit by imports of pottery and glass. At one point, in evident exasperation, Mr. Dent indicated that to get witnesses he might have to use the subpoena power.

In that climate the President broached to the country a position later formally affirmed in the State of the Union Message. He called, in his December 6 speech to the NAM for "a new American trade initiative which will make it possible for . . . two great markets to be harnessed together in a team capable of pulling the full weight of our common military, economic, and political aspirations."

WHAT'S IN IT FOR US

THE issue is now in the lap of an unknowable god: the Congress. No one even vaguely familiar with past tariff debates can expect easy passage. Traditionally, the external duty has been among the most divisive national issues. A tax on tea had at least something to do with the American Revolution. Not slavery, but the tariff produced John Calhoun and the States Rights doctrine of Nullification. Congressman Dent has already given a foretaste of what is in store.

"I am no more a protectionist than the President," he has said. "I am a survivalist."

But once the Congressional corner is rounded, then the path ahead becomes clear. The Administration can resume the GATT negotiations with tools that make agreement possible with, at least, more liberal treatment of industrial exports from this country. With any kind of luck in that field, it will be able to take the lead on co-operative approaches to a wide range of problems.

First on the agenda are the issues now dividing the West. By co-operative action, it would be possible to block out a common agricultural policy, providing for a gradual phasing out of inefficient producers—notably in West Germany—while assuring continuing markets to efficient producers in the United States, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia. A similar approach could ease greatly the balance of payments problem. Jointly the United States and the West European countries can make available a truly enormous reserve (over $30 billion in gold) to discourage speculative runs on the dollar. Consultation on interest rates can avoid the sharp imbalance which sometimes draws large sums of short-run capital away from this country. And the day may come when there will be a Europe-wide currency that will take some of the pressure off the dollar.

By itself, a better working relationship among the Western countries will be of great use in dealing effectively with the Soviet Union—notably through NATO. The alliance is now in painful disarray. On the one hand this country feels rightly that the European allies are not doing nearly enough to carry their share of the defense burden, especially in providing conventional forces. On the other hand, the Europeans argue that the provision of conventional forces is a "mug's game," the more so as they are coming to doubt—or at least say they are coming to doubt—that an American President would use nuclear weapons in defense of Europe, if it meant exposing this country to nuclear attack.

In keeping with that logic, the French are now trying to build an independent, national nuclear capability. If France succeeds, West Germany will assuredly not sit on its hands. Chancellor Adenauer, a far better European than any of his successors is likely to be, has already made rumblings. And these are being echoed by the man in the *Strasse*. "I have two nephews," a West German recently told the Bonn correspondent of the *New York Times*. "Do you think they're going to stand and fight with rifles against the Russian atom bombs?"

One way to head off the drive toward national nuclear capabilities in Europe is to provide a joint NATO nuclear capability. But it is by no means clear how that might work, or whether, indeed, it could be so arranged as to prevent development of independent nuclear forces. A far more promising suggestion was made by Alastair Buchan, a British defense expert, in the January 1962 *Foreign Affairs*. It is that the civilian leadership of the European countries be taken into the process of American strategic planning—hitherto a province reserved, in NATO, for the American military. Buchan argues that, with a truer grasp of the strategic realities and with a voice in shaping plans, the Europeans would settle down to building conventional forces,

while abandoning the wasteful pursuit of national nuclear capabilities. In any event, a drawing together of the NATO allies is in the cards. As Buchan observes: "The restored pride of Europe will make the countries that compose it play a critical or even obstructive role in the formation of allied policy, unless a means can be found which enables them to play a constructive one."

Increasing solidarity in NATO is likely to strike a sour note in at least some of the underdeveloped countries. These at the outset are apt to regard Atlantic Partnership as a rich man's club—worse, a white, rich man's club. But in fact, Atlantic Partnership offers perhaps the most useful base from which the Western countries can make a genuine contribution to the development of the southern continents.

Together the Atlantic countries—and only the Atlantic countries—can ante up the huge sums necessary for loans and grants. Together the Atlantic countries—and only the Atlantic countries—can provide something much more important: stable, quota- and duty-free markets for the basic commodities which are the principal current source of income for the underdeveloped world. Moreover, together the Atlantic countries—and only the Atlantic countries—can provide what the newly independent countries will find most imperative at the stage of development which is just around the corner. That is markets for the products of light industry. Thus, far from being a thorn in the flesh of the southern continents, Atlantic Partnership is a prerequisite for anything like orderly development.

Even if those goals should prove unattainable, and they may, the process of reaching for them could have a profoundly beneficial effect on the United States. Politically, Atlantic Partnership will require pragmatic legislation. Programs will fill the void that has been occupied for the past decade by nonproductive, not to say bogus, issues. Instead of plunging into the Constitutional thickets of the Bricker amendment, instead of indulging moral indignation in the matter of corruption, instead of exercising hindsight wisdom about who lost China, or Cuba, the Congress will be confronted with measures adjusting defense, trade, aid, and tax policies to the requirements of Atlantic Partnership. Not only will the tone of politics pick up, but on the record there is no reason to believe that, faced with pragmatic choices, the representatives of the American people will make the wrong decisions.

Economically, Atlantic Partnership will mean much rougher going for the marginal industries and depressed areas that are already in so much trouble. At the same time there should be a growth of action in the most efficient sectors of the economy. Presumably, there will occur a massive transfer, spurred by government assistance, from noncompetitive enterprises and dwindling communities to those with a real future. Over the long pull, the large mass of the population that is a standing block to economic growth, the mass dependent upon subsidies, or featherbedding, or monopoly prices, or arranged quotas, will be winkled out.

For the inner meaning of the Grand Design is partnership in growth. The United States will be plugged in to the dynamism of Western Europe. The Old World will be called in to redress the balance of the New.

SLEEP IN THE MOJAVE DESERT by Sylvia Plath

OUT here there are no hearthstones,
Hot grains, simply. It is dry, dry.
And the air dangerous. Noonday acts queerly
On the mind's eye, erecting a line
Of poplars in the middle distance, the only
Object beside the mad, straight road
One can remember men and houses by.
A cool wind should inhabit those leaves
And a dew collect on them, dearer than money,
In the blue hour before sunup.
Yet they recede, untouchable as tomorrow,
Or those glittery fictions of spilt water
That glide ahead of the very thirsty.

I think of the lizards airing their tongues
In the crevice of an extremely small shadow
And the toad guarding his heart's droplet.
The desert is white as a blind man's eye,
Comfortless as salt. Snake and bird
Doze behind the old masks of fury.
We swelter like firedogs in the wind.
The sun puts its cinder out. Where we lie
The heat-cracked crickets congregate
In their black armorplate and cry.
The day-moon lights up like a sorry mother,
And the crickets come creeping into our hair
To fiddle the short night away.

Harper's Magazine, February 1962

HAYES B. JACOBS

ORAL ROBERTS: High Priest of Faith Healing

He doesn't like to tell about some things—especially the money he collects—but he has convinced many thousands of people that he can cast out the demons which made them ill.

THE Reverend Oral Roberts, the Tulsa evangelist and the world's foremost proponent of "faith healing," flew into New York recently and invited 3,279 of his followers in the area to lunch with him in the Grand Ballroom of the Commodore Hotel. This may have been an unusual thing for a preacher to do, but Roberts is an unusual preacher. Before his guests departed, Roberts placed his hand on the head of every one of them and asked God to rid them of any heart ailments, diabetes, deafness, arthritis, cancer, migraine, or whatever they might have.

The Saturday and Sunday affairs added up to a lot of chicken and strawberry sundaes, a large tab, and two long sessions of praying. No guest paid for his meal, but some of them left with $600 less in their bank accounts.

To call Roberts an unusual preacher is like calling John F. Kennedy a well-known politician. At forty-four, this fiery-eyed, peripatetic, Pentecostal Holiness minister has recounted his remarkable life story many times—in books, pamphlets, and from the platform of his "tent cathedral." From the story one learns that: at seventeen, in a back-country revivalist's meeting, he was miraculously cured of stammering, and of tuberculosis of both lungs; that through his "healing ministry," carried on since 1947, thousands have been cured, some instantly, of myriad ailments and afflictions, including blindness, birth deformities, paranoia, and advanced cancer; that God has spoken to him seven times, directly; that he can detect the presence of demons in people, and has God's power to exorcise them; and that he appears regularly on 332 radio stations and 129 TV stations (if it weren't for the Devil there'd be more of these), besides conducting his world-wide "crusades" with traveling paraphernalia that includes 9,000 folding chairs, 105 floodlights, a fleet of tractors and trailers, and a portable aluminum platform.

"*So teach us to number our days,*" sang the Psalmist, "*that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*" The wisdom to which Roberts tells us that he applies *his* heart had its origin in the healing of mind, body, and spirit practiced two thousand years ago by Jesus of Nazareth. Its modern manifestations are branded as utter nonsense by millions. Some claim it is actually vicious; that M.D.s are the only ones to treat the sick. Its practitioners have been called frauds and charlatans, crackpots, megalomaniacs, robbers of the poor, and worse. What seem to be modern miraculous cures, the detractors of faith healing say, are the results of mass hypnosis, expert showmanship, concealment and distortion of medical facts, or spontaneous natural recoveries.

But what of the records of healings in the Bible? Long disregarded by many theologians, or thought to belong to the many unexplainable mysteries that "could never happen now," they are now being re-examined and seriously discussed. The ancient ritual of "laying on of hands," with prayers to restore health to the sick and dying is being widely revived. When the National Council of Churches surveyed 169 Protestant clergymen recently, it discovered that 142 were using healing prayers regularly, and believed them effective. The International Order of St. Luke the Physician, an expanding faith-healing organization, attracts thousands to its

annual conferences. Apart from the evangelist sects, the Anglican Communion, represented in America by the Episcopal Church, has been the leader in renewing interest in faith healing. In 1953 the Archbishop of Canterbury appointed a twenty-three-member commission of clergy, educators, and physicians to investigate spiritual healing. Its report, issued in 1958, admonished the church to take up "with vigor its divine commission to heal the sick."

Dr. Paul Tillich of Harvard's Divinity School, bewailing religious leaders' long neglect of Christ-centered, spiritual healing, wrote in *The New Healing* (1955): "The gospels, certainly, are not responsible for this disappearance of power in the picture of Jesus. They abound in stories of healing; but *we* are responsible, ministers, laymen, theologians, who forgot that 'Saviour' means 'healer,' he who makes whole and sane what is broken and insane, in body and mind."

And in England Dr. Christopher Woodard, a Harley Street physician who, along with his black satchel, carries a strong belief in spiritual healing, wrote in *A Doctor Heals by Faith:* "I believe the next great step forward . . . is the realization of the existence of healing powers on the spiritual level which, as yet, have not been understood, though they were seen very clearly when Christ was on earth."

Not surprisingly, most medical doctors and psychiatrists remain highly skeptical, and many outspokenly opposed. Dr. William S. Sadler, a psychiatrist, says in his textbook, *Modern Psychiatry:* "While prayer for the sick may be a laudable and worthwhile ministry, when sanely practiced, religion of the 'divine healing' type has done a great injury to a large number of people in leading them to expect the impossible and has been the cause of many untimely deaths. . . ."

But in spite of such detractors, faith healing is coming to the fore, strongly, and some skeptics of a few years ago are now at least willing to give it a try. Seminarians are making it the subject of their doctoral theses. The press is giving it increasing publicity, reports of it are on radio, and actual demonstrations (Oral Roberts') are to be seen regularly on TV.

On such rising tides of changed attitudes has the Oral Roberts "showboat"—as one skeptic has called it—steamed into many a port, to be welcomed on the dockside by ailing, cheering multitudes, a lot of them waving voluntary greenbacks before the waiting purser.

Hayes B. Jacobs, a former newspaperman, now free-lances for "Harper's," "The New Yorker," "Esquire," and other magazines. A graduate of Harvard, he keeps a hand in the academic world by teaching writing at The New School in New York. His interest in evangelists began twenty years ago with Aimee Semple McPherson, who said, he recalls, as the money began to drop into her collection plates, "I don't want to hear it."

THE DEVIL'S BIG BLOW

ROBERTS was born in Pontotoc County, Oklahoma, to Ellis M. Roberts, farmer-turned-preacher, and his verse-writing wife, Claudius, the former part Cherokee and the latter one-eighth Choctaw, both natives of Arkansas. The couple had four children (one daughter a helpless epileptic from the age of six) and were expecting a fifth when Ellis felt the call to preach, and with his last $5, bought a Bible and started out. Claudius Roberts "asked the Lord," she says, "to please send me a son who would become a minister." And the Lord did. "God granted my request by giving me Oral, born January 24, 1918."

Oral Roberts' early life is recorded, along with some of Claudius' verses, in a paperback, *Our Ministry and Our Son Oral,* by Ellis and Claudius. The baby Oral couldn't wear his first shoes, since he walked on the sides of his feet. Claudius "took the problem to God," sent Ellis to town for another pair—this time little white ones—and his "feet fit into the shoes and he walked straight—and has to this day."

Oral had many problems, and in a few more years was to become one. He was frail, awkward, and couldn't pick cotton or chop wood very well. He stuttered, stammered, and hid on the back porch when visitors came. At sixteen, feeling "the heat of youth," he ran away from home. He went to southern Oklahoma, entered school, and worked as a handyman in a judge's home, where access to law books fired his ambition to become a lawyer and, eventually, governor of Oklahoma. But all was not well. The Devil was striking at him. "I lived as if I had never known anything at all about God."

The Devil's big blow came one night in a basketball tournament in Atoka, when Oral, pounding across the floor in the final game, suddenly collapsed, with blood spurting out of his mouth. His coach drove him straight home to his anguished parents in Stratford. "They carried me in and I fell across the bed. Looking up

at Papa, I said, 'Papa, I've gone the last mile of the way.' " Roberts records that he lay bedfast 163 days, and a thousand times cursed the day he was born. His afflicted sister, Velma, had died at nineteen, and now it appeared to be his turn. His weight dropped from 150 (or 160) pounds to 120, and his friends said they couldn't stand to look at him. (There are height and weight discrepancies in the versions of Roberts' story. In his first autobiography, *Oral Roberts' Life Story As Told By Himself,* he writes that he was "six feet one inch tall." In his second autobiography, *My Story,* he was "six feet one and one-half inches tall.")

As he lay in his lonely bed, his mother said that if he would just have faith, the Lord would raise him up from the bed and heal him. Then came "the Lindsay Saints." These touring evangelists, from Lindsay, Oklahoma, came one midnight and prayed with the ailing boy, and when they left at daybreak, Oral told Papa that when he got religion, he wanted the kind the Lindsay Saints had.

One night, Oral suddenly felt the Lord's presence strike his feet. It came slowly up through his legs. Then it went all over him, and his face began to shine. He cried out to Papa, "Look at this light on my face." He stood up in the bed, hands upraised, praising and "magnifying" God and saying, "I am saved! I am saved!"

A few weeks later Oral was taken to an evangelist tent meeting in Ada. He rode on a mattress in the back seat, and he was miserable. Something had been troubling him in addition to the bacilli in his lungs. He had "borrowed" a few of the judge's law books and had promised the Lord that if He would save him, he'd take the books back. At the meeting, conducted by a Brother George Moncey (whom he has never seen since), he sat in a rocker padded with pillows. When Brother Moncey commanded the disease to come out of Oral's lungs, he leaped out of the rocker and raced back and forth, hands up, shouting, "I am healed! I am healed!" Without stuttering one bit, he told the audience what had happened. He rode home to Stratford sitting up straight, rejoicing every mile of the way.

"The t.b. was instantly healed," he says. His doctor said, after fluoroscoping him: "Son, just forget you ever had t.b. Your lungs are as sound as a dollar."

Two months later, Oral Roberts, now about eighteen, was preaching. For the next twelve years, with intermittent study (he has no degree) at Oklahoma Baptist University in Shawnee and Phillips University in Enid, he and later his wife Evelyn, whom he met when she was playing guitar at a camp meeting in Sulphur, toured the South holding revivals and "pastoring" small churches, including the Pentecostal Holiness Church in Toccoa, Georgia. The couple was happy but quite poor; their marriage, in 1938, could take place only after Roberts borrowed $18 (or $20, depending on which of his autobiographies you read).

In 1946, one of his Toccoa deacons, Clyde Lawson, dropped a heavy motor on his foot and sat screaming, with blood running out of his shoe. Roberts was summoned to pray for him. Roberts knelt, prayed, straightened up. The deacon quit screaming. The pain was gone. He took off his shoe, and found his foot perfectly normal. "I could not deny," says Roberts, "that a miracle had been wrought." Shortly afterward Roberts and Evelyn moved back to Oklahoma, Roberts resumed his college study, and in his classrooms and elsewhere he would hear the voice of God saying: *"Son, I am going to heal you and you are to take my healing power to your generation."*

"GET ON YOUR FEET"

WHILE studying in Enid, Roberts "pastored," but he was distressed because he couldn't draw large crowds. He and Evelyn had to live with one of the church members, and after three months of it Evelyn said she was taking the two children (they now have four) and going home to mother. When Roberts told the board, it voted to buy a parsonage. Still, Roberts was not content. He had a feeling of destiny; a "miraculous power" was at his fingertips. Finally, he recalls, he saw he "would have to be like the Saviour and His apostles. . . . Some of our church leaders thought that my restlessness was a sign of instability, and they told me quite plainly that I should settle down and be content. How fooled they were." Perhaps, he reflects, they didn't "feel a fire shut up in their bones."

But Roberts did, and as the fire smoldered he began to have new feelings of power. He also began to walk in his sleep. He would awaken in the back yard under a pear tree, sobbing and praying. After one such session, he decided to fast. "Don't cook me any meals," he told Evelyn, "until I tell you." He refuses to say how long he fasted, but he lost thirty-two pounds. Still aflame, though, he started holding healing services. He acquired a new car, too, and some of his flock were critical. Greatly troubled, he lay

down on the floor to "have it out with God."

"Get on your feet," said God. *"Go get in your car. Drive one block and turn right."* Roberts did. God then said, *"From this hour you will heal the sick and cast out devils by my power."* Roberts drove straight to the parsonage, and said, "Evelyn, cook me a meal; the Lord has spoken to me."

Plans were made almost at once for a downtown auditorium, and a mass healing service was held. A lot of people were healed, Roberts says, including an old German woman who had had a stiff hand for thirty-eight years. When Roberts asked people to "turn their faith loose," several hundred came forth shouting and rejoicing. When it was over, Roberts' body was tired and his hair disheveled, but he felt "strong as a lion" and the offering, $163.03, was $3.03 more than the expenses.

Oral Roberts, the celebrated holder of healing services (he hates being called a faith healer, for "only God can heal") was finally on his way. The flames within were leaping out. "I felt the whole world was waiting for me," he says. "I could go out with God's anointing and set the world on fire."

The living torch, as it were, began to burn its bridges. Roberts resigned his pastorate, moved to Tulsa, and took over a healing series being run by a Brother Steve Pringle. For nine weeks, the tent was packed nearly every night. Reports of the healing of a blind man the second week brought people from afar. Mail, telegrams, and phone calls poured in on the Roberts household. Soon the place was filled with typewriters and volunteer stenographers. Then, with a loan of $11,000 from "a special friend," Roberts bought a lot near downtown Tulsa.

Other special friends were soon joining in the work, offering funds and services. An office building went up on the vacant lot, becoming the first of three now owned and operated by the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association. The largest, the seven-story "Abundant Life" building that is now the headquarters for the ministry, is a windowless, ultramodern, air-conditioned structure opened in 1957. One of Roberts' brothers was the contractor. It is faced with white marble and illuminated by floodlights at night. It houses Roberts' own office, editorial offices, mail-rooms, a 1,500-seat auditorium, a staff-room, and the "Secret Place"—the room in which volunteers sit in an around-the-clock praying group ("in 24-hour contact with God," according to the Annual Report), responding to phone calls and letters. (For prayers at any hour, call LUther 3-2191, Tulsa.) G. H. Montgomery, Roberts' editor in chief, has described the scene in the staff-room, presided over by Roberts. "Often in these meetings," Montgomery says, "he speaks of Jesus and his will with such earnestness that it is easy for the members of the staff to visualize Jesus sitting at the executive table, presiding over the meeting."

There are now 415 employees working for the Association, most of them in Tulsa; they include a Roberts daughter, her husband and two of his brothers, and Evelyn's mother. Evelyn Roberts holds a directorship. The other employees are out planning or conducting the week-long crusades, of which about a dozen are held each year. ("We're cutting this to eleven," an associate told me recently, "to give Oral more time to rest.") Through the years the crusade team, besides blanketing the U. S., has visited Australia, Formosa, Japan, Poland, Finland, Puerto Rico, Canada, and—though no public service was held there—Moscow.

THE GLOBAL OUTREACH

PAUL'S Epistle to the Romans (I:16) hails Christ's gospel as the *"power of God unto salvation for every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."* With this ancient letter as its marching orders, the Association has set out to put a Bible, printed in Hebrew, in the hands of every Jewish rabbi in the world and "every Jewish person who wants one." Thus far 200,000 have been distributed. Roberts, as part of his "Jewish Outreach," has gone to Israel, where he planted a banana tree in a *kibbutz,* preached in the ruins of a Capernaum synagogue, and was received by Ben-Gurion.

Next to Billy Graham, Roberts is possibly the most widely traveled religious leader in world history. He has been welcomed in the Presidential Palace in Taipei, where he and his associates prayed with Chiang Kai-shek and Mme. Chiang; he had breakfast in the gubernatorial mansion in Raleigh, North Carolina, his host being Governor Luther Hodges, now Secretary of Commerce; he once addressed General Mark Clark's cadets at The Citadel in Charleston; he is on a first-name basis with countless governors, mayors, and other public officials here and abroad. Nearly everywhere (Australia was a notable exception) the welcome mat is out, along with huge crowds of worshipers—enough to fill the tent cathedral, or, in winter crusades, local civic auditoriums, convention halls, or sports arenas.

The Association's work is done mainly through the various Pentecostal groups, and several Pentecostal ministers are on its staff. Crusades are arranged and "sponsored" by local Pentecostal churches, whose preachers sit on the platform at every meeting and later divide the proceeds of one "love offering."

In many ways, however, Roberts disassociates himself from any denomination. He has always turned a cool, if not cold shoulder, on formal churches and their leaders. "You may find it wise," he says, "to change creeds and church connections before you can truly be healed." Some churches' creeds and ministers, he says, deny the healing virtues of Christ. In 1941 he wrote a pamphlet, *The Drama of the End-Time*, a document unique for many reasons, including its syntax, and not now included in the mountain of literature sold in crusades and by mail.

> The average preacher [Roberts wrote] is so mixed up on what he believes until it is hard to say what it is. They do not preach the Christ of Calvary, to a lost and dying world as Christ has commissioned, but are busy walking the Milky Way, turning somersaults in the Big Dipper. . . . The rising of false prophets, such as Father Divine, Mary Baker Eddy, etc., is just a preliminary to that vast horde that shall precede Antichrist and prepare the way for him.

When I asked Roberts recently if he still felt the same way about Mrs. Eddy he hesitated, expressed amazement that I had been dipping into his early literary stream, then said: "I respect the Christian Scientist people very much!" "But what about Mrs. Eddy, and her teachings?" I asked. "Let's just leave it at what I said," he replied, twisting his head in a quick, chin-jutting mannerism he has, as though his shirt collar were too tight.

HOLY GHOST BULLDOZER

ON THE platform, Roberts is a spellbinder. I had watched, fascinated, scores of his telecasts, but when I went to Toledo to attend a crusade, I saw the untaped, unedited, living, breathing (hard) man himself. His ability to hold an audience is extraordinary.

A crusade service starts with Roberts, his microphone close to his mouth, singing some exultant hymn. "He lead-uth me, He lead-u-uth me . . ." Arms waving, he urges everybody to join in. He then announces his text, and asks everybody to repeat it three times: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Then may come a characterization of the Devil, "a roaring lion," and of Sin, Disease, Demons, and Fear, "the offspring of the Devil." ("I memorized those," Roberts said in Toledo.) "I am pushing a Holy Ghost bulldozer tonight!" Then, in a series of quick leaps from one emotional peak to the next, over fields of platitudes, in and out of the vales where dwell wicked sinners flirting with hellfire, he will lead his hearers up, up, finally to the climactical summit from which he will speak out against sins, such as smoking, drinking, and cursing. "There was a time," he will say in a sepulchral tone, "when there wasn't enough money on earth to give to a Christian to lure him to smoke, to curse, or to drink! If you really love God you don't need those things." Phrases are punctuated with widened eyes, a half smile, the squirming from the shirt collar, flared nostrils, and heavy, electronically amplified breathing. Finally, a prayer: "Clean 'em up from bad habits, God!"

After the sermon Roberts will ask those who seek Christ to walk forward. "Come on down here in *front* of me. Come *on*!" As several hundred walk slowly forward, the electronic organ mourns softly with the strains of "Coming home . . . coming home." Many in the group are weeping. Now Brother Bob DeWeese takes over, directing those who have made their decisions to an adjoining room, where Brother Hart Armstrong and a corps of volunteers enroll them.

Roberts, meanwhile, has left the platform to go to a screened-off rear section where as many as a hundred invalids await him. Many are in wheelchairs or on ambulance cots: macrocephalic children, their heads toppling against tearful parents' sides; terminal cancer victims, pale and waxen; people in bandages, splints, braces; muttering schizophrenics; wailing, blind toddlers; bent old men shaking with Parkinson's disease. Some have traveled a thousand miles to be here. Roberts comes to stand in front of each one; he places his hand on them and prays. The Association's wiry photographer is everywhere, shooting close-ups of the praying, weeping, and shouting. An outcry from anywhere in the place sends him running to record the scene for *Abundant Life* and other Association publications.

In Toledo I saw a quadriplegic youth of twenty, lying stiff on an ambulance cot. After Roberts prayed over him, his family, weeping and moaning, tried to get him to his feet. His mother shouted to him: "Walk! You can walk, son!" The boy's face twitched; the body remained still. "For God's sake help us to get him *up*," the mother said to me. "Go get Mr. Roberts! Have him come back and pray some more."

I realized they probably thought I was a crusade official and I had to do or say something; what, I was not sure. "Mr. Roberts can pray only once for each person," I said. I walked away, shuddering, and went to the men's room, where I splashed water over my face and had a much-needed cigarette.

While Roberts is with the invalids, the "call-backs" appear, to testify of their healings at earlier crusades. Then the prayer line forms and one by one, people go up the ramp. They stand in the glare of floodlights, and the cameras grind away, making footage for the TV shows. I watched as Roberts, coat off and seated, clasped their shoulders and shouted, "Heal!" They walked away, some carrying their crutches and canes, not using them. Deaf children stood there, Roberts behind them saying softly, "Repeat this, honey. Say, 'I love you Jesus.' " A child would say, "I love you Jesus." Roberts' hand grabbed the microphone. "Did you hear *that*, everybody? Wasn't that wonderful? Praise God. Oh praise God. Ay*man*!" (For some reason Roberts invariably says "Ay*man*," not "Amen.")

THE SMELL OF DEMONS

WAS I witnessing healings? Were these lame being made to walk? Were the deaf suddenly hearing? I don't know. I cannot know. To study their cases, to see their medical records, to get information from their doctors—even if that were possible, which it usually is not—would require years of research and, as testified to by some who have tried it, would probably yield only confusion. Like most observers I have come away from the scene neither convinced nor unconvinced. I am left wondering. I can say, regarding the "healing" aspects of Roberts' services: I have seen nothing startling, nothing that seemed miraculous. Yet how could I swear that some healing did not take place? Skilled physicians often disagree among themselves as to who is healed, who is "hopeless," who is improving, or growing worse. A layman without medical training—and this must include preachers—cannot, if intellectually scrupulous, even enter into such arguments. To put it simply: I don't believe a man has been cured of cancer because Oral Roberts says so, or because the man himself swears it's true.

The "theology" put forth by Roberts rests on the literal, absolute truth of the Bible in its entirety; its dogma starts and ends with Roberts' declaration: "God is a good God." ("I coined that phrase," he says.) Life can become "a new experience in the abundance of God's gifts—materially, physically, mentally, spiritually." Illness and poverty are not God's handiwork, but the work of demons, which, I was surprised to learn, Roberts can see and smell in people. The words Success and Prosperity appear repeatedly in his literature: one book contains case histories, including that of "God's Poultryman," Jack Linn, whose chickens had developed diseases and who received a cross-breeding formula "from God" which resulted in new, healthy, highly marketable birds called (and it's right there in the book) Golden Broads and Silver Broads.

About those demons . . . they are the same ones, Roberts declares, with which Christ and his disciples had to contend. Demons cause man to become whatever they themselves happen to be. "If the demon is an epileptic demon, he transfers his violent convulsive nature to the person." Roberts, adamantly disclaiming *personal* power of healing, does claim, unequivocally, the personal power to recognize and exorcise demons—which he repeatedly says are the cause of sickness! "The Lord told me I would know the number and names of demons and that I would have His power to cast them out."

I asked him to tell me precisely how he recognizes demons. His eyes narrowed and he spoke in a hushed monotone. "First," he said, "I feel God's presence, usually through my hand; then I catch the breath of a person—it will have a stench as of a body that has been decayed; then I notice the eyes. They're—they're like snake eyes."

INTO THE PLASTIC BARRELS

TO HIS dismay, wherever Roberts goes, there is much speculation about his personal income. Offerings at his crusades run up to several thousand dollars a night, and one is taken each afternoon, too. But Roberts' only income, he claims, outside of book royalties, is the traditional Pentecostal "love offering," taken up once a week in any given crusade. What this adds up to only Roberts and a few close associates know, but he lives well, and appears to have no money worries. Well—there have been *some* worries; a few years ago he sold his large farm, on which the family had lived for six years, and moved to a modest, five-acre place, bought by the Association. He also disposed of a herd of Angus cattle. Critics had been rough on the gentleman farmer–preacher and his prize steers.

The ill person who attends a crusade is not required to give a penny, but usually finds himself making numerous contributions. He cannot

receive a healing without a prayer card, and he must attend every nightly session since he never knows when his card will be called. And at each session the plastic barrels are passed. I talked with a Canadian woman in Toledo. "I've enjoyed all of it," she said, "but it's been pretty rough on *this*." She was patting her pocketbook.

Members of the Roberts "Blessing Pact" are the dedicated who pledge $10, $15, $25, or more each month for a year (tax-exempt), sending it to Tulsa. Receipts from Pact members, I was told, account for about half the Association's income. It is to secure renewals to these annual pledges that the free luncheons, such as the one I attended in New York, are held in various cities. I was not really invited to that luncheon; the press is quite clearly unwelcome. If it had not been for a reporter's eternal blessing—a tip-off—received from "a special friend," I'd not even have known of the luncheon, although at the time I was in almost daily contact with the New York office staff of the Association and, in fact, had had lunch only the day before with Roberts, Evelyn, and Brother Armstrong.

At the Saturday luncheon, where Evelyn was introduced as "Our First Lady," the crowd was told that "the essence of the Blessing Pact" was that it "changes your financial circumstances." Each was asked to renew, first at $25; later the plea was cut to $10 or $15. Many in the crowd stood to signify they would renew. Then, about forty more volunteers agreed to pay $600 each, to underwrite the foreign-language films Roberts sends overseas.

Roberts, who often ducks reporters' questions, often gets a bad press, and wonders why. Much of the Association literature reflects his personal feelings for reporters' lack of sympathy: "In Sydney, the reporters who came to the meetings were so disrespectful of public worship that both the sponsoring pastors and our teams were astounded." Their reporting was "a travesty," their behavior worse; one naughty journalist was caught "trying to pour an alcoholic beverage" into Roberts' glass of water.

Evelyn Roberts, too, has some dark thoughts regarding the press. After one "smear article" appeared in a magazine, she turned to her mother-in-law for consolation. "Granny, why does Oral have to go through all of this? He's out trying to help people—get them saved and healed. Why do they print all of these lies?" Granny promptly blamed the Devil. Evelyn's story is related in *her* autobiography, *Whither Thou Goest . . .*, originally issued as *I Married Oral Roberts*

Printed instructions to volunteer ushers at the crusades, in addition to cautioning them on personal hygiene ("Be careful to avoid having any offensive body or breath odors"), warn them against the prying, fact-twisting press: "Eager reporters of an unfriendly newspaper love to get hold of a talkative usher. . . . When you are approached by any person desiring information and you have reason to feel he is from the press, refuse to talk or give any statements. Say, 'I am only an usher here. I have no information about that. I don't know.' Then turn away and go about your work."

In my initial interview with Roberts, in Toledo, my first question irked him. "How do you view your ministry in relation to other types?" I asked. "I don't *study* other ministries," he snapped. "The Lord told me not to. I just try to be like Christ." Soon afterward he got up and said he had to go look at some TV film footage. Several times that week he and I sat at separate tables in the same motel dining-room. He knew I had come from New York just to get acquainted, and that arrangements had been made by his own press-relations staff. There was only a cursory greeting as I passed his table on my way in or out.

If the Lord has been generous to Roberts and his family, He doesn't wait long for their thanks. "We ask and we receive," says Roberts. For one particular type of material gift—cars—the family appear unanimously and especially thankful. They seem to have a "thing" about cars. Back in Enid when Roberts was earning $55 a week, he felt the need for a new car. "Evelyn," he asked, "do you believe God will give me a new Buick?" Evelyn didn't. "Well, I do," said Roberts. A few days later Roberts' neighbor leaned over the fence and said: "Brother Roberts, you sure need a better car, don't you?" Roberts said he sure did. The neighbor, who ran a car agency, promptly took Roberts' car in on a trade, sold him a new one at cost, and arranged easy payments. "Driving that new car did something to me," Roberts wrote later; "I felt like it was an answer to my faith. . . ."

These days, the crusade team usually flies, part of it in the Association's private plane, an Aero Commander. Brother DeWeese is pilot, and Bob Fulton, the crusade organist, is co-pilot.

"Once in a while Oral is criticized for traveling by plane," Evelyn writes. "I travel by plane, too, when I go to him. When one of our friends suggested we could use the money spent for plane fares for a better cause, Oral replied, 'Friend, you just can't put a price on love!' "

Harper's Magazine, February 1962

Ed Fisher's

WHITE PAPER ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS



"The ambassadors from the independent Southeast Asian nations, Chief."



"Frankly, what we're looking for in a government car is something that will symbolize our complete freedom from Yanqui influence, but with all the convenience of a Cadillac."



"Look, Sergei, old man—you give me some of those abstractions you've been secretly painting in Russia; I'll give you some of the academic stuff I've been secretly painting here. We'll exhibit them in our respective countries and clean up!"



"*Everybody's* gone underground!"

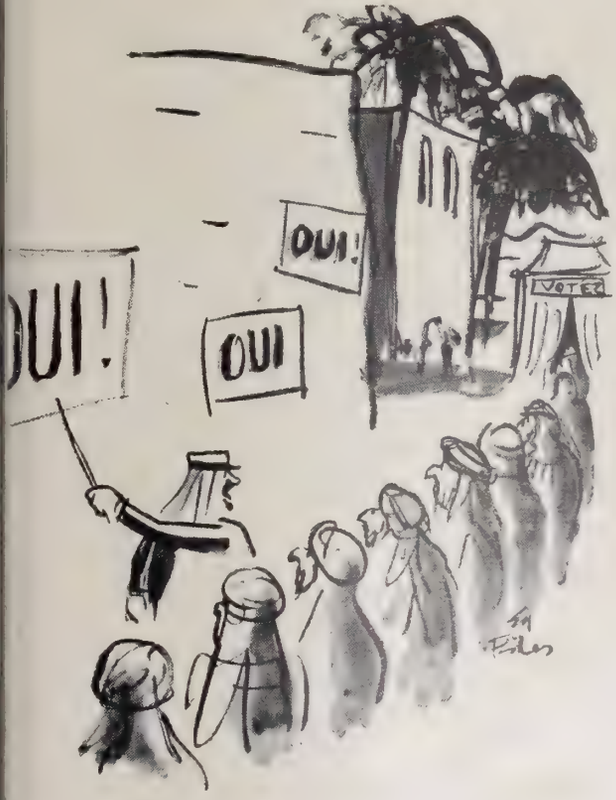


"All I know is Comrade Khrushchev told Comrade Mao he wouldn't take Albania back for all the tea in China."





"My suggestion is that we quietly encourage the neighboring peoples to go Communist. That'll make us a Vital Outpost of Democracy. Pretty soon, we get air bases, grants-in-aid, irrigation projects, scholarships . . ."



"It spells 'non!' "



"Gaaah—what a filthy job! Let's leave it for the Peace Corps!"

Harper's Magazine, February 1962

INDIAN ENTRIES FROM A DIARY

BY E. M. FORSTER

Introduction by Santha Rama Rau

E. M. Forster is probably the most renowned contemporary English novelist, and *A Passage to India* is certainly his most famous—and controversial—book. It is required reading in many schools and colleges, and even after the thirty-seven years since its publication, it is still argued about by critics and politicians.

To the British it had, when it first came out, provided something of a shock. No English writer had made them look at themselves quite so clearly as colonial rulers, few had made them examine their habits and attitudes quite so precisely. By now, after Indian independence, they can, perhaps, judge that picture of their behavior with less heat. They can, after all, look at so many other parts of the world and see that Mr. Forster's picture and predictions about life in a colonial situation prove to be only too painfully true.

To the Indians the novel came as an equal shock. This was partly because, for the first time, an Englishman had shown the sensibility and penetration to explore Indian characters deeply, indeed sometimes to write from inside the minds of Indians, and partly because the book also explored (and fairly) the exterior behavior of their countrymen.

It is, consequently, of special interest to critics, politicians, and the general reading public, to have access to the notes and diaries that Mr. Forster kept on his first visit to India—a visit that was to provide the setting for a novel that literary commentators like to describe as "a classic in its own time." Having dramatized *A Passage to India* and, as a result, being steeped in the material of the book, I find myself fascinated by the curiously evocative progress of the notes. First the eternally familiar ship voyage in which, as anyone who ever made the long trip on one of the old P. and O. boats to Asia knows, minor shipboard likes and dislikes take on extraordinary proportions, the days which are measured out not only in coffee-spoons but in remarks-made-by-that-awful-woman-at-my-table. The journey is enlivened as well by the excitement of being at sea and watching its changing moods and inhabitants, the flying fish, the porpoises, the dolphins. If there are days when one spends all one's ingenuity avoiding the shipboard bores, there are also the joys of seeing shore at last, exotic, compelling, sometimes disgusting, but always the beginning of a new adventure.

Second, with a spasm of nostalgia, I was caught in Mr. Forster's new-minted impressions of a foreign, very foreign, country—in a view that an Indian national can never have. With his sharp observation of details that most voyagers ignore or, after a few days, forget, Mr. Forster eases us gradually into his own growing awareness of what lies behind the heat, the inconveniences, the inexplicable muddles of India. At last there comes the realization of the beauties of scenery; the look of temples and ceremonies, or equally of the people on the street, the mess and confusion of a bazaar, or equally the charming people and the horrors. Mr. Forster's recording of a country is a casual and honest view, given profundity by the nature of the writer. A Samuel Pepys diary rather than the For-Posterity accounts of John Evelyn.

But beyond these qualities, it provided for me at least an informal sermon for a novelist. Out of these scattered notes, taken over a very few months in India, came the makings of a magnifi-

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Santha Rama Rau is the Madras-born author of "Home to India," "Gifts of Passage," and other books. This January 31, her dramatization of "A Passage to India" opens in New York in a Theatre Guild production. It played last season in London to the great satisfaction of sellout audiences—and of E. M. Forster.

cent novel. One can trace many of the real people and actual incidents directly—seeds that eventually flourished in full fictional form in *A Passage to India*.

In Saeed, who was Mr. Forster's host during his visit to Hyderabad, a young Moslem working in a provincial part of India, the reader can see the outlines of a sketch for the character of Aziz in the novel. Certainly, he is transformed into a young Moslem doctor, a central character in the story and working in another part of India, but he is still the volatile, charming, touchy, hospitable creature that appears in the notes.

In the descriptions of the wild and beautiful countryside of Chhatapur one can find the landscape of the Marabar Caves where the strange, honest heroine Adela Quested had her hallucination of attempted rape by Aziz. In the delicate account of a visit to a mosque one can imagine the meeting between the mystical Mrs. Moore and Aziz. Mr. Forster even shows us the elegant blue arches that were to appear again as part of the garden house of Mr. Fielding, the college principal in the provincial Indian town that Mr. Forster decided to call Chandrapore in his book. Fragments of conversation which appear in the diary, and the stories of dances based on the great mythological epics of India seem to be the starting point in Mr. Forster's mind of both the figure of the religious Hindu professor, Godbole, and the beginning of Mr. Forster's own interest, bewilderment, and understanding of Hindu philosophy.

In short, we have here, in a handful of abbreviated, sometimes disjointed notes and comments, the raw material of a great novel. For anyone interested in literary detective work, it provides an enthralling puzzle. It is, of course, a searching commentary on travel, travelers, and the curious contrasts of the colonial world as well.

The Diary

I FIRST went to India half a century ago. I had no intention then of writing a book. I went to sightsee and to stay with friends—particularly with Syed Ross Masood to whom I subsequently dedicated *A Passage to India,* and with Malcolm Darling to whom, still more subsequently, I dedicated *The Hill of Devi.*

I kept a diary, and I have selected three entries, or rather entry-groups from it for publication.*

(i) The Voyage—Naples to Bombay. (Oct. 1912)

(ii) Chhatapur. (Nov.-Dec. 1912) This is or rather was a small state in the wilds of Bundelkhand, Central India. I was travelling with two English friends—Lowes Dickinson and Bob Trevelyan the poet—and we had an introduction to Chhatapur's fantastic and endearing Maharaja. I have written elsewhere about him in my biography of Lowes Dickinson. But his main memorial is J. R. Ackerley's *Hindu Holiday* published soon after his death.

The state contains the famous Khajraho temple-group, our visit to which I have not recorded.

(iii) Aurangabad, Deccan. (March-April 1913) Then part of the former Hyderabad State. Here my host was a friend of Masood's, a young Moslem by name Saeed who then held a local judicial post. He has subsequently had a distinguished career and risen to the top of his profession.

Visits to the Daulatabad Fort and the Ellora Caves are included in this entry. It is the last in the diary. From Aurangabad, and from unforgettable kindness I returned home.

E. M. F. 1961.

I Voyage

Oct. 8, 1912. Fine violet seas against black behind, and a strip of pale blue and once of green towards the Italian shore, whose faded desolation suggested brigandage, but the only beauty was the parting of the waters by the prow. The water it has struck impinges on the water unstruck, so that a mountain of white precedes it; only a rowing boat cleaves the blue. Then—on either side of the prow—is imprisoned a huge globe of azure which struggles to rise to the surface and is veiled by foam. Between it and the unflecked are frills and sprays, mostly white, but some are of the green of glacier-streams. These are always changing in detail and arrangement, yet have fixity. The pattern of drops they make on the outer blue is not fixed, so that there is a slow transition from our prow to the variety of the sea.

Too much gab today. Hardly a moment to think that I am going to India.

Oct. 9. Better. Sun and soft wind. A flying fish like a tiny aeroplane rose. A little bird—yellow

* The MS is a private journal, jotted down from day to day. Hence its occasional roughnesses and obscurities. I have deliberately made no attempt to eliminate these, or to prepare it for publication for the reason that this would alter its character. If readers occasionally get held up will they please skip and read on—Here and there I have added a short note.—

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hammer?—followed us. Porpoise. Watched water again, which sends back foam from the prow's point, seeming to bounce on the blue. Appearance of anglicised Indian. Rather trying. Concert: The Rosary.

Oct. 10. My table lady—once a nurse in the Bhopal Purdahs—deplored the bad home life of M'ism. She hated the old Begum who hated all English women and addressed them as 'tum'. "If our children stop in India they get to talk chi-chi and it is such a stigma—we are disgraced." Our Indian on board also repelled her. I was to consider myself the Begum's equal when I met her.*

Oct. 11. Port Said. We crossed the track of Cleopatra's flight early this morning, and at midday Damietta appeared, misty pink through the glasses but large, then the statue of Lesseps, pointing with one hand to the Canal and holding a string of sausages in the other, struck no unfamiliar note. He stands at the entrance to the Mole, and a crowd of the inhabitants stood round him in admiration; a plage is beyond him.

A barge full of coal was towed up, on it black figures squatting and lying. They awoke like an operatic chorus more and more excited till they swarmed on deck, each with a basketful. "Quickest coaling station in the world." But they had time to sing, fight and fondle. Some were women. At night one stood with a beautiful lamp by the plank-way and the East appeared as something happy and terrible. We went on shore too, but saw nothing to equal this. "The sink of Europe" disappointed me as a town, but the Arabs were beautiful and there were signs of sinkiness. "Do you want to see something filthy? Noah? Well perhaps after tea. Here smut postcard." etc. The Indian has reported his cabin mate to the steward for threatening to throw him out of the window. But they are friends again.

Oct. 12. Sunrise over the desert and passed all day through the East which has been fastened on by artists to a greater extent than Italy so that nothing is a surprise. The Canal was a surprise—so long, varied, and such views. Now pale flat, now mountains of faint yellow and purple, one crossed by shadows that looked like an arm of the sea. Here wandered the children of Israel, listening to Moses. The sand gushed into the canal as each boat passed. Arabs, who have to talk to work, are motionless when idle; motionless camels. Hovels with fringes of sacking and a few hens. A humming-bird hawk moth and a butterfly came on board and the lake which dished Pharoah is full of jelly-fish. Suez, and we drowned one of our bird-passengers when unloading some electric lights and the pilot. Crescent moon. As we entered the gulf, the sky was covered with unfamiliar stars.

The sea at night hissed and sparkled but did not flame.

Oct. 13. Lady neighbour: "They tell me that young Indian's lonely. I say well he ought to be. They won't let us know their wives, why should we know them? If we're pleasant to them they only despise us."

Red Sea. Cool. Came out of the Gulf of Suez at dawn with Sinai range one side and mountainous island right. Following breeze and billows.

Oct. 14. Dolphins, golden brown, passing close beneath us. Owls, a hawk, a hundred swallows. For sunset two cliffs were prepared, and between them after various lights shafts of *blue* sky radiated, reversing the usual arrangement. The sea was purple toward the light and blue to right and left. More beautiful if less queer was the sunset of yesterday where a fan of clouds stretched from the focus to the zenith, gray except the outermost rim which were white ostrich feathers.

Played the shovel-board tournament and spoilt the chances of a promising partner, who was nice over it. Horrid female opponent. By what selection are the organisers of these things found? As if by magic the appropriate colonel or captain is at the top. And is it chance that the Indian has been drawn to play with the wife of his guardian, believed a semi-Indian?

Oct. 17. Moon-set a crescent on its back. Sunset has been like a mosque-dome. Orion lies on his side with Sirius between him and the sea.

Oct. 18. "If you put my bed down there again I'll screw your bloody head off."—"Screw my head?"—"Don't you answer me."—Thus my day ended, but happily. There was a concert but I sat reading by the sea, thinking now and then of the apparent happiness of sea-creatures, jelly-fish, purple and scarlet, who float near the surface as soon as it is calmer, flying-fish in parties, most frequent at rise and set of sun, what I still believe were water snakes asleep, though others say sea weed, and tracts of scarlet, many hundreds of yards wide, said to be fish-spawn. There is a sense of joy never conveyed by the air nor by the dashing waters of the north. Coleridge knew of it. Then the moon shone brightly on the sea close to us, and brightly and widely on the sea far away, between was darkness, flecked afterwards with solid gold. It is difficult to remember the order of things and worse to describe them, yet I sympathise with Luce who is indignant

* Never did. She ignored my introduction.

with nature for not being more beautiful. "The poet has thoughts that lie too deep for tears, but he should not go to a mean flower for them." The great poet's dishonesty. Walt Whitman sincere but so stupid.

A varied day within, but ended well, with sense of distance. Slept on deck for the first time, where remark at head of entry was heard.

Oct. 21. Have lost a day—thought this was the 20th. Anyhow we arrive to-morrow not more than 24 hours late. We played our special gymkhana—standing on the bollards in a high wind. I hold the championship—80 secs.

Colonel as historian: "You know the Santa Scala at Rome. They say it comes from Pilate's House. Well it does for they've measured the house and it fits exactly. Now I'll tell you something. Luther was going up the staircase on his knees once and when he got to the 13th step he stopped and said No it's not good enough and that was the cause of the Reformation."

Oct. 22. False India—a cloud bank—turned into true, a queer red series of hills, a little disquieting, as though Italy had been touched into the sinister. I had seen little yellow butterflies the day before, and now other kinds fluttered among the baggage. The Taj hotel was the most prominent building—our destination but a rumour of cholera came. The last horrid meal on the horrid ship ended as we reached Bombay, and we went on shore in style in a native boat, an ugly crew but beautiful skins.

II Chhatapur

Oct. 27. Motor met us at Harpalpur. 35 miles south with scarcely a deflection through an open country scattered with trees and broken by hills. As the moon rose, a range passed across her. Chhatapur we did not enter; the guest house, high on the right, was civil but got food slowly and feebly, hiding each dish as it was cooked inside a grandfather clock, where I discovered them at last and we ate higgledy-piggledy. No Led-clothes either, but these were found. Servants and luggage didn't come till 1.0.

Oct. 28. This is a success. Even Bob Trevelyan is calmed, and no longer wants to rush on. The view, which I feared the moonlight had romanticised, is beautiful always—thickly wooded in front with the temples of the town in the foreground, and barer behind; while in every direction the graceful hills diversify it. The only idyllic place I have seen yet. The guest house is on a narrow ridge which rises to a temple of Hanuman. Bob and I went after breakfast, and a priest like a cheerful Christ skipped down the walls to greet us, dressed in a duster and smelling of ghee. He smacked his own body. Attendants gave us custard apples, which we threw away afterwards. The priest said 4 annas would not buy him a new duster, then salaamed.

Oct. 29. The mystery play.* Krishna, Radha, and four Gopis sat enthroned on the roof of the palace, and, without saluting us, began. The earlier scenes showed their games and the battles of the Pandava War, and conveyed ecstasy, but the last and longest was best. A blue shawl was held up, over which we could see Krishna as a baby in his mother's lap, but a Rishi who knew his divinity and had come from afar to worship, could not see him. 'Show me the child.' The women answered 'No, for you have snakes and scorpions about you.'—'I am a hermit, disguised thus to come here safely. Show me the child for he is my God.'—'He is too young. You will frighten him.'—'He is my God and will come out to me.' Then he goes, and Krishna begins to wail. The women try to comfort him, but cannot, and have to call the hermit back. Krishna smiles. 'Holy Rishi, stop here forever' says the mother. He answers 'I will come back whenever the baby cries.' It ends by the mother carrying Krishna out and the hermit circumambulating them and then prostrating. . . He had checked squares of colour on his chest and back, and a black beard, a man of 55 and a great artist. The rest were boys. He who played Krishna did not alter his dress from manhood to babyhood. The music more intelligible than the Nautch. Often in Major or Minor keys. The dancers sang noises not words.

Dickinson too ill to go, but went to the Palace in the afternoon, and answered His Highness's questions. Books were brought, to be explained. At twilight Bob and I walked towards a tor behind the Guest House, but Zemindars** swept down from Hanuman's Hill and would talk loudly. Have not seen such independence in India. Because this is a native state?

Oct. 30. Doctor and Secretary*** paid their morning call and drove us to Hospital and Jail. The first—though I have since praised it in the Visitors' Book—was a muddled courtyard in which the 'out' patients sat—very much 'out'. A sick calf was among them, and some were in chains. But in the prison, there was good health and the men were gently making carpets and

* For a further account see G. L. Dickinson, *Appearances*.

** Landowners.

*** Both employees of H. H.

durries, or working in a garden of sweet scents and fruits. Nor was Paradise guarded. One had escaped, chains and all, the day before. Drove back through main bazaar, which had architectural design.

H.H. "If the soul has walked with the Gods, and if the Beloved on earth is a staircase by which we can climb to Heaven again, then will you tell me who has put barriers in the way? Have I made myself plain?" And, after a witty sketch of the 17 Political Agents* he had known, he told us his present troubles and showed us a letter that he meant to send, which we thought unwise and undignified. However. Stopped nearly 3 hours with him: then reached the tor behind the Guest House unchallenged, but it was dark walking back. D. no better.

Dec. 1. Usual morning call from Private Secretary and Doctor: then elephant came, male, and swifter and easier than her of Gwalior. 2 miles along Banda road, under a ridge where tigers live, then the Jungle. It was unlike what I had imagined, yet brought the expected feelings: powerful and hostile. The attendant handed up one fruit after another, all unripe and unknown, and as we advanced between brushwood and rocks, a slight reverberation—such as Reinhardt uses—came at intervals. P.S., like me, thought it a wild beast, but the Mahout said it was the elephant himself who made it when he thought the journey was ending. The Temple of the Goddess of Rain gleamed from a crag on the right. Round it the annual Fair is held every Friday when the rains come. We walked up. A tangle of boulders and trees with a little white-washed masonry: the goddess gesticulated inside, vermilion, but her Brahman was away. The view was wild and beautiful. Descending we came to a marsh where the Elephant walked, picking rushes; in parts it was purple with some sub-aqueace growth, in others birds swam, and great trees grew by its edge. There was a well opposite a rest house. Bob bathed in it, while the P. S. burst out to me about the hatred between Hindus and Mahommedans, which might be laid if the one would give up Hindi, the other cow-killing. He was tolerant and sensible; Mahommedan; has married a Hindu wife I should say; and put down the bitterness to educated men—Arya Somaj and Young Islam. Didn't discuss the English, but from his desire to combine with the Hindus, I expect he dislikes them. "My brother says I am half Hindu."

Dec. 2. Found Padre Sahib—Army Chaplain at Nowgong—when I came back from a morning walk, and at once he said 'My young friend, if you go out in the sun you'll know it.' A bounder and a fool, yet liked by the people here. P.Sec: "He is a typical (he meant ideal) clergyman. He does not drink and makes peace between officers and men." We asked if any chaplain of his acquaintance had shown any interest in religion. "Oh no—that is not necessary for him, I think." Later, the Chaplain joined us at the Palace. "Now, Maharaja, what's this I hear? You've made yourself ill by fasting. Don't you know that you're transgressing the fundamental rule of religion?"

H.H. looked down, laughing gently. Clergyman had already told me that he was H.H.'s spiritual and medical adviser, proceeding with hints on 'bouncing natives into treating you well by professing to be furnished with introductions to them that you don't possess.' His popularity here suggests (i) how readily the Indian responds to kindness (ii) how incapable of distinguishing good European manners from bad.

Mau on our way to Nowgong. H.H. motored me and Bob. Nowgong a small Cantonment and a bore; polo; officers wives with hideous voices and faces of that even pink. Though not more attracted to Indians than I was, I'm irritated by my countrymen more. They made dogs beg. The Political Agent came up, but of him more further on—

Dec. 3. Another fool, but well bred and amiable. Theosophist of the silliest sort who says every moment 'But everything is all one' or 'You must get rid of the Self and not expect reward,' which may be a good ideal, but is monotonous advice.

Mau is on a lake, beyond which is a hill and tombs. One—200 years old—is called the 'Queen's'. 'She was a nymph and used to walk on the top of the water lilies.' Here H.H. would meet Krishna, and is never happy on account of this loneliness. The Palace is fine Hindu-Moslem work in the stucco that is so different from the English and can seldom be procured now. Hall, with columns down the centre, opens from its length on to a terrace, beneath which is the Lake, reached by steps under a great tree. The water is full of growth, but clear. When the sun set ducks flew over and hundreds of teal beat the surface with their wings far away, making thunder. H.H. brought a sorcerer here to make the walls speak by some incense, but the man was a 'quake': he forgot the incense and the walls have never spoken. One says 'Oh but there is beauty—immortal in a sense—oh but good deeds have value; and many unhappy men

* British officials in charge of a state or of a group of small states.

have less than you.' And it is true he desires the impossible. Yet, how unassuageable his sorrow, because it is a poet's and includes ours. Egoism without imagination is the vilest, with it the highest.—We drove back starlit.

Dec. 4. Dinner here—Dewan,* P.S. and H.H. all came; so did P.A. and was somewhat baited about theosophy. He has a bee in his bonnet. Fireworks on the slope afterwards. First they let off a groggy Welcome, then all the Catherine Wheels, then all the Flowers. The effect was good but irritated the poor Apes—beautiful creatures who were given black faces because they ran from Rama's army.

Dec. 8. The dancers again in Dewan i am.** Krishna and Radha wore black and gold. What to describe—their motions or my emotions? Love in which there neither was nor desired to be sensuality, though it was excited at the crisis and reached ecstasy. From their quieter dancing, dignity and peace. The motions are vulgarised by words—little steps, revolutions, bounds, knee dancing—how clumsy it gets and will my memory always breathe life into it? Radha was most beautiful and animated, but a little touched by modernity; and Krishna, hieratic, his face unmoved while his body whirled, soared highest.

The play—by H.H.—was a comic Nativity story. Krishna steals the food of the Pundit who has come to congratulate his mother, for each time the Pundit says grace he heard Divinity invoked and had to come. No fear of repetition. No feeling for climax.

Tea with P.A. at Nowgong. Then we walked by a lake opposite Mau. He said—But I won't sully the beauty of the evening, which was very English, with orange sunset and black clouds. —Then the peculiar purple that I've only seen in India appeared in its usual place—half way up the western sky.

Dec. 9. In a courtyard at Rajgarh:—'Do you meditate?' H.H. 'Yes—when I can, for 2 hours, and when I am busy for 45 minutes.'—'And can you concentrate and forget your troubles?'—'Oh no, not at all; they come in with me—always—unless I can meditate on love, for love is the only power that can keep thought out. I try to meditate on Krishna. I do not know that he is a God, but I love Love and Beauty and Wisdom, and I find them in his history. I worship and adore him as a man. If he is divine he will notice me for it and reward me, if he is not, I shall become grass and dust like the others.'

* Prime Minister.

** Hall of Public Audience in the Palace.

And the P.A. afterwards: 'Oh but Maharaja, because you are alone it is no reason you should be lonely. Everything depends on the life within. You *oughtn't* to be lonely. It's so simple. Thought's everything. Then you *won't* be lonely. Can't you see? Oh what a fellow you are, Maharaja.' The P.A.'s two contributions to the mystery of pain and sin are—if you do wrong you are punished though you mayn't feel the punishment; and if you suffer it means that you have done wrong though you mayn't remember what.

Rajgarh—a palace in a fort on a spur of the wooded Vindyas, with a view over jungle and hills; to the right the course of the Ken was marked by darker trees. Some good paintings.

Dance again.

P.A. 'We should imitate the Infinite. If only we would, there wouldn't be this sinful outcry in England about Conscription. Now I'll explain. Self-sacrifice is the essence, and when the Infinite created, it gave something of itself away.' I. 'But to whom could it give it? It's only transferring this orange from one hand to another.'—'Never mind. The act of giving was there, and we must do the same. Of course it's a paradox. Everything's a paradox. But we must sacrifice ourselves to our country. What could be nobler? After the country comes the Family, then our Father and Mother.' I advanced the claims of cosmopolitanism, which to my bewilderment he conceded.

Dec. 10. To-day—Tuesday—is lucky for the eastward bound though not for me.* Still we were let to go. Farewell to Dewan in his house. H.H. gave us disappointing Japanese boxes and his photograph; also six Rajpoot paintings for which Bob hinted. 'But one would do anything to get Rajpoots.' An affectionate and sad goodbye. He likes me least, but all of us. Hate going. Tongas and luggage hours getting off. Magic light on the pass between Nowgong and Harparpur; as though two halves, light and dark, had been put together to make each tree.

III Aurangabad

March 24, 1913. Uncomfortable night in train. Mahommedans squatting in rows, I alone lay. W.C. full of melons, truss of hay among my baggage. One of the M's was a Tahsildar who announced my arrival to Saeed**; wire missed, as often in Hyderabad. Pillar of dust at Dak Bungalow—like smoke at first; when it passed through

* Dickinson and Trevelyan were bound for China and Japan. I for Bhopal.

** Local official.

a tree the leaves rattled. Saeed drove up as I was having a bath and took me to stop with him in a lovely wooden hall: two rows of triple arches which, like the internal pavilions, were painted blue; my bedroom—half the height—was to right, servants to left. Square tank of green water.

S. and I walked to a deserted garden, belonging to a vanished palace; the gardener gave us champak blossoms; trays for fountains along the hillside. Fort—not much. The lovely mosque, with aisles like that of Hyderabad; it was dark when we got back.

After dinner to a mosque close by in moonlight; here S. and 'barrister' talk about England and want to catch fish in the tank, but it is thought impious. Charming, with the feel of roughened stones under one's socks. Barrister not a fool, but undistinguished. S. has turned into a dashing young dog; Baldeo* impressed by him.

March 25. To court with Saeed, but he only signed documents. In the sub-judge's room more went on; civil surgeon giving evidence in murder case. Punkah boy, seated at end of table, had the impassivity of Atropos.—To Jail where the superintendent met us 'a perfect gentleman' but I didn't like him: thick, bare lips in the middle of a black beard. Jail clean and dreary.—Tomb of Alamgir's minister: picnicked on its edge off 'catkins', carrots, and tomatoes which the policeman and the prisoners brought us and washed in the rills. Impossible to be happy near an English tomb.

Drive after tea to comic edition of the Taj. Not bad at a distance, but proportions and materials are wrong. Stands in pleasant garden. S. rode curvetting horse. Enjoyed all this day.

March 26. Court morning: invitation from sub-judge reached me officially and was answered. After ten we rode, the horse became an odd shape and I fell on my right-hand bottom. 'I am thankful to God it was no more' said S. but is callous and sensible over illness. We went to a very lovely Mahommedan shrine, but I was too shaken to appreciate it and my drawers were coming down. I remember small buildings divided by pavements and flowers with a trough of a tank beneath them.—On to the Golden Palace, a ruin under the hills, but it was locked and twilight. I rode slowly to the 'Taj': saw a light in a mosque and found more on arrival: were tangled in steep ground. Romantic—the ruins are endless, far flung among the lovely undulations, and the dried up fountains touch imagination. Not even at Fatehpur did I feel the vanished empire thus. S. is a remnant of that empire: many a young blood must have jogged through the evening before him.

Moghulai dinner at sub-judge's—S., me, Mohammed Ishaq, Barrister, host and superintendent of police, a vast young man like an Italian. Our host made a speech about the goodness of England to India which gave me gêne. We sat cross-legged and except for one chilli, supposed an onion, I came to no harm. Thirst awful.

March 27. Diarrhoea after banquet. Kept quietish all day, but rode in evening, and most successfully. Horse played no tricks and we trotted and cantered over open country to a Mahratta village. Saeed burst out against the English. "It may be 50 or 500 years but we shall turn you out." He hates us far more than his brother. Horse curvetting all the time in the sunset. Very jolly. Patches of green among the barren—we rode from one to another to admire. Horse played no tricks: S. made his play—an amiable show off. Energy and sense at the bottom. Reckless talker, but realises one has few friends.

Dinner at Barrister's—felt sick throughout and was so after. My first upset since Chhatapur.

[***From other days at Aurangabad***]. 'The strong man beats the weak and will not let him cry out.' 'If we are all unhappy together it doesn't matter.' —Urdu proverbs. 'And what is the greatest defect of Indians in your opinion?'—'Inability to co-operate' was the line I selected. 'Tik' said Moulvi* Sahib. I got through a difficult moment well. I ought to have said untruthfulness or vanity, but they are not accusations that can be borne or profited by. Poor Indians'll do nothing yet: no constructive policy except vague 'education': but it is character not knowledge they need, and they will get this best by building up a framework of social intercourse. At present the educated class has created no conventions, and doesn't take care of its health. The drinking water here has been perilous. On the other hand a capacity for friendship triumphing over suspicion and forgetfulness. This must bind. And sanity about death removes an emotional drain. Injustice to Europeans, not more than vice versa.

March 28. Daulatabad: Unearthly start, nor did it ever appear why. Arrived about 9.0 and visited Hammam and Mosque in Pathan style: Keeper of the Fort took us and would send us breakfast from his house: great delay: Saeed awfully nice and understanding. The female Christian serv-

* My servant.

* Tik = "Right!" Moulvi—the title, here applied to a school inspector, implies intellectual respect.



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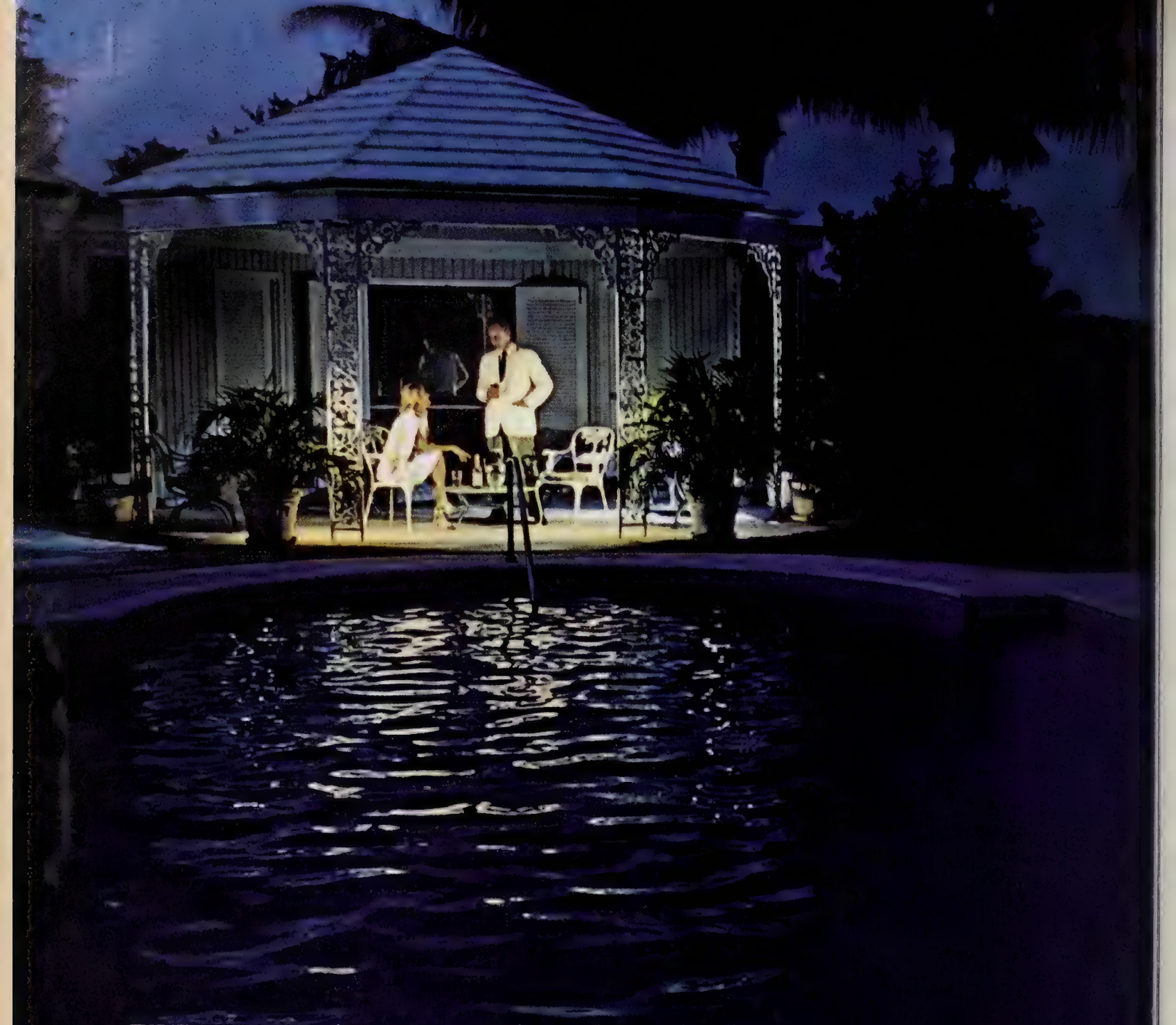
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ant of someone at the Dak Bungalow gave us tea.—'Tell the keeper sahib that I wish I could speak to him in Urdu.' S—— 'He replies that it is the highest pleasure to meet you: such modesty is only found in those of noble birth. . . . . I have said something flowery with many Persian words in it to him for myself and you.' . . . . Not till mid day did we attack the Fort which was as queer as a fairy story but without architectural beauty.  is a section of the hill. The scarp must have touched up by man. The moat excavated. Crossed by a bridge: pools of waters and caves where leopards live. The path then entered the rock by a spiral tunnel: a grille once closed it at the top, over which a fire was lit, but I don't believe this worked. It is the Oriental superfluousness. These were old guns, whose metal was cool though stone was unbearable, a crack of cool water in the rock, a palace on the top and above it, mounting as in a dream, the grass grown top of the hill with one gun more 'made by a Hindu,' said S., disproving Alamgir's bigotry. Looking over the parched Deccan I thought 'What should I do with such a kingdom?' S. all for ruling, though not knowing what it means: He said 'When I look down on walls I thought big below, I despise them.' After lunch I dragged him to walk over quivering rocks: the air scorched but did not hurt. Round the moat outside: the mountainside seemed inlaid with monstrous animals at first: a rock bridge crossed the chasm, as at the main entrance, then plunged into cave. Heat and silence and green lumps among the rock, and the even curve of the scarp. Reminded of the impregnable mountains of my youth's Wild West.

Ellora. Kailas at Sunset. More amazing than anything in a land where much amazes. Supporting cornice of blackened monsters—elephants, griffons and tigers who rend. The great mild face of a goddess, doing cruelty, fades into the pit-wall.

March 29. Went over hill side to Buddhist group. No beauty as at Gwalior or Sarnath. Giants round their seated master. The Hindu caves, very different, had no beauty either: the brute aroused instead of somnolent: that was all. We picked up 'Maharaj' here: S. and Mohammed Ishaq were charming to him, as to all servants. Are they typical? Beggars they cleared away. Maharaj sang Hindi love songs to us in the Indra Sabha cave—Indra, said S., was fond of music. The heat great and we had no thermos. S. and M.I., who don't care for sightseeing, especially when the sight is Hindu, didn't want me to stop behind. Am I offensive and irritable on these occasions? S. and I got askew slightly: he would guard and order me and invent imaginary perils of beast and reptile. Also 'You have got a wrong idea of the Indians: they are sensitive but not foolishly sensitive' when we got home. Lunch in pyjamas. At 5.0 they drove off, I going as far as Roza and walking back to Ellora.

To caves alone for sunset: knocked at entrance to warn leopards but none answered. Went to mosque but the worshippers had gone.

March 30th. Aurangabad. Conversation with S. about debt depressed me Yearn for political freedom and don't care about economic. Won't leave one fine impulse ungratified—must be well dressed, housed and served and lavish hospitality. 'God gives me food to eat. . . . Brother and I were brought up by our father who gave us everything. We lived at a very happy time. Now that I see my kids (his nephews)—I must give them a good time too. I hesitate to marry lest I care for my children more than my kids. They must want nothing.' Then I: 'But you must retrench somewhere.' 'Oh—everyone is in debt—my father died poor—I will die the same. Give your sons everything, educate them, but leave no money, lest lawsuits come. Now we all love one another, brother the kids and I.'—But I, from these sweet strong impulses, saw temptation springing.

'I know what family I shall marry into—the Hakim family at Delhi. The girls are not rich but well educated and fair-skinned. . . . I wonder what my auntie, my mother's sister, will arrange. I am in love with her already though I do not know who she is . . . . is that not strange!!' Then later 'Aha! I have heard from my Auntie—it will be the daughter of the daughter of the sister of the head of the family. Is not that nice!' . . . 'With European girls I must be very particular indeed—not even a little flirt. . . Then they think I do not care about them and afterwards I have to explain. . . . . I think ideal friendship with a woman is better than other things, though it is love in a way, for one wants to kiss. That is my experience after trying all.' Morning, I revisited Caves alone. (Writing 5 days after); their impression is already fading, I think because there is no beauty and I do not believe in the devil, whose palace they are. They are Satan's masterpieces to terrify others: the moustached Buddhas are not glaring at me. Went over the head of the Waterfall, and in the upper reach, besides drying pools, was another cave colony: the bees and possible leopards did alarm. Mohammed Ishaq's servant met me at the Kailas with soda water. Weary drive—called on

superintendent of Daulatabad Fort and talked cultivated Urdu. 'Ge han, main bahut salaam deunga.'—Eurasian gent: 'No—he is asking you to stop the night.' S. rode to meet and hurried me over some vast palace of Aurangzebe in the twilight: ruined divans, hannams, cypresses. Then home to some of the talk I've indicated.

March 31. Diarrhoea again—having thrown away my corkless chlorydyne—and it was difficult to get through the day without being sick, as S. gave a lunch followed by an ice cream party, and Mr. Sirdar a vast and boring dinner—about 20 of us and as many courses. I tasted 19, in terror. S. promised to go early but ended by enjoying it and we stayed till 12.0. Had some explanation of the Aurangabad water-system—pillars may be to diminish pressure off weak pipes, or to cool water. Source between two soils—recently discovered. Moulvi Sahib—nice man with intelligent bushy head. Short drive with timid barrister between ices and dinner

April 1st. Diarrhoea quiescent. S. drove me to Moulvi Sahib's who lives close to 'Taj'—inspector of schools and certainly the most intelligent man in Aurangabad. The elder generation of Indians are more distinguished than the present and more capable of a look round. He and I talked about S., whom he will warn. Train barely caught. Garlands. S. embraced me; more charm than swagger in the boy. I like him, and sense may be ripening in the undergrowth. Here endeth India.

April 2. Travelled Intermediate Manmad-Bombay. Boat twelve hours early. Fearful scuffle to get off—couldn't get Saeed cakes at Mongini's. It's as if I am to do nothing for him, however slight. 'The accounts of friends are written in the heart' is his explanation.

DONALD JUSTICE

BUT THAT IS ANOTHER STORY

I do not think the ending can be right.
How can they marry and live happily
Forever, these who were so passionate
At chapter's end? Once they are settled in
The quiet country house, what will they do,
So many miles from anywhere?
Those blonde Victorian ghosts crowding the stair,
Surely they disapprove? Ah me,
I fear love will catch cold and die
From pacing naked through those drafty halls
Night after night. Poor Frank! Poor Imogene!
Before them now their lives
Stretch empty as great Empire beds
After the lovers rise and the damp sheets
Are stripped by envious chambermaids.

And if the first night passes brightly enough,
What with the bonfires lit from old love-letters.
That is no inexhaustible fuel, perhaps?
God knows how it will end, not I.
Will Frank walk out some day
Alone through the ruined orchard with his stick,
Strewing the path with lissome heads
Of buttercups? Will Imogene
Conceal in the crotches of old trees
Love-notes for grizzled gardeners and such?
Meanwhile they quarrel and make it up,
Only to quarrel again. A sudden storm
Has pulled the fences down. The stupid sheep
Stand out all night now coughing in the garden
And peering through the windows where they sleep.

Harper's Magazine, February 1962

A Compound in Passalonia

A Story by RICHARD ROGIN



ON HIS last afternoon in the army, Private Dale Grissom, RA 12390671, seventeen years in, lay deep in the sag of his silver bedsprings, his shoulders and head resting on a mattress snaked at the end of the bunk: thirty-eight years old, sharp-nosed, smoking the end of a cigarette, his blue eyes attempting a private wisdom.

Grissom came from no part in particular. He had joined up in the summer of 1939, acquiring in the stark pine barrens and sand-colored frame barracks a vernacular, the accent of the Regular Army. Now he didn't even seem to have a first name. Delayed by two wars he had arrived at a comfortable place with an AWOL bag full of westerns and comic books, a place shaped like a PX, a bed, a barracks. "Once I got as high as corporal," he would smile; but he wasn't used to the imperial and fell soon after. Court-martialed eight times, Private Grissom thought, he couldn't remember all of them though he sorted through the years and countries. What AWOLs where? What drunkenness? What assault?

He had a deft light-footed way of walking, his solid body crouched slightly, muscles bunching on his half-raised arms, as if ready to turn quickly and fend off something. When he slept his breathing was deep, slow, and regular, sounding like cheering crowds on a distant field or a company, faint, far away, shouting in cadence.

Grissom had been transferred to Headquarters & Headquarters Company six months before but his assignment was the same as always: working on the jeeps and two-and-a-half-ton trucks in the motor pool. He seemed to be rarely out of his fatigues. He would sit with others, drinking coffee and watching television for hours in the aquarium dark of the night mess hall or swiftly empty pitchers of beer in the PX, his cap tipped back, his childish wrinkled face relaxed in a boozy grin. He joined the endless army talk—stories of war and other places, rumors and minor gripes, women, cars, and epic drunks—but Grissom's exploits somehow had an odd antique air as though they had happened a hundred years ago, if at all.

In the barracks his foot and wall lockers were scrupulously neat and uncluttered; the boards under his taut bed whitened with vigorous mopping; shoes and boots, gleaming and evenly lined up; uniforms starched; GRISSOM stenciled clearly on the white cotton strip over the right breast pocket of his fatigues.

Indeed, he seemed after long travail to have

memorized the ritual as if he knew an eye chart by heart and could reel off the letters in a rush. There were lapses though; the motor pool sergeant would find him stretched out asleep under the engine of a jacked-up truck.

"I don't have the course made," Grissom would say, "no siree. But I got some of it knocked, no sweat."

Now on this pleasant June afternoon it was coming to an end. He had turned in his bedding, his overcoat and field jacket; his bivouac gear had been spread out on the floor of the supply room and checked off. His M-1 and bayonet had been given their final inspection and cleared. Grissom had spent a morning taking apart his rifle, ramming a lightly oiled patch in and out of the bore, then holding it to the sun and peering into the swirling brilliance as if it contained a picture of the future. Then, as if there were a choice, he had put his finger over the open end and darkened whatever he saw. He was going out, away from the army on a 368 discharge as an undesirable; in the morning he was to report to the Separation Center and pick up his discharge papers. Taking a train he would get off at his destination and find himself in another country: a place the Regulars called, with distaste and awe, The Outside.

So on his last afternoon Private Grissom lay on his bunk in a pair of summer pants and a light, gray windbreaker, his blue AWOL bag with cream piping, carrying the souvenirs of seventeen years, under the springs, waiting until he was ready to go past the gate MPs for the last time.

* * *

PFC James Piper, a two-year draftee with a furious desperate boredom with the army, a talent for anxiety, and one hundred and eleven days to go, walked across the firebreak, clouds of dust billowing up around his shoes. It was a hot dry day and his freshly starched khakis were stiff and uncomfortable against his skin. He tried to walk in a rigid fashion keeping the uniform away from his body but it was too awkward.

A fireman's shovel clanked against the furnace door in a nearby barracks fireroom. It was the time of day when the hot-water boilers would be fired up for the troops coming off duty. He walked by the PX, the barbers sitting around idly in the heat of the afternoon, and headed for the supply room. Sergeant Pound was there leaning on the counter, humming movie music. Piper said he was on CQ and the sergeant handed him two blankets and two sheets. "Have a good sleep up there, soldier," he sassed.

Charge of Quarters meant you were supposed to stay up all night in headquarters, answer any telephone calls, and in a general, though make-believe, way look after the regiment until Sergeant Major Orlando came in the next morning. The officer of the day would be there (the bedding was for him) but he usually went to sleep around midnight; then the privates could sleep, too, for a few hours. Most soldiers liked the detail because it was easy, no rank kept watch over you, and the next day was free. When CQ came on a weekend, though, it meant duty twenty-four hours straight; Piper always sold his for ten dollars.

In an army life of exaggerated depression and small saving comedies, where nothing was trivial to him, Piper was determined to get off post on pass every weekend. Saturday noon he would slowly drive his faded blue Chevy down the winding road toward the wire fence and the MP shack at the gate, anxiety mounting, always fearful that a white-gloved MP would halt him at the last moment for some obscure infraction and order him back to the barracks. Then when he was past the gate on Route 2, *on his own,* he would feel physically lighter, as if in just passing the gate he had undergone a transformation.

Ever since that first soft blue day on the noon bus for Fort Dix, riding by the reek of the Hackensack marshes, Piper had been waiting for it all to end. He was twenty-three and had recently decided during a five-hour drive from his Massachusetts post to New York to become a teacher. He was now probing army regulations to try and get out in time for summer school at Columbia. If he could only get out to start work on a master's degree, he knew with impatient certainty everything would be all right again.

Captain Ericson, his company commander, had told him, fixing the angry dismay on Piper's face: "All you're losing is a little dignity and time. Remember, you're lucky, you don't have to fight a war." But Piper, untouched by the moment of candor, didn't want to lose even that; he wasn't convinced of his luck though he knew he might have been some nameless recruit going off to Troy to fight ten years on that hot plain.

Richard M. Rogin spent two years in the army (mostly in newspaper work) and was later a reporter on the New York "World Telegram" and other papers. He is a Dartmouth graduate who studied also at Cambridge University; this is his second story in "Harper's."

The army had made him strip off his civilian clothes that first afternoon in a vast warehouse, dressed him in an ill-fitting uniform, compelled him to follow its insane logic, which was established and superseded, over and over, issuing forth in an endless parade of mimeographed orders. On the edge of despair Piper would plan a wild coup: he would seize the mimeographing room first, destroy the stacks of stencils.

Yet, angry at himself, he was glad he wouldn't have to account for his two years' absence, relieved he had made the trek: marched out from bivouac at dawn, the brown field grass bent and whitened with frost, the woods silent, and had returned long afterward on a summer night in great fatigue, as if through a dream, his rifle grafted achingly to his shoulder, one of a column of helmeted shadows trudging through the warm dark, through the thick dust, rifle stacking swivels swinging up and down in a ceaseless metallic cadence. Washing hastily in the winter dark before morning formation he often wondered, anguished at his loss of control, if it would only all be over in a hundred years as a soldier had said with the sardonic mastery of old pain. Would he always hear the payday craps game like mice running across the floor above, smell the acrid effluvium of coal gas in the gray winter air, or, cold and crowded, huddle in the back of a truck, holding his rifle tightly between his legs? The screen door slammed and PFC Piper, soldier of misery, entered the cool of the barracks.

HE could see Grissom lying on his springs halfway down the left-hand row of beds, each made up head to foot. Grissom had been moved in three weeks ago to the bunk next to Piper's. Piper knew he had been given an undesirable discharge and that this was his last afternoon. If Grissom talked of his 368 he did so to his buddies, RAs who might understand the prospect of no more barracks: what it would mean to be always on *your own time* only three years from retiring, if you wished, on half-pay. Piper had read in the *Army Times* of the directive from Washington: discharge all problem Regular Army enlisted men, get rid of low-IQ personnel. It had seemed just, he thought; they should have exiled guys like Grissom long ago. The army was incompetent enough without him around. Some colonel at post had decided after all this time that Private Grissom would never make good noncommissioned officer material. A few nights ago in the latrine Piper had heard that Grissom had been court-martialed more times than he could remember.

Now he said hello and Grissom nodded back, his eyes still preoccupied. Piper stuffed the bedding into the bottom of his wall locker and locked it away. He lay back on his bed, hands clasped under his head. Though he considered Grissom with barely softened contempt—a dumb Regular who had made his home in the barracks and PX—he was curious to find out, if he could, how he felt about going out.

"I hear you're leaving tomorrow," he said.

"Yuh," Grissom answered.

Though he already knew, he asked: "What happened?"

"I screwed up," said Grissom, and then added with a grin, "by the numbers. I done nothing for three-four years, but they got the record."

There was a pause. "Did you get to travel much to good places?" asked Piper.

"You know," Grissom said, as if he had decided to entrust Piper with a memento, "I was stationed once in Passalonia. In Spain."

"Where?" asked Piper, slowly curious.

"Passalonia."

"Where's that?"

"I don't know," Grissom said, "but I was there. In '46. We had a compound and it had everything. We never went out. I tested parachutes. There was a big tower—just high enough for a 'chute to open—and we jumped. That was the life."

"Don't you mean Barcelona?" Piper asked, searching for the closest-sounding name.

"No, it wasn't that. Passalonia."

"But we didn't have any troops in Spain in '46," he said, though he wasn't entirely sure.

"I was there," Grissom declared. "Testing 'chutes." It rested at that. Piper was sure he had been somewhere in '46 but it was probably a stockade in Georgia, not a compound in Passalonia.

After a skeptical silence Piper asked: "What are you going to do now?"

Grissom was quiet for a while, giving the appearance of ending a deliberation which had started early in the day. "I'm going to do some firing for effect out on the range," he said slowly in a tense voice. "I'm going to get my old M-1 and lie down in the prone and squeeze away, round by round. Then when I'm zeroed in, I'm going to close my eyes and keep pulling the trigger until there's nothing more—just a hole where the bull's-eye was. I always wanted to shoot the bull's-eye right out of the target."

When he finished his voice was harsh and breaking, his eyes moist with tears, the skin tight against his cheekbones. Piper had never seen

Grissom show any major emotion at all before, so when the private gave a snorting laugh, Piper joined in, laughing with relief since he didn't know what to say. But Grissom wasn't through. "I'm going to do it, you see," he said. A series of dry mirthless laughs exploded from his mouth.

"Get the colonel another shooting trophy," Piper tried to joke. But at this Grissom swung his body up and his face hardened as if ready to deal or receive blows. "Damn the goddamned colonel," he said abruptly. And then reducing his angry posture he propped himself on an elbow and expertly flicked his cigarette, sizzling, into a butt can on the floor.

"What I meant," Piper continued lamely, "what are you really going to do now . . . for a living?" He didn't care anymore, even indifferently, about Grissom's future. He should never have started a conversation with this jerk, Piper thought. Who cared how he felt about leaving? Whether he thought he had it coming? Piper wanted to get back to the familiar cadence of his own anxieties, keep his imagination exclusively occupied with what he knew, but was unable to change, as his self-pity.

"I don't know for sure," Grissom answered. "I may get me a job through my brother-in-law in a trucking outfit in Kansas City."

"Sounds good," said Piper, surprised that Grissom had relatives, silently thinking that he better have four thousand dollars in Soldier's Deposit, hoarding it against catastrophe, because otherwise he'd be walking the streets. Not that he cared a damn. They both lay quietly for a few minutes until it was time for Piper to leave for a quick meal with the KPs. He tucked the bedding and a copy of *Tristram Shandy* under his arm.

"Good luck," said Piper.

Grissom said thanks like a stranger grateful for directions in an alien city.

* * *

AWOL, AWOL, where you been?
Out in the woods drinking gin.
AWOL, AWOL, where you been?

The chanted words died away as the soldier passed under the windows of regimental headquarters. Sitting at the sergeant major's desk on the second floor, his back to the dusky blue sky, PFC Piper knew he was headed for the pickup point down the road. A car stopped, started again, and Piper could imagine it passing the post gate, swinging left on Route 2 toward Boston or right toward Worcester.

"Might go AWOL some day myself," Sergeant of the Guard Ulysses Smith said without conviction. The sergeant had come into the office with his .45 slung across his right hip and a roll of girlie magazines and comic books in his left hand, as if to balance his destiny. He had a neat small mustache and lustrous dark brown boots laced with yellow leather thongs. The starch crackled in his uniform as he moved about, talking, parting the air with his right hand for emphasis. Before he left for the guardhouse the sergeant told Piper he came from Long Branch, New Jersey, and wanted to get out and be a policeman there. He had been in twelve years, he said, and that was enough. Piper nodded in silence. It made no difference what he did or said; Smith hadn't asked for belief. Night duty was another habit; you said different things than during the day. Piper even envied Grissom now, leaving in the morning.

The colonel and his captains and sergeants had all gone home from their barren anonymous offices and the headquarters was resuming its old air of desuetude. Abandoned several years before as a Bachelor Officers' Quarters for reservists during their summer training, the ramshackle two-story frame building had been salvaged and painted white that spring for the regiment. Standing off the road with sparse woods on three sides it looked like a dormitory for waiters, lifeguards, and cooks at a large summer hotel in the mountains. In back of the building, in what appeared to be a gesture by the management, a lawn was struggling out of a patch of rocks and sandy soil under the colonel's window. A private whitewashed wooden fire escape led down into the midst of this brave effort.

Piper made the OD's bed in the first-floor trophy room with more care than usual; Lieutenant Collier had been in Korea and won the Silver Star leading the remnants of a platoon from a machine-gun slaughter on Pork Chop Hill. The cot and two glass cases of pistol and rifle trophies barely furnished the large cool room.

He checked the first-floor lights and made sure the rear door was locked; the front door was always left open. In a few hours, he knew, when the lieutenant had gone to sleep after his last jeep inspection of the guard, would be the best time: dark and quiet, alone with his book, American Airlines' "Music 'Til Dawn" coming softly over the radio. Then with the multitudinous bootfall of the parade grounds over for the day, the murmurous barracks stilled, the sense of the regiment lying about him in the dark, Piper would have the rare feeling that he

was not only the night caretaker of the regiment, but, somehow, of the world.

The only noise now was the whirring of the wall clock in the S-1 office across the hall on the second floor, the hands whirling round, telling a monstrous time, as if the world had gone mad with age. Later the moths would start battering against the copper-screened windows opposite the fluorescent light.

Around eleven-forty-five the company fire reports started coming in: sleepy voices from orderly rooms around the regiment, company CQs passing away the night. Everything was secure; it always was. He called up several laggards—Heavy Mortar Company and two companies in the Second Battalion. When the report was complete he called the firehouse. Though he was ready for the bell that clanged on the telephone, it always startled him. Mr. Rogers answered and PFC Piper, CQ for the Fifth Regiment, told him all was secure. He knew he had about another good hour and a half before he would hunch over, the sudden sour taste of fatigue thick in his mouth, his eyes heavy and tight. He would come out of the bad stretch after several hours' dozing the night cold in the adjutant's dirty orange leather chair or head down on the sergeant major's desk. By four o'clock he would read again, and it would be easy then and full of anticipation.

Piper's system was to do his cleanup dusting and emptying of wastebaskets at night. The whole routine irritated him but he tried to do a thorough job; the consequences were unpredictable. He wiped off the adjutant's desk and dumped his ash tray. At the end of the hall he first cleaned the executive's office, riffling casually through the papers in the In and Out boxes to see if there was anything interesting to pass on, and then the adjoining office, the colonel's, with its big glass-topped desk.

Leaving the cleaned dark office, Piper returned down the hall to the sergeant major's desk and turned off the fluorescent light. The barracks across the road had now disappeared in the night except for the red and white fire lights, gleaming like ships' riding lights.

Standing by the window he thought how the dawn would start coming up over the motor pool in a few hours: pale rose, lemon, and green, the whole sky lightening, the day warming up; how the cleanup detail would come, grumpy and tired, to sweep and mop. Sergeant Orlando would make them do the latrine once more or give the colonel's desk another wipe; there was always one more thing. But after that there would be breakfast, a hot shower if the fireman wasn't lazy or unlucky with his fire, and then he could sack out until noon while the others went off to duty. It was good to lie there like a tourist and have the sergeants come in for a look.

Imagining this prospect, PFC Piper moved on to his routine fantasy which he ran through with professional ease: all over post, company commanders made a surprise appearance at morning formation to announce the end of service for draftees; those who wished to leave could do so at 1100 hours. He had a vision of cheering men streaming from the barracks like the campus rush on the last morning of classes before Christmas holidays. He put his head down on Sergeant Orlando's desk but instead of dreaming about the day of his discharge, he dreamed he was walking into a dark warm barracks after a weekend pass. It was summer and the men were sleeping restlessly on top of their sheets. He came slowly and surely down the aisle like a sleepwalker. It was as if he were entering a dream—a dream within a dream—as if this would always be happening. Then in one of those instant transitions peculiar to dreams, a scene shift engulfed Piper in sudden terror: he was now in a darkened aquarium. He could hear the great pale sea turtles giving a final bump against the thick glass with their mottled beaks and gliding past; huge fish swimming in close upon him in the dark, their slimy flanks touching him.

PIPER woke in the dark office to hear the front door below banging shut. He pulled the light cord. There were no noises of a jeep driving away which would have signaled Lieutenant Collier being dropped off after his last, late inspection of the guard. He figured it must be some guy hauling in from Dix or Chaffee, reassigned. He would come upstairs and then have to be told to go down again and go across the regiment to Personnel, and be tired and angry. But almost before he could finish his thought, Piper could hear running steps up the narrow stairs.

He got up fast, curious and a little fearful, and went to the doorway. He could see a figure pause at the landing, stare at him in the darkness, his breath coming in gasps, and then breaking the momentary spell, turn and run down the hall toward the colonel's office. In the deft moment of turning Piper could see what had fixed his attention from the start: the man was carrying an M-1.

Piper stood tranced at the opening to the dark hall. Someone, he thought, is setting off fire-



crackers in the colonel's office. Then, completely alert, he heard the sounds of a rifle firing, the noise of glass shattering, bullets ripping through the wall planking. There was a sudden brief silence, the sound of some metal object thrown to the floor, a clip perhaps, then renewed firing, wood splintering; then there was another pause and a heavy thud as though a desk had been heaved over. Piper could hear excited voices from the barracks across the road, could sense, without seeing, the lights going on. He wished Collier were back; he'd give him an oak-leaf cluster for his Silver Star now. He ran back to the desk and crouching, called the MPs. A high-voiced corporal answered the telephone.

"This is CQ at the Fifth," Piper cried softly into the mouthpiece. "There's a nut down here shooting up the colonel's office. He's got an M-1." His words ran together, flurried by excitement and the need to talk quickly and quietly.

"Where's he at?" the corporal asked.

"The Fifth Regiment headquarters. The colonel's office."

"Where?" the corporal asked again, idiotically.

"The Fifth Regiment, the Fifth Regiment."

"OK, we'll be there," the corporal said, efficiently ending the conversation. The telephone clicked and went dead.

Piper wildly conjured up the scene on the hill. The high-voiced corporal would have given the alarm. Troops would be pouring out of the MP mess hall as if they were going to war, shoving cups of coffee aside, leaping into jeeps and roaring down the road from the stockade, red lights winking away, carbines ready, .45s unflapped, ready to shoot a million Reds. They'd even be waking them up in the guardhouse and soldiers would come running down the worn stairs. In no time at all there would be ten MPs ganging around headquarters hunting for some berserk guy who had broken into an arms room, swiped a rifle, a handful of clips of ammo, and gunned up the colonel's office.

It was several seconds before Piper realized it was quiet down the hall. Had he left by the fire escape? An excited babble came from the road, and above the running feet, the shouts and roaring of jeep engines, he could hear the lieutenant, returning in *his* jeep, bellowing, "What the hell's going on around here?" There was a brief whispered conference and then a charge of boots up the stairs. Piper got the hall lights on just as Collier, his .45 out, leading three MPs, reached the landing.

"He's down there," Piper gestured. The lieutenant, without even the flourish of a "Come on out of there or we'll shoot," which Piper somehow expected, rushed to the colonel's office. He tagged along, safely behind, but close enough to hear Collier's whistled goddamn as the fluorescent tubes flared in the office. The first flickering light revealed a man hunched over in the colonel's bullet-punctured leather chair, a rifle propped neatly against the splintered overturned desk, the floor glinting with broken glass and golden shells.

Collier yanked him up by the front of his windbreaker. With a sudden and plangent sorrow, Piper looked into the clenched sharp-nosed features of Dale Grissom as if he had come across a familiar face in the morning newspaper.

"Why, look who done it," cried a soldier in the mobbed room. The lieutenant released his hold and two MPs took his limp arms.

Grissom lifted his head with deliberate effort. Nobody had asked, nobody doubted; but he answered, "I done it," in a weary defiant voice, as though, in truth, he had not only leaped from a towering platform, testing parachutes, but had survived, too. He kept repeating, "I done it, I done it," as they led him awkwardly over the debris, through the crowd.

Piper watched Grissom's back, the shoulders sagging with exhausted rage, as he disappeared through the doorway. He left behind the acrid smell of gunpowder like desperation in the room. Piper still heard his words: it seemed to him the old private had, painfully, with pride, finally confessed his first name. Piper was overwhelmed with a soft unraveling fatigue. Burdened with an almost forgotten joy, he implored all he could summon up that Dale Grissom and the others without honor, dreaming in the dark barracks, would find their way back to Passalonia.



Administrative trust officer from "Financial Cabinet" helps plan family finances



Here an old friend of the family is paying a visit and helping to work out certain vexing financial problems. The couple are beneficiaries of a trust established many years ago by the wife's grandfather. Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company was named as Trustee back around the turn of the century. Over the years we, and the Trust Officers involved, have become close friends and valued counsellors of several members of the family. ☐ Now an emergency has arisen and the group above is discussing the wisdom of expending part of the principal sum of the trust. The facts will be weighed carefully, and as in the past, the judgment and authority of the Trustee respected. While impartial and fair, we at Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company always take the human side of things into consideration. ☐ Efficient, highly personalized service is a tradition here. A suggestion: write for our complimentary Trust booklet. Our address: 100 Franklin Street, Boston 6, Mass. Telephone Area Code 617 L12-9450.©

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Making the Oasis Green Again



To desert Arabs water is so precious that they say, "Allah made all things of water." From ancient times water from hand-dug wells was meted out with care.



One such area was Qatif Oasis near the Persian Gulf. Formerly a fertile food producer, it had become a brackish swamp. Our affiliate in Saudi Arabia . . .

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)

Esso



Recently, emulating the oil man, the Arabs turned to power-drilling in their search for water. The water became plentiful but it also brought problems.



Without proper control and drainage, it flowed too freely over the land. Evaporating under the hot sun, it left behind harmful salt deposits that fouled the soil.



experienced in engineering and needing fresh produce for its employees, joined with the Saudi Arabian government to work out a water-c



Today that program is in effect, and much of Qatif is again green and productive. *Business, conducted with imagination, can produce unexpected benefits.*



WALKER EVANS

RICHARD G. STERN

With photographs of the city by Walker Evans

A Valentine for CHICAGO

A young novelist finds that the much-maligned "Second City" can be lovable —if she's given half a chance.

I AM too old now to think that love has much to do with reciprocity, though that used to be what distinguished it from liking. "You love what can love you," said my father, "and anything else you like. Don't say you love Brown Betty." But I did love that roasted, sugary apple-stuff capped with the white hard sauce, and I love the unresponding thing I write of now. Which is a difficulty.

My defense of Chicago bristles with the convert's paranoia, as my initial view of it—in June of 1952—was compromised by that disease called "new-yorkitis": "provincialism, proud ignorance of the rest of the nation, and lofty condescension toward cities of lesser note."

Like most Chicago visitors since Father Marquette made portage here in the seventeenth century, I was on my way to some other place. Chicago was for me a standard composite: reeking stockyards, Colonel McCormick, the Capone Syndicate, Seurat's "Grand Jatte" at the Art Institute (which in my sole art course was considered the goal toward which the nineteenth century moved), the University where Hutchins, Fermi, and the Oriental Institute were a bonfire in the menacing cold of the Midwest, and winds, physical and oratorical. But looking from my train window, fifteen or twenty miles out of the city, my eyes began to widen as we passed factory after huge factory. Even in that odd time of the steel strike, with the smokestacks of Gary and East Chicago looking as remote as the heads of Easter Island, the exhibition of power was astonishing. At Whiting, the monster even stirred: Standard Oil stacks breathed rainbow fires, fat white drums gurgled repletion, gondolas rattled coke back and forth, and over all whimpered the indolent sweet smell of sulphur and oil. Then our track tangled with fifty others, and we dove into the dark toward the La Salle Street Station.

I had something to do in Chicago between trains, and that was to call the father of a friend, who, like myself, had spent the last three years in Europe. I telephoned, and he said he'd come right over and take me to lunch.

He serves as well as anyone for my first notion of a Chicagoan: a devoted reader of the World's Greatest Newspaper, a Republican for whom Senator Taft meant thunder on the left. He arrived puffing, a two-hundred-pounder, took my elbow, and moved me out of the station under the elevated tracks toward State Street. There was something he wanted to show me. Past bars, chop suey and tamale joints, pawnbrokers, tattoo parlors, and what struck even my New York-trained senses as a remarkably diverse crowd, we came to State Street.

"There," he said, pointing. "What do you think of that?"

"That" was the display window of a men's furnishings store where a sitting dummy sported a blue suit whose tag read $32.95 and a name something like Dacron. "Wash it, hang it up, and it looks as if the tailor had pressed it," said my guide, and as I acknowledged the wonder of this newest child of coal and soybean, his hand was at my elbow, and we were off for lunch at the Palmer House. Then we raced back for the station. My companion was seventy-three, but he insisted on carrying my bag and hoisting it onto the luggage rack before waving me off, happy, I think, to have shown me what a first visitor to Chicago should see.

A year before, a friend of mine in Iowa City had written that he'd gone into a clothing store there and asked for pants with a certain narrowed cuff he'd seen in a *New Yorker* ad. The salesman informed him that "That hasn't even hit Chicago yet." This occult instance of the cultural lag, which my new-yorkitized mind assumed without questioning, was confirmed by my guided tour of what counted in the city. A backwash of Eastern tides—that was Chicago; though perhaps when the factories were not on strike, it might be regarded as an arterial system for the Eastern heart.

On the train, my seat neighbor advised me to get a drink before we crossed the Mississippi, as no liquor was served in Iowa. After the river, more than the liquor supply seemed to be cut off. The country was mortally ugly. It looked as if Chicago had drained the agricultural lands on which its monstrous, materialist innocence had fed, and I sympathized with Mrs. O'Leary's cow, that incarnation of pastoral revenge.

IN SEARCH OF A CONSTANT

VISITORS are apt to come to Chicago to see what it lacks. Indeed, from the time the Ojibway Indians turned their noses from the wild onion tracts whose skunky smell they called *che-ca-gou,* most transient assessments of the place have been heavy with distaste, with mortuary and elegiac notes.

The elegists are former inhabitants who mourn the vanished glories of the opera—Melba, Mary Garden, and Louis Sullivan's wonderful Auditorium—the great frame mansions of Prairie Avenue, the literary excitement and legitimate theatres of the 'twenties, the camaraderie of radical politics in the 'thirties, the energetic acquisitiveness of the 'eighties, the frontier culture of the 1830s, or anything else which can stand for the elegist's own vanished bliss.

The morticians were usually English visitors (Chesterton, Kipling, William T. Stead, author of *If Christ Came to Chicago*), but more and more frequently they have been, as I at first was, professional New Yorkers.

The best-known recent mortician is *The New Yorker* magazine's A. J. Liebling, who complained in 1952 about Chicago's slow horses, feeble baseball clubs, fatigued strip shows, third-rate bars, the absence of the long-planned St. Lawrence Seaway, and the Hutchins Children Crusade of twelve-year-old matriculants at the University of Chicago. Liebling concluded that the city had stopped around 1930 "as suddenly as a front-running horse with a poor man's last two dollars on his nose." His piece, which still rankles in those Chicago noses which sniff New York breezes for the local weather, was called "Second City." The name has since been taken over by the brilliant group of cabaret players who, from a remodeled Chinese laundry on North Wells Street, have spread their new version of topical satire from Los Angeles to Broadway's Royale Theatre.

Such sublimation is not uncharacteristic of Chicago. In fact, if cities have character—and have, therefore, what Nietzsche said men of character always have, a typical experience which recurs over and over again—then Chicago's experience might well be the brilliant recoup of disaster. The city made its greatest progress after the Fort Dearborn massacre, the Great Fire of 1871, the industrial sickness of the 'eighties and 'nineties (Haymarket Riot, Pullman Strike), and most recently in the reforms made by the aptly named new Police Commissioner, Orlando Wilson, after a cocky little burglar named Richard Morrison revealed that some of the guardians of Chicago's front doors were helping him filch rugs and television sets from the rear. The Chicago Police Department is becoming now what its Fire Department became after 1871—one of the most sensitive and efficient in the nation.

As for Liebling's complaints—those at least that could not be leveled at any megalopolis or were not indisputably matters of his taste—they now seem to have lost their point. The St. Lawrence Seaway is built and Chicago operates as a world, as well as a national, port; the White Sox won the pennant in '59; a Chicago horse won the Derby in '60 (and another shares the record for the world's fastest mile); and the University of Chicago has filtered the hysteria and simplistic abstraction—if also some useful excitement—from the Hutchins system.

Visitors come to Chicago with comparisons and blueprints; inhabitants feel for the city as they feel about their lives: Chicago is what happens to you here, and it is hard to separate what it is from what you are. Yet one looks for constants.

First, its history, though this doesn't go far. A list of arranged Chicago events tells as much about the quality of Chicago life as a furniture inventory would tell about the family which slouches in the chairs and snores in the beds.

Fiction is more helpful, but, in a sense, it is too helpful. Chicago does have the longest line of fine realist writers in the country—from Mrs. Kinzie to Joseph Kirkland, Hamlin Garland, Dreiser, Farrell, Algren, and Saul Bellow (whose *Augie March* is perhaps the greatest of all Amer-

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Richard G. Stern is the author of two highly praised novels, "Golk" and the recent "Europe, Or Up and Down With Schreiber and Baggish." His third novel, "In Any Case," will be published by McGraw-Hill in the fall. He has taught at the University of Chicago since 1955.

Walker Evans, who has changed the course of modern photography and enriched it more than any man of his time, is an editor of "Fortune."



ican city novels), but fine fiction lives in its particulars, and Carrie Meeber's Chicago is not Frankie Machine's, nor Augie's: one cannot distinguish the place from the artistic temperament that renders it.

Topography is more useful, but no constant. What counts here topographically, what affects life, has changed and changes now in every windy second. Like Amsterdam, Chicago—built on reclaimed lake bottom—built canals, reversed the course of its river (the *opus classicus* of modern sanitary engineering), built in the last seventy years the famous creations of Sullivan, Wright, Holabird, Root, and van der Rohe, and is now in the throes of building works of great scope and splendor like Goldberg's sixty-story twin-cylinders, the Marina City Apartments.

One must, finally, stick with what one knows, and hope that in such indirection direction will be found out. For me it is a question of trying to square that first view of Chicago with those I've had of the city twenty-four hours a day for the past six years.

My first discovery is that the city's become manageable for me. It's not very big. I can find my way around a thousand of its [illegible] in a small way I count for something here. In my time, everyone in [illegible] by counting the [illegible] actually one is the only [illegible]. One is, if not needed, at least potentially heeded, a minuscule but distinct existence on the roiled surface.

In a famous essay on cities, Georg Simmel wrote that Athens' greatness was in part due to its being a group of small towns, as well as a metropolis. I think that such a division is characteristic of Chicago as well, and that this is what allows most of its individuals to count.

In the New York in which I grew up, neighborhood was a method of exclusion. Wandering around, you made your own. Now it is true that there are infernal neighborhoods of displacement and socio-economic exclusion in Chicago, great potholes of three-story wooden flats put up after the fire but before the brick-enjoining ordinances of the 'nineties, buildings which are strangled by crackling bars, roaring neons, hang-dog little factories advertising fifteen makes of rubber prophylactics on their windows, and terrorized by the governors of the policy wheel and heroin rackets. But most Chicago neighborhoods are geographic centers of power and flavor—Bohemian, Lithuanian, [illegible] (beauties to distract [illegible] spend money and [illegible]. It is [illegible] which points to what we could be [illegible] the [illegible] suggestion of [illegible] possibilities.



The people in my own neighborhood, Hyde Park, came to realize some of these possibilities recently, as they pioneered a redevelopment program which has transformed a crime-pocked swamp into one of the great neighborhoods of the country.* The transformation involved more than $100 million of public and private funds and thousands of dwellings. It was conceived, planned, fought for, and is directed almost entirely by the neighborhood's own inhabitants. The result is more than improved visibility and safety. There is a sense here in Hyde Park of that "common life for a noble end" which is neither smug, cozy, nor intrusively collective, but which bespeaks the possibility of triumphant alteration and constitutes a psychological treasure for no small number of individual Hyde Parkers. This sense saturates the first-class neighborhood weekly (the *Hyde Park Herald*), a hundred Hyde Park charitable ventures, art centers, concerts, speeches, and an alderman's election which here is a contest second only to the Presidential one in partisan fury.

If neighborhood is a way of triggering variety and individual accomplishment for large numbers, it could easily become a fetishistic crippler of a major city. Even at best, there is a smack of provincial vanity in such local devotions and, worse, a straitening enclosure on more than space. Such feeling is opposed to the major general feeling I have about Chicago, and that is its openness—its apparent ability to grow unopposed west, south, north, and up (it was for Chicago that the skyscraper-hater Wright designed his fantasy of a mile-high building)—but always attached to the grandest sign of its openness, the lake.

That first day in Chicago I didn't see Lake Michigan, but there are few days since I've lived here that I haven't. No city that I know is so dependent for pleasure and usefulness on a body of water as Chicago is on the great lake which it amorously receives into itself. The lake is an immense resort, a supplier of water, a re-

* This despite the curious caviling of the latest New York visitor, Mrs. Jane Jacobs. See *Harper's*, September 1961.



ceiver of cargoes, a purifier of waste, and a harbor for the searchers of solitude, fishermen, sailors, artists, lovers. Chicago outlines the lake with question-mark-shaped beaches pointed at the tip with clumps of handsome museums and apartment houses whose gorgeous reflections seem the domestic translation of the outlying factory fires whose profits are their source.

Behind this spectacular façade, the western plain erupts into what for me is little-known brush—small factories laced by antique tenements, or new apartments rising high out of treeless pavements, pretty homes grazing in small lawns, or files of efficiency units which know the lake largely by reputation. Yet the lake counts for the west, if indirectly, for it mothered the marsh in which Chicago rose. Unlike rock-bottomed New York, Chicago's bottom is soft, and the result is that she's green. *Urbs in horto* is the city motto. For years she was known as "the garden city," and her park system is studied the world over. Even a slum, simmering in ash, sports its pair of cottonwood trees and plank of grass.

To accommodate the green, Chicago built its streets wide—unlike, say, Harlem, where incarcerated eyes glare ten yards across the street to other locked eyes. Here, eyes are at least veiled by leaves. (It was Nero who knew the deadliness of propinquity, and decreed that Roman streets must be twice as wide as their houses' height.)

The Chicago green may be as important as the famous $2.50 minimum wage which has drawn a great migration from Kentucky hills and Mississippi levees to the steel mills, although now and then, a volley of automation sends them right back, or into domestic service in the new suburbs bubbling up continuously west and south.

Chicago has always had strong Southern ties, even after the building of the Erie Canal changed it from a city dependent on New Orleans river trade to a northern link between the East and West. It has employed Southern workers, supplied Southern factories with machines, money, and engineers, and, in my view, it has some of the ease of Southern cities today. This

is due in part to the large numbers of poor Negroes who discover the city's natural delights—the lake fishing, the ball parks (Wrigley Field is advertised as a good place to have a picnic), the free concerts in Grant Park, the free sailing lessons at the Sixty-third Street harbor, the Y expeditions to the woods and dunes. The poor Negro practices and invites an ease of life which he has rescued from the leprous exclusions of this country. Such exclusion, and the new fellowship of the Negro with the equally displaced hillbillies, is supposedly behind the revival of blues singing in the tiny Southside Negro bars. It is only one chapter in Chicago's long Negro history which began with the anonymous Indian's joke that Pointe du Saible, the "first white man" to come to Chicago, was a Negro.

EVEN ITS VICES

FLAVOR and openness, roses and peaches in the street. Not quite. If cities have typical experiences, they may have typical vices. Perhaps Chicago's vice is a blinding concentration on the immediate and the future, accompanied by merciless abuse of its past. It's been said that the city's only genuflexion to history is the turn that Michigan Avenue, Chicago's elegant showplace of the new, makes at the grotesque old Water Tower, the sole survivor of the Great Fire in the near Northside.

Recently, Sullivan's beautiful, sagging Garrick Theatre was ripped down, despite an agitation which should have raised a Lazarus, let alone the $200,000 needed to buy and restore it. What Wright called "the declaration of independence for American architecture"—his Robie House of 1909—almost went the same way, until a New York developer bought it as headquarters for the Hyde Park Redevelopment Project.* The Indiana Dunes, Chicago's "playground," is being whittled away by the vicious rapacity of Indiana steel companies, despite the assiduous work of Hyde Park's former alderman, Senator Paul Douglas.

"Sweep away," says Chicago, confident in the fabulous metabolism which exploded it from the onion marshes into the prototypical city of industrialism in fifty years. But there are metropolitan sores which cannot be swept away. On the Southside, the Negro schools are sinking into a dark age of blank violence. The city's transportation founders as the Illinois legislature—rural, Republican, and Chicago-hating—refuses it a proper share of tax revenues. Meanwhile, the parasitic, contemptuous suburbs siphon the city's wealth and invest theirs in their own backyards. In the city itself, culture is thin and gaudy—statistics and clubs replacing the reading of books or the pride in and patronage of local artists: young Easley Blackwood's symphonies will probably be performed in San Antonio before the brilliant Chicago Symphony (under Reiner, the best but most conservative in America) condescends to them.

Cynical indolence or fluttery naïveté clot serious standards of criticism in the newspapers, and if it were not for *Poetry* Magazine and the marvelous FM station, WFMT, Chicagoans would have almost no local source of serious contemporary opinion outside of the University. Chicagoans—like most Americans—resent paying as much for a fine novel as a fine steak, and such sniveling decadence of values is scarcely veiled by the self-gratulating sentimentality of local television and newspaper commentators.

Finally, Chicago does not satisfy those who live for Broadway excitements, or for whom New York's enfilade of sensation is the only barrier to ennui and the desperations of self-reflection.

On the other hand, for those like Nelson Algren, who are nourished by the stripped humanity of the dispossessed, or who, like myself, need the variety of a great city but cannot exist in an unremitting eventfulness, Chicago's sores are those necessarily incidental to the pursuit of love.

TO ROUND off my notions about Chicago, I decided to talk with a man who somehow seemed emblematic of the city—its mayor, Richard Daley. I knew that he'd been born in Chicago about sixty years ago and that he now lived with his wife and seven children in the same neighborhood in which he'd grown up. One of the most powerful politicians in America, he ate the hardtack of local Democratic politics without losing his capacity to distinguish it from finer fare. Strong where weakness would lead to his extinction, yielding when refusal would mean loss of more than the immediate, enamored of his city, but, more important, conscious of what its greatness is, Daley has for seven years been one of the best mayors in the world. Not even the local lay Republicans would care very much to have him defeated.

As is almost always the case when you meet a man whose picture you have seen often in the newspapers, you're momentarily taken aback by

* See "How Chicago Could Be Proud Of," by [illegible], *Harper's*, December 1961.

the colors of face and clothes. The mayor was a flash of blue to me—eyes, tie, suit. He sat alone in a fine office—a stocky man whose features worked through a banquet luxury of flesh. Assured, patiently curious, extremely courteous, he waited for my questions.

I thought that I could relax him away from the manner of a public man by asking him about his childhood memories of the city, but very quickly, very naturally, these memories led into general talk about city problems. We chatted for thirty-five unbroken minutes about the city's growth pains and wounds, its apparatus of therapy and salvage, the pile of continuous and everyday problems in whose details he was soaked without being drowned.

Of the public men I've met, none has seemed more in command of his own concerns than Daley, and the sympathy which I felt for him was all the more remarkable in that he and I could scarcely be more different.

In time I began to feel that I was holding up the settlement of a strike or the approval of an appointment, and I got up. The mayor invited me to come back and talk things over as if he were a county JP lounging in front of a bellied stove, and I the first man he'd had a good talk with in years. Temporary or not, the decency and warmth were immensely winning, and walking out of the huge Corinthian-pillared fortress of City Hall, I felt that the mayor's emblematic quality was his essential highmindedness, as much beyond its crude origins as it is not yet up to the refinement of realization.

I crossed La Salle Street, went through an alley to the parking lot, surrendered a dollar, headed through downtown traffic to the Outer Drive, and shot home along the glistening lake. I drove past the great museums, the Illinois Central tracks and the statue of their originator, Stephen Douglas, the huge Donnelley Press, the highrises of the Prairie Shores apartments, the rickety, three-story brownstones, the queening hotels of the South Side. All seemed to be concretions of the abstract control at City Hall; and though forever resistant to the intentions of that control, they seemed protected rather than assaulted by it.

That afternoon, I took the children to the Point, a grassy Southside promontory, jutting into the lake not far from the University. The Point is coiffeured now with three huge aluminum lollipops—missile guides—under which lounge Hyde Parkers of every age, shape, color, and language. They come each summer day to swim, sun, read, talk, play casino, fry hamburgers on hibachis, and dispute the warnings of occasional policemen vainly attempting to enforce the No Swimming signs, painted in yellow on the four-tiered stone terrace rising from the lake. Petitions to the Fifth Ward's Alderman Despres—the Council's only independent and second non-Democrat—about the badgering policemen, or the motorboats which swing their water skiers toward the illegal swimmers, pass from hand to hand. The Hyde Parkers sign with the righteous ease of habitual public complainers and go back to the water or to wrinkled perusing of the *Nicomachean Ethics*.

Five miles away, the summer's sixth gangland killing victim is being removed from a Cadillac on the Wacker Drive; twenty blocks south the police are keeping a "wade-in" demonstration against the stolid white burghers of Rainbow Beach from being more than a demonstration, but here at the Point, the day's work done, an evening of hi-fi and a book, or a trip to the trotters at Sportsman's Park ahead of him, the besummered Chicagoan takes in like good wine the grace and possibility his city provides.



Harper's Magazine, February 1962

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

ROY THOMSON INVADES AMERICA

Almost unknown in this country, the overlord of the world's biggest press empire is now shopping for twenty American papers . . . and he may touch off a major upheaval in our "soft and unenterprising" journalism.

A RATHER chubby, rather square, ordinary-looking Canadian of sixty-seven, with pebble glasses and a tendency to call everyone he meets by his first name, who already controls ninety-one newspapers in eight countries and may justly be described as the first truly international magnate in newspaper history, is now preparing a substantial raid on United States territory. Negotiations, he tells me, are in progress with twenty American daily newspaper publishers. And he would be glad to know of anyone else who might consider an offer.

This wholesaler in journalism is Roy Thomson, who, until he was nearly forty, ran nothing more impressive than an auto accessories agency in a small Ontario town. He got into the really big money only four years ago when at the age of sixty-three he took over the Kemsley newspapers, the biggest press group in Britain. Today his publishing empire in the United Kingdom alone is valued at $120 million. In the next decade he expects to double his holdings in three continents, including Africa.

Thomson is, in his own words, a "chain store" publisher. Five years ago he told me that his only interest in newspapers is their balance sheets. It seemed implausible but I am now convinced that he does not crave the political and social influence that accrue to the millionaire publisher. He is, quite simply, fascinated by newspapers as business propositions.

His papers cover almost the entire spectrum of political views; he does not care, he says, whether they are Republican or Democratic, Conservative, Liberal, or Labor, so long as they serve their own markets soundly. As a Canadian citizen, he is a Conservative—because, he explains, "I am a rich man and rich men don't like anyone to take their money away from them. It has nothing to do with my newspapers." In many hours of conversation with him I have found him almost apolitical; he appears to have no interest in using his newspapers for political ends.

Some of his associates think he belittles himself by emphasizing that making money is his only goal. Despite his disclaimers, they say he has shrewd judgment of public affairs and a surprisingly wide fund of knowledge. They sometimes wish he would intervene more actively in matters of political policy. "I know plenty of publishers who like to edit their newspapers," he replies. "Only a fool would try to edit ninety."

I once asked him why, when he is already a millionaire several times over he still wants to make more money—particularly as he has few expensive tastes.

"Because it's what I can do," he said. "I suppose when you write a book you want people to think it's good. My test is money. If the things I like doing make me a profit, they're good. If they don't, they're bad. But you can't make money just because you like to be rich any more than, I suppose, you can write a good book just because you want to. You've got to work at it—all the time. It must come ahead of anything else."

It sounded like a dull life, I said. "Not to me," he replied. Once when we both left an evening party rather early I suggested that we go on elsewhere. But he went home to look through some



The patio, Dorado Golf Club, Puerto Rico, a relaxing place to sip a Derby Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

Today's light, light Puerto Rican rum inspires smooth new cocktail: the Derby Daiquiri

THE DERBY DAIQUIRI is the happy invention of an inspired bartender at the Mai-Kai in Florida. The secret behind the smooth fresh taste of this delightful new cocktail is today's light, light Puerto Rican rum.

What gives Puerto Rican rum its pleasing character? The unfailing sun. An amiable climate. And mountain torrents of crystal water.

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THE RECIPE: [illegible] oz. fresh lime juice; 1 oz. fresh orange juice; scant tsp. sugar; 1½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum; cup crushed ice. Mix 15 to 20 sec. in Waring Blendor; serve unstrained. Or use shaker, ice cubes, and strain.

FREE BOOKLET: 31 Drink Recipes. Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. HG-2, 666 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19.



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newspaper finance accounts. "I know nothing pleasanter," he said, "than going to bed with a balance sheet, my own or somebody else's."

Several years ago, during a Florida vacation he was hopelessly bored with yachting and other local pastimes. Instead of breaking up the party and going home, he bought control of a newspaper to keep himself occupied. He now owns six in Florida, one in Petersburg, West Virginia, and one in Laurel, Mississippi. All of them make a profit but they are small and have little potential for expansion.

Now he has much larger capital resources. Important banking and insurance groups in New York and London will put up more if he needs it, and he is ready to move into the United States on a large scale. The American press, he thinks, needs some stiff competition to shake it out of its soft, unenterprising ways. Thomson is concentrating in this country on cities of up to 100,000 population. Their dailies, he believes, are run with particular inefficiency and offer the best chance of profitable expansion with new business methods. Also, as a Canadian he does not want to be involved in national policy, which is almost inevitable in big-city journalism. (He made a bid for *Newsweek* when it was on the market. It was rejected in part because he is a Canadian. "I'm interested in anything I think I can make money with," he said. "But it didn't break my heart when they turned me down.")

With the experience he now has, Thomson is confident he can make any newspaper he buys more profitable. In this claim he has yet to be proved wrong, despite the fact that for the first forty years of his life he never saw the inside of a newspaper office.

BY GAMBLE AND SWAP

THOMSON is the son of a Toronto barber. After only a year of high school, he left to study bookkeeping and typing at a private secretarial college, earning his tuition by cleaning up the place. On his fourteenth birthday—the earliest moment he could legally quit school—he went to work as a junior clerk for a local coal merchant. Six years later he had become Toronto manager of a small manufacturing company, but he had to invest his savings in the firm to get the job. He has been saving ever since he got his first pay check and has never lost the habit. Once I invited him to share my taxi. "I don't like wasting money," he said, "even when it's somebody else's. We'll jump on that bus."

Poor eyesight kept him out of overseas service in the first world war but he served in home defense. When the war ended he decided to become a farmer. This was a mistake. He is not cut out for the great open spaces and he disliked them so much that he was lured into the only really bad business deal he has ever made. At the end of a couple of years he sold out at a loss of several thousand dollars.

Back in Toronto, he tried his luck with several small businesses, none of which came to anything. In 1929 he was the owner of a car and agricultural machinery accessory agency in North Bay, Ontario. This necessitated driving round scattered farmsteads with a small delivery truck. A radio dealer asked him to take over, on commission, the job of selling sets and service in the area. Thomson agreed but found the sets hard to sell because no station was transmitting programs which could be heard in the region.

He was now nearly forty. He had been married seventeen years, had a son and two daughters, but did not seem to be getting anywhere financially. He decided on a gamble. He bought a small secondhand transmitter on credit and hired a dressing-room in the local theatre at Timmins about two hundred miles north of North Bay. From this studio he broadcast canned music, news, and weather reports which he wrote and read himself.

The sale of radio sets improved and local advertising began to produce revenues. This experience convinced him that active canvassing would induce merchants to increase their advertising expenditures. One of the customers of his auto agency was the local weekly paper, the Timmins *Press*. Thomson took over the paper by canceling the debt it owed him and by paying $6,000 in cash—$200 down and $200 a month.

Within the next decade he acquired three more small dailies in Ontario. By the early 1950s, he owned a chain of twenty-eight weeklies and dailies in Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia.

He was now a sizable figure in Canadian small-town journalism but no more. His papers were sound business enterprises but otherwise unremarkable. Among Canadian newspapermen he

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Francis Williams, British journalist and author of several books on the press, contributes a weekly column to "The New Statesman." Formerly editor of the London "Daily Herald" and wartime Controller of Press Censorship, he spent last spring as Regents' Professor in Journalism at the University of California in Berkeley.

was known as the rather penny-pinching owner of a chain of serviceable local newspapers with reliable news columns, few frills, and a habit of paying low salaries. He had never launched a paper of his own. His technique was always to buy those which others had started; he had an efficient intelligence service which told him just when family circumstances or other reasons might make a publisher listen to an offer. His credit stood high ("The first step to business success is a good credit rating with your bank," he says).

He had plenty of money and was making more. His wife died in 1952, his daughters were married, and his son was in business with him. Though he was nearly sixty, he did not feel like retiring. Late one night he learned by phone that the publishers of a paper he had been after in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, were finally ready to close the deal. It was the first time in his publishing career that such tidings failed to exhilarate him This convinced him that he must seek new pastures.

OUT-TRADING THE SCOTS

THE way to recover the zest for life, he decided, was to try to make money in Scotland (his grandfather's birthplace)—reputed to be the toughest place in the world to do so. "Actually it turned out to be as easy as picking cherries," he told me later.

His chosen instrument for this feat was the *Scotsman*, the great national daily paper published in Edinburgh. Thomson had learned at a meeting of the Commonwealth Press Union in Ottawa that the *Scotsman* had fallen on hard times. He got hold of some of its balance sheets, studied them, and flew to Edinburgh.

He walked round the *Scotsman* building in the center of the city several times, appraising the value of the site. Then he offered £600,000 (about $1,680,000) for a three-quarter interest. The bid was accepted, whereupon he recouped a good portion of his investment by selling part of the paper's magnificent site for a building development.

Edinburgh was not happy about the deal. It was feared that he would try to turn the *Scotsman* into a popular paper of lower standards. Hostility was not lessened by Thomson's sharp public attacks on moribund Scottish conservatism in business. Edinburgh society, which is known for its stiffness, was far from cordial to this brash, small-town Canadian, even though he tried to take on a Scottish identity—complete with his own tartan which he had designed and registered. To make matters worse, his first reorganization of the *Scotsman* stable was rather hasty and he had some trouble with the trade unions.

But far from lowering editorial standards, he raised them. Seeking a quality rather than a mass circulation, he had the type redesigned, improved the printing (its new design won a national award), and gave the editor a free hand to introduce new features including one of the best literary, art, music, and cultural weekend supplements in the United Kingdom.

From his base at the *Scotsman*, Thomson moved onward rapidly. Eventually he acquired a dozen Scottish papers, both weeklies and dailies. But he failed to win control of the other great Scottish national newspaper, the Glasgow *Herald*. A group of Glasgow businessmen, warned in advance of what was about, banded together to fight off the intruder.

New and vaster ventures, however, were in the offing. Commercial television—competing with the BBC—was about to be launched and a new Scottish station would be licensed. It should, according to government policy, be as far as possible controlled by a Scottish group. As proprietor of the *Scotsman*, Thomson felt he could qualify, particularly if he got some prominent Scots to join with him. But Scottish businessmen are cautious. They doubted that commercial television would catch on, and many of them did not care much for Thomson. Though he offered a guarantee of money back with interest at the end of a year, most businessmen refused even to lend their names to the venture.

Nonetheless there was no serious competition for the license. He secured it for £220,000 (about $620,000). It was, he said later, like "being given a license to print money." Within a year or two, Scottish television was making a net profit before taxes of £140,000 a month.

With this kind of money behind him, Thomson was ready to branch out on a larger scale. In business, he operates like the man who tried to date every girl he met. (When someone said, "You must get an awful lot of snubs," the man replied, "Sure. But I get an awful lot of girls.")

Thomson believes that, if it is known that you are in the market, sooner or later the most unexpected people will approach you. Accordingly, he spread the word that he was anxious to move into English journalism. The results were unexpectedly speedy and impressive. Lord Kemsley, owner of the *Sunday Times* of London and a nationwide chain of morning and evening

papers, indicated that for family reasons he was anxious to dispose of his interests. The deal was consummated in a few days. Thus four years after his arrival from Canada, Thomson became one of the four largest newspaper proprietors in England.

Since then, he has spread out to Ireland and Wales and he prints the Manchester *Guardian's* new London edition.* Recently he acquired 55 per cent of the stock of Illustrated Newspapers, which owns several important magazines—*The Tatler, The Sphere,* and *The Illustrated London News.* In Africa, he owns dailies in Nigeria; newspapers and television stations in Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika; a group of thirty trade and technical journals in Capetown, Johannesburg, and Salisbury; and is dickering for dailies in Rhodesia. After negotiations with the Emperor of Ethiopia he recently agreed to publish an Amharic and an English-language daily in Addis Ababa and perhaps to set up a television service later. An English-language paper in Tangier is also in the discussion stage.

These are only the beginnings. Eventually he foresees a massive African operation (run in close co-operation with local interests and with joint European-African staffs) to meet the burgeoning demand as literacy spreads. In the emerging countries he expects to lose money at first. "But not too much," he said. "Eventually it will be very profitable. Also I think we have a duty to perform in Africa if we in the West want to have them with us." The last sentence is somewhat out of character—at any rate, the character he usually likes to assume.

Thomson represents a disquieting trend to regard newspapers as purely business operations. I have often criticized him publicly on these grounds and helped block his attempt to monopolize the quality press in Scotland. But I am forced to admit that, so far, his influence on British journalism has been beneficial.

He has, for example, without lowering its standards, increased the circulation of the *Sunday Times* to over a million—an unprecedented figure for such a paper in Britain. And it remains one of the most informed and literate papers in the country. He has turned several declining provincial dailies in England and Wales into quality papers by improving their content, prestige, readability—and also their advertising revenue. So far as I can discover, his editors have a freer hand than they did within the Kemsley chain.

He admits that he used to consider the editorial staffs of his papers less important than the business side but said recently, "I've got a higher respect for them now. I put things more in perspective since I've been in England." He has discerned that in the highly competitive world of British journalism, the editorial personality of a paper is important, and he has developed a genuine interest in journalism as such. "Part of the social mission of every great paper is to provide a home for a large number of salaried eccentrics," he says. Several of his papers give more space to controversial opinions than they did in the past. However the top man is still the business manager—particularly on his smaller, more remote papers. "I think the manager and the editor should be on the same level," he told me. "But with the manager just one step ahead."

THERAPY BY BUDGET

NOW that Thomson is planning to move into the American market in a big way, what is likely to happen to the papers he buys? Much of his success is based on meticulous budgeting which I have never seen in any other newspaper. Sitting with him in his London office, I have gone through the budget records of daily and weekly papers in all parts of his paper empire. They give a complete picture of wage and other costs, and of every aspect of advertising and sales revenue month by month. Also included are such details as the amount of metal used in each page of type, repair costs in the packing department, and fluctuations in the overtime of truck drivers.

This information, he says, enables him to eliminate the waste and inefficiency which afflict most newspapers. He sets an exact budget for all local managers and editors tailored to the kind of papers they should produce. This system, he believes, is the chief key to his success with

* He has not been universally successful. Earlier this year, a move to acquire control of Odhams' Press (owners of the Labor *Daily Herald*, which has been losing money heavily for some years; a mass-circulation Sunday paper, the *People*; and a chain of highly profitable women's magazines and other periodicals) failed. He was outbid by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth King, nephew of Lord Northcliffe and head of the powerful *Daily Mirror–Sunday Pictorial* group, who went over the head of Odhams' Board to the shareholders. King's interest was not in the newspapers but in the women's magazines and periodicals, which he feared might, under Thomson, compete even more actively with his own group of women's papers and magazines.

As a result of King's success there is now a virtual monopoly in the publication of women's magazines in Britain, a situation which has led to the setting up of a new Royal Commission on the press.

The Web and the Block

> BONN, August 3 (Reuters)—Some spiders cannot spin their webs if they have drunk the blood of schizophrenic people, Prof. Karl Buehler of Los Angeles told the 16th International Psychology Congress here.
>
> After drinking the blood, the spiders become confused in their web-making and they end up weaving a tangled ball of threads. Psychologists have concluded that this mental illness is the result of some chemical substance in the blood, Buehler said.
>
> —Washington *Post,* August 8, 1960

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many kinds of papers in different countries. It compels the local management of each paper to keep a tight rein on all departments. At the same time it enables Thomson and his aides to note and diagnose trouble promptly. Thomson also believes that working to a budget has a sound psychological effect on most people.

However, he is too sensible to carry his ideas to extremes. For example, he realizes that the *Sunday Times* is a metropolitan newspaper whose costs can vary enormously with changes in the international news situation. He concedes it cannot be subject to as detailed a budget as his smaller newspapers. "But even so it is a good thing to aim at," he says.

Though Canadian journalists consider him a poor payer, Britain seems to have widened his perspective in this as in other matters. He is now prepared to pay top prices for staff and contributors to his major newspapers. Salaries of editors and chief executives on his local papers are generally higher than the prevailing rates. In two instances where he closed down unprofitable newspapers, he offered liberal terms to the displaced staff. He now accepts the view that a reputation for generosity to employees is good business because it attracts good people.

To judge by his record, wholesale dismissals are unlikely on any American newspapers he acquires, but considerable staff shake-ups are probable. In his British group, for example, he has often transferred able second-echelon men to higher jobs on papers that need new blood. At times he has moved editors to the business-management side of other papers.

He has shown a good deal of skill in picking men. His son and a few key executives now largely manage his Canadian interests and they also have a hand in some of his African papers through Thomson International of Toronto. The main planning of future developments is centered in London, in Thomson Organization Ltd. His personal stake in the company is estimated at more than £20 million and its profits last year were over £4 million.

The Thomson organization is run by six full-time employee directors reporting directly to Thomson himself. One of his key men is J. M. Coltart, the managing director, a soft-spoken Scotsman in his fifties who had only a local reputation in newspaper management when Thomson picked him as a potential first lieutenant. Since then Coltart has risen rapidly. He has played a major part in every Thomson deal and travels extensively to keep a check on Thomson's overseas interests and to prospect for new properties. He has recently been in the West Indies with a stopover in New York.

Key man on the editorial side is the editorial director, C. D. Hamilton, a lively-minded journalist of forty-three who has recently added the editorship of the *Sunday Times* to his other responsibilities. He was with the Kemsley group when Thomson took it over and has since carried through an extensive reorganization aimed at raising the quality of the main Thomson regional papers in Britain. Thomson editors have considerable latitude on politics and public issues in their areas. But Hamilton supervises general editorial expansion, the development of new editorial methods, editorial budgeting, and the purchase of big-name features.

To his six working directors, Thomson has now added a marketing director. Under him a consumer-research unit will collect data on changing public interest, for the use of Thomson newspapers, and do "depth surveys" in new territories. Recently he brought to England an American expert in classified advertising (a field in which most British newspapers have lagged) to try out new methods at Sheffield. The results are now being analyzed and applied to Thomson newspapers in other areas. Similarly, his printing managers regularly exchange information. Thomson is building new printing plants in London and the provinces and the typography of most of his British regional papers is being redesigned. This experience will be applied to the overseas papers, including any he buys in America.

Through a managerial training scheme,

promising young men on all the papers are picked and trained for executive responsibilities. Young men and women are currently being recruited from the schools and universities and enrolled in editorial training courses run by regional education directors under Hamilton's supervision.

HOW MUCH AUTONOMY?

THE essence of his technique, Thomson says, is to choose and give a free hand to editors who are in close touch with their communities and understand their needs: "It would be absurd for me to try to tell editors what they should say in their leading articles or what public issues they should concentrate on. That is their business. It is up to them to make their papers lively, controversial leaders of local opinion. I want editors of strong and independent mind, and if you want independent-minded people, you have to give them independence within a setup where they can draw constantly on experience in other newspapers and apply what seems useful to their own situation."

I asked him whether he would back an editor on an issue of principle that hit circulation. He said he would but added, with his sudden and attractive grin, "So long as he didn't go on losing it too long. If he did I should think he was getting out of touch with his public."

He prefers, he says, to leave the same management in charge when he buys an old established family paper or one with strong local backing. (He is currently negotiating for several such in the United States.) "I can run the outfit more efficiently than they can. Put in new capital where it's needed, give the public a better service, and make more money. But they are welcome to any local prestige or status associated with a first-class community paper. I'll stay in the back room and so will the men I send in to carry through what reorganization is needed."

Neither he nor his top executives can hope to read all his papers regularly. But editorial executives in regional "control rooms" make spot checks and transmit technical criticisms of bad presentation, headlining, or news treatment, or of slipshod style.

Editors are generally free to select their own staffs although the Thomson organization may send in new temporary men when a paper is taken over. New permanent appointees are usually local men with local backgrounds, and promotions from within the existing staff are preferred to hiring outsiders, since Thomson values the confidence of local communities. Although he frequently moves men around and injects new blood, he rarely fires established staff on his major papers, including the London *Sunday Times*, whose editor remained undisturbed until he resigned on his own account a couple of months ago to head a new Anglo-American educational foundation. And although since Hamilton moved in, he has promoted some younger men and brought in others preparatory to launching a magazine supplement—the first in British journalism—most long-service executives remain unaffected.

The *Sunday Times* is Thomson's biggest paper and tops all his others in prestige. He regularly attends its weekly editorial conferences and has undoubtedly had a good deal to do with its continuing success. But I am assured that he never intervenes in political policy. Leading articles are left entirely to the editor and his chief associates.

BEDTIME BALANCE SHEET

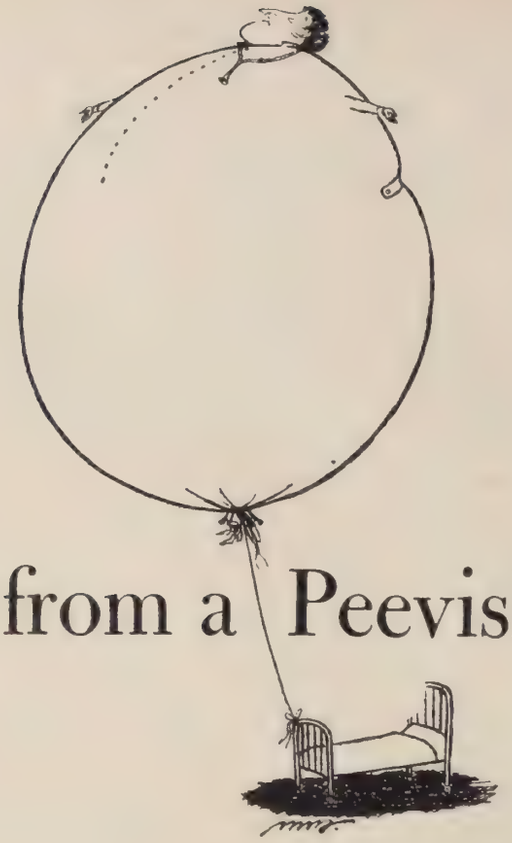
THE fact is that he is interested in business for its own sake, and in little else. He has a house in the south of France but rarely goes there and then only for a day or two at the most. He does not entertain lavishly and takes little or no part in London social life.

He has a smallish country house just outside suburban London and reaches the office each day at 9:30, usually traveling by subway after being driven to the station. He normally stays at the office until 6:30 and then goes home, also by subway. He goes to bed early and either reads balance sheets in bed or, he says, now that he is getting older, thrillers. There are two slot machines in the house for the amusement of himself and his friends.

He eats simply—he is a little concerned about his figure—drinks hardly at all, and shows little or no interest in art or the theatre. When one meets him, he seems like one of a thousand small-town Canadian businessmen. Although there is no doubt he likes to be liked there is equally no doubt that he carries a good deal of ruthlessness along with him.

He is not my ideal of a newspaper publisher—perhaps because I still cling to the idea of journalism as a profession capable of being moved by great principles and ready to make sacrifices for them. But if in our age the press is in fact becoming a business, I would prefer him to a good many other publishers I know.

Harper's Magazine, February 1962



Report from a Peevish Pathologist

S. L. WILENS, M.D.

In which some caustic questions are raised about the wholesale bloodletting practiced in many hospitals in the name of a "complete scientific work-up."

I LOST my bet with Dr. McSmith, the chief of our hospital's medical service. But I feel I was the victim of sharp practice. Never trust a medical man unless you happen to be his private patient, in which case you had better trust no one else.

I am a medical monster known as Chief of the Hospital Laboratory Service. Dr. McSmith and I carry on a perpetual cold war, in which I fight a rear-guard action and seek sanctuary in vain behind my test-tube curtain. There are times when I wish he weren't such a fine doctor and didn't run such a good service; then I would be justified in hating him, which would temper my annoyance at having been tricked.

Doubly irritating is the fact that our unfortunate wager has lost me the good will of old Dr. Hornestetter, who ordinarily loves everyone, even monsters who run hospital laboratories. He is a doctor of the old school who is not ashamed to "treat the patient rather than his disease." This wins him the affection of his patients—most of whom seem to do as well as those treated by high-power, up-to-date medical scientists, who do not necessarily love anybody.

Laboratory directors prefer to call themselves pathologists. The new name helps conceal the sinister fact that when we are not testing blood or other interesting fluids, we are in the autopsy room carving up dead people. This job makes pariahs of us. Laymen accuse us of having a casual and irreverent attitude toward death. Doctors, on the other hand, suspect that we rejoice when autopsy findings expose defective clinical judgment. This widespread enmity makes us bitter fellows. We are bitter about everything, but our heaviest curses are reserved for the glamorous researchers whose marvelous discoveries and miraculous cures destroy the very diseases that are our joy and delight.

The obituary pages are our remaining solace and we turn to them as eagerly as Wall Street brokers turn to the financial section. When we learn that a famous cardiologist who has written volumes on how to avoid heart attacks and hasn't had a square meal in twenty years nevertheless has died of coronary occlusion at the age of forty-seven, joy reigns among us ghouls. When we look at pictures of Jayne Mansfield or Marilyn Monroe, we visualize their shapely livers. So you see we are a breed apart.

My ill-fated bet resulted from my continuing

protest about the quantity of laboratory tests the medical staff orders. A few statistics will reveal the nature of our quarrel. Our laboratory in 1957 averaged 25,000 tests a month. Today with the same number of beds and admissions and, I regret to say, the same number of deaths, we do 60,000 tests a month. Just exactly what has the increased testing accomplished? It has not shortened the average patient's hospital stay, prolonged his life, or made him happier, though it has certainly increased the number of needle puncture wounds surrounded by blue spots on his arms. Perhaps it has made the doctors smarter but that doesn't show too conspicuously. It seems to boil down to a quest for data for data's sake, the new modern compulsion.

In medicine, this quest costs a lot of money. In depression years three dollars a day about covered the cost of a ward patient. Nowadays thirty-five dollars barely makes it. Laboratory costs, of course, are only one item in this spiraling inflation, but laboratories have grown more than any other hospital department except administration. Much of this expansion has been necessary and useful, but not all.

The number of tests done on patients today varies from hospital to hospital. Paradoxically, many more are done on "service cases"—that is, charity or insured patients without personal physicians of their own—than on private patients who have to pay for them. I sometimes ask residents, "If this test were to cost the patient a nickel, would you still order it?"

"That isn't the point," he replies. "If I am to practice good medicine, I must be free to order any test I feel necessary."

In our hospital, the average patient is subjected to about forty assorted tests. Of these, perhaps a dozen are necessary to diagnose and treat the case properly. Some patients undergo as many as two hundred tests. At retail rates, they would cost about $1,000. Hospital insurance gets it done at a good fat discount but this merely increases the hospital's deficit.

Who is the man behind the man who pushes the needle into your arm? He is the newly graduated young doctor in a white suit with a freshly engraved document pronouncing him a doctor of medicine. What he lacks in experience and moderation, he more than makes up for in enthusiasm, especially if it involves no effort on his own part. Once upon a wonderful time, interns and residents had to do a good part of their own laboratory work. It is remarkable what judicious restraint they exercised in ordering tests in those long-forgotten days. In my view many of the tests done today have become a meaningless ritual, no more valuable than the incantations of African witch doctors prancing about the hut of a dying native.

Dr. McSmith naturally disagrees with me and defends his staff stanchly. Although he professes to be very sympathetic to my problems, Dr. McSmith is secretly rather proud of the large volume of tests performed on his patients. It gives him the feeling that he is running a heads-up service in which no effort is spared to help the sick. I suspect that when he and his peers, the medical chiefs of other hospitals, get together, they boast discreetly about the number of laboratory tests done on their patients, just as some pathologists sometimes brag about (and exaggerate) the number of autopsies they perform.

The medical consultants on our staff feel the same way as the chief. When called in on a difficult diagnostic problem, only to discover that they have no new suggestions to offer, they frequently save face by saying, "How can you expect me to arrive at a diagnosis when you haven't even measured the excretion of urinary catecholamines? Please don't ask us to see cases that haven't been properly worked up."

My last argument with Dr. McSmith led up to the bet through which I intended to prove the pointlessness of many laboratory tests. I claimed that I could introduce a meaningless telephone number when I read off my list of laboratory results at the next clinical pathological conference and that no one would notice it. Dr. McSmith reflected for a moment and then said, "I'll take that bet but only provided you let me pick the telephone number."

Thoughtlessly I agreed but specified that the number must be picked at random. "How about KLondike 5-3021?" he said.

"Are you sure that isn't some staff member's number?" I asked suspiciously.

"Absolutely not," he replied treacherously, "I just made it up on the spur of the moment." The bet was signed and sealed.

SINGING THE DATA

A HOSPITAL clinical pathological conference is a sort of medical wake held at regular intervals. It usually goes like this: The staff doctor—who took care of the recently deceased patient up for discussion—presents the case history. He begins with all the incidents of the patient's illness before he entered the hospital. Then he tells what he found when he examined him. Next the laboratory chief reads

off the results of the various tests performed during the patient's hospital stay. This is delivered in a dull monotone similar to the chant of a tobacco auctioneer or a beatnik poet. The staff doctor then tells how the patient was treated and what he thinks caused his death. After this an expert, often a specially invited guest, discusses the case and offers his own interpretations. Questions and comments from the floor follow, and finally the pathologist, who has reviewed the autopsy findings, reports on the disease processes as revealed by post-mortem examination. The purpose of all this is educational. It is also a way to check how well patients are being handled by the clinical staff.

Came the day of our wager and I began my countdown of laboratory data: "wbc 7,500, P75, L18, M 5, E 2; Hgb. 14.9, Hct. 45%, BUN 15, Co2 25%, Ca 9.9, P 2.5, FBS 97, T.P 6.4, Alb 4.7, Chol 235, Est. 77%, KLondike 5-3021, VDRL n.r., Na 131, K 4.3, Bsp 15% ret, Sed rt. 20, Ac. Phos. 1.8 KAU, Pro. 19 sec, etc." All these and many more—except for the telephone number—were conventional abbreviations of familiar laboratory results.

When I had finished, I glanced around to see if anyone seemed to have caught on. Everyone appeared placid and I felt—momentarily—triumphant. Then I noted one small oddity. My old friend Dr. Hornestetter was awake. Ordinarily, by this stage of the conference, he would be sound asleep at his usual perch near the lantern-slide projector at the back of the room. Now he was not only alert; he seemed perturbed.

Dr. Hornestetter, asleep or awake, is distinguished-looking and well-preserved. Lately his thin, snowy white hair had acquired a faint pinkish tint. It gave his appearance, which had always been aesthetic, an ethereal quality. Gossip had it that his office secretary, a former show girl at the Copacabana, did the tinting. Dr. Hornestetter was said to be very fond of his secretary. This rumor, in view of his advanced years, startled rather than shocked us. Feelings about him among his colleagues were mixed. He was reported to have the largest private practice of any of our staff doctors but his reputation within the confines of the hospital was not great. The residents liked him personally because of his many kindnesses and admitted that his bedside manner was impeccable. However, his lack of diagnostic skill embarrassed them. I have always found Dr. Hornestetter a very useful citizen. From time to time, a friend of mine with more or less imaginary ailments, will call me up to denounce the whole race of physicians. He has been abused by a series of bums who can find nothing seriously wrong with him. Will I please give him the name of a decent doctor? Dr. Hornestetter is a reliable stand-by in such situations. After visiting him my friend thanks me effusively. At last he had found a doctor who really knows his stuff.

"Did he give you a bottle of pink medicine?" I ask. Though surprised by my clairvoyance, my friend continues to burble.

"It's marvelous," he says, "If I'm nervous or upset I take a swig and it relaxes me immediately."

Dr. Hornestetter has an unswerving faith in phenobarbital as a universal panacea. This is not, however, the sole reason for his success. He is also endowed with the most important attribute of the healer—a sincere and painstaking concern with his patients' problems. This quality cannot readily be simulated and many a doctor cleverer than Dr. Hornestetter does poorly in private practice simply because his patients sense his indifference.

Sigmund Wilens is professor of pathology at New York University and chief of laboratory services at New York Veterans Administration Hospital. He took his M.D. at Yale, was formerly director of pathology at Bellevue, and is the author of a recent book, "My Friends the Doctors." This story and the characters are fictitious.

THE HONEYED DIAGNOSIS

IN MANY ways Dr. Hornestetter is a throwback to the old diagnosticians who depended on their five senses and their instincts to tell them what was wrong with sick people. Their learned modern counterpart looks at X-rays, reads the results of all sorts of tests, and makes a precise diagnosis, sometimes without ever seeing the patient. Even novice interns and bright fourth-year medical students can become facile diagnosticians in this fashion. The good old days were different. The teaching clinic, a group meeting held every week, used to be a high spot in the students' training. The *pièce de résistance* at such gatherings was the patient who was wheeled into the room. Nowadays this is the anticlimax, still enacted out of habit and to impress the patient with the number of experts engaged in curing him.

Although modern mechanical internists may surpass the old-time wizards, much of the romance, along with the guesswork, has gone out of clinical diagnosis. Instead of an art it has



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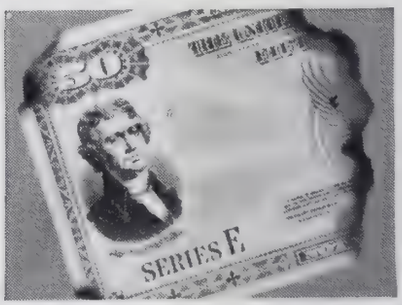


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now become almost an exact science. (The same cannot be said of the care of patients which remains both a science and an art and one in which Dr. Hornestetter excels.) As the techniques of diagnosis have become stereotyped and pedestrian, it has lost its glamour. The most versatile brains in medicine today prefer to pursue elusive enzymes and antibodies in the research laboratory far removed from the sickbed. I still have a sneaking attachment to physicians of Dr. Hornestetter's school. I will admit, though, that scientific medicine is not his forte. In fact he is the only doctor I know who reads popular medical articles in the daily papers with enthusiasm. This being his level, no one understands just why he attends our clinical pathological conferences so faithfully.

Whatever his reason he invariably falls asleep as soon as the proceedings start, awakening only once during the discussion period. At this point he invariably says in his honeyed, patient-soothing voice: "Isn't it possible that this patient has *periarteritis nodosa?*"

This is a rare but very real disease that can cause obscure and variable symptoms. It is not easy to identify. Whenever a patient has a long-standing, mysterious ailment, sooner or later some doctor will call it *periarteritis nodosa.* Our mathematical-minded staff members figure that if Dr. Hornestetter makes this suggestion every week for twenty years, he is bound to be right at least once.

On the day of the wager, Dr. Hornestetter surprised me by failing to mention his favorite disease. What had disturbed him? Was it possible that the least attentive member of the congregation had seen through my hoax?

After the discussion period at our conferences, the lights are extinguished and I, the pathologist, demonstrate my findings with the aid of lantern slides. As I do this, I invariably hear rustling noises as a considerable segment of the audience —including Dr. Hornestetter—departs.

On this occasion, however, when the lights went on, the good doctor was still very much there. In fact he seemed to be boiling over. When the conference was over, he approached me, bristling. The chief of medicine joined us, looking very happy. "Doctor," said Dr. Hornestetter, "I think you are guilty of very bad taste."

"But it was only a harmless joke," I said gaily. "I bet Dr. McSmith I could get away with it. You should be congratulated on being the only one who caught on."

"Don't pretend that you didn't deliberately mention the home telephone number of my secretary to embarrass me," said Dr. Hornestetter irately. "That's a likely story. This is just too much. I am harassed by medical students, technicians, detail men from drug houses, and now to top it all—an unspeakable pathologist!" And he stalked out of the conference room.

"Let's have no more guff from you about the uselessness of laboratory data, my good man," said the triumphant chief of the medical service.

"So you picked the number out of thin air?" said I coldly. "You had no idea that it belonged to Miss Copacabana."

"Absolutely not," said Dr. McSmith. I was stunned—not merely by his duplicity but by the breadth of his erudition. Who would have thought that it encompassed such obscurities as the personal telephone numbers of staff secretaries?

The good Dr. Hornestetter does not come to our conferences any more. Never again will he shoo home a long-shot *periarteritis* diagnosis to the amazement of his colleagues. His greeting, when we meet, is curt and distant. And his nice white locks seem to have lost their pinkish tint.

But requests for tests keep coming to our laboratory faster and more furiously than ever. "Complete liver profile," a requisition slip reads. If we took this literally we would do fifty different tests (none really too reliable) to determine how the liver is functioning. "All electrolytes daily until further notice," says another slip. This prospect is likely to make the chemistry technicians start smashing glassware, which they are pretty good at anyway.

But the ultimate request has just come to hand. It was written by a new and inspired resident. A decent chap as a medical student, he now has a dreadful case of malignant *residentialosis*. The three cardinal symptoms are a mean disposition, a complaining nature, and slight swelling of the ego. Fortunately it is a self-limited disease and seldom lasts more than four years. Furthermore it has never killed anyone, not even innocent patients.

His supreme gift to the laboratory was a beaker containing enough blood to fill a beer can, with a laboratory slip demanding "Complete laboratory work-up." This would call for some 250 tests worth about $1,200. I intend to frame this laboratory slip and hang it among my precious mementos. Was it merely a coincidence that the next day the same patient had to be transfused with a unit of blood?

EDWARD HICKS'S OLD PICTURE

By JOHN HOLMES

THE lion does not lie down with the lamb, no.
The paw at the end of his mind slashes once,
And a small life bloodies the peaceable kingdom,
But not enough smear to cover the difference.
Where lion is, a curly woolen lamb is dead.
My children are furies, but not kin playmates
To sliding adders, or tiger with the big head.

I had seven goldfish once that could not read,
And rode a horse, rich-coated, biddable, fast,
But a horse. They taught me my counter-fable.
I kept a seagull fed for weeks, but felt nearest
When it was seagull most, and flew away.
I imagined myself into the real life of cat,
Pig, and pup, for a small part of any day.

I knew a woman like a leopard, supple and striped,
And lay down with her, skin to skin. She tore
The thinking off my ribs, clqud out of my eyes.
I knew a shambler once, a man like a grizzly bear,
Awkward on his hind feet, a Brutus under the hat.
I had also for teacher a gaudy parrot or loon
I thought of awhile as a woman, but stopped that.

If a lynx in my fable has his arm round my lamb,
I shoot, to kill. Or windmill at him with a club,
In a game of beating his bones into the ground.
Nor does my fable say people are animals curbed.
I teach the children that people are women and men
Whose blue eyes and warm hands, whose voices,
Brains, and sex, can kill, they cannot guess when.

The old obsessed painter turned me foolish, too,
The damnation of being left to myself by a liar,
Till my hands remembered the woman was woman-smooth,
That after the heavy-overcoated man I was poor.
I comfortable have not known till late I am
Not in a war. I am a war of love and unlove.
And how no lion ever lay down with a lamb.

Harper's Magazine, February 1962

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pad learned from us to attribute terror to it. rea I am convinced that he knew no real fear until inv was perhaps three or three-and-a-half years and, when one night he called to me and begged the a night light. I asked him why he wanted it and he replied, "Because the dark's got a mouth."

MOTHS FOR DANGER

SINCE then I've seen many children, scores or even hundreds, reach what I might call the Gothic stage in fear. It's the first, the most natural, and in some ways the pleasantest. It demands nourishment: the Fairy Tales of Grimm, the Fables of Aesop, Tales of Mystery and Imagination, novels like *The Turn of the Screw*. But essentially I feel it's a fear which must be outgrown and no more often indulged after one has grown up than is a taste for cream cakes or scenic railways. Victorians, like my father's parents, clung to it for a whole generation: its sign may be read in their prison buildings, their domestic architecture, and their cemetery monuments as much as in their drama and light fiction. They liked nothing so much as to sit round a blazing fire with well-filled stomachs and titillate themselves with thoughts of hauntings, of owls screeching amongst ruins and chains rattling so loudly that they might never hear the voices of the real children slaving away in their factories. A book might be written on the Gothic conscience of Dickens.

In fact this is the point about Gothic fear, that if it is allowed to become a habit it spreads the psychic waistline; the better part of a lifetime may be passed within its limits, whilst one sups comfortably on executions, poltergeists, and train disasters, drifting through morbidity and ghoulishness to complacency or worse.

As with our affections we must advance in our fears; the two are corollaries of that greediness which is "being alive" itself. They must be neither neglected nor overindulged. They should be a progress, each degree of affection, as each sort of fear, being accepted until it is understood and then discarded in favor of a higher. As children, for example, we have to leave Gothic fear behind and overcome both blood-fear and body-fear: the first bleeding knee, the first terrible doctor and the threatened operation on the one hand; the awe of the primary sexual encounter on the other—that first scamper at the party, that outraged adult eye discovering in us too soon those abysses of which we were hitherto safely unconscious.

Young children are moths for danger; they love its touch. They are curious of its light if only to discover the extent of the darkness which it illumines within them, their metaphysical time and space. They sense the dangers of their sexual hungers more delicately than a hound pup winding his first fox; and in making their discoveries they should be handled as gently as they are in the presence of death, and as honestly.

I remember once a little boy of six who was going to have his tonsils taken out. Both his parents and myself had tried to cheer him with talk about the children's ward in the hospital: the gay pictures on the walls, the rocking horses, and the diet in which ice cream was medically recommended. But one day when I was visiting the house he got me to himself and asked:

"If this is all there is about it, these rocking horses and ice creams, then why's it so nasty to have your tonsils out?"

I admitted that it was painful and he said:

"Then I wish you'd tell me the worst, the very worst part of it."

So I said, "Well, when I had mine out, it was the next morning. You wake up, you don't know where you are and you want to be somewhere else and then the pain seems to sit in your throat and stop you from thinking anything at all."

"You're sure that's the worst?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm pretty sure it is; but the wonderful thing is that it wears off even before you've begun to get used to it."

"Well I'll remember that," he said, "and when that first morning is actually happening I'll say to myself, 'I'm in it now. This is the really worst part, and it'll soon be over and then I won't be frightened anymore.' "

But I often think blood-fear was best illustrated by Dante who allotted a whole forest of trees to those who had committed suicide. This forest bordered the outermost circle of the Inferno and each tree represented the body of some victim of himself and of his ungrown fear. As Dante and his guide struggled between them, each of these soft trees wailed and bled at their touch. To medieval thinking, the spirits they

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Gabriel Fielding is the brilliant English novelist and poet, best known in this country for "In the Time of Greenbloom" and, most recently, "Brotherly Love" (published last fall by Morrow). Educated at Oxford and Dublin, he studied medicine in London. He now practices in Kent and includes prisoners in Maidstone among his patients.

represented were not worthy even of Hell since perhaps they had not progressed far enough in their fears to deserve it.

Haunted as we are in our peacetimes by the atom bomb, by the specter of Auschwitz and the final diagnosis, this concept of Dante's is strange to us. Reading the latest pronouncement of the ethically innocent physicist or the newest atrocity story, or waiting in the hospital queue, we've had little chance of transcending our own blood-fear. We are an insurance generation and in this sense have remained immature.

In health many of my patients have said to me: "If I were ever to get cancer, I'd want nothing done; I should just want to be given something to finish me off painlessly and quickly." But in disease it's a different story: courage is the rule. I have sat with many slowly dying people whose relatives have upheld the fiction of their eventual recovery and had them say to me as soon as the door closed, "Of course *I* know, but please don't tell them. They like to think that I think I'm going to get better." In fact, in twenty years I remember only one man who begged me for release. He lay in his post-operative oxygen tent shouting to me through the glass and I do not know even now which of us was the more frightened: myself because I had grown so accustomed to bravery, or he because no one until that moment had dared to tell him that death was already so close that he had nothing to fear.

When death comes slowly, fear may come fast: it can spread a conspiracy in a home: bright-eyed, stiff-smiling, and truly fearful. A silence is engendered which isolates the dying person far more surely than his malady. Two languages begin to be spoken: one in the sickroom and the other in the remainder of the house; the bedroom door may become an iron lattice filtering off the light and truth of the household from him who is in most need of them. But if the fear is described and accepted, the conspiracy shrinks to its proper dimensions; it is confined to the bed, to one man and the not-terrible whisperings of his demise. As Jacques de la Rivière said:

"Peace lies only in the irremediable."

It would be possible to classify many other varieties of fear, I know; there is the fear of rejection, whether social or between the sexes; that of money, unique in that we are seldom afraid of having too much. There is the fear by which the dictator rules—that of police and the law; there are the final fears of loneliness, madness, and old age. They are as numerous as the serpents on the head of the Medusa and much more purposeful; because it was the Medusa's gaze which turned men to stone; the snakes were just a horrific and meaningless stage property.

THREE-TIME BUNGLER

WHAT I might call criminal or psychopathic fear is a terrible thing; its victim never acknowledges its reality or its influence. Very often a man guilty of some crime of dreadful violence will refuse any medical treatment which involves the spilling of his own blood: the lancing of a boil even, or the extraction of a tooth.

If one asks him why he's frightened he says: "I'm not frightened, I don't want it, that's all."

"Then you must be frightened."

He shouts: "Look, leave it, see! I don't want it and I'm not having it."

His face, his whole body, stiffens. If one persists to the point at which there is any danger of his recognizing his fear he becomes coldly threatening. At this stage, it's only too easy to believe that he needs only one drink or one companion to recommit the same sort of crime for which he has already been sentenced. I have often thought that if he could be photographed at the moment of the commission, the picture would show a quite expressionless face; as blank-eyed as that of the Medusa whose fearfulness may have lain in the fact that she herself was a stranger to fear.

Sometimes the effects are otherwise. There is a kind of hysterical fear which wears a different face, as contorted as the mask of an oriental dragon, and I remember one man in particular whose behavior illustrates this. He was a middle-aged prisoner who had three times attempted murder and I was looking after him toward the end of a long sentence. He was powerfully muscled with a rubbery physique and very vain of his ferocity. Having worked his way to a relatively "soft" prison he had begun to terrorize it by swiftly cultivated outbursts of violence. When it suited him he would hurl everything within reach through the air: furniture, prisoners, staff, and on one occasion even the prison chaplain.

One evening when he had come to the hospital for medicine, he caught me alone in the casualty theatre; he shut and locked the door and sat down in the treatment chair. He was extremely sagacious, he knew by many signs that I was alarmed, and it amused him. He began to tell me in detail of his attempted killings: of the knife that missed the carotid artery by a fraction of an

inch, of the revolver that "stuck" when he fired it into a policeman's chest, of the strangulation of an American tourist that was interrupted. As he talked, fascination resolved my fear of him; my sense of danger led me like a hound to the truth and when he had finished I began to discuss his experiences with him as easily as if we had been having a drink together. I said:

"But it's too much of a coincidence. You must admit that for failing three times there can only be two explanations: either you're such a bungler that you ought to be certified or else you're so frightened of death yourself that you can't achieve it for anyone else."

At first he was very angry; but he had no audience; then he started to laugh; finally he became quiet. The next day he wrote me a long "confession" which I still have. In it he admitted his fears of illness, of blood-letting, and of the suffering and violence to which, as a child, he himself had been subjected in the streets of a Northern town. Later we profited quite fortuitously from our exploration of our mutual fears and the friendship which sprang from them, and I think it is true to say that in this as in so much else I have learned to respect my capacity for fear and hope ultimately to learn to accept it as naturally as a circuit accepts the electric current which charges it; a vital energy.

But quite apart from this and following from it, fear is valuable in a much more important respect because by means of it we may gain insight into people; we may understand them better. There is no reason why, as I have discovered, when we first meet anyone, we should not be just as much interested in what he fears as what he loves; since, once this is known, more rather than less may be expected of him. To enter into another's fears is a liberation. It might save us a thousand quarrels and coldnesses. But this entry can never be gained if we have refused to be frightened ourselves; if we have cultivated that wall-eyed kind of fearlessness which blinds the sight and makes everyone who is not humanly familiar seem either distasteful or grotesque—a cold "Establishment" conformity that is still mistaken for the aristocratic spirit.

As I grow older and perhaps a little less frightened, I become ever more convinced that if fear can be accepted and absorbed it enables one to live in an altogether bigger world; richer, warmer, and more exciting. It might well be that one of the less obvious but nonetheless real dangers of our time lies in our rejection of fear. I mean the danger of our becoming a tranquilized society, unique in history, which believes that it has no right to be frightened and can discover no use for fear.

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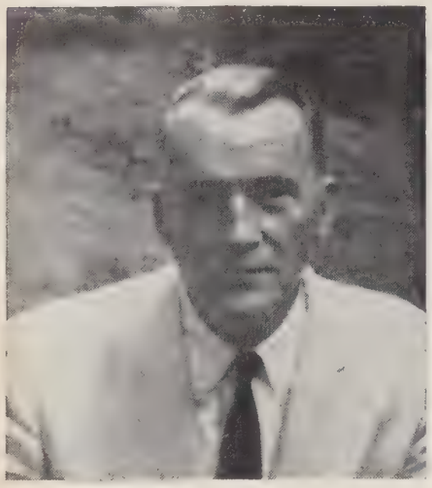
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PUBLIC & PERSONAL



WILLIAM S. WHITE

The Kennedy Era: Stage Two
The Coming Battle with Congress

A mesh of foreign and domestic issues confronts the President with a crucial need for legislative support—at the very moment when the House could turn into a hostile bear pit.

WASHINGTON—The second session of the Eighty-seventh Congress, whose cumbersome and old-fashioned but still very strong machinery is only now slowly being cranked up under characteristic protest, will be the most significant we have known in decades. Indeed, Capitol Hill may be said to be emerging at last from the shadows which obscured its work and institutional personality during the eight years of the Eisenhower Administration and all through the first year of Kennedy's.

Like Franklin D. Roosevelt, Eisenhower dominated the whole American political scene. He came to power at one of those odd junctures where, despite his personal disinclination to function as a "strong" President, the realities of the times put and kept the White House at the core of public affairs. History required a partial if somewhat ambiguous liquidation of the amalgamated New and Fair Deals and of such lingering consequences of the second world war as were not unalterable.

These years were thus no years for legislative achievement or leadership; for Congress these were, perforce, the years of the locust.

Kennedy, for his part, came to power neither to restore the old Deals, whether called New or Fair, nor to depart measurably in philosophy from that tolerable national rationale which Eisenhower strove to achieve amidst the legacies of war. Kennedy, that is to say, came in not with hope or intention to change everything; but rather with hope and intention to quicken the tempo of government, to enliven its creative processes; "to get this country moving again," as he had said so often during the campaign of 1960.

He found straightway, however, that circumstances would not permit him to drive in these directions. Rather, he found that he had all he could possibly do, beginning with the tragedy of Cuba and ending with the still unresolved menace of Berlin, simply to keep this country from falling back into appeasement or hurtling forward into nuclear war. Thus, his first year was no year for Congress, no year for a parliamentary forum whose reason for being is not to lead foreign policy but rather to assist (or to check) the President in those essentially domestic designs which require legislative action.

All, however, is now altered. Congress returns to a place approachin primacy. This is not because foreig policy has ceased to be the great na tional problem. It is because gathering of domestic and interna tional political factors—some funda mental and some merely fortuitou —now requires the advice and consen and constructive assistance of Con gress more urgently than in man years. Facing this curious merger d domestic and international strains the President is required to dea with them as a whole.

Here are the main facts: Ken nedy's political base is far wider tha when he was so narrowly elected; h has now become a nationally ac cepted President even though th returns on that November electio night of 1960 showed him all bu blacked out from the Mississipp River west to the Pacific Coast. Bu if he is no longer a President accep able only to the East, the big indu trial centers, and the immovabl loyal among the Southern states, h present power in Congress is prob ably less than when he first came t the White House.

By a general policy of moderatio and of reconciliation, he has wo over much of the West and Middl West—primarily because he ha proved that a Catholic President no different from a Protestant Pres dent when he confronts the basi issues of our times. It is also prob able that his stock stands higher i the South than it did on that ele tion night; and for the same reason plus one other. He and his brothe Attorney General Robert F. Ken nedy, have on the whole proceede with wisdom and generosity on th civil-rights question. Moreover, h is making progress in this field, slo though it seems to many, and trou bled though it is by occasional ugl incidents.

WHERE HE HAS LOS

ALL the same, this process of r claiming much of the West an South has not been without its cos The very-liberal Democrats, pr marily in the East, have to a co siderable extent been disenchante if not exactly alienated. And fro their redoubts in this Congress the will give the President much troubl As to domestic issues, they have a ready found what was obvious at th

tart, had they troubled to inquire. He never had any intention of running this country on a model prepared by, for instance, the Americans or Democratic Action. And as to foreign policy, they are now finding what was not so patent at the beginning but what was nevertheless predictable. This is that Kennedy has had to turn, in some significant instances—and has done so without reluctance—to the moderates, and even sometimes actually to the conservatives, in his conduct of the Cold War, and thus away from the academic and doctrinaire liberals.

Accompanying his inevitable losses of support from among this group has been a rising vigor of resistance to his largely centrist position among conservatives running from right-of-center to far-right, both in Congress and outside. These people see in the present situation about what the Republican organization sees—an opportunity to use this session of Congress to begin seriously putting Kennedy down against the incoming 1962 and 1964 elections.

At the same time, the simple fact is that Mr. Kennedy's situation in Congress is not nearly so good as it might be with respect to the Democratic party leadership. The death of Speaker Sam Rayburn has removed an irreplaceable pillar of strength; and not all the inevitable marching and countermarching in the selection of new House leadership is going to restore the position. Kennedy's principal need in this Congress is going to be for men to carry forward, by way of domestic legislation, what has become the absolute indispensable of his foreign program. This is a very wide tariff powering which will permit us to keep pace with that almost incredible recovery of Western Europe symbolized, and in part caused, by the almost incredible success of the Common Market. This situation calls for the Rayburns of politics—the men who understand world trade, believe in it, and are willing to arrange their priorities so as to do what must be done about it—even if a good many other things (for example, aid to education) are left by the wayside. Collectively, the new House leadership, though not without talent of this kind, is much more responsive to the protectionist small-industry complex in this country—

I Was Afraid of the Child Stealers



Prem Leila

Mr. Challagali, train examiner for the Indian railroad from Calcutta to Madras, reports, "I saw a little girl sleeping under a third-class bench. She could not tell me about her parents as she was only four. I feared the child stealers would sell her to the beggars who cripple the children or make them blind so that they can arouse pity as professional beggars. Her mother must have deserted her because she was too poor to feed her. She looked terribly hungry. I took her to the police, although I did not think anyone would claim her and no one did. As I had brought her, the police made me take her back. So I took the poor little half dead thing home. But it meant less food for my children and I knew I could never educate her on my meager income. I would have liked to have kept her, but took her to the Helen Clarke Children's Home."

Mrs. Edmond, the director of the Home, crowded the child in and named her Prem Leila, meaning kindness or love, because she was saved by a man's pity and kindness. Not only in India, but in a number of countries in which CCF assists children, there are so many thin, sickly, little tots deserted by desperate mothers who rather than continually witnessing their hunger desert them, hoping someone who can, will feed them. While so many of us in America are overfed, half the children in the world go to bed hungry every night. Such children can be helped by any gift or "adopted" and cared for in CCF Homes. The cost to "adopt" a child is the same in all countries listed below—$10.00 a month.

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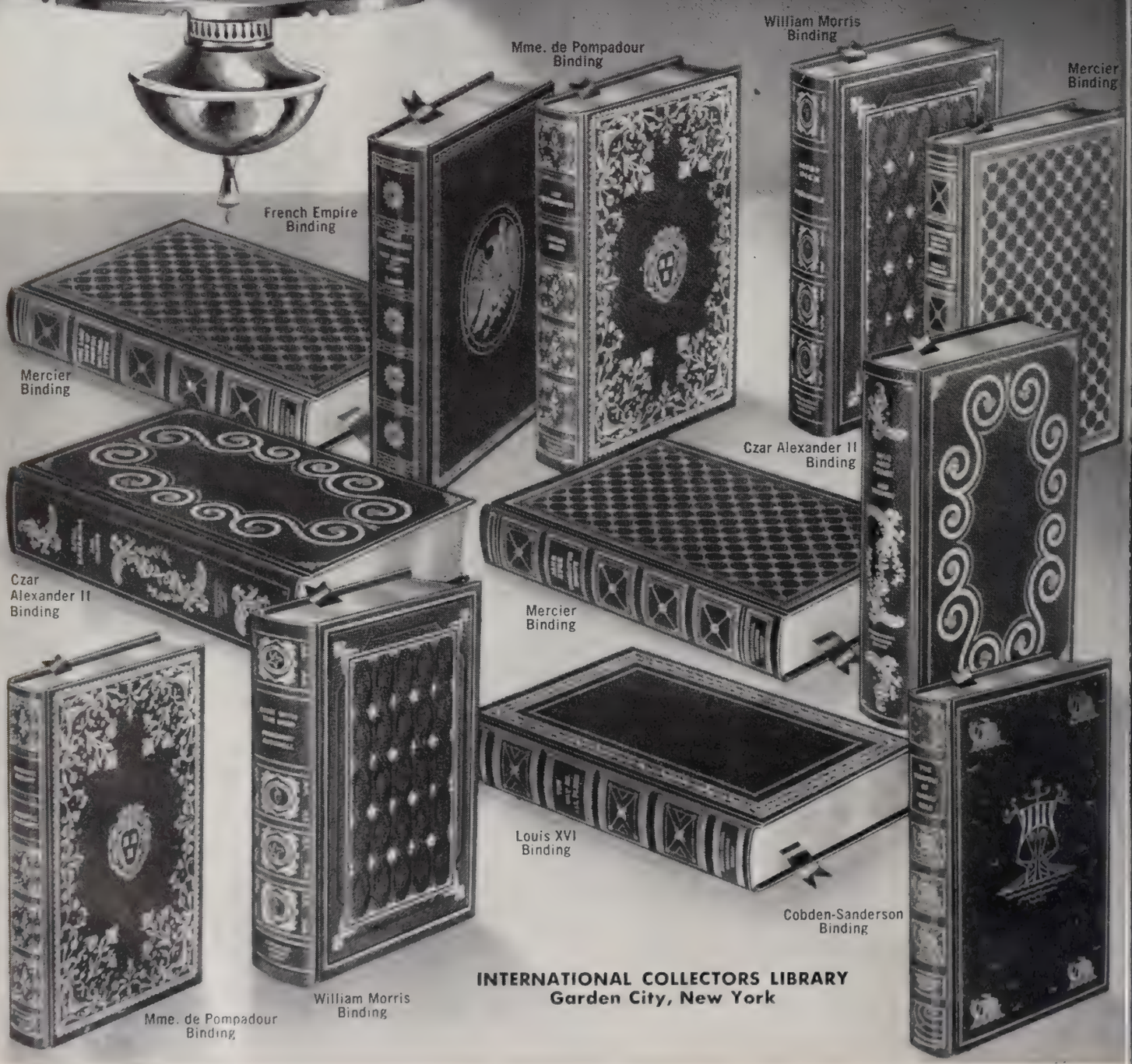
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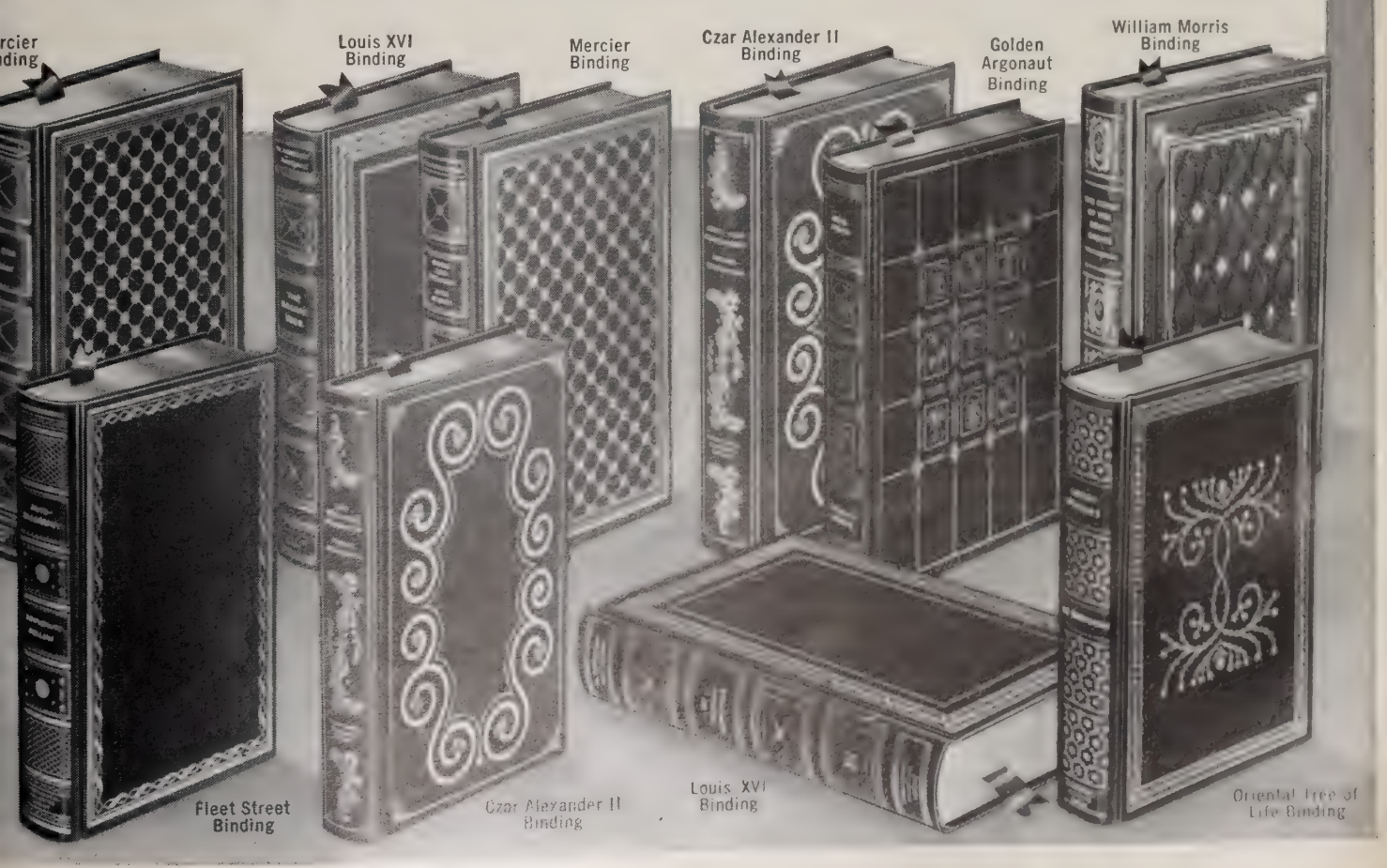
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the inevitable antagonist of any approach to free trade—than was the old.

Much the same is true of the Senate. The Democratic floor leader, Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana, is a first-rate man and a man with a wide view of the world. He is, however, from a copper state, an essentially protectionist state, and on matters like tariffs he can never be expected to be of the great use that Lyndon Johnson could be before he became Vice President.

FOR WANT OF A MIRACLE

THIS is in no way to depreciate Mansfield's courage and devotion as a party leader. It is only to say that, given the facts of his situation and background, it will be a miracle if he can get the Senate to go nearly so far as Kennedy will want it to go on economic foreign policy. Too, the Administration's official foreign-policy leader, Senator J. W. Fulbright, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, will be greatly inhibited by the fact that he is up for re-election in Arkansas.

Indeed, this session will provide acid tests for both these leaders—Mansfield and Fulbright—as the last session never did. Though both performed well then for the President, only the unrealistic or uninformed can believe that they were decisive on such a vital question as foreign aid. The victories that were won here were won primarily by two men who no longer sit in the Senate, Kennedy and Johnson.

Moreover, the Republican leadership in both Houses is no pushover and it is likely to improve in skill and effectiveness as this session goes on. Kennedy is going to need the likes of Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn; but they will not be in the seats of decisive power. It has been my observation, for what it may be worth, that when so vast and timeless a subject as world trade is on the docket, there is simply no substitute for the men in whom "free trade" burns with nearly as bright a flame as it did in the very ancient days of Democratic party doctrine.

But at its very crux, the central danger to Kennedy is in the House. The Republicans clearly mean to put everything they have got into the House, to restrain Kennedy this time as a first step toward their capital objective: to seize party control of the House in the 1962 Congressional elections. For victory in Congress in 1962 is the one indispensable, in their minds, to giving Kennedy a real run for it in his campaign for re-election in 1964.

Thus, the thing comes to this: The assumption is that the military crisis aspects of the Cold War—Berlin, Cuba, and so on—will go on, in one form or another, for uncounted years. Mr. Kennedy's decision, therefore, has been to center his affirmative actions—as distinguished from his holding actions on Berlin, Cuba, and so on—upon a revolutionary change in our economic posture which, if it succeeds, will make Cordell Hull's Reciprocal Trade Agreements look like the barest beginning.

But these affirmative actions cannot be seen, or implemented, as executive actions similar to those, say, which he might from time to time choose to take on Berlin. In this area he cannot proceed a step without touching the most intimate, bread-and-butter concerns of this country. Nor can he move an inch without massive legislation which, however world-wide in scope and significance, nevertheless falls under the heading of domestic Congressional action, involving as it does the whole kit of domestic concerns.

Now I, for one, take it to be obvious that obtaining this kind of action from Congress—in a time of increasing right and far-right counterattack on the President and diminishing support from the Democratic left—will be difficult at best, if not indeed impossible. (A Senate friend of mine, a strong backer of the President, privately estimates that at the beginning of the new year fundamental tariff lowering would hardly command forty votes among the hundred Senators. A House informant who is far from hostile to the President says, even more gloomily, that there is at present "no way but up" for the President to go in the House on this indispensable plan.)

Add to all this the inevitable series of pressures on Kennedy to "make good" on various promised domestic reforms—again, school aid, medical help to the old people, and so on—and the bust-open pillow will be in the electric fan for sure. This is not to say that any of these reforms is undesirable. But adamant demands for more than one or two of them will create, particularly in the House, a superlatively difficult position.

AN APPEAL TO THE RIGHT?

FOR fortune and circumstance, no less than world conditions, have made Congress a kind of bear pit at this time, a bear pit in which Kennedy dare not—and yet must—risk his very all. My own notion is that even the loss of the House to the Republicans next fall (the Senate will in any event remain safely Democratic) would not hurt him quite so much as to lose control utterly of the House in this session.

A procession of elections, beginning with Eisenhower's in 1952, has convinced me that people no longer vote for parties, or even primarily on issues, but basically for or against one man for President. Nevertheless, the stakes this time are almost mortal in far more than the domestic political sense. The state of the world is such that the President must put first things first, and so become less partisan in this session rather than more—and never mind the approach of the Congressional elections. His fundamental need is for votes on the grand issues wherever he can get them—and never mind party labels or ideologies.

This will mean, in practice, that he must make increasing appeals to conservative and moderately conservative Congressional opinion, in both parties, or run the peril of having this session turn out to be almost as sterile for him as that famous Eightieth Congress was for Harry S. Truman. The far-right wing was of course never his anyhow. The left wing is now becoming irredeemably lost—or will be unless he makes the catastrophic blunder of seeking to placate and retain it through wide reformist legislative proposals which could not be successful and which would destroy his sole effective Congressional base, the vital center.

However one looks at it, this is to be a session of challenge and of crisis—for the President and for both parties.

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

The Definition of the Human: Mostly Recent Novels

THE new novel by the French writer who signs his books Vercors—**Sylva** (Putnam, $4)—is a fable, somewhere between a philosophical tale and a droll story. Like a good many French novels old and new, it is concerned with what French writers like to call the "human condition" or, more accurately, with what it means to be human.

The narrator of the story—which is set in England in the 1920s—is a young Englishman named Richwick. Richwick has been in London when the story opens, and there he has bought and read on the train returning to his farm David Garnett's then-popular novel, *Lady into Fox,* which, as careful students of the title might have guessed, relates the story of a woman who turns into a fox. On his arrival at the farm Richwick finds exactly the opposite situation on his hands: under a hedge, bayed by hounds, lies a beautiful young girl, stark naked, who has somehow changed from a female fox, a vixen, into what, on anatomical grounds at least, must be called a human creature.

How such a metamorphosis was accomplished we of course never discover; accepting it is the price exacted of our credulity for admission into a hypothetical situation rich in possibilities. Richwick puzzles over the transformation, but as a young man of active if not strenuous libido, living alone in an isolated manor house, he is willing for the moment at least to accept anatomy in a nubile female of great beauty as sufficient argument for humanity. He takes the vixen-girl into his house, names her Sylva in recollection of David Garnett's heroine, and undertakes to educate her to be a lady downstairs and something more companionable up.

Obviously the situation provides an opportunity for that combination of intellectual speculation and refined naughtiness for which French letters has long enjoyed a popular if exaggerated reputation, but Vercors tells his story without the leer it seems invented to invite. There are sexual incidents, to be sure, gracefully related, but the main interest of the novel lies in the development of Sylva's mind—a recapitulation, in a few months of one girl's life, of all that has happened in the mind of man from prehistory to the twentieth century. There is first of all the long months' waiting for the dawn of self-consciousness, for the searing moment when Sylva recognizes herself in a mirror, when she ceases to be merely a part of instinctive nature and becomes a single, identifiable, isolatable, and therefore isolated being. When it comes, loneliness overwhelms her, then knowledge of death, first of others, then her own. Her mind erupts like the mind of a child with all the overwhelming questions: finding them unanswerable, she despairs at first, then settles for smaller questions and proximate answers, and learns to laugh. In the best tradition of the French philosophical tale, she ends by (metaphorically) cultivating her garden. In the best tradition of the droll story, the novel ends (literally) in a mildly dirty joke.

There is nothing very new in all this, so far as I can see, but it is acutely imagined and skillfully related, and Vercors has surrounded Sylva's development with enough novelistic invention to give it freshness and (once the reader gets over the first barrier of imagining such a creature as Sylva) plausibility. Vercors is particularly successful in the character of Dorothy, an old neighbor and boyhood love of Richwick's, whose course in the novel is the opposite of Sylva's. A highly intelligent woman, with the advantages of beauty and birth and breeding, she wants to resign from civilization, to retreat from the burden of consciousness into forgetfulness and pure animality. Presumably the names of the two main women characters—Sylva (woods) and Dorothy (gift of God)—are a rough indication of the two dominant theories of the origin of human life, as the courses pursued by the women who bear those names are two opposed ways of reacting to the gift (or burden) of humanity—the one embracing it, with all its bitterness and limits, the other rejecting it in favor of something baser.

Sylva is not a great novel, but it is intelligent, entertaining, charming, and sometimes moving.

THE BOTTOM EDGE

IN **Notes from a Dark Street** (Knopf, $2.95) Edward Adler attempts to define the human in an entirely different way. The difference lies

both in the choice of subject and in the literary technique. Adler's characters are a polyglot mixture of many ethnic origins crammed together in a rat-infested slum in Manhattan's Lower East Side. Some are chiselers, some homeless, some mad. They live in an atmosphere of stink and corruption; after a chapter of prologue, the novel covers only a few days, but there are four or five violent deaths, the last the death of a Puerto Rican baby killed by rats. There is no story. Things happen—grotesque and terrible things, for the most part—and that is all.

Obviously such a book is miles away from a studied, elegant fable like *Sylva*. Here the attempt is not to advance an argument about human life but to present a picture. It is a much more modern kind of fiction, and to me a more interesting kind. Though it shows the influence of a number of recent European writers, it bears some perhaps fanciful resemblance to the current New York school of painting in its apparent casualness of design, its blobs of life, its variety of color and texture.

Yet *Notes from a Dark Street* is not a successful book because its language is not successful, or at least not successful enough. Granted that a reader who knows no Yiddish and who has at most a very superficial acquaintance with New York dialects may not be the best judge of the book's language, the fact remains that the subject cries aloud for the kind of language that redeems, but gets only the kind of language that describes. This is not the result of a lot of little failures, though the little failures are there—slight illiteracies, like the use of *specie* for the singular *species;* figures of speech too often repeated, such as images of stitching on the human face; and, so on. No, it is rather a lack of intensity, of the lyricism that would melt and unite all the bits and pieces of horror and claim them for literature. Occasionally Adler achieves this lyricism, especially in the speech of an Irish janitor, but not often enough. To expect more is to expect a lot, but *Notes from a Dark Street* raises such expectations.

TWO SUCCESSFUL FIRSTS

Joy to Levine! by Norma Stahl Rosen (Knopf, $3.50) is another novel set in an odd corner of New York, a stagnant backwater in a city dedicated to change and what is presumed to be progress. Here the setting is a business devoted to the selling of textbooks for an elaborate nineteenth-century system of shorthand; it was once a prosperous business but it is losing out to more modern and less complex systems. The inventor of the system, a successful Scottish businessman, looked to it as a means whereby busy men could rapidly communicate their ideas, especially as they pertained to the Lord's work, but his heirs in the New York office are all in love with failure, from the genteelly ineffectual president to the determinedly ineffectual Irish salesman, who only wishes that he were a Jew so that he could suffer more.

His friend Levine, who has the inestimable advantage of a head start on suffering from a suitable choice of ancestors, is the novel's central character. He is a real hard-luck boy and knows it; a series of childhood accidents has left him with various physical disabilities; he is "accident-prone," indeed "failure-prone." He finds in the shorthand company a substitute for the mother he lost early; he loves the atmosphere of failure, the institutionalized ineptness of the place. To placate his aging father, a devoted worshiper of Success (though, like most of the bitch-goddess' followers, feebly enough rewarded for his pains), Levine confers upon himself various resounding titles in the company, but in fact he is a doer of odd jobs, and perfectly content at it.

Or content enough, except for one thing: he is in love with one of his fellow employees, a girl named Theresa. He is too shy to do very much about it, and Theresa too has her troubles. By the modern husband-catching standards of her mother she is too fat by far, and her mother convinces her that she owes it to herself to take a reducing course that will make her more viable matrimonially. Levine loves her ripe abundance of flesh, combined as it is with an extraordinary ignorance of the flesh's possibilities, and he also realizes that his chances of becoming Theresa's husband depend on her maintaining an out-of-fashion figure. So to his battle with his seedy but success-enraptured father he must add a conflict with Theresa's more determined and equally success-enraptured mother.

Joy to Levine! is a marvelously gentle book, beautifully poised between pathos and comedy. It is a quiet reminder that in a society hag-ridden with success, human qualities of great worth may go unrecognized. Theresa is the book's triumph. In a sense she has no mind, because no one has ever told her that a fat girl is entitled to one, but she has great delicacy of feeling. Her radical innocence gives her a massive dignity, bovine perhaps, but genuine. She is a figure of both comedy and grandeur in such a scene as that in which the wily Machiavel Levine advances his daring (to him) if hardly nefarious schemes by seducing her into eating a vast ice-cream sundae strictly forbidden by her calorie-counting mother.

Joy to Levine! is Mrs. Rosen's first novel. It is an altogether winning piece of work, modest, even slight in scope, but with its own wise way of looking at things. Everything the book touches, it touches with respect.

TO read **The Last Summer,** a first novel by a young Englishwoman named Elizabeth Gunn (Norton, $3.95), is an act of faith in the unlikely,

THE NEW BOOKS

ecause the dust jacket offers ample arning that it is a story about a pre-lolescent English girl having her ial fling of innocence in the last mmer before the second world war kind of subject that has not been together neglected by Miss Gunn's edecessors), and before the reader is finished the first chapter he ows that the book constitutes a anding invitation to all those re-ewer's adjectives ("delicate," "per-ptive," etc.) with which English dy novelists of sensibility have been uck ever since Virginia Woolf pro-ded the archetype of the breed.

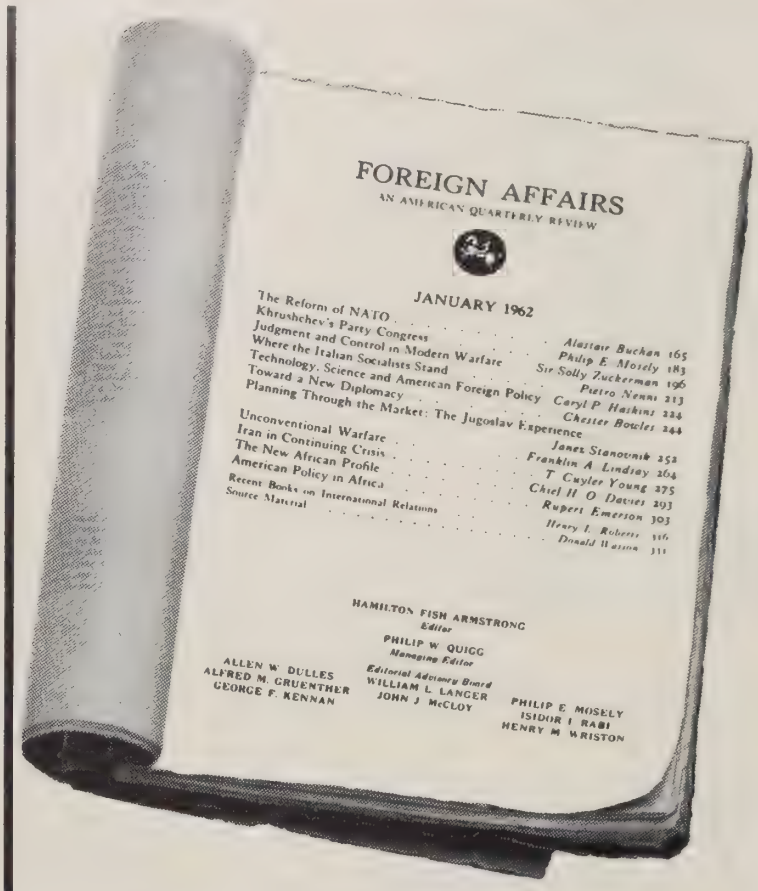
But faith in the unlikely possibil-y that the book may be worth read-g is rewarded. *The Last Summer* not only an excellent example of s kind of fiction, but in a very iet, unemphatic way it surmounts least some of the limitations of its nd. There is certainly plenty of licacy, perceptiveness, sensibility, c. in the book, but they are the nuine article and therefore not oying, and they escape literary nar-ssism because they are related to a oral theme of consequence.

In fact, *The Last Summer* con-rns the conflict between the sthetic and moral modes of con-onting human experience. Melissa Miss Gunn's youthful heroine) is ending the summer with her arents at St. Tropez; in the beauti-l landscape of southern France, the rilliant sunlight, the carefree atmos-here of opulence and gaiety, she eets an older girl named Tessy who arries in her personality the deadly scination of utter amorality. Me-ssa succumbs; she can never be a essy but she can feel to the full the owerful attraction of such a person-lity. The summer ends, the war omes, the years pass, Melissa marries nd her marriage fails. Through it ll Tessy gleams like a brilliant nd incorruptible star, occasionally limpsed from afar but somehow a eacon. Then finally events bring ome to Melissa the fact that Tessy as played a central role in the reckage of her own life; she has een no distant star but an agent of haos here and now.

SOME OLDER HANDS

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tablished novelist. Her work has been slow in achieving an audience among American readers, but since her new book—**The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie** (Lippincott, $3.95)—was published almost in its entirety in *The New Yorker*, Miss Spark may be presumed to have arrived in this country.

Miss Spark is a convert to Roman Catholicism, and her books show an underlying concern with Catholic theology, though their wit, their fine comic invention, their delight in idiosyncrasy often superficially disguise this concern at the same time that, in a more fundamental way, they illuminate it. In her next-to-last novel, *The Bachelors*, Miss Spark seemed to be primarily interested in the mystery of Incarnation; in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* she is primarily interested in the mystery of Transfiguration.

Such mysteries are not of course the exclusive concern of any one branch of Christendom, nor indeed of Christians. Apart from questions of how the divine expresses itself in humanity, everyone must be puzzled by the fact that we are "incarnated," that our spirits find their habitations in bodies—bodies that are often unsatisfactory in the short run and always unsatisfactory in the long run. And everyone must be puzzled to know whether human life can be changed, "transfigured." Since Miss Spark treats of these matters in secular terms, her books are by no means addressed only to an audience of what our ancestors uninhibitedly called Papists.

Miss Jean Brodie, the central figure in Miss Spark's new novel, is a spinster teacher in a small private school for girls in Edinburgh in the 1930s. She is a bundle of contradictions: a passionate woman yet a spinster because the young man she expected to marry was killed in the first world war; a traditional Scots Calvinist yet an aesthete, a lover of beauty; in many respects a conventional woman yet an ardent feminist; an advocate of freedom yet a great admirer of Mussolini—more, one suspects, because of her Northern woman's romantic notions of the South and of the virility of Southern men than from political conviction.

Miss Brodie collects around herself a group of schoolgirl disciples, and she exposes them to the full gamut of her powerful and contradictory personality. They are devoted to her; imaginatively they enter her life as they have never before entered another human being's and vicariously they experience the freedom and complications of adulthood. Miss Brodie is in many ways an absurd woman; unconsciously she often dissimulates, so that her rather pathetic love affair with the school's singing master becomes an extension and embellishment of her long-ago love affair with the "pure" young man who died in the war. But she has the gift of transfiguration. She may be ridiculous, but she has the power to make of a drab life in a drab school in a drab era an existence that throbs with intensity. It is dramatic, dedicated, passionate, full of great issues and things that matter.

And Miss Brodie herself is the subject of transfiguration. Disease ruins her physical magnificence and wastes her fine body; her "prime" of which she was so proud passes; but her memory leads one of her old set of disciples, now a Sister of the Transfiguration, to speculate on the wonder of such a woman and to write a study of how human life is transfigured.

It is very difficult to describe Miss Spark's books; they always end up sounding like tracts. But they are not. They are very funny, and their laughter is only the more resonant because it peals through spacious rooms and sets in vibration the ancient questions of humanity.

WITH the publication of **The End of the Battle** (Little, Brown, $4.50), Miss Spark's fellow convert Evelyn Waugh has brought to a conclusion his trilogy of novels dealing with the second world war. It is an odd fact (if it is a fact, and I think it is) that England produced no new novelists of the second world war, like James Jones and Norman Mailer in this country, or like the innumerable novelists in both England and America who made their first bid for attention with war novels after the first world war. Postwar fiction in England has been dominated by writers concerned with the social problems that grew out of the war rather than the war itself (C. P.

now may be in small part an exception) or by writers like Miss Spark, is Murdock, and Gabriel Fielding hose interests lie elsewhere.

Waugh's war trilogy is not my vorite among his works; I prefer s early novels. His prose is as onderfully easy and graceful as er; his sardonic wit, though rbed, still flashes across the page casionally; his delight in the outndish is still there, but it tends to anifest itself in rather stuffy, inlar types. What is gone are the arvelous economy of a book like *Handful of Dust*, the high spirits a book like *Put Out More Flags*. *The End of the Battle* is anecdotal, ll of loosely related characters and cidents, though the theme of the ork as a whole is now more apurent than it has been in the two receding volumes. Guy Crouchack, the central figure of the trilgy, is a member of an old English atholic family who at the outset of e war welcomes the conflict as a ay out for himself. He is no longer ry young and his life has got into mething of a snarl; he thinks of a reer in the army as an escape hatch to some ampler world of opportuty and adventure. Actually he finds nothing of the sort. At the end of e battle he realizes that the war he d hoped to use for his own ends s instead used him for its; life hich seems to say "Expect, expect!" ally says "Submit, submit!" At the me time Guy becomes increasingly tached to his religious principles. the final installment of his story is more and more thrown with itish Communists who are trying make the postwar world safe for mmunism, and against their pasonate devotion to mathematical uality he privately leans more and ore upon his late father's convicon that quantitative judgments ver really matter.

NAIVE AND BESTIAL

T the same time that Waugh cometes his trilogy another English riter opens an even more ambitious ries with the publication of **The ox in the Attic** (Harper, $4.50). he author is Richard Hughes, who s been little heard of in this couny since the publication of *A High Wind in Jamaica* (also known as *The Innocent Voyage*) many years ago, and his plan is to write a series of novels that will survey his own times from about 1920 to the end of the second world war.

On the basis of *The Fox in the Attic* it seems apparent that the series has ambitions even beyond its historic sweep, because Hughes is obviously laying the basis in this book for a theory of human nature; more consciously than any other novelist here reviewed he is attempting to define humanity. (The series as a whole is to bear the title *The Human Predicament*.)

The Fox in the Attic is set in 1923, and geographically it is about equally divided between England (or Wales) and Munich. The chief English protagonist is a young man, a member of the gentry, named Augustine; the chief German protagonist is a young man named Adolf Hitler. They represent opposed interpretations of human nature. Augustine has been bred in the tradition of English Liberalism. He sees the first world war as an unfortunate, indeed an inexplicable false step in man's climb upward, though of course it will not be repeated. The chief dangers to infinite progress are various complexes, usually the result of outmoded institutions like religion and parents. Augustine does not desire power over others and cannot suppose that others want power over him. (His favored economic position suggests that he has power of a sort over others, but he is little aware of it, as he is little aware of the responsibility his position entails.) Hitler of course represents the opposite of all this. He is in some sense aware that man is not nearly as domesticated as Augustine supposes; there is still a wild animal on the human premises, a fox in the attic.

The naïve and the bestial views of human nature are further complicated by two conflicting views of human relationship. Hitler represents naked ego, ego that refuses to acknowledge the existence of others. In this he is opposed to some extent by Augustine but more directly by the author, who argues, sometimes by implication and sometimes directly, that the unqualified ego is an unqualified danger to itself and everybody else.

The Fox in the Attic is a substan-



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COMING IN

Harper's *magazine*

THE TEXTS
OUR CHILDREN READ

Why our schools are flooded with shallow and unsound textbooks and what—if anything—can be done about it.

By Martin Mayer

THE COP AS IDEALIST:
The Case of Stephen Kennedy

A profile of New York's most admired—and controversial—Police Commissioner.

By Murray Kempton

THE MAGIC CARPET OF
INERTIAL GUIDANCE

Story of the incredible gadget that steers rockets and submarines without stars, radio, or any fixed spot on earth to guide it.

By Maya Pines

ART TODAY AND THE
PLIGHT OF ITS PUBLIC

How modern art confuses most people . . . drives artists and critics to hair-pulling . . . and why it need not.

By Leo Steinberg

THE BEST FOOD
IN THE WORLD—BUT . . .

How to eat out in London and still eat well. Including a checklist of over thirty restaurants.

By J. G. Links

tial and thoughtful piece of writing. In some respects it seems a little old-fashioned—the author inserts himself and his opinions rather more freely than the current mode permits, the book has rather more "raw history" than most modern historical novels, the whole presentation is more literal and less symbolic than we have become accustomed to. Yet it shows fictional gifts of a high order. The details of life in the Welsh village where the novel opens, the servants in a large English country house, the style of life in a traditional castle outside Munich—such matters are done with great skill.

CREATIVITY NOW . . .

IN **The Whole Creation** (Viking, $4.95) Theodore Morrison adds another to his group of novels set in a New England college town. There are three main characters in the book: one is an engineer who works for a large chemical concern, another is a professor of biology in the college, and the third is a novelist who is visiting the college for a year. Each is a man who wants to create, and each is a man frustrated: the engineer is frustrated by the decisions of the management that employs him; the biologist by the spite of his colleagues, the limits of his knowledge, and the circumstances of his private life; the novelist by some kind of internal failure, which can be easily but only approximately indicated as a failure of love.

The book is, then, a kind of essay on creativity—creativity in the biological sense (the professor is a student of genetics) as well as in the more narrowly human sense, the creativity of study, of doing, of making. Morrison has obviously thought a good deal about this subject and read extensively in its literature. He is an intelligent man, and enough of a novelist to know how to shape his ideas in a fictional context that is well observed, convincingly constructed, and very passably written, though his prose is solid gray.

Yet the book has a flat-footed quality that makes it very hard to read. With that immense part of the art of fiction which consists of knowing what part of your story not to write Morrison is totally unacquainted. One of the characters, for instance, enjoys a reputation as a raconteur. That is all right; many people do, and alertness and speed are usually adequate defense. But Morrison relates in scrupulous and agonizing detail at least half a dozen examples of the raconteur's art. They are dreadful. What is worse, they almost completely destroy the reader's sympathy for the character who tells the stories, and who is otherwise a nice enough man.

It is too bad that the very considerable talent that informs *The Whole Creation* should be marred by the failure to recognize its own limitations.

. . . AND LATER

Anonymous (20th Century) (Braziller, $5) is a more direct approach to the problem of human creativity, especially as it affects town planning and architecture, by the Florentine architect and painter Leonardo Ricci. This is a very personal book, an excessively personal book, written mostly in the exclamatory mode, undisciplined and undeveloped. Some writers achieve a wonderful freedom that enables them to talk about anything in any order. Ricci talks about anything in any order, but far from being free he seems to be caught in a cleft branch shrieking for someone to let him out.

But it is possible to trace a thin line of muscular argument through the vast mass of rhetorical blubber. Ricci sees the triumphs of city planning and architecture in the past as the results of certain kinds of belief in greatness—belief in the greatness of the city's divine patron, in the greatness of the state the city serves as capital, in the greatness of man. Now he thinks we live in a post-humanist era; we have said good-by to towering geniuses like those who dominated the Renaissance. The art of the twentieth century will be the achievement of anonymous artists; rather than express their own greatness they will express their humility before the mystery of life. They will seek their inspiration not by contemplating the god or the state or themselves but their relations to one another and the earth they share. Their city will be Earth-City, a concept that has a good deal of meaning for Ricci but remains somewhat opaque

me. I had supposed we would all habit Earth-City soon enough, and m pleased to learn from Ricci that regards its achievement as a long y off.

BIBLICAL WORLD

JST as I had finished this column received a review copy of a mem- able five-volume work entitled **he Illustrated World of the Bible** IcGraw-Hill). The first four vol- nes cover the Old Testament and ere edited by a board of distin- ished Jewish scholars under the hairmanship of Benjamin Mazar; e fifth volume covers the New estament and is the work of ichael Avi-Yonah and assistants. t present the first four volumes are ailable at $70 and the complete ork at $87.50; on June 1 the prices ill be $80 and $100.

The Illustrated World of the Bible not an attempt to present the Bib- cal text as it has been envisioned y great artists through the ages; here are few paintings or sculptures ncluded that date from much later han Dura-Europos. Rather it is an ttempt to illustrate the Bible more irectly—by photographs of relevant rchaeological sites and findings, of lants and animals mentioned in the ible, of topographical features re- erred to, etc.; by excellent maps; ccasionally by drawings that recon- truct ancient buildings, costumes, nd the like (the drawings are artisti- ally feeble); by reproductions of arly manuscripts; and by an im- nense number of pictures from all ver the ancient Mediterranean vorld that depict sports, crafts, coin- ge, rule, dress, labor, and so on. Each page carries a brief passage rom the Bible and a long scholarly ote on the illustrations.

A work like *The Illustrated World of the Bible* is always open to the suspicion that it is a stratagem whereby a clever publisher plays on gullible piety, but in this instance the books are genuine works of scholarship and an immense aid to the understanding of the texts they illustrate. The vast number of illus- trations, nearly all in color and handsomely reproduced, justifies the high price, but I regret that the price will limit the circulation of the volumes.

"I Have a Son I've Never Seen"*

"I have a son that I have never seen, whose language I do not speak and who does not understand mine.

Today, and every summer day, tourists from many lands throng the town of Delphi in Greece. They come to view those scenes made sacred through literature and history. Near this town lives my son Nikolaos.

In my mind's eye I see him now, walking those well worn paths, climbing the craggy hills, attending the quaint old school. I see him visiting the old, battered, bullet-scarred church. I see him going home to the tiny one-room house where he lives with his mother and sister. In my imagination I step through the door. I see the one hard bed, the crude table and bench, the battered box that serves as a chest and the makeshift stove. I count the ornaments of the pace—a few flowers in a tiny jug and love. The young mother works, when there is work, as a laborer on a nearby farm. The work is heavy and the hours are long. She is paid ten dollars a month. One fifth of this she pays for rent.

There was a war. Remember? War took his child's father and made him my son. I am proud of him. His frequent letters in the characters of his own tongue are, when translated, the most beautiful literature I can read. I am proud of him.

In our world today there are millions of boys and girls who through war and horror have lost one or both parents. These children know no real home. They never have enough to eat. They have no proper clothes. They share but little love. They have no medical attention. There is no provision for their education. They have no future as we understand that term.

There is in our country an organization known as the Foster Parents' Plan. Through this plan you may adopt one of these children. You may make yourself responsible for the health and education of one of these little ones. You may become a father or a mother in reality. You may know the joy and satisfaction a child's letters bring. You can know that somewhere in the world a child's prayers, on your behalf, rise like sweet incense to the Infinite. And you can see in your own life how they are answered."

* ***Written by Foster Parent Roland Porter about his "adopted" child.***

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BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Night of Trees, by Thomas Williams.

In the snowy New Hampshire woods in the hunting season a drama unfolds between a father and son. The father, a gentile, has just been divorced by his beautiful Jewish wife, mother of the boy. The boy has just decided to leave college where he is doing very well, to go on a trip West before going into the Army. His father regrets this but doesn't argue. The tensions and unspoken affection between the boy and his father, who is used to getting what he wants, build up to a tragic climax for which one is perhaps too well prepared. The atmosphere of waiting, of tenseness, begins on the first page and is rather overdeveloped before anything happens. When the tragedy does occur it is not because of anyone's motivations, or actions, or lack of them, but pure bad luck so that the book seems top heavy with atmosphere. Yet there are brilliant passages in it; the boy is a credible and sympathetic character; and the description of the winter woods is wonderful. By the author of *Town Burning.* Macmillan, $4.50

NON-FICTION

A Marianne Moore Reader.

This book is a delight from start to finish. As the jacket tells us, it includes two complete volumes of old poems, new poems, essays, and selections from *The Fables of La Fontaine* and *The Ford Letters.* Anyone who knows the lively perfection of her work needs no urging to read this collection of some of the best of it. Anyone who doesn't (is there anyone?) need only read her essay "Idiosyncrasy and Technique" with its wonderful passage on "Denigration" (including a poem on the subject) to learn the lovely generous temper of her mind as well as its scholarly acumen and sudden irresistible humor. The book indeed shines with pleasure in the uses of the mind, the variety and challenge of wit, and with a rare quality of gentleness that is never for a moment soft. Viking, $6.95

Daughter of the House, by Evelyn Ames.

What starts nostalgically as the story of a nineteenth-century house and neighborhood as it is about to be demolished ends as the very moving story of a marriage. The house is the Perkins House in Hartford, on Forest Street where Beechers and Stowes and Mark Twain had also lived. It is biography and autobiography by the daughter of the house. The marriage is that of her distinguished and scholarly father and her beautiful Danish actress mother seen at the beginning through a child's eyes as perfection, her whole happy world. Later she came to know the imperfections all too well; yet the book and its web of meaning become clearest at the fiftieth anniversary of that marriage. It is slow-moving, thoughtful, amusing, stopping for the little things. I suppose it is what will be called "a woman's book" but it is very wise and beautiful, not only about her own life but in its evocation of houses and manners and ways of living which have all but disappeared. Houghton Mifflin, $4

The Origins of the Second World War, by A. J. P. Taylor.

Is it terror of a third that makes us now so deeply interested in the causes of the first two world wars? The February Book of the Month will be the *The Guns of August* by Barbara W. Tuckman, a history which starts with the funeral of Edward VII of England in 1910 and carries events through the first thirty days of the battle of the Marne in 1914, the invasion of Belgium, and the "agonizing uncertainties and errors on both sides" during that fateful time. . . . The "on both sides" seems to be what both fascinates and repels, for this book about the beginnings of the second world war which has caused furious controversy in England promises to do the same here. Mr. Taylor, who has been a lecturer in history at Manchester, Cambridge, and Oxford, explains that during the Munich days he was a passionate anti-appeaser. But he says:

> In retrospect, though many were guilty, none was innocent. The purpose of political activity is to provide peace and prosperity; and in this every statesman failed, for whatever reason. This is a story without heroes; and perhaps even without villains.

Is it old-fashioned or unrealistic to think that some statesmen still believe that to the "peace and prosperity," which it is their business to provide, the tiny phrase "with honor" should be added and that its omission has something to do with the controversy? . . . In any case this is fascinating history, brilliantly yet simply written. Not the least of its interesting chapters deals with the historian's problem, the lack of archives and even of memoirs of the men who made the decisions as compared to what was available after World War I. Atheneum, $4.50

If Christmas money is weighing down your pockets we can suggest that you try weighing down your bookshelves, lifting up your spirits, and clarifying your outdated notions with one or more of the exciting new reference books.

The Continent We Live On, by Ivan T. Sanderson.

Mr. Sanderson, zoologist, naturalist, and author, traveled 50,000 miles of the North American continent in a year to gather material for this book. It is the story of how our continent came to be; what different kinds of land formations make up our landscape; what sort of flora and fauna inhabit it. 140,000 words of text and 235 photographs including 109 in color. Fascinating for almost any age. Random House, $20

Pictorial Atlas of the World, by the editors of *Life* and Rand McNally.

Of the 600 pages in this book 440 are in color—photographs and maps. There are, for this space age, maps which show how the earth looks from a satellite—a new concept of "terrain" maps—but if you are not yet ready for this, there are still the flat maps for the earth-minded with countries and rivers, states and their capitals. The *Life* pictures, however, are a really special dimension—magnificent man's-eye views of all corners of this man-inhabited globe. Rand McNally, $30

WHAT'S IN A DICTIONARY?

By Ethel Strainchamps

The lexicographical event of the decade is the recent publication of **Webster's Third New International Dictionary** (G. & C. Merriam Co., $47.50 and up). The first new Merriam-Webster unabridged since 1937, the Third Edition resembles its distinguished, if outmoded, predecessor only superficially. It has a brand-new set of pronunciation symbols, 100,000 new words or words in new meanings, and no entries begin with capital letters. (The latter innovation has inspired numerous unhappy letters to editors, one of them possibly from a certain bottling company—there is an entry for "coke" ("fr. *Coke*, a trademark") but none for "Coca-Cola.")

A new overhauling of the data on our language was unquestionably needed, and while literary critics and editors have not universally approved this result, the dictionary user who looks up words to find out what they mean and not to pick an argument will have better luck here than anywhere else he could choose. The editors of the Third Edition have made a conscientious and usually successful attempt to determine the meanings and statuses of words by examination of their use in contexts and not by applying irrelevant historical, logical, or etymological criteria.

There is *downgrade*, for example. When Mr. Nixon charged Mr. Kennedy with "downgrading" the prestige of the United States during the last Presidential campaign, many people on both sides of the fence must have been puzzled. Did the candidate mean that his opponent was actually *lowering* the country's prestige, or that he was merely underrating or underestimating it? There was a great difference in the gravity of the possible interpretations, but instead of clarifying the point for us, Mr. Kennedy simply said he wasn't doing it, using the same word.

Nor were our dictionaries any help. *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition (unabridged), didn't even list *downgrade* as a verb except in the addenda, and there it was defined—as it is in the desk dictionaries—as "to lower in grade, status, or rank" as "from foreman to ordinary laborer."

That was clear but hardly seemed to apply. So we had to await the publication of the *Third* edition of the WNID, and now we learn that the word means "to minimize or depreciate in grade"—not very enlightening without the example, "the folly of downgrading Soviet technology." But, with it, we may assume that Mr. Kennedy was only being charged with painting an unduly dark picture of our prestige and not with diminishing it.

Most people, including most writers and campaign speakers, are untroubled by the gradual changes in language exemplified by the shift of *downgrade* from a straightforward noun meaning a "downward grade or slope" to that tricky verb. They grasp the new meanings and functions of words as they did their old ones—by osmosis—and proceed to do their bit toward confirming them in the language, though not, alas, forever or exclusively.

The new unabridged gives us the newest meaning *negotiable* had at press time: not only securities and deals but roads and mountains can be negotiable. But in the brief time since, cities and countries have become negotiable, or rather *not* negotiable, as witness Berlin and Cuba, though you will not find that meaning in any dictionary. (The prudent will, however, refrain from saying that *negotiable* for negotiate-about-able is wrong. That's what they used to say about *laughable* for laugh-atable and *reliable* for rely-onable.)

It is this area of the language—the constant change in the meaning, status, function, and pronunciation of familiar words—that is the greatest challenge to dictionary editors. New words, such as those that come into general use from slang and the technical vocabularies, are more con-



WHAT IS HISTORY?

by EDWARD HALLETT CARR

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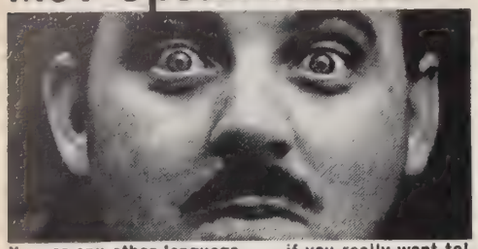
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spicuous, so it is these that dictionaries brag about having included. But genuinely new additions to the language have much less effect on its total texture than the changes that go on in the language already in use.

The real test of a new dictionary, therefore, is not whether it contains definitions of *astronaut, countdown, den mother,* and *beatnik*—which the WNID Third Edition does and which would have been hard for it to miss—but how accurate it is in recording the data on hundreds of old words that previous dictionaries are wrong about, either because they are out of date or because their editors were mistaken or obtuse.

What you and your neighbor, and the magazines and newspaper columns you read, and the TV panelists you hear regard as the true meaning, status, and function of *fey, effete, truculent, enhance, fortuitous, reticent, compatriot, ambiance, expertise, inchoate, portentous,* and *unique* —to name a few your old dictionary is wrong about—is right. Such is the nature of language, as the editors of the new unabridged admit.

Consequently, you can count on its being more accurate and complete in this area than any other current dictionary, including its closest competitor, *Webster's New World* desk dictionary, if only because it is newer and bigger. It does have some unfortunate gaps, but these are balanced by timeliness and perceptiveness elsewhere. You will find, for example, the two spellings of *ambiance* (ambience) and its current meaning (environment), and the new meaning of *inchoate* (disordered, unorganized). But there is not a word about *the way* in the meaning of *as* ("But with the score the way it actually stands"—William S. White, *Harper's*). And though *due to* is there as a preposition ("The event was canceled *due to* inclement weather"), *based on* in the same function is omitted ("Based on past experience, I am not at all sure that television will be free of such abuses"—Adlai Stevenson. Or, to be bipartisan, "Based on the sale of school bonds for the past several years, there is every reason to believe"—Barry Goldwater).

The last two citations are not in the dictionary, but it is full of others, and sometimes they are not apropos —obviously because the writer of the entry concerned didn't know what the argument was about. This was disastrous in the handling of *unique,* where it may lose the dictionary any small chance it might have had of winning the approval of Jacques Barzun. One can imagine his annoyance at having his impeccable use of *unique* in its pure sense (single in kind, unequaled) lumped in with others that supposedly—but glaringly do not—illustrate the same meaning. These include phrases containing "somewhat unique" (M. B. Smith); "more unique" (Dorothy Canfield Fisher); and "less unique" (Harry Levin).

Harry Levin, by the way, is a favorite writer of the editorial staffers, judging by (or based on) the number and variety of the illustrative quotes from his works they use. They also lean heavily on Dixon Wecter, H. O. Taylor, M. R. Cohen, Agnes Repplier, and Claudia Cassidy.

Other frequently recurring names that are more familiar give us some fascinating glimpses into the minds of the usually faceless (old word—new meaning) types who write definitions. No group can remain a total enigma when it is known that its members have read every word ever written by William James, John Dewey, George Santayana, and Alfred North Whitehead, and that their favorite essayists include Philip Wylie, Elmer Davis, Joseph Wood Krutch, Brand Blanshard, John Mason Brown, and Michael Straight.

Then there are the magazines they read. The generally racy quotes come from those in the middlebrow and upward range—synonyms for *complain,* for example, are illustrated by phrases with *bellyaching* from *Harper's* and *squawk* from *Atlantic*—and of these, *Time, The New Yorker,* and *The New Republic* seem to have the edge.

With the aid of a new and simplified pronunciation key, that aspect of words is handled with even more accuracy and candor. The editors have heard all the varying pronunciations the rest of us have, and they pretty well achieve their goal of putting them all down without taking sides.

All in all, G. & C. Merriam seem to have spent their three and a half million dollars well.

MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

FORTY TENORS, AND THEN SOME

Will Caruso hold the C, or cut it short? The suspense is part of the pleasure of listening to some noble voices rescued from the past.

Interested in bargains? Telefunken, which is distributed in America by London Records, came out a few months ago with a low-priced line of historic reissues. In itself that is nothing new, for several labels—Camden and Richmond, to mention but two—have built up extensive catalogues of reissued discs selling for $1.98 per LP. But the Telefunkens, also priced at $1.98, are especially interesting for reasons of repertoire. Telefunken is one of the oldest of all record companies and has a brilliant catalogue of early discs upon which to draw. In addition, Telefunken recorded many great artists who either were never active in America or who appeared here but seldom, and are sparsely represented on records in this country. The initial Telefunken release has been largely devoted to singing, and has concentrated on electrical (*i.e.* post-1925) recordings, giving us much the same parallel material that Angel in its collector's series is selling at $5.98.

Of prime interest are two discs devoted to Wagner: **The Golden Age of Bayreuth 1932-1936** (TH 97008), and **Bayreuth 1936** (TH 97003). The former contains Wagnerian excerpts sung by Franz Völker, Helge Roswaenge, Maria Müller, and Rudolf Bockelmann, with orchestras conducted by Heinz Tietjen and Franz Albert Schmidt. In the latter disc are Müller, Völker, Max Lorenz, Margarete Klose, Jaro Prohaska, Josef von Manowarda, and Erich Zimmermann, heard in excerpts from *Lohengrin* and *Siegfried*.

During the 1920s and up to 1935, Maria Müller was active at the Metropolitan Opera, and it does not take a particularly long memory to recall her lovely singing: full-voiced, ineffably feminine, colorful. Lorenz was at the Metropolitan during the early 1930s and was virtually the only tenor in the business who could give Lauritz Melchior any competition. The remarkable, clarion-voiced Roswaenge never sang here, nor did Völker, a smooth tenor of unusual accomplishment. To hear Völker and Müller blending their voices in

---

AND ALSO . . .

Searle: Symphony No. 1; Seiber: Elegy for Viola and Small Orchestra; Three Fragments from Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. London Philharmonic Orchestra (London CM 9265, mono; CS 6196, stereo).

Sir Adrian Boult conducts the Searle work; Seiber himself conducts his two pieces. Aside from the *Elegy*, the music is twelve-tone. Humphrey Searle, a British composer, uses the twelve-tone medium in a romantic and even consonant way. His symphony sounds like a personal expression, and it grows on one. Matyas Seiber, Budapest-born but resident in England since 1935, is a little too obvious in the background-music effects of his *Portrait*. This is illustration rather than creation. The orchestration, though, is full of delicate touches.

Three Centuries of the Guitar. Andrès Segovia, guitar (Decca 10034, mono; 710034, stereo).

Pieces by De Murcia, Sor, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Rodrigo, Roncalli, and Granados are played by the veteran Spanish guitarist. Some are in transcription, some are originals. All are masterfully played by the greatest living exponent of the classic guitar.



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What's New in High Fidelity

by Edward Tatnall Canby

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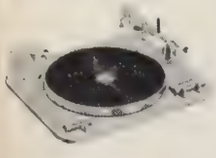
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If component high fidelity lasts and lasts, then how about obsolescence? Well yes—of course, eventually your components will be "out of date". But that doesn't mean they'll stop working for you. Like everything else, improvements do come in high fidelity. Many (desirable as they are) you can take or leave. Some are basic. Stereo—for example—on tape, or disc, and now on the air. But your component system has as many lives as it has components. It can be updated, added to piece-by-piece – new tuner, record player, tape recorder, amplifier, or speakers—when you want them or as your budget permits. You can always add on, or be spendthrift and buy a new outfit—your choice. Your system will never obsolesce as a whole. Not much is ever lost.

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Die Walküre and *Lohengrin* is to realize that Wagner can be as singable as Verdi. Those two singers handle it almost as chamber music, with long supple phrases that have never a hint of strain. Lorenz in the *Siegfried* forging sequence is tremendous, and the noble-voiced Bockelmann in the *Fliedermonolog* from *Meistersinger* recalls the great days of Schorr. America unfortunately never had the opportunity of hearing Bockelmann's Hans Sachs.

Among other Telefunken reissue discs are two magnificent ones devoted to the work of two tenors—**The Voice of Joseph Schmidt** (TH 97007), and **Peter Anders in Operetta** (TH 97006). Schmidt had one of the great tenor voices of the century, but his life was a tragedy. A tiny man, he never could appear in opera; he rose just about to the armpits of any soprano. Germany made him unwelcome during Hitler's rise, and he had to flee his homeland, dying in poverty in 1942 at the age of thirty-eight. On this disc he sings arias that he had recorded from 1929 to 1931. Anders, who died only a few years ago, was a singer in the Tauber tradition, with a sweet, strong voice and a secure style.

A Delirious Idea

But if it's tenors you want, the disc of the century is named **Di Quella Pira,** and has been released by a little company named Tap (T-333). Somebody up there got the delirious idea of recording the famous *Di Quella Pira* from Verdi's *Il Trovatore* with not one, not five, not ten, not twenty-five tenors, but with forty. Repeat: four-zero, forty. The idea was to show the world how the great tenors of past and present went about this lung-blasting showpiece with its two high C's. (The record proudly says: 40 TENORS, 80 C's.) As a matter of fact, there are more than eighty C's, for several tenors, in Dionysiac enthusiasm, add an extra one. Want to hear Caruso? Tamagno? Zenatello? Merli? Bjoerling? Gigli? Pertile? Martinelli? Name it and you can have it.

The funny thing is that one puts the record on as a big joke, and then begins to get hypnotized. Relentlessly, one *Di Quella Pira* follows another (sometimes in a different pitch; the manufacturer should have been more careful), and one proud tenor tries to outdo the other. An element of suspense enters. Will Caruso hold the C or cut it short? (He holds it, practically forever.) Will O'Sullivan clearly articulate the sixteenth-notes on the word "pira"? (He doesn't.) Will Martinelli tire at the final stentorian C? (Somewhat.) One curses himself for twenty kinds of a fool, for wasting time and eardrums, as the disc goes on and on; but somehow one sticks it out and ends with a feeling of catharsis. There never has been a record like it.

Caruso and Melba

Talking about Caruso, Angel has come out with a disc in its Great Recordings of the Century series entitled **The Young Caruso** (COLH 119). It was the Victor series in 1903 that made Caruso a recording star, but previously, in Italy, he had made some discs. These arias and Italian songs, from 1902 to 1904, have been brought together, and they demonstrate a singer in the making. The power, breath control, and beauty of tone are present in good measure; but so are some gaucheries, including a few bad attacks, some off-pitch tones, and even a couple of false entries.

At about the same time that the young Caruso was beginning to make an impact, the great Nellie Melba was the queen of the operatic world. She may well have been the greatest vocal technician of the century. Her large, cool, perfectly produced voice could do anything, and her repertoire was all-embracing. Well, almost all-embracing. She once tried Wagner and admitted her mistake. Born in 1859 (in Australia; her real name was Helen Porter Mitchell), she did not make her first record until 1904. Thus there are very few living people who can have heard her in her prime. Angel has made a collection of Melba's earliest records (1904-06), and these will give a good idea of what the soprano could do at an age when many sopranos are beginning to think of retiring. (Melba remained before the public until 1926!) For an example of her unerring technique, listen to her *Lucia* mad scene, with hair-raising interpolations; and the sheer physical beauty of her voice can be heard in her performance of Handel's *Sweet Bird,*



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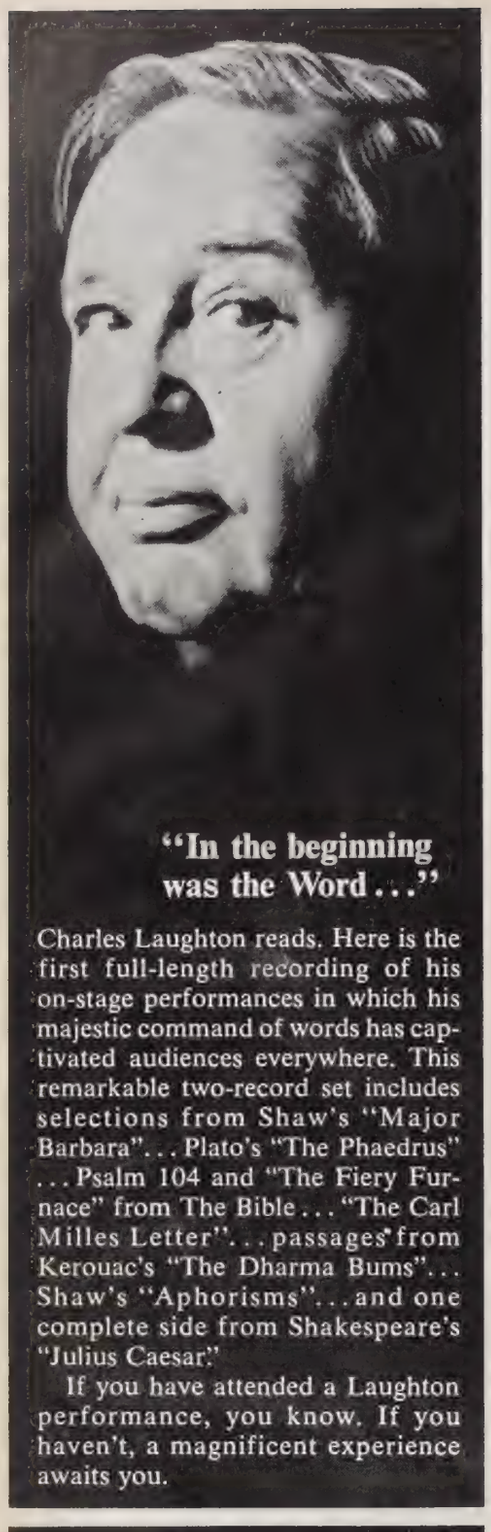
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where she outflutes the flute. The disc number is Angel COLH 125.

Curiosa from Edison

A really important reissue disc is **The Sound of Fame** (M80P-7350), put out by the Edison Foundation. The Edison catalogue is one that has not been examined very closely, and for this there are many reasons. For one thing, the Edison recording company has long been extinct, and its records have been out of circulation for many years. For another, very few people in America have equipment to play Edison records. Remember those old, heavy, quarter-inch-thick Edison discs? Edison, who after all invented the talking machine, stubbornly stuck to the vertical-cut (hill-and-dale) technique of recording when almost everybody else was making lateral-cut records. That is, on Edison records, the needle moves up and down, while on the other it wiggles from side to side. (A few Pathé discs were also recorded, in the old days, according to Edison's precepts.)

Through the years, and especially in recent years, the contents of the catalogues of virtually every record company have been strained for interesting and important reissues, but the Edison catalogue has remained a mystery. Several years ago the Edison Foundation brought out a ten-inch LP disc. Here is another sampling, on a twelve-inch disc. High spots are Edison himself talking (1927), a few words by Sir Arthur Sullivan (taken from an Edison wax cylinder recorded in 1888), Sophie Tucker singing *Some of These Days* (1911), Rachmaninoff's weird and spectacular performance of Liszt's Second Rhapsody (1919), Muzio singing (in Italian) the Letter Scene from Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* (1920), Lucrezia Bori in the Waltz Song from Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* (1913), and an example of the work of Sir Harry Lauder. In 1929, just about when the company went under, it came out with a few Edison electric discs, and one of them is reproduced here—Moriz Rosenthal playing some Chopin, and playing it beautifully. None of these curiosa can be found anywhere else; and while the disc is a musical mishmash, it does provide a tantalizing glimpse into what must be an extremely valuable collection. More, please?

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

REUNION

There comes a point beyond which you can only say that you like a recording, and hope for the best. Some echo of anticipation may come in the first few measures, some lift in the beat of Milt Hinton's double bass that assures you a quantity of swing in what will follow, some boiling power in the entry of Coleman Hawkins' tenor saxophone that arrogates to itself—and triumphantly asserts—the authority of a major musician. Most of all there may be the clarinet, a whispery stick of eloquent reflectiveness, of Pee Wee Russell.

Nominally this session was a "reunion" in the sense of bringing Hawkins and Russell back together on records for the first time since 1929, when they were part of a group that billed itself as the Mound City Blue Blowers (for an historic example, see the first track on the second side of *Great Jazz Reeds*, RCA Camden CAL-339). Further than that, it is a sensibly mounted modern date with an ensemble both severally and collectively strong enough—Bob Brookmeyer, Jo Jones, Emmett Berry, Nat Pierce—to run against normal competition.

Russell enjoys the unfair advantage of having one of the great faces in jazz; TV viewers may remember it from the CBS "Sound of Jazz" program of four years ago, where he was paired with Jimmy Guiffre in an old-*vs.*-new-era blues that did credit to both, but surely scored Russell the winner on points and over-all style. It is a melancholy mask that seems to have been trampled all over by experience, the same accumulated battering and buffeting that has shaped his sometimes harsh, sometimes tender tone. In "Mariooch," a title taken from the name his wife is known by in the Italian section of Greenwich Village where they live, Russell seems at first hardly able to get the clarinet's reed to vibrate; but the struggle is for expression, not for sound, and soon is going wholly Russell's way.

The years have left Coleman Hawkins with a quality that is most of all fury, an insistence on his mastery that was less necessary when—thirty years ago—it was more assured. They have left Pee Wee Russell with—what? Depth, modesty, absorbed complexity, and a haunting sense of loss. His is one of the sounds that cannot be mistaken.

Jazz Reunion. Pee Wee Russell, Coleman Hawkins, with Jo Jones, Bob Brookmeyer, et al. Candid 8020.

MARCH 1962 SIXTY CENTS

Harper's magazine



THE GREAT Narcotics MUDDLE

Benjamin DeMott

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Leo Steinberg

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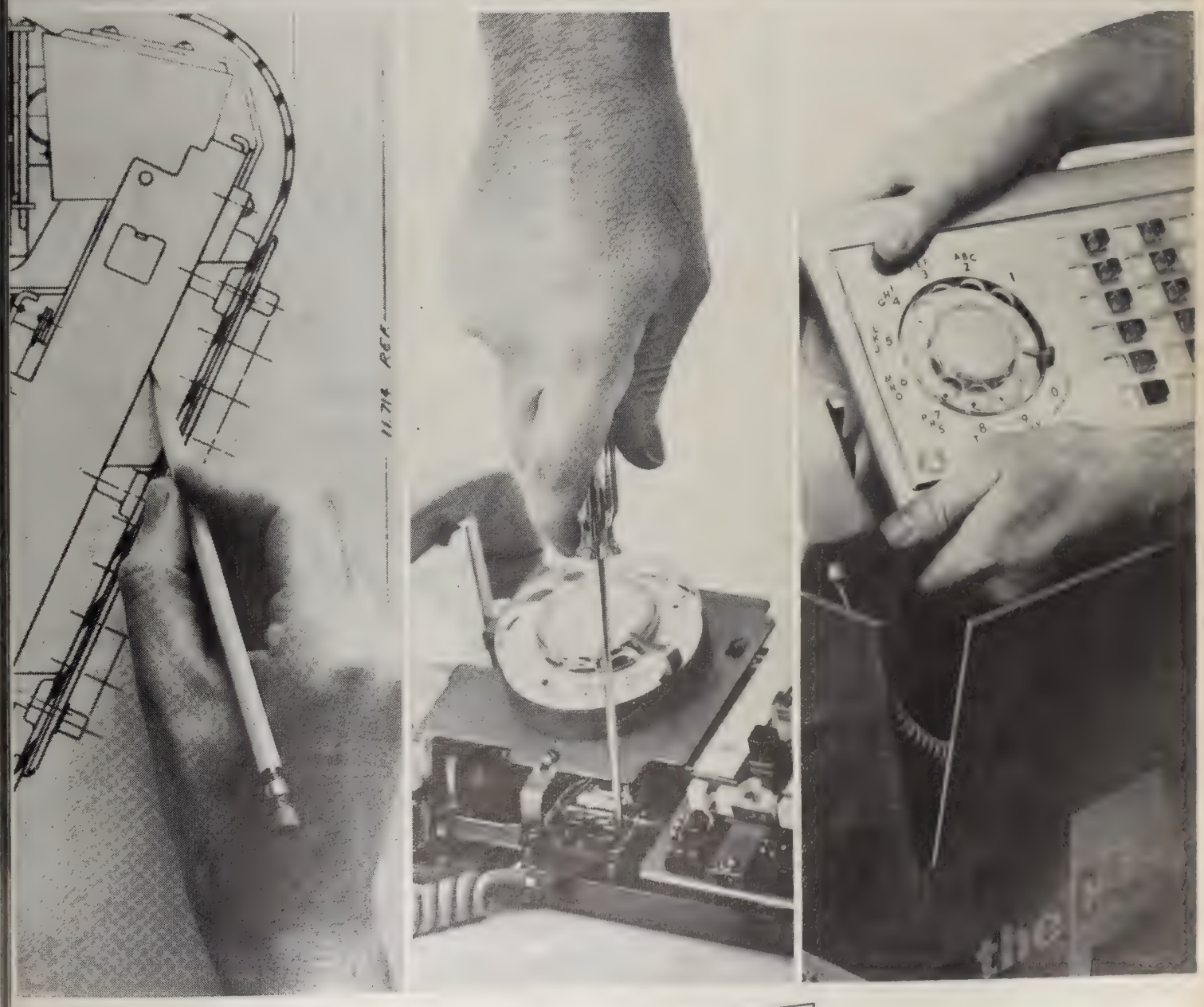
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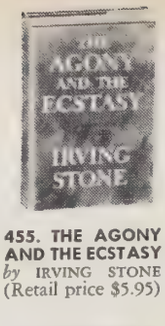
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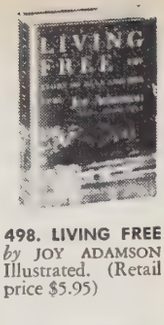
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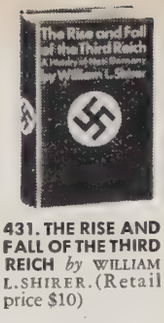
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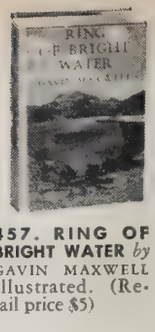
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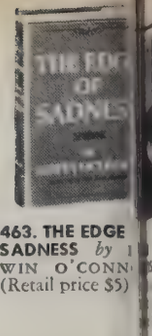
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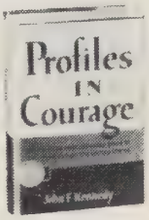
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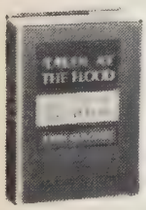
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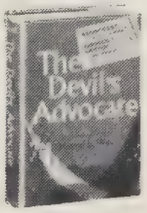
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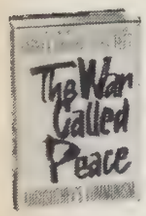
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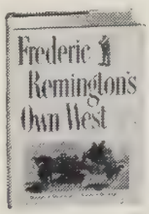
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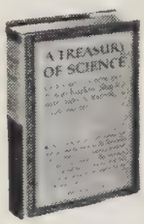
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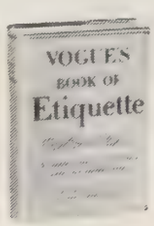
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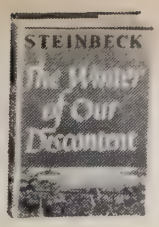
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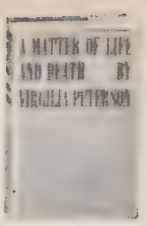
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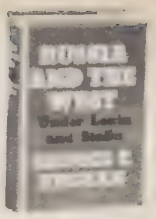
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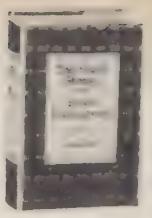
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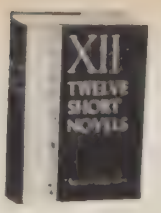
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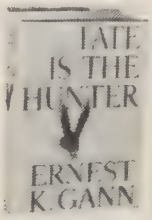
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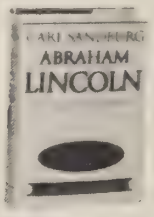
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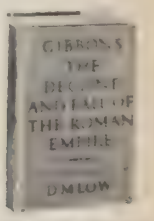
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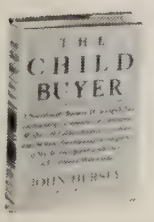
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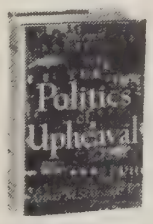
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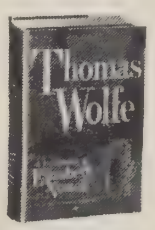
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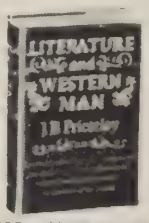
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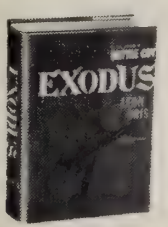
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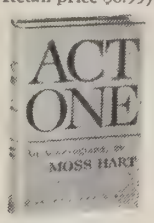
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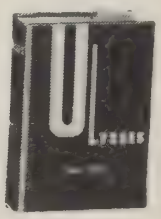
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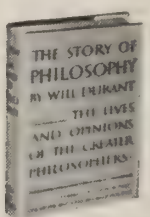
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LETTERS

Obstructionist Passman

To the Editors:

I read Rowland Evans' article ["Louisiana's Passman: The Scourge of Foreign Aid," January] expecting to be enlightened concerning the subject of the necessity of foreign aid. I was disappointed. While he shows the obstructionist tactics and success of Congressman Passman, he does not prove that foreign aid should be maintained or increased. . . . I thank heaven for a man like Passman. We have incurred the hatred of most of the world through our . . . largely unnecessary gifts. We have upset marketing conditions in foreign countries, made millionaires of unscrupulous administrators of our aid abroad, . . . produced jealousy among those who did not receive and humiliation among those who did. If Mr. Evans will take one good look . . . at the 1,500 miles stretching southwest from Washington toward New Orleans, he will agree that there are plenty of black faces in need of domestic aid, houses that need paint . . . , roads [and] schools to be constructed, land to be brought under cultivation, people to be clothed, and needy to receive medicine. Why shovel our tax money into Africa and South America where the ungrateful stone us and spit on us? . . .

Professor C. Wesley Bird
Fresno, Calif.

Your article about Passman is being read at Oregon State University with more than casual interest. . . . In the hearings of Passman's subcommittee in June 1960, he made some completely false accusations about the International Cooperation Administration contract Oregon State University had with Kasetsart University, Bangkok, between 1954 and 1960. He waved an old audit of counterpart funds, which were strictly the responsibility of the U.S. Operations Mission . . . and shouted that contract was "rotten to the bone." The incredible aspect of his demonstration was that he and several members of his subcommittee had spent several days in Bangkok without visiting Kasetsart University, where the work was under way. . . . Mr. Passman made a second trip to Bangkok in October 1960 for the expressed purpose of further inquiry into the OSU contract and again failed to interview . . . anyone . . . at Kasetsart. By that time our men had departed, for the contract was terminated Sept. 30, 1960.

What did he do in Bangkok? On his first trip he evidently talked briefly with the officials in USOM and spent the rest of his time shopping and sleeping. On both occasions he was thoroughly brainwashed by Director Naughten and his assistant, Leon Woods, who wished to terminate all university contracts. . . . We upset that applecart and they wanted no further part of us, although the work on soils and corn breeding had developed great enthusiasm on the part of the Thais for our continued cooperation. . . .

If Mr. Passman has any concern for integrity in government, it is superseded by his mania to undercut and destroy the foreign aid program. He will even cooperate with USOM officials to do so.

A. L. Strand
Retired in 1961 as Pres.
of Oregon State University
Corvallis, Ore.

Ailing Empire

The next two letters are from Hearst employees who wish to remain anonymous to avoid imperiling their jobs.

To the Editors:

Congratulations on Albert Bermel's fine piece, "The Future of the Hearst Empire" [January]. . . . The utter lack of imagination, initiative, and creativeness that exists in the upper echelons of Hearst was never more evident than in the reaction to a report made by a Hearst editor who last summer was sent to London to find out why the *Daily Express* (circ. 4,500,000) is so successful. The report quoted this paper's executives as saying that "when you let the business office take over" you're heading for disaster. This report was sent to editors and sub-editors, obviously the wrong people. Nothing was done by the top brass, despite the fact that this report and the evidence all around indicate that the key to success is to put out a good newspaper, and that you don't put out a good newspaper by pinching pennies. . . .

[As a newspaperman,] I hope Mr. Bermel's piece will do some good, although I have long ago lost faith in the people who are killing these papers. The old man . . . was no genius, just rich. But these people are worse—just bookkeepers.

Name Withheld

Having been with the Hearst organization off and on since 1906, at present in the composing room, I was very interested in "The Future of the Hearst Empire." The quote about "discarding the pruning hook" came too late to save the

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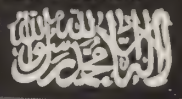
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LETTERS

Los Angeles *Examiner*, but perhaps something can be done to save the rest of the chain. . . . It seems as though a sinister force were at work putting obstacles in the way of efficiency and insisting on the waste of materials and time at a rate unbelievable in a place supposedly run as a business. . . .

NAME WITHHELD

The following statement appears in "The Future of the Hearst Empire": "In 1958 Deems did not renew the contract of Herbert Mayes, editor of *Good Housekeeping*. Mayes was immediately hired to run *McCall's* and *Redbook*. Under his charge, both magazines have nearly doubled their circulation and more than doubled their advertising revenues."

Since 1958, shortly before Mr. Mayes joined the McCall Corporation as editor-in-chief of *McCall's*, I have been editor-in-chief of *Redbook*. Until Mr. Mayes was appointed president last August, we both served as vice presidents and directors of the corporation, positions I still hold. While the statements about *McCall's* and *Redbook's* circulation and advertising successes are quite accurate, the statements about the management of the magazines are not. Since Mr. Bermel attempted to interview me in the course of preparing his article—I refused on the grounds that I knew little about the Hearst Corporation—I find it hard to believe that he was unaware of my existence.

ROBERT STEIN, Editor
Redbook Magazine
New York, N.Y.

MR. BERMEL REPLIES:

I'm sorry I failed to note Mr. Stein's considerable contribution to the success of *Redbook* in the last three years. It was my understanding, from reliable sources, that Herbert Mayes was hired to take charge of both *McCall's* and *Redbook*. Mr. Stein could probably have persuaded me otherwise if he had been willing to see me.

ALBERT BERMEL
New York, N. Y.

Cost-conscious TVA

TO THE EDITORS:

Nat Caldwell and Gene S. Graham are to be congratulated on their article "The Strange Romance Between John L. Lewis and Cyrus Eaton" [December]. They displayed admirable tenacity in pursuing the elusive relationships among the UMW, a leading industrialist, and some large coal companies. This makes it the more difficult to understand the sideswipe at TVA in the following paragraph:

"And what of the role of TVA—the agency created to develop a region? To-

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1. Read the following passage as fast as you comfortably can, but without losing its meaning. Time yourself precisely with the second hand of your watch and write down the elapsed time as soon as you have finished.

"YALE's efforts to make itself a vast contributing part of New Haven are too many and too well known to require any detailing here." So reads the first sentence of an editorial in the *New Haven Register* of June 17, 1959; it is quoted here not because such statements are rarely found in the local newspapers but because they are appearing with encouraging frequency. Yet University authorities, adjusting to this very welcome popularity, were hardly prepared for a pamphlet, issued by the Southern New England Telephone Company in July, which bluntly announced that Yale is worth at least $33,000,000 annually to the New Haven community.

This highly informative financial report explained that Yale has an annual payroll of $18,000,000, paid to some 1700 faculty members and 2000 service staff workers, virtually all of whom live and shop in the New Haven area. The University spends approximately $6,000,000 annually in New Haven for supplies and equipment. Each year Yale students spend $5,000,000 locally, and this is increased by another $4,000,000 when alumni, parents and other Yale visitors are included. Then there is the extensive construction program. In 1958, for example, the University dedicated new buildings costing more than $7,000,000, and plans for the next five years call for at least $12,000,000 in additional construction.

— FROM *Town and Gown*

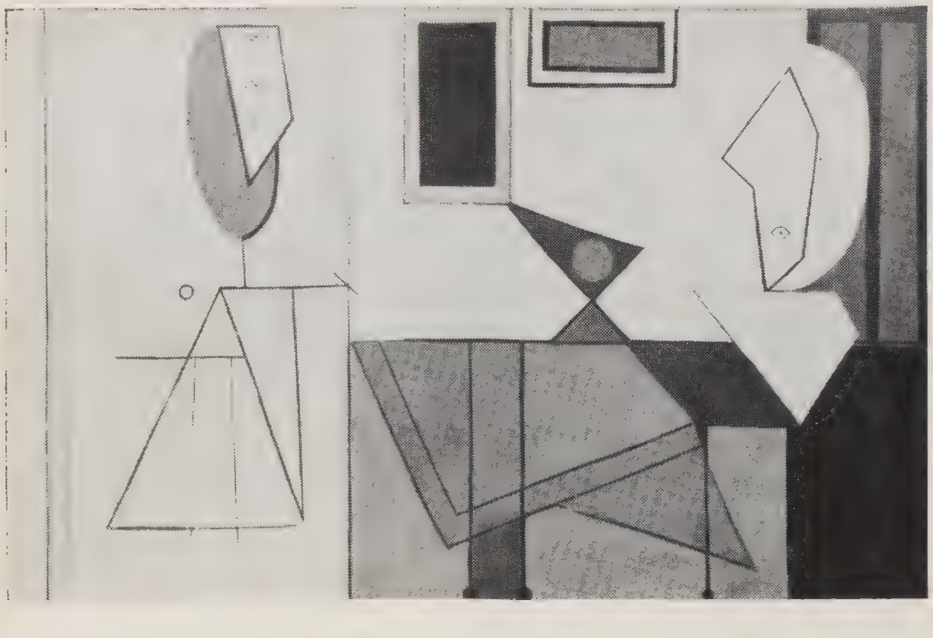
*Reading Time:*_____**minutes**_____**seconds**

2. Without referring back to the passage above, indicate below what you consider to be the one most important fact stated in it.

_____a. Yale brings $18,000,000 per year to New Haven
_____b. Yale brings $6,000,000 per year to New Haven
_____c. Yale brings $4,000,000 per year to New Haven
_____d. Yale brings $33,000,000 per year to New Haven
_____e. Yale's building program is the only real benefit to New Haven in dollars and cents

NOW TURN TO PAGE 25 TO SEE WHAT THE RESULTS OF THIS TEST SIGNIFY

Can you see any similarity betwee



TO THE UNDISCERNING EYE paintings—one by Picasso, the oth Vermeer—appear to be as unrelated as two works of art could be. To the know however, there are striking similaritie tween them, quite as obvious as their ferences. In fact, the Picasso work, to c from one of the Metropolitan Museum inars in Art, "is such a close parallel t Vermeer that it might almost have painted to demonstrate how the Ver could be translated into abstract terms.

Knowing what to look for when you before great works of art obviously immeasurably to your enjoyment; in

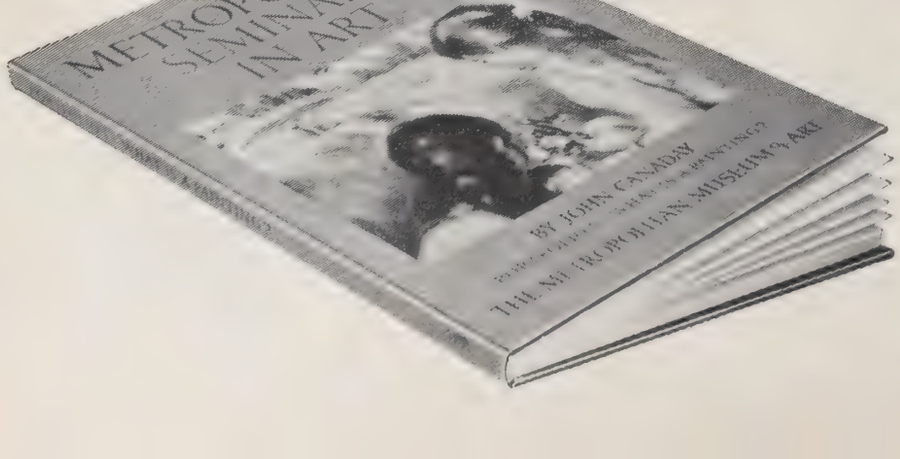
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PICTURES AS PATTERNS

PICTURES AS STRUCTURES

ARRANGEMENT AS EXPRESSION

FRESCO

TEMPERA AND OIL

WATER COLOR, PASTE AND PRINTS

THE ARTIST AS A SOCI CRITIC

THE ARTIST AS A VISIONARY

ese two paintings?

pictures with a thoroughly informed background can be one 's most rewarding experiences. Yet it is surprising how many ated persons have cut themselves off from this rare form of re. Visiting a museum, they see nothing beyond what the ngs are "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

yone who suffers from this sort of bafflement probably has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a rsity or to attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It remedy this situation that The Metropolitan Museum of Art pped its unusual program of assisted self-education in art.

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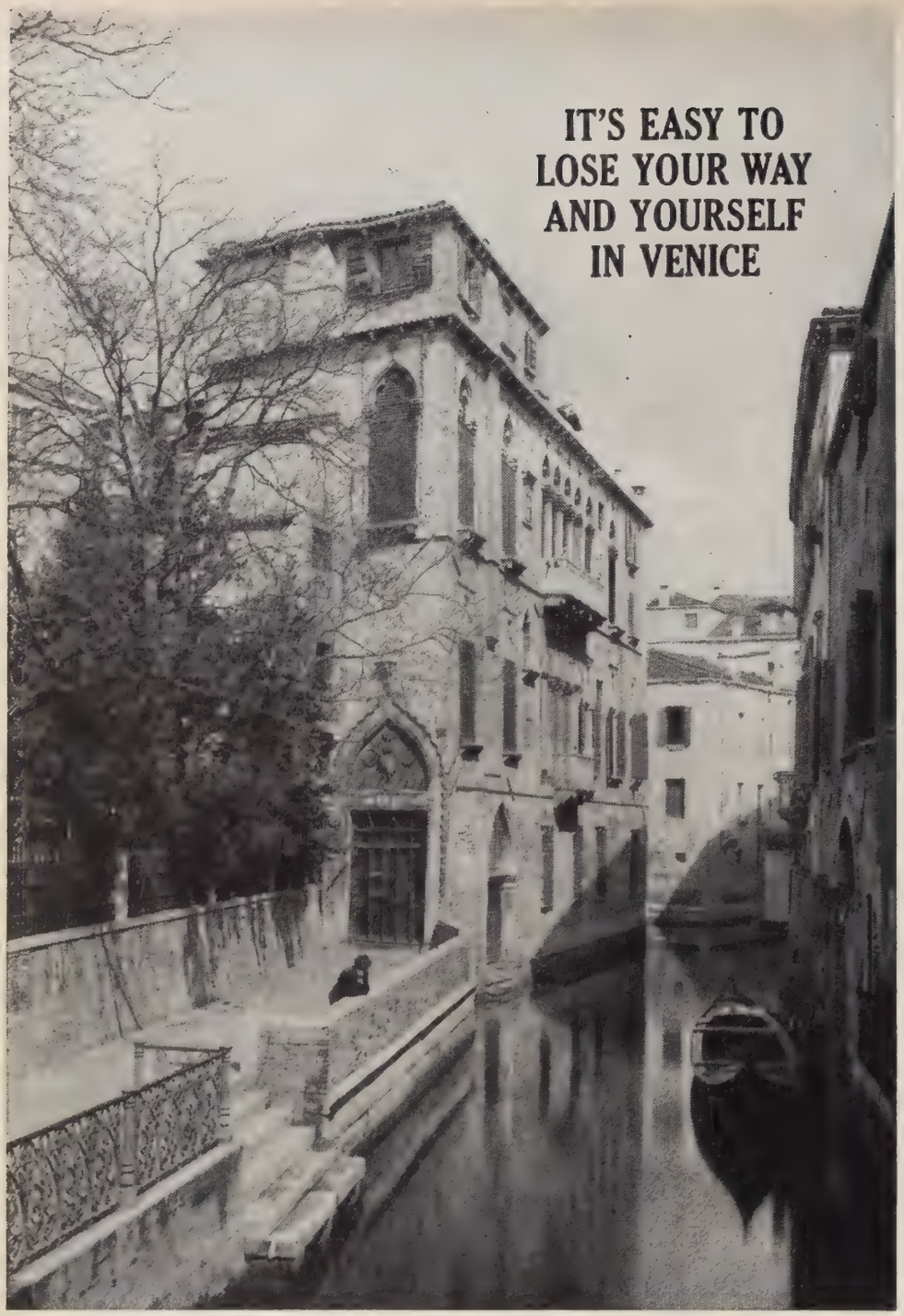
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VENICE

LETTERS

day it has become a public power agency, cost-conscious and conservative. . . . Certainly it would be hard to picture the TVA of David Lilienthal's day collaborating in the ruthless cutting of costs without regard for the people of the region."

TVA has been able to maintain low fuel costs largely because of competitive bidding, the only method yet discovered by which a public agency can conduct a large buying program economically and openly, without favoritism. Competition has no doubt speeded mechanization and lowered mine production costs. . . . At the same time, as in all cases of mechanization and automation, it has affected individuals and their jobs. This is a situation which TVA cannot correct by paying uneconomic prices for coal. The remedy lies in other directions, such as TVA's continuing activities for putting other resources to work—improved navigation and water supplies for industries, growing timber volume, for example—to create new opportunities for employment. . . .

If TVA is cost-conscious, the fact is not new. We trust the time will never come when a lavish disregard for costs is confused with good public policy. The achievement of navigation, flood control, and power production, and other TVA purposes, at low cost, has contributed greatly to human values; indeed, that is the primary aim. . . .

PAUL L. EVANS
Director of Information
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tenn.

Checkmated Master?

TO THE EDITORS:

My literary and psychological sensitivities came alive to Ralph Ginzburg's article about Bobby Fischer ["Portrait of a Genius As a Young Chess Master," January], but since the fourth grade when I stopped plucking flies' wings I have always squirmed at pointless torture, even if it's so refined that the victim doesn't know what's happening to him.

RICHARD PEIFER
New York, N.Y.

Labels that Label

TO THE EDITORS:

"Prescriptions Anonymous" [by Harold J. Harris, M.D., January] pointed out the many difficulties of uninformed patients and poorly labeled prescriptions encountered by the doctor in cases of emergency, especially if the drugstores are closed for the night. The Pharmacy of the Children's Hospital Medical Center, in co-operation with the doctors of

Are Food Fads Unbalancing Your Diet?

It's Time To Call A Halt To The Spreading Of False Health Information

most of the world today people are happy if they find enough food simply to keep themselves alive another day. In the United States, however, we ess the ironical situation in which many people being misled into believing that they must buy y kinds of pills and potions because our abundance ods does not satisfy health demands.

s dairy farmers, our business is to produce and sell . Because milk and products made from milk play ry important part in the good health of the Ameri- people, we work closely with public health author- to offer to the American public milk that is a pure wholesome food. We also finance independent sci- fic research to assist in expanding the nation's vledge about the role of dairy foods in human ition.

henever scientists have agreed that we dairymen ld take action that will benefit the people who ume the milk we produce, we have followed the ce. Thus, as one example, vitamin D is added to h of the milk sold in this country because nutrition ntists determined after many years of study that ing vitamin D to milk offers the most convenient ns of assuring that children will have this essential l nutrient in their daily diets.

ilk has long been known as "nature's most nearly fect food," and there are some very sound reasons nd this description. Because nutrition scientists e provided very good evidence to back this claim, it ot surprisingly of course, somewhat irksome to us e spending much of our time answering the sen- onalized charges and false ideas propagated by the d of food faddists and quacks.

IERE IS NO PERFECT OOD FOR MAN

s one example of the kind of thing that disturbs us, cite the often heard suggestion, usually coming from and potion peddlers, that man is the only mammal t consumes milk beyond infancy. Therefore, we are posed to assume, milk is not intended as a food for n beyond infancy. This is a ridiculous charge, and re is no sound basis for keeping it alive.

Obviously, nature intends the human mother's milk her infant, and this probably is the only stage in mmalian life where there is anything really close a perfect food. Beyond this, however, there is no fect food for man.

As a matter of fact, we don't need any particular d or kinds of food *except in terms of the essential d nutrients which are provided.* The nutrition sci- ists don't profess to know all they would like to w about what nutrients we need to maintain the man machine at a peak of good health, but a great l of progress has been made. The Food and Nutri- n Board of the National Research Council has es- lished "Recommended Daily Dietary Allowances" for food nutrients based on the current advanced knowledge derived from scientific research.

Thus, for an adult man (based on an age of 25 years, a weight of 154 lbs., height of 69 inches, and doing moderate physical activity) the Recommended Daily Dietary Allowances call for 3,200 calories; 70 grams of protein; .8 gram of calcium; 10 milligrams of iron; 5,000 international units of vitamin A; 1.6 milligrams of thiamine; 1.8 milligrams of riboflavin; 21 milligrams of niacin; 75 milligrams of ascorbic acid or vitamin C. These are the food nutrients which the National Research Council recognizes as essential and for which recommendations have been made. Nutritionists also recommend that we select our daily diet from the four basic food groups—milk, meats and fish, fruits-vegetables, grains and cereals—in order to meet all of the nutritional requirements known and any that might not yet be fully established.

THE CASE FOR MILK FOR ALL AGES IS STRONG

Let's look now at the reasons why milk is recommended by the nutritionists for people of all ages as part of the well balanced American diet. Two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide from 10 to 13% of the total daily calorie needs of this adult man described above; 25% of the protein; 71% of the calcium; 15% of the vitamin A; 46% of the riboflavin; and 10 to 12% of the thiamine. While milk also contains some iron, vitamin C, and niacin, other foods are far better sources of these nutrients.

It is because milk—in the quantities recommended at various age levels—provides such a large percentage of the essential food nutrients that milk is considered to be a "nearly perfect" food for people of all ages. Milk also provides a tremendous bonus in that all of these nutrients are available at a low "calorie cost." To obtain the essential nutrients provided by milk through other foods would require a higher calorie cost for most combinations available.

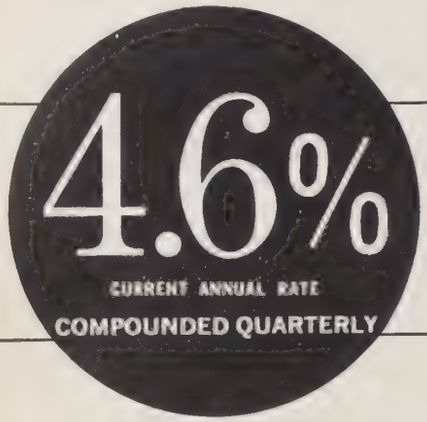
All of which adds up to this: the faddists and quacks who seek fame and fortune by confusing the American people about our food supply and about the way we should consume this food to build and to maintain good health ought to be called to task for the misinformation they peddle. The American food supply is the best in the world, providing an abundance and a variety of food that serves well to provide us a strong base for good health if we will follow the simple rules for good eating established by the nutrition scientists.

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the Medical Emergency Clinic, discovered the many difficulties of identifying the contents of a prescription, swallowed in whole or in part by a child. . . . All prescriptions dispensed by the Children's Hospital Pharmacy for the past fifteen years, have been labeled with the name and strength of the drug, along with adequate directions. The medication and its use is explained to the parent during the examination by the doctor. Many doctors associated with the Children's Hospital now have their prescriptions printed [with] "Label Contents" on each blank. This eliminates much confusion and is progress, I hope.

ARTHUR M. THOMPSON
Chief Pharmacist
Children's Hospital Medical Center
Boston, Mass.

Dr. Harris is easier on his colleagues than I am. I think they must put themselves and the rest of us to all this trouble because they want their patients to sound like idiots. There is a lot of the witch doctor in the medical profession, and they don't want you saying the charms yourself! CHARLOTTE W. SMITH
Hyattsville, Md.

In our group practice in Chicago, our prescription forms carry printed instructions to the pharmacist to label all prescriptions. . . . We are about to add to the form the instruction that the pharmacist should wherever possible fill the prescription with the "generic equivalent," where available. Unfortunately the efforts of our doctors are frequently thwarted by long, difficult-to-remember chemical names as opposed to easy, heavily advertised brand names, plus the fact that there are some important drugs monopolized by a single manufacturer, for which there are presently no generic equivalents available. Senator Kefauver's bills now before Congress offer good remedies for these and many other drug problems. They deserve the support of all who wish to see good health care for all.

HERBERT K. ABRAMS, M.D.
Dir., Union Health Service, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

Grand Rapids Faces Up

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading Russell Lynes's article on "'The Treatment' in Grand Rapids" [After Hours, January], I'm sorry we couldn't have entertained him longer.

For one example, there's the chance he missed at the American Seating Company, which produces the softest, easiest, sleepiest theatre seats in America. They are going into New York as well as the hinterland, and as fast as they go in, bad shows go out. The audience, whic once squirmed until things "got unde way," now hits the sack in the first ac and stays there—a devastating form c criticism not even Walter Kerr can im prove upon.

Grand Rapids was one of the firs cities in the land to prepare for th population explosion with a whole floc of new schools, to make up for the un versal problem of failure to build du ing the Depression and war. After wh was known as an S.O.S., or Save Ou Schools campaign, we are steadily buil ing all the schools we need—without ask ing Drew Pearson to bulldoze Congres into buying them for us. We eve voted special taxes to take over th school debts of any partial district w annexed last year, something our tax payers didn't have to do. That's Gran Rapids stolidity for you: pedantic cor cern for the old three Rs. . . .

LEE M. WOODRUF
Editor, The Grand Rapids *Pres*
Grand Rapids, Mich

A Blue Not

TO THE EDITORS:

In Eric Larrabee's column "Too Late [Jazz Notes, December], I was amuse by the story accredited to John Ham mond, in which John allegedly booke Fletcher Henderson's band (with suc disastrous results). Strangely enough neither I nor any other member of th Henderson band at that time recall suc an incident. Could it be a blanket cas of amnesia? Or is this an attempt b John Hammond to add color to his earl career as a jazz aficionado? In any case this is the type of story from whic legends are born.

The foregoing is not to be interprete as an attempt to negate the value o Henderson's contribution to jazz musi As a matter of fact, in 1957 and 195 I recreated the Henderson approach a the South Bay Jazz Festival. Perhap this revival of Henderson which Fra Thorne and I brought about with co siderable success was directly responsibl for John Hammond's decision to com mercialize on a Henderson revival.

The new album's subtitle "A Study i Frustration" also aptly describes thos musicians who are left. Our contribu tions to the growth of jazz are virtuall ignored. This lack of recognition create the frustrating problem of fewer lucra tive engagements, although we still hav much to offer. I wonder how many o the musicians of that era join me in th thought that perhaps it is best to di and become a legend rather than t struggle on beyond the peak.

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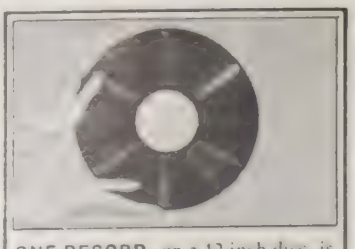
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George Romney: The Brightest Horse in the Stable

By JOHN FISCHER

A GOOD many Republican voices—including the *Wall Street Journal* and the New York *Herald Tribune*—are beginning to talk about George Romney as a possible dark-horse candidate for the Presidency in 1964. They have compared him with Wendell Willkie in suggesting that he has a chance—a skinny outside chance—of capturing the GOP nomination, in spite of the fact that he has never held public office, never run for anything, and never shown more than a perfunctory interest in his party.

Usually they speak with overtones of distaste, because lots of powerful Republicans don't like Mr. Romney. On some points of political doctrine he has expressed shockingly heretical views. Moreover he has wounded some big Republicans where it hurts worst, in the pocketbook, and these aren't about to forgive him; they would almost as soon see a Democrat in the White House. Yet the talk about his prospects is growing steadily louder and more respectful.

There is, it seems to me, only one thing wrong with these speculations: Mr. Romney isn't a dark horse at all. He is the shiniest horse the Republicans can lay their hands on. At this writing he is not exactly a shoo-in, but when the gamblers get around to making their early book on the GOP contenders, he almost certainly will be the favorite. Even now I would be glad to bet a modest sum on his winning the nomination. At even money, if necessary, in spite of my profound moral scruples against even-money bets.

THE reason is the usual one, with horse trainers and politicians: George Romney looks as if he might run better than anybody else for the big stakes.

He probably couldn't beat Kennedy. An incumbent President nearly always wins a second term, and unless JFK stumbles into some unexpected trouble during the next three years—a depression at home or a disaster abroad—there is no apparent reason why he shouldn't perform according to the form charts. But Romney seems likely to give him a closer race than any other Republican in the stable.

What else have the Republicans got?

Richard M. Nixon has declared himself out of the race. Ordinarily such a statement wouldn't be taken too literally, but Nixon is running for Governor of California on a pledge that if elected he will serve out his full term. If he loses to Governor Pat Brown—and this is beginning to look like a distinct possibility—he will be out of national politics. If he wins, it would be embarrassing for him to run out on his pledge. Besides, if he couldn't beat Kennedy in 1960, with all the prestige and power of the Administration behind him, what chance would he stand when all this heavy artillery is on the other side?

Nelson Rockefeller's family troubles very likely will turn out to be politically fatal. During his first term as Governor of New York he has gone to great lengths to entice Catholic voters away from their habitual Democratic loyalties—including a dubious scheme for indirect subsidy of Catholic colleges which was defeated at the polls last November. Any gains he has made in this direction will be more than canceled out by his divorce; and even with non-Catholics it does nothing to enhance his image as a stable and responsible man. (In discussing Rockefeller as a possible candidate, one Republican politician remarked: "All Kennedy would have to do to murder us would be to walk to mass in front of the TV cameras, with the baby in his arms and Jackie and Caroline at his side.") In addition, Rockefeller's abortive try for the 1960 nomination alienated many of the party's old pros. And his disappointing performance as Governor—his hastily contrived shelter program, his gerrymandering of the state's election districts, his failure to grapple effectively with New York's aching problems of housing, congestion, transport, and delinquency—has disillusioned many people in both parties who once saw him as a fresh and inspiring figure.

Barry Goldwater is puffing along under the same handicap that has licked many an abler Republican, including the late Robert Taft. The GOP wheel horses, right down to the precinct level, adore a "real old-fashioned conservative." But when they come to the pinch in their national conventions they turn away from their







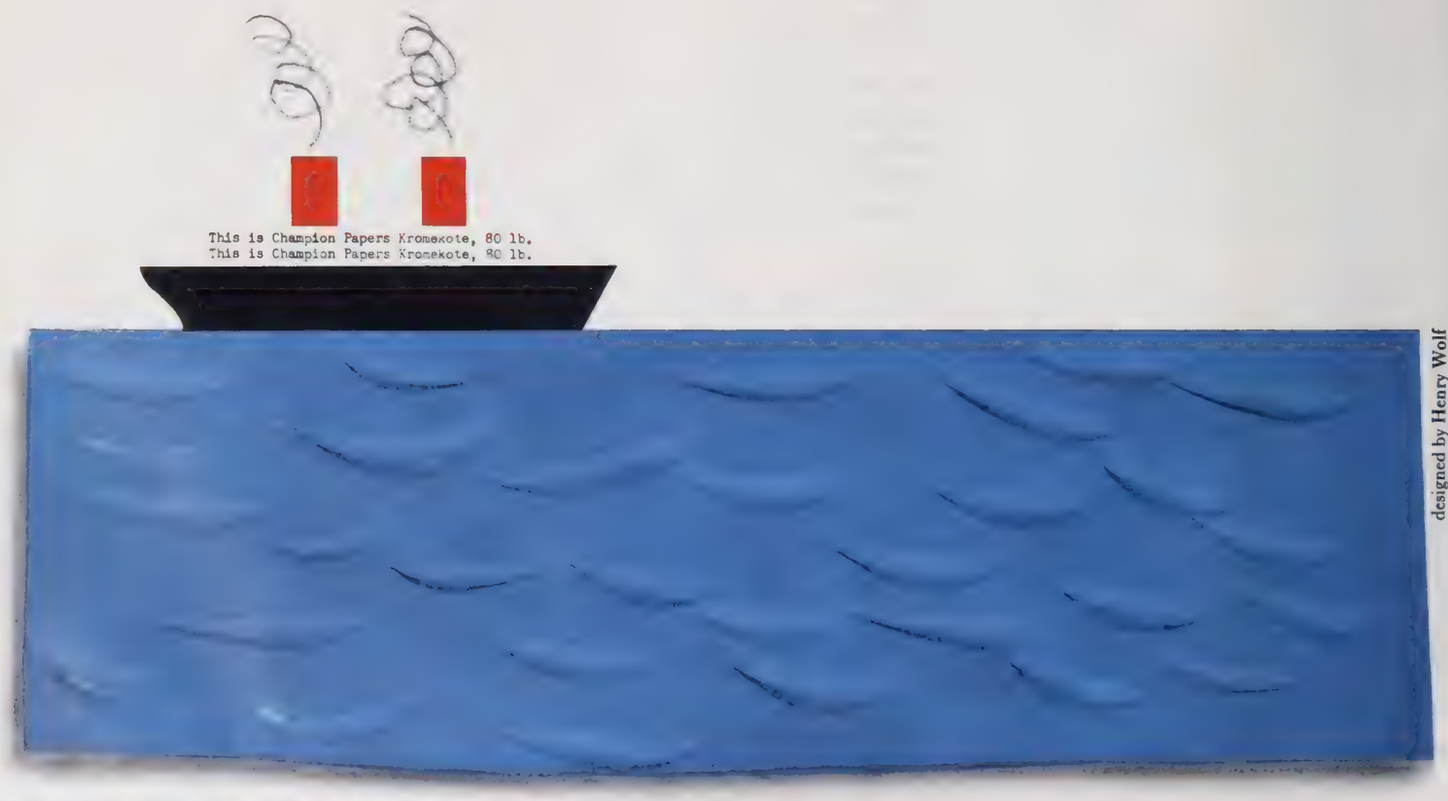
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hero, with a sob in their throats, and nominate a moderate—a Harding or a Hoover, a Willkie, a Dewey, or an Eisenhower—who has some chance of beating the Democrats.

Such a desertion of Galahad is always a sad spectacle, for all its repetition, and it will be especially touching in Goldwater's case because he has immensely more charm than the dour types—Taft, Bridges, Root, and their ilk—who have preceded him in the role of the True Knight of conservatism. The world he yearns for is an attractive one, unplagued by troubles and taxes, and he can paint it in the warmest of nostalgic colors. The Republican bosses realize in their hearts, however, that this vision is just as remote from the world we have to live in as the world of Huckleberry Finn; and they know that in July of 1964 they will have to tell good ol' Barry that he just isn't relevant.*

WHEN you look beyond these three, it is hard to think of any other regular Republican with a national following. In Congress, Republicans of stature are scarcer than they have been for decades. The GOP leaders of the two Houses—Dirksen and Halleck—look pretty midgety in comparison with Taft, Vandenberg, or even Borah; the most fevered political imagination could hardly picture either of them as a Presidential candidate.

In Governorships—a traditional steppingstone to the White House—the Republicans have only fifteen men. Aside from Rockefeller, how many can you name? (One, Mark Hatfield of Oregon, has shown signs of growth potential, but he is almost unknown east of the Rockies.)

In the Executive Branch, the ablest Republican, by virtually common consent, is Secretary of Defense McNamara. Nobody has any reason, however, to suspect that he is nursing political ambitions, or that he would consider running against his present boss. The same holds for the other Republican in the Cabinet, Treasury Secretary Dillon.

What about former Cabinet officers? Just one looks like a remote possibility: Thomas Gates, who served Eisenhower very well indeed as Defense Secretary. If he should decide to run for Governor of Pennsylvania, and if he should win—two big "ifs"—he might be a logical prospect.

* Maybe sooner. For there is a growing suspicion among responsible Republicans that Goldwater may be soft on Right-Wing Radicalism. He has never clearly disassociated himself from the Birchers, nor has he openly repudiated the other crackpot reactionary movements which sometimes use his name in an effort to gain respectability. Unless he shakes off these political ticks fairly quickly, Goldwater will not only weaken his own influence in national affairs; he also may become a liability to his party—just like those few Democrats of an earlier era who hesitated too long in repudiating the "help" of Communist-fronters and other fringe movements of the Far Left.

IN this bleak landscape, it is not quite so surprising that a political outsider like Romney should loom up like a mesa in the desert. Note his assets:

1. He is known—and known favorably—throughout the country. He has in fact made for himself a kind of folk-hero image—the David who licked the Goliaths of Detroit, and forced a reluctant automobile industry to accept the compact car. As a consequence he is probably the only big businessman in the country with whom the average voter can easily identify. His tireless evangelism, in countless speeches as well as his advertising campaigns, has convinced millions of people that George Romney not only stands for the little car, but for the little guy as well.

2. His abilities as an executive are well established. He rescued the American Motors Corporation from imminent bankruptcy. When he took over its presidency, the company was losing $2 million a month; five years later it had an annual profit of $60 million. And in his public-service activities, noted below, he has proved himself a first-class administrator, with extraordinary leadership qualities to boot.

3. His personality is a campaign manager's dream. Romney is so clean-cut he makes your teeth ache; he neither smokes nor drinks, he married a high-school sweetheart to whom he is still devoted, he is a deeply religious man who tithes as regularly as he pays his taxes. (As a youth he served as a missionary overseas for the Mormon church—once preaching in Trafalgar Square—and he is now president of all Mormon churches in the Detroit area; in other denominations he would be called a bishop.) At fifty-four he is strikingly handsome, and energetic enough to run the ankles off colleagues half his age. As a speaker he is magnetically persuasive, whether he is on a platform or TV, in a Senate committee room or a union negotiation.

4. Unlike many business executives, he knows a good deal about government. As a young man he worked as a legislative assistant to Senator Walsh of Massachusetts (a Democrat) during the fight over the Smoot-Hawley tariff. In World War II he directed the Automotive Council for War Production, and he has had about ten years' experience as a Washington lobbyist—for the Aluminum Company of America and later as general manager of the Automobile Manufacturers Association.

Locally Romney has worked hard and effectively on public-service projects: first a citizens' advisory committee on the Detroit schools, then the Citizens for Michigan which he organized to make a nonpartisan study of possible reforms in the state's government. That led to his present assignment as vice chairman of a constitutional convention which is trying to rebuild Michigan's whole ramshackle structure of government and

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taxation—a chore long overdue there, as in most states.

These undertakings have made him as knowledgeable about the workings of Michigan's government—and its politics—as any man in the state. They also have given him a chance to talk to an astonishing number of civic groups, women's clubs, and businessmen's lunches all over the country—always, of course, on strictly nonpolitical, good-government themes.

In the process he has earned the enmity of some local Old Guard Republicans, by urging such heretical reforms as a state income tax and a legislative reapportionment which would whittle away the grossly unfair power now held by the rural (*i.e.*, Republican) districts. In return, naturally, he has picked up a lot of Democratic and nonpartisan support.

5. He may be the only big industrialist who could hope to attract a substantial number of labor votes. Romney's relations with the auto union have been excellent—he once remarked that if he worked on the plant floor he would belong to the union himself—and last year he scandalized other auto executives by approving a three-year agreement which provides for the first profit-sharing plan in the industry. (He has annoyed labor leaders, too, with his proposal for breaking up both big unions and big corporations through a new kind of antitrust law; but this Brandeisian notion has not visibly upset labor's rank-and-file.)

6. Finally—and this is the overriding fact about George Romney—he is quite likely to become the first Republican Governor of Michigan in fourteen years.

However much they may loathe the idea, the GOP bosses in the state know they can't stop him. He could easily beat any man they might put up against him in a primary fight. And the local Democrats admit privately that he could do just as well against their man, the lackluster and unlucky incumbent, Governor John B. Swainson.

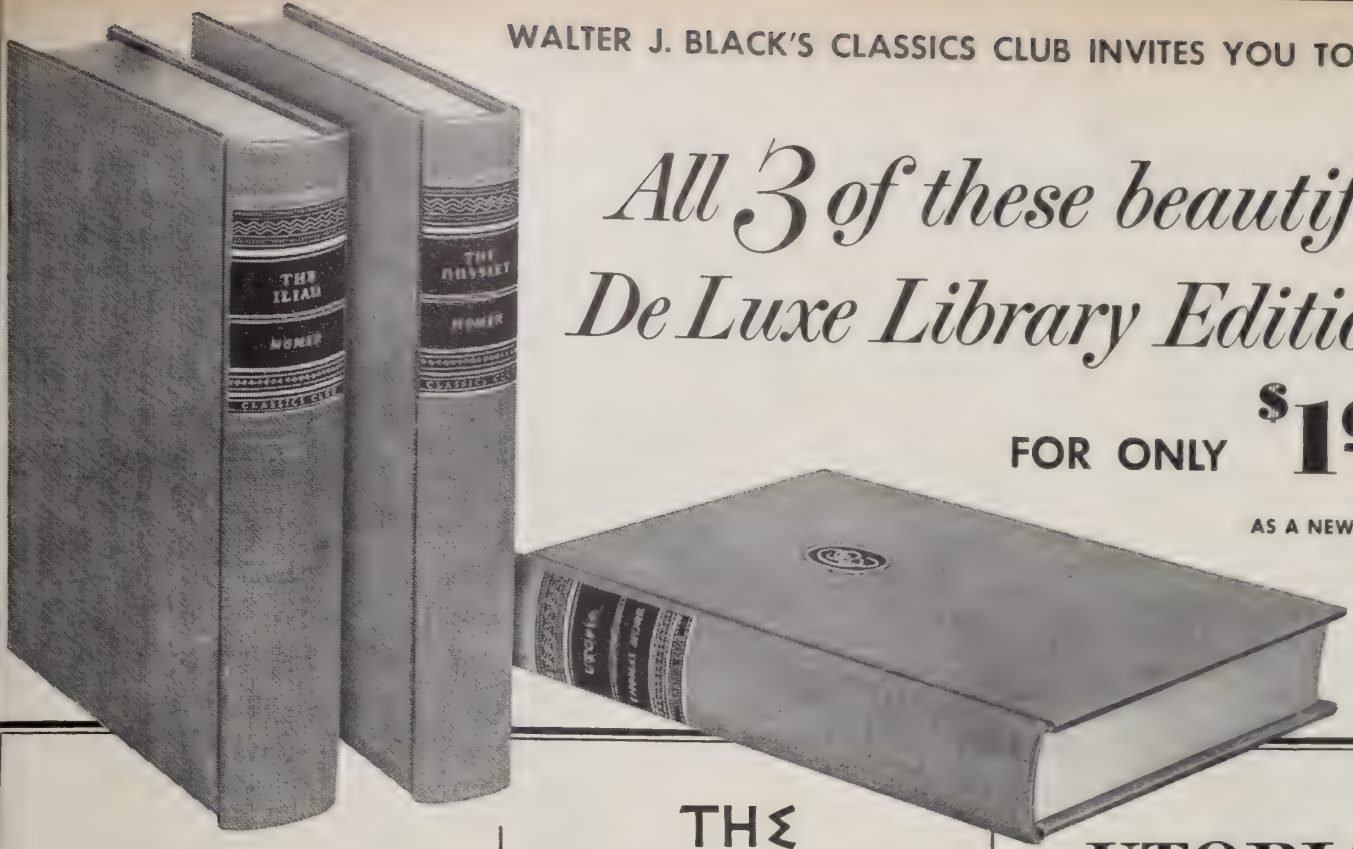
At this writing Romney has not announced his candidacy, but he is exhibiting all the symptoms of a man who is running hard, and who expects to win. *(Contd. on p. 24.)*

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ANY Republican who can carry a key state which is normally Democratic becomes automatically a potential Presidential candidate. (Remember how Adlai Stevenson's unexpected election as Governor of Illinois carried him effortlessly to Democratic nomination in 1952.) Given Romney's other assets—and the lack of competition—it is hard to see how the GOP could deny him the nomination, once he had demonstrated his vote-pulling power in Michigan.

The main argument against him is that he is a political innocent. Old hands in the party complain that he has never served a proper apprenticeship . . . he ignores the advice of the courthouse sages . . . he is contemptuous of hallowed party dogma . . . he will even, on occasion, consort with Democrats. The *Wall Street Journal* recently quoted an acquaintance who described him as "incredibly unsophisticated politically. When he meets with party professionals, it's like a Salvation Army girl in a burlesque house."

But the truth—as the *Journal* hinted—may be that such innocence is the deepest kind of political wisdom.

For the Republicans have been the minority party for the last generation. They can win (as Eisenhower demonstrated) only when they put up a candidate who can attract many Democrats, plus something more than half of the independent voters. Consequently Romney's nonpartisan stance—the fact that he doesn't talk like a politician, that he never appeals to people on a party basis—may well be his greatest strength. Like Eisenhower, he gives the impression that he is somehow above politics . . . that he is just a conscientious citizen asking the help of all other citizens who are interested in decent government. For a Republican nominee these days, that is a quality beyond price.

THERE is one other reason why I would like to see Mr. Romney become the Republican candidate. I have talked to him at length, read dozens of his speeches, and examined his record with some care. And I am now convinced that if by some fluke he should win the 1964 election he would make an excellent President.

WHAT THE TEST ON PAGE 9 REVEALS ABOUT YOUR PRESENT READING SKILL

NOTE: If you missed this little test and are interested in learning how fast and how retentively you now read, please turn to page 9 before reading what follows

THE PASSAGE on page 9 contains 214 words. To determine your reading speed, divide this word count, 214, by your total reading time *in seconds* and multiply by 60. The result is your reading rate in words per minute. The main fact contained in the passage is (d): "Yale brings $33,000,000 per year to New Haven." A trained reader would have grasped this basic fact in at least 15 or 20 seconds—a rate of upward of 600 words per minute—by using the technique of skimming. If your reading rate was less than this—and/or if you missed the main fact of the passage—you are not reading as efficiently as you should.

* * * * *

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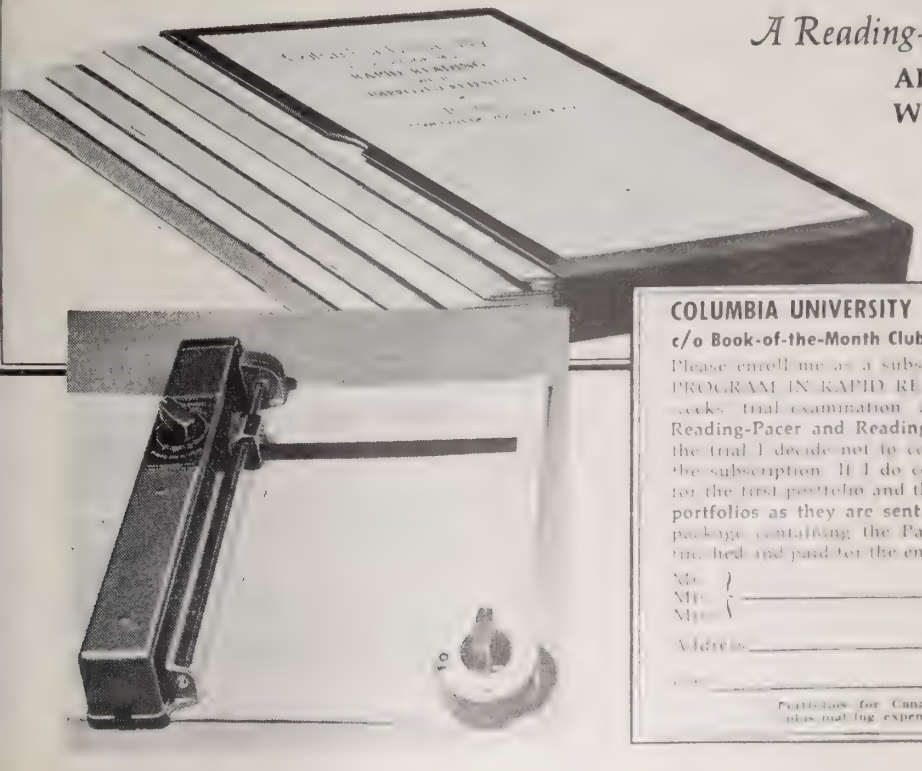
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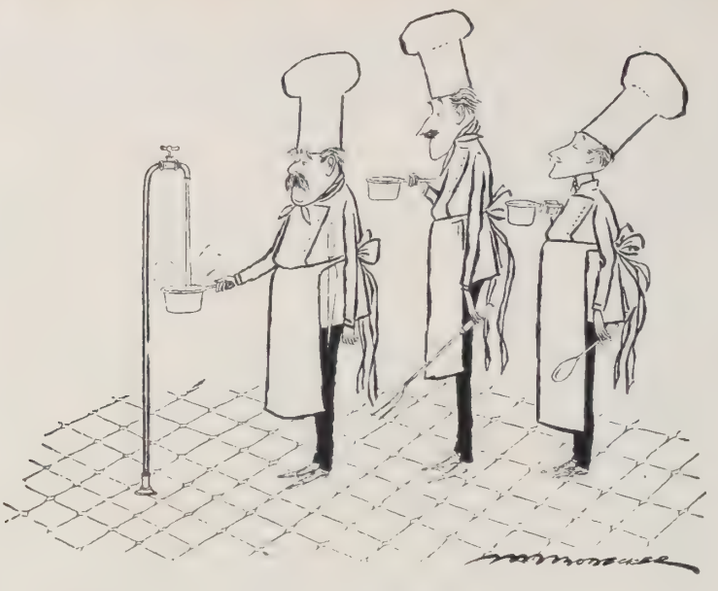
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1

AFTER HOURS



THE BEST FOOD IN THE WORLD—BUT . . .

By J. G. Links

OF THE two London restaurants most frequented by American visitors, one, judged by the standards it sets itself, is pretty well as good as it could be. The other, judged by any standards, is impudently and incorrigibly dreadful. Clearly, it is not merit that Americans seek when eating out. What is it? The one thing these two restaurants have in common is their uncompromising Britishness. It must be that.

And the Americans are right, for British food is without question the finest in the world. A meal, for instance, of Whitstable oysters, Dover sole, Scotch grouse, and Stilton cheese is unsurpassable. If it could be drawn out over three or four months so as to include spring peas from Kent, asparagus from Evesham, and new potatoes, strawberries, and greengages from almost any British garden, then the masters of Vienne, Saulieu, Avallon, and other Michelin-famed towns would be hard put to it to hold their trade.

Provided, of course, that the stuff doesn't have to be cooked. Providence, having showered Britain with such gastronomic delights, left the inhabitants to boil or stew them * and turned her attention to teaching the French how to compensate for their fairly indifferent food by their miraculous cooking of it. Nevertheless, there are a number of places in Britain where the food served is kitchen-proof, or where simple cooking is understood and difficult cooking not undertaken; in other words, where you can eat British and like it. These notes are intended to point the way to such places, whether by name or by the enunciation of certain rules which should be followed.

At the outset, let it be understood that we are discussing British restaurants, not restaurants in Britain. You can eat very well in Britain if you want to eat Italian, Chinese, Turkish, or even French (the Mirabelle in Curzon Street, Mayfair, can hold its own with any restaurant in the world). Indeed, you can eat according to any type or nation—except, perhaps, American. Any British restaurant which resembles an American one from the outside should be rigorously avoided, for its food will be even worse than that of its counterpart—far worse. Aggressively British restaurants should also generally be avoided. Oake beams and Tudor-clad waitresses are more often designed to distract attention from the food than to bring out its flavor, though there are, of course, exceptions, particularly outside London. What, let us ask ourselves, is to be followed rather than avoided, alway bearing in mind that we are seekin typically British food but untypicall British cooking?

First, then, it must be remembere that Britain is an island on whic you cannot get as far as a hundre miles from the sea, with its bountifu harvest of fish. Into this sea (or sea there are three of them, each with i specialities) run rivers, many them well stocked with incomparab trout and salmon.

In short, fish is Britain's noble contribution to gastronomy and a most any fish restaurant can be r lied upon to be good of its kin from the famous Bentley's in Swa low Street or Scott's in Piccadill Circus down to the humblest fis and-chip shop (of which there ar thousands throughout the countr almost as typical of British soci life as the pub itself). Wheeler originally only in Soho, now has little chain of fish restaurants e tending as far as Kensington, a maintaining the Wheeler standar of which no country need b ashamed. Overton's in St. James Street is the deservedly prosperou offspring of a humble parent ove a fish shop by Victoria station, bot worth visiting. Pimm's (of No. Cup fame) and Sweeting's in the Cit preserve the atmosphere of sawdus on the floor, and Wilton's in Kin Street carries unpretentiousness an high quality almost to extreme Sheekey's, behind Wyndham's Thea tre, is perhaps the most remarkabl of all, almost as full at most people' teatime as it is for lunch, particu larly on stewed eel days.

None of these places is cheap (leas of all, Wilton's), but if you confin yourself to one main dish and cheese with beer or the open wine, your bil will not exceed a pound a head. I would be a pity, though, to miss th smoked Scotch salmon or the oyster (Whitstable for flavor, Colchester fo size as well). Fresh salmon, when i season, will be found to be as differ ent from American salmon as Dove sole is from whatever is called sol in America; it should not be touche by the chef except to be boiled an served hot or cold. Sole, turbot, an other fish may be grilled, serve Meunière, or even fried, but the mor exotic sauces should be saved fo Paris or one of the better French London restaurants. Whenever fin nan haddocks or Yarmouth kipper

* It has been said that each nation cooks in the material most readily available: the French in butter, the Italians in olive oil, the British in water.

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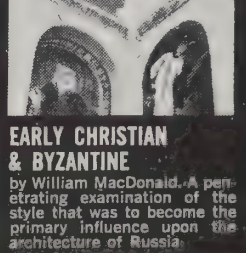


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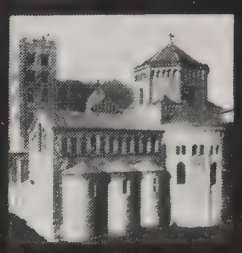


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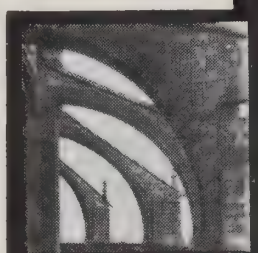




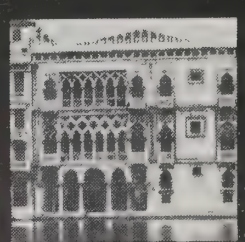
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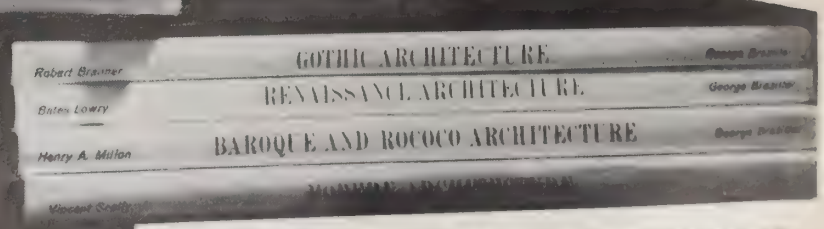


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or bloaters are found on the menu, they should be tried. This will generally be in either the more modest or the grander place, seldom in the in-between one. They also form a favorite British breakfast dish and it should be noted that the standard maintained in British hotels for breakfast (and tea, too, very often) seems to be in inverse ratio to that of the more important meals; nobody knows why.

NEXT to the fish (and the vegetables, when you can get them properly cooked), game can be eaten at its best in Britain. King of them all, of course, is the grouse, which exists nowhere else in the world and can be eaten even in Britain only from the "glorious twelfth" of August for a couple of months. Partridge, pheasant, and plover make good eating, too, either plainly roasted or as the basis of a pie. One finds them at their best in the houses of one's richer friends, or in the best hotel grillrooms or at Simpson's-in-the-Strand (already referred to, though not by name, at the beginning of these notes); when not at their best, they are all, even the grouse, practically inedible.

Unlike game, steaks are available all the year round and are best found in the steak houses which have fairly recently developed in London and the bigger provincial cities. The meat is nearly always good and properly cooked, the vegetables generally good and passably cooked.

For value for money in the way of food, it is to the good and generous Lyons that the visitor must turn. Best known for his two hundred white-and-gold tea shops throughout the country, he also caters for a rather better-heeled public in his Corner Houses in the Strand, Piccadilly, New Oxford Street, and Marble Arch. Once palaces for the worship of the toasted scone and light orchestra, these now contain various restaurants within a restaurant such as the Grill and Cheese, the Star Grill, or the Seven Stars with its roast beef served from a trolley. Your bill will come to fifteen shillings, or a pound with wine or beer, and if you want to see how much Lyons really knows about food, go to his fifty-year-old-Trocadero Restaurant in Piccadilly which he claims to be *"Le premier restaurant du monde"*—a claim which he comes within an ace of making good.

Once outside London, the visitor will generally have to take his meals as and where he finds it. Nevertheless, there will be almost as many pleasant surprises as unpleasant. In country hotels, where there is a buffet in the bar, it is generally taken more seriously than the restaurant itself. Where there is nothing for it, though, but the hotel or restaurant, there will be no Monsieur Michelin to hold the visitor's hand. But, fortunately, there will be Raymond Postgate's *Good Food Guide* which, for seven and sixpence, will tell him what to expect and, if there is a choice, what choice to make. Postgate is well-informed and incorruptible and no one in his senses will fail to take advantage of his advice when outside London—and, sometimes, when in it.

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Mainly for fish

Wheeler's five restaurants: 19 Old Compton Street, W.1. The original Soho Wheeler's. Much atmosphere and crowd. Antoine's, 40 Charlotte Street, W.1. Handy for the British Museum. Carafe, 15 Lowndes Street, S.W.1. Handy after shopping in Knightsbridge. 12a Duke of York Street, S.W.1. Wheeler's in a doll's house. Near Piccadilly Circus. Vendome, 20 Dover Street, W.1. Wheeler's in Mayfair. Near Old Bond Street.

Scott's. Piccadilly Circus. Various restaurants and bars in an Edwardian setting.

Bentley's. 11 Swallow Street, W.1. Among the best. Handy for Regent Street and Piccadilly.

Sheekey's. 29 St. Martin's Court, W.C.2. Unpretentious, always packed and best value of all. Behind Wyndham's Theatre.

Overton's. 4 Victoria Buildings, S.W.1. Opposite Victoria Station. Tiny, full, and charming. 5 St. James's Street, S.W.1. They opened opposite Prunier's and got away with it.

Wilton's. 34 King Street, S. W. 1. Like a small club, but anyone admitted if they can afford it (and if there's room).

Cunningham's. 51 Curzon Street, W.1. A shade parvenu, but excellent food. Heart of Mayfair.

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mm's. 94 Bishopsgate, E.C.2. 57 Old ey, E.C.4. For City working folk, stockbrokers.

lrooms
mpson's. 100 Strand, W.C.2. Splen- cuts-off-the-joint and cabbage in sed slabs as obtainable only in Eng- l.
afé Royal. 68 Regent Street, W.1. grillroom apparently untouched e the day Oscar Wilde left it.
rocadero. Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. smart but superb. By Piccadilly cus.
he Samuel Whitbread. 17 Leicester uare, W.C.2. The English pub at its vest and best but not, alas, most ical.
avoy Grill. Savoy Hotel, Strand, C.2. Still smart and expensive. But the big hotels have good grillrooms, ugh not like the Savoy.

akhouses
These are all fairly unpretentious and derately priced. New ones spring up quently.
outh Molton Grill. 36 South Molton eet, W.1. Handy for New Bond Street ppers (a restaurant-scarce area).
Paramount. 15 Irving Street, W.C.2. e of the first. Off Leicester Square.
London Steak Houses. 130 Kensington eet, W.8. Handy for Kensington rdens and the London Museum. Baker Street, W.1. Handy for the llace Collection or Madame Tus- d's. These (and one at 18 Wim- don High Street, S.W.19, where mparatively few visitors are likely to d themselves) are the first of a prom- d series where the standard is really gh and the prices reasonable.
Peter Evans Eating House. 1 Kingly eet, W.1. Handy for Regent Street iberty's, Jaeger, etc.).
The Guinea. 30 Bruton Place, W.1. ar Old Bond Street. Apparently al- dy well-known to American visitors d deservedly so. Genuine pub atmos- ere but not pub prices.

ons' Corner Houses
Each has a series of restaurants spe- lizing in its own type of dish.
Coventry Street. Piccadilly Circus, .1.
Marble Arch, W.1. Adjoining the mberland Hotel at the west end of xford Street.
Oxford Street, W.1. Corner of Totten- m Court Road at the east end of xford Street.
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CONTEMPORARY ART and the plight of its public

LEO STEINBERG

Discomfort, bewilderment, anger, and boredom in the face of new departures in art are not confined to the ignorant or the "Philistines." A distinguished critic redefines the public for art and the ways in which understanding and acceptance of "the outrageous" come about.

A FEW words in defense of my topic, because some of my friends have doubted that it was worth talking about. One well-known abstract painter said to me, "Oh, the public, we're always worrying about the public." Another asked, "What is this plight they're supposed to be in? After all, art doesn't have to be for everybody. Either people get it, and then they enjoy it; or else they don't get it, and then they don't need it. So what's the predicament?"

Well, I shall try to explain what I think it is, and before that, *whose* I think it is. In other words, I will try to explain what I mean by "the public."

In 1906, Matisse exhibited a picture which he called "The Joy of Life" (now in the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pennsylvania). It was, as we now know, one of the great breakthrough paintings of this century. The subject was an old-fashioned bacchanal—nude figures outdoors, stretched on the grass, dancing, making music or love, picking flowers, etc. It was his most ambitious undertaking—the largest painting he had yet produced; and it made people very angry. Angriest of all was Paul Signac, a leading modern painter, who was the vice-president of the Salon des Indépendants. He would have kept the picture out, and it was hung only because that year Matisse happened to be on the hanging committee, so that his painting did not have to pass a jury. But Signac wrote to a friend, "Matisse seems to have gone to the dogs. Upon a canvas of two-and-a-half meters, he has surrounded some strange characters with a line as thick as your thumb. Then he has covered the whole thing with a flat, well-defined tint, which, however pure, seems disgusting. It evokes the multi-colored shop fronts of the merchants of paint, varnishes, and household goods."

I cite this old story merely to suggest that Signac, a respected modern who had been in the avant-garde for years, was at that moment a member of Matisse's public, acting typically like a member of his public.

One year later, Matisse went to Picasso's studio to look at Picasso's latest painting, the "Demoiselles d'Avignon," now in the Museum of Modern Art in New York. This, we now know, was another breakthrough for contemporary art;

and this time it was Matisse who got angry. The picture, he said, was an outrage, an attempt to ridicule the whole modern movement. He swore that he would "sink Picasso" and make him regret his hoax. It seems to me that Matisse, at that moment, was acting, typically, like a member of Picasso's public.

Such incidents are not exceptional. They illustrate a general rule that whenever there appears an art that is truly new and original, the men who denounce it first and loudest are artists. Obviously, because they are the most engaged. No critic, no outraged bourgeois, can match an artist's passion in repudiation.

The men who kept Courbet and Manet and the Impressionists and the Postimpressionists out of the salons were all painters. They were mostly academic painters. But it is not necessarily the academic painter who defends his own established manner against a novel way of making pictures or a threatened shift in taste. The leader of a revolutionary movement in art may get just as mad over a new departure, because there are few things so maddening as insubordination or betrayal in a revolutionary cause. And I think it was this sense of betrayal that made Matisse so angry in 1907 when he saw what he called "Picasso's hoax."

It serves no useful purpose to forget that Matisse's contribution to early Cubism—made at the height of his own creativity—was an attitude of absolute and arrogant incomprehension. In 1908, as juror for the avant-garde Salon d'Automne, he rejected Braque's new landscapes "with little cubes"—just as, by 1912, the triumphant Cubists were to reject Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Stair." Therefore, instead of repeating that only academic painters spurn the new, why not reverse the charge? Any man becomes academic by virtue of, or with respect to, what he rejects.

The academization of the avant-garde is in continuous process. It has been very noticeable in New York during the past few years. May we not then drop this useless, mythical distinction between—on one side—creative, forward-looking individuals whom we call artists, and—on the other side—a sullen, anonymous, uncomprehending mass, whom we call the public?

In other words, my notion of the public is functional. The word "public" for me does not designate particular people; it refers to a role played by people, or to a role into which people are thrust or forced by a given experience. And only those who are beyond experience should be exempt from the charge of belonging to the public.

As to the "plight"—here I mean simply the shock of discomfort, or the bewilderment, or the anger, or the boredom, which some people always feel, and all people sometimes feel, when confronted with an unfamiliar new style. When I was younger, I was taught that this discomfort was of no importance, firstly because only philistines were said to experience it (which is a lie), and secondly because it was believed to be of short duration. This last point certainly appears to be true. No art seems to remain uncomfortable for very long. At any rate, no style of these last hundred years has retained its early look of unacceptability. Which could lead one to suspect that the initial rejection of so many modern works was a mere historical accident.

Ten years ago, certain avant-garde writers tried to argue differently about Abstract Expressionism. They suggested that rawness and violence were inalienable qualities of some of these pictures, which should therefore be understood as inherently unacceptable. And as proof they pointed out, with a satisfied gnashing of teeth, that very few people bought these pictures. Today we know that this early reluctance to buy was but the normal time lag of ten years or so. The present market for Abstract Expressionist art is very firm. There was nothing inherently unacceptable about these paintings after all. They just looked outrageous for a spell while we of the reluctant public were coming around.

This rapid domestication of the outrageous is the most characteristic feature of our artistic life, and the time lag between the shock received and the caress returned gets progressively shorter. At the present rate of taste adaptation, it takes about seven years for a young artist with a streak of wildness in him to turn from *enfant terrible* into elder statesman—not so much because he changes, but because the challenge he throws to the public is so quickly met.

So then the shock value of any violently new

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contemporary style is quickly exhausted. Before long, the new look looks familiar, then normal and handsome, finally authoritative. All is well, you may say. Our initial misjudgment has been corrected; if we, or our fathers, were wrong about Cubism a half-century ago, that's all changed now.

Yes, but one thing has not changed: the relation of any new art—while it is new—to its own moment; or, to put it the other way around: every moment during the past hundred years has had an outrageous art of its own, so that every generation, from Courbet down, has had a crack at the discomfort to be had from modern art. And in this sense it is quite wrong to say that the bewilderment people feel over a new style is of no great account since it doesn't last long. Indeed it does last; it has been with us for a century. And the thrill of pain caused by modern art is like an addiction—so much of a necessity to us, that societies like Soviet Russia, without any outrageous modern art of their own, seem to us to be only half alive. They do not suffer that perpetual anxiety, or periodic frustration, or unease, which is our normal condition, and which I call "The Plight of the Public."

I therefore conclude that this plight does matter because it is both chronic and endemic. That is to say, sooner or later it is everybody's predicament, whether artist or philistine, and therefore well worth taking seriously.

When a new, and apparently incomprehensible, work has appeared on the scene, we always hear of the great critic who hailed it at once as a "new reality." Let me, for once, consider those others who just didn't get it.

Confronting a new work of art, they may feel a sense of exclusion from something they thought they were part of—a sense of being thwarted, or deprived of something. And it is again a painter who put it best. When Georges Braque, in 1908, had his first view of the "Demoiselles d'Avignon," he said: "It is as though we were supposed to exchange our usual diet for one of tow and paraffin." The important words here are "our usual diet." No use saying to a man, "Look, if you don't like modern painting, why don't you leave it alone. Why do you worry about it?" For some people, an incomprehensible shift in art, something that really baffles or disturbs, is more like a drastic change—or better, a drastic reduction in the daily ration on which one has come to depend—as during a forced march, or while in prison. And so long as there are people who feel about art in this way, it is uninteresting to be told that there also are snobs who



"Joy of Life" (1905–06), by Henri Matisse. Barnes Foundation, Merion, Pa.

pretend to feelings they do not possess.

I know that there are people enough who are quite genuinely troubled over certain shifts as they occur in art. And this ought to give to what I call "The Plight of the Public," a certain dignity. There is a sense of loss, of sudden exile, of something willfully denied—sometimes a feeling that one's accumulated culture or experience is hopelessly devalued, leaving one exposed to spiritual destitution. And this experience can hit an artist even harder than an amateur. This sense of loss, or bewilderment, is too often described simply as a failure of aesthetic appreciation or an inability to perceive the positive values in a novel experience. Sooner or later, we say, the man—if he has it in him—will catch on, or catch up. But there is no dignity or positive content in his resistance to the new.

But suppose you describe this resistance as a difficulty in keeping up with another man's sacrifices, or another man's pace of sacrifice. Let me try to explain what I mean by the "sacrifice" in an original work of art. I think again of the "Joy of Life" by Matisse, the picture that so offended his fellow painters and critics. Matisse here disturbed certain habitual assumptions. For instance, one had always assumed that, faced with a figurative painting, one was entitled to look at the figures in it, that is, to focus on them one by one, as he wished. The painted figures offered enough illusion of density to receive the long gaze. Thus, from all his experience with art, a man felt entitled to some pleasurable reward if he focused on painted figures, especially if these figures were joyous, female, and nude. But in this picture, if one looks at the distinct figures, there is a curious lack of reward. There is something withheld, for the figures lack coherence or structural articulation. Their outlines are traced without regard to the presence or the function of the bone within, and some of the figures are accosted by wandering, calligraphic waves—those lines "as thick as your thumb" that Signac complained about.

DROP A STONE IN WATER

IN THE old days, one's first reaction would have been to exclaim—"This man can't draw." But we have the painter's preliminary studies for the individual figures of this picture—a succession of splendid drawings—and these show Matisse to have been one of the most knowing draftsmen who ever lived. Yet, after so many preparatory sketches, he arrives, in the completed painting, at a kind of draftsmanship in which his skill seems deliberately mortified or sacrificed. The heavy outlines that edge some of these figured nymphs prevent any materialization of bulk or density. They seem to drain energy away from the core of the figure, making it radiate into the space about them. Or perhaps it is our vision that is shunted away, so that a figure is no sooner recognized, than we are forced to let it go to follow an expanding, rhythmical system. It is somewhat like watching a stone drop into water; your eye follows the expanding circles, and it takes a deliberate, almost a perverse, effort of will to keep focusing on the point of first impact—perhaps because it is so unrewarding. And perhaps Matisse was trying to make his individual figures disappear for us, like that swallowed stone, so that we should be forced into recognizing a different system.

For the analogue in nature to this kind of drawing is not a scene or a stage on which solid forms are deployed; a truer analogue would be any circulatory system, as of a city, or of the blood, where stoppage at any point implies a pathological condition, like a blood clot or traffic jam. And I think Matisse must have felt that "good drawing" in the traditional sense—that is, line and tone designating a solid form of specific character with concrete location in space—that such drawing would have tended to trap and arrest the eye, to stabilize it at a concentration of density, thereby drawing attention to the solids themselves, and reducing their colors to mere surface wrappings; and this was not the kind of vision that Matisse wanted brought to his pictures.

It is lucky for us not to have been polled in 1906, because we should certainly not have been ready to discard visual habits which had been acquired in the contemplation of real masterpieces, and to toss them overboard, overnight, for one painting. Today this kind of analysis has become easy and obvious, because an enormous amount of this century's painting derives from Matisse's example. The free-flowing color forms of Kandinsky and of Miró, and all of that painting since, which represents reality or experience as a condition of flux, owe their parentage to this work.

But in 1906 this could not have been foreseen. And one almost suspects that part of the value of a painting like this comes to it in retrospect, as its potential is gradually actualized, sometimes in the action of others. But when Matisse painted this picture, Degas was still around, with ten more years of life in him. It was evidently still possible to draw with bite and pre-

cision. No wonder that few were ready to join Matisse in the kind of sacrifice that seemed implied in his waved, invertebrate line. And the first to acclaim the picture was no fellow painter but a man with much time on his hands: Leo Stein, the brother of Gertrude, who began, like everyone else, by disliking it, but returned to it again and again—and then, after some weeks, announced that it was a great painting and proceeded to buy it. He had evidently become persuaded that the sacrifice here was worthwhile in view of a novel and positive experience that could not otherwise be had.

So far as I know, the first critic to speak of a new style in art in terms of sacrifice is Baudelaire. In his essay on Ingres he mentions a "shrinkage of spiritual faculties" which Ingres imposes on himself in order to reach some cool, classic ideal—in the spirit, so he imagines, of Raphael. Baudelaire doesn't like Ingres; he feels that all imagination and movement are banished from his work. But, he says, "I have sufficient insight into Ingres' character to hold that with him this is a heroic immolation, a sacrifice upon the altar of those faculties which he sincerely believes to be nobler and more important." And then, by a remarkable leap, Baudelaire goes on to couple Ingres with Courbet, whom he also doesn't have much use for. He calls Courbet, "a mighty workman, a man of fearsome, indomitable will, who has achieved results which to some minds have already more charm than those of the great masters of the Raphaelesque tradition, owing, doubtless, to their positive solidity and their unabashed indelicacy." But Baudelaire finds in Courbet the same peculiarity of mind as in Ingres, because he also massacred his faculties and silenced his imagination. "But the difference is that the heroic sacrifice offered by M. Ingres, in honor of the idea and the tradition of Raphaelesque Beauty, is performed by M. Courbet on behalf of external, positive, and immediate nature. In their war against the imagination, they are obedient to different motives; but their two opposing varieties of fanaticism lead them to the same immolation."

Baudelaire has rejected Courbet. Does this mean that his sensibility was unequal to that of the painter? Hardly, for Baudelaire's mind was if anything, subtler, more sensitive, more adult than that of Courbet. Nor do I think that Baudelaire, as a literary man, can be accused of being typically insensitive to visual or plastic values. His rejection of Courbet simply means that, having his own ideals, he was not prepared to sacrifice the things that Courbet had discarded. Courbet himself, like any good artist, pursued only his own positive goals; the discarded values (*e.g.*, fantasy, "ideal beauty") had long lost their positive virtue for him, and thus were no loss. But they were still felt as a loss by Baudelaire, who perhaps imagined that fantasy and ideal beauty were yet unexhausted. And I think this is what it means, or may mean, when we say that a man, faced with a work of modern art, isn't "with it." It may simply mean that, having a strong attachment to certain values, he cannot serve an unfamiliar cult in which these same values are ridiculed.

And this, I think, is our plight most of the time. Contemporary art is constantly inviting us to applaud the destruction of values which we still cherish, while the positive cause, for the sake of which the sacrifices are made, is rarely made clear. So that the sacrifices appear as acts of demolition, or of dismantling, without any motive—just as Courbet's work appeared to Baudelaire to be simply a revolutionary gesture for its own sake.

BULL'S EYE IN A GALLERY

LET me take an example from nearer home and from my own experience. Early in 1958, a young painter named Jasper Johns had his first one-man show in New York. The pictures he showed—products of many years' work—were puzzling. Carefully painted in oil or encaustic, they were variations on four main themes:

Numbers, running in regular order, row after row all the way down the picture, either in color, or white on white.

Letters, arranged in the same way.

The American flag—not a picture of it, windblown or heroic, but stiffened, rigid, the pattern itself.

And finally, targets, tri-colored, or all-white or all-green, sometimes with little boxes on top into which the artist had put plaster casts of anatomical parts, recognizably human.

A few other subjects turned up in single trics —a wire coat hanger, hung on a knob that projected from a dappled gray field. A canvas, which had a smaller stretched canvas stuck to it face to face, so that all you saw was its back; and the title was "Canvas." Another, called "Drawer," where the front panel of a wooden drawer with its two projecting knobs had been inserted into the lower part of a canvas, painted all gray.

How did people react? Those who had to

say something about it tried to fit these new works into some historical scheme. Some shrugged it off and said, "More of Dada, we've seen this before; after Expressionism comes nonsense and anti-art, just as in the 'twenties." One hostile New York critic saw the show as part of a sorrowful devolution, another step in the systematic emptying out of content from modern art.* A French critic wrote: "We mustn't cry 'fraud' too soon." But he was merely applying the cautions of the past; his immediate inclination was to feel that he was being had.

On the other hand, a great number of intelligent men and women in New York responded with intense enthusiasm, but without being able to explain the source of their fascination. A museum man said to me that perhaps it was just the relief from Abstract Expressionism, of which one had seen so much in recent years, that led him to enjoy Jasper Johns; but such negative explanations are never serious. Some people thought that the painter chose commonplace subjects because, given our habits of overlooking life's simple things, he wanted, for the first time, to render them visible. Others thought that the charm of these paintings resided in the exquisite handling of the medium itself, and that the artist deliberately chose the most commonplace subjects so as to make them *invisible* (*i.e.*, to induce absolute concentration on the sensuous surface alone). But this didn't work for two reasons. First, because there was no agreement on whether these things were, in fact, well painted. (One New York critic of dependable originality said that the subjects were fine, but that the painting was poor.) And, secondly, because if Johns had wanted his subject matter to become invisible through sheer banality, then he had surely failed—like a debutante who, to be inconspicuous, wears her jeans to a ball. Had reticent subject matter been his intention, he would have done better to paint a standard abstraction, where everybody knows not to question the subject. But in these new works, the subjects were overwhelmingly conspicuous, if only because of their context. Hung at general headquarters, a Jasper Johns flag might well have achieved invisibility; set up on a range, a target could well be overlooked; but carefully remade to be seen point-blank in an art gallery, these subjects struck home.

It seems that during this first encounter with Johns's work, few people were sure of how to respond, while some of the avant-garde critics applied avant-garde standards—which seemed suddenly to have grown prematurely old and ready for dumping.

My own first reaction was normal. I disliked the show, and would gladly have thought it a bore. Yet it depressed me and I wasn't sure why. Then I began to recognize in myself all the classical symptoms of a philistine's reaction to modern art. I was angry at the artist, as if he had invited me to a meal, only to serve something uneatable, like tow and paraffin. I was irritated at some of my friends for pretending to like it—but with an uneasy suspicion that perhaps they did like it, so that I was really mad at myself for being so dull, and at the whole situation for showing me up.

And meanwhile, the pictures remained with me—working on me and depressing me. The thought of them gave me a distinct sense of threatened loss or destruction. One in particular there was, called "Target with Four Faces." It was a fairly large canvas consisting of nothing but one three-colored target—red, yellow, and blue; and above it, boxed behind a hinged wooden flap, four life casts of one face—or rather, of the lower part of a face, since the upper portion, including the eyes, had been sheared away. The picture seemed strangely rigid for a work of art and recalled Baudelaire's objection to Ingres: "No more imagination; therefore no more movement." Could any meaning be wrung from it? I thought how the human face in this picture seemed desecrated, being brutally thingified—and not in any acceptable spirit of social protest, but gratuitously, at random. At one point, I wanted the picture to give me a sickening suggestion of human sacrifice, of heads pickled or collected as trophies. Then, I hoped, the whole thing would come to seem hypnotic and repellent, like a primitive sign of power. But when I looked again, all this romance disappeared. These faces—four of the same—were gathered there for no triumph; they were chopped up, cut away just under the eyes, but without any suggestion of Procrustean cruelty, merely to make them fit into their boxes; and finally they were stowed away on that upper shelf like a standard commodity. But was this reason enough to get so depressed? If I disliked these things, why not ignore them?

But it was not that simple. For what really depressed me was what I felt these works were able to do to all other art. The pictures of deKooning and Kline, it seemed to me, were suddenly tossed into one pot with Watteau and

* Since this critic believed that abstract art had long ago been voided of content, he should have seen that it was at least a feat to empty a vacuum.



"Target with Four Faces" (1955), by Jasper Johns. Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.

Rembrandt and Giotto. All alike suddenly became painters of illusion. After all, when Franz Kline lays down a swath of black paint, that paint is transfigured. You may not know what it represents, but it is at least the path of an energy or part of an object moving in or against a white space. Paint and canvas stand for more than themselves. Pigment is still the medium by which something seen, thought, or felt, something other than pigment itself, is made visible. But here, in this picture by Jasper Johns, I seemed to feel the end of illusion. No more manipulation of paint as a medium of transformation. This man, if he wants something three-dimensional, resorts to a plaster cast and builds an actual box to contain it. When he paints on a canvas, he can only paint what is flat—numbers, letters, a target, a flag. Everything else, it seems, would be make-believe, a childish game—"let's pretend." So, the flat is flat and the solid is three-dimensional, and these are the facts of the case, art or no art. There is no more metamorphosis, no more magic of medium. It looked to me like the death of painting, a rude stop, the end of the track.

I am not a painter myself, but I was interested

in the reaction to Jasper Johns of two well-known New York abstract painters: One of them said, "If this is painting, I might as well give up." And the other said, resignedly, "Well, I am still involved with the dream." He, too, felt that an age-old dream of what painting had been, or could be, had been wantonly sacrificed —perhaps by a young man too brash or irreverent to have dreamed yet. And all this seemed much like Baudelaire's feeling about Courbet, that he had done away with imagination.

PICTURES THAT WAIT

THE pictures, then, kept me pondering, and I kept going back to them. And gradually something came through to me, a sense of solitude more intense than anything I had seen in pictures of mere desolation. In "Target with Faces," I became aware of an uncanny inversion of values. With mindless inhumanity or indifference, the organic and the inorganic had been leveled. A dismembered face, multiplied, blinded, repeats four times above the impersonal stare of a bull's-eye. Bull's-eye and blind faces—but juxtaposed as if by accident, in perfect innocence of any expressive intent. As if the values that would make a face seem more precious or eloquent or remarkable had ceased to exist; as if those who could hold and impose such values just weren't around.

Then another inversion. I began to wonder what a target really was, and concluded that a target can only exist as a point in space "over there," at a distance. A target ceases to be one if you can't miss it. But the target of Jasper Johns is always "right here"; it is all the field there is. It has lost its essential "Thereness." I went on to wonder about the human face and came to the opposite conclusion. A face makes no sense unless it is "here." At a distance, you may see a man's body, a head, even a profile. But as soon as you recognize a thing as a face, it is an object no longer, but one pole in a situation of reciprocal consciousness; it has, like one's own face, absolute "Hereness." So then surely Jasper Johns's "Target with Faces" performs a strange inversion of here and there, because a target, that needs to exist at a distance, has been allotted all the available "Hereness," while the faces are shelved.

And once again, I felt that this leveling of the categories of here and there, which are the subjective markers of space, implied a totally nonhuman point of view about space. It is as if the subjective consciousness, which alone can give meaning to the words "here and there," had ceased to exist.

And then it dawned on me that all of Jasper Johns's pictures conveyed a sense of desolate waiting. The face-to-the-wall canvas waits to be turned; the drawer waits to be opened. That rigid flag—does it wait to be recognized? I'm not sure, but it looks both unused and ready. And certainly the targets wait to be shot at. Johns made one painting of a window shade pulled down, which, like any window shade in the world, waits to be raised. The empty hanger waits to receive somebody's clothes. These letters, neatly set forth, wait to spell something out; and the numbers, arranged as on a tot board, wait to be scored. Even those plaster casts have the look of things temporarily shelved for some purpose. And yet, as you look at these objects, you know with absolute certainty that their time has long passed, that nothing will happen, that that shade will never be lifted, those numbers will never add up again, and the coat hanger will never be clothed.

There is in all this work, not simply an ignoring of human subject matter, as in much abstract art, but an implication of absence, and —this is what makes it most poignant—of human absence from a man-made environment. In the end, these pictures by Jasper Johns come to impress me as a dead city might—but a dead city of terrible familiarity. Only objects are left—man-made signs which, in the absence of men, have become objects. And Johns has anticipated their dereliction.

These, then, were some of my broodings as I looked at Johns's pictures. And now I'm faced with a number of questions, and a certain anxiety.

All that I have said—was it *found* in the pictures, or read into them? Does it accord with the painter's intention? Does it tally with other people's experience, to reassure me that my feelings are sound? I really don't know. I can see that these pictures don't necessarily look like art—which has been known to solve far more difficult problems. I don't know whether they are art at all, whether they are great, or good, or likely to go up in price. And whatever experience of painting I've had in the past seems as likely to hinder me as to help. I am challenged to estimate the aesthetic value of, say, a drawer stuck into a canvas. But nothing I've ever seen can teach me how this is to be done. I am alone with this thing, and it is up to me to evaluate it in the absence of all available standards. The value which I will put on

this painting tests my authenticity as an individual. Here I can discover whether I am man enough to sustain an encounter with a completely original experience. Am I escaping it by being overly clever? These things that I see—are they really me, or have I been eavesdropping on conversations? I have been trying to formulate certain meanings seen in this art; are they designed to demonstrate something about myself, or are they really an inward experience? Do the things I have just written seem very good to me? This threat of vanity is more serious than the mere risk of nonsense; and yet I wonder—ten years from now, will I look very silly if it should become universally obvious that all this was junk? Or have I failed myself already in asking these questions, being overly conscious about myself, instead of surrendering to an experience which is reaching out to me?

The questions are without end, and their answers nowhere in storage. It is a kind of self-analysis that a new image can throw you into and for which I am grateful. I am left in a state of anxious uncertainty by the painting, about painting, about myself. And I suspect that this is all right. In fact, I have little confidence in people who habitually, when exposed to new works of art, know what is great and what will last. Alfred Barr, of the Museum of Modern Art, has said that if one out of ten paintings that the Museum of Modern Art has acquired should remain valid in retrospect, they will have scored very well. I take this to be, not a confession of inadequate judgment, but an assertion about the nature of contemporary art.

BORN IN ANXIETY

MODERN art always projects itself into a twilight zone where no values are fixed. It is always born in anxiety, at least since Cézanne. And Picasso once said that what is most important to us in Cézanne, more than his pictures, is his anxiety. It seems to me a function of the look of modern art to transmit this anxiety to the spectator, so that his encounter with the work is—at least while the work is new—a genuine existential predicament. Like Kierkegaard's God, the work molests us with its aggressive absurdity, the way Jasper Johns presented himself to me some four years ago. It demands a decision in which you discover yourself, your own quality as a man; and this decision is always a "leap of faith," to use Kierkegaard's famous term. And like Kierkegaard's God, who demands a sacrifice from Abraham in violation of every moral standard; like Kierkegaard's God, the picture seems arbitrary, cruel, irrational, demanding your faith, while it makes no promise of future rewards. In other words, it is in the nature of original contemporary art to present itself as a bad risk. And we, the public, artists included, should be proud of being in this predicament, because nothing else would seem to us quite true to life; and art, after all, is supposed to be a mirror of life.

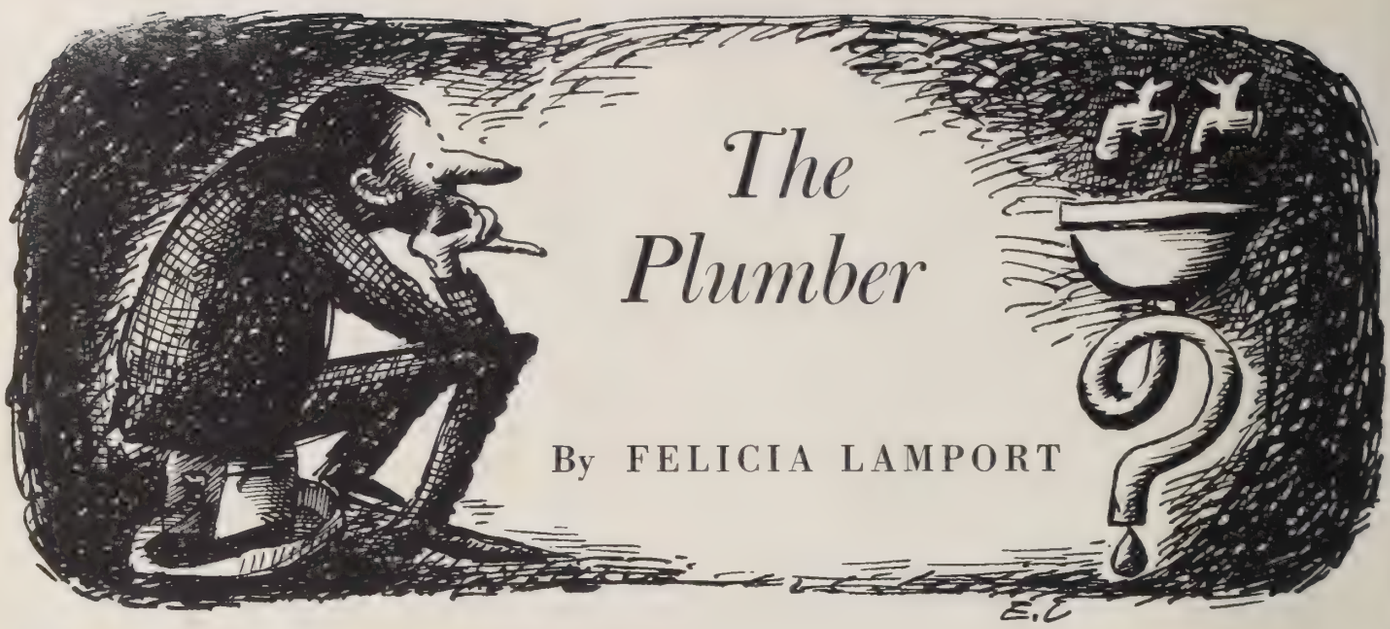
I was reading Exodus, chapter 16, which describes the fall of manna in the desert; and found it very much to the point:

> In the morning, the dew lay round about the host, and when [it] was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar-frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, . . . they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given to you to eat. . . . Gather of it every man according to his eating. . . . And the children of Israel did so, and gathered, some more, some less. And when they did mete it with an omer, he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack; they gathered every man according to his eating. . . . But some of them left of it until the morning, and it bred worms and stank. . . .
>
> And the House of Israel called the name thereof Manna; . . . and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey. And Moses said, . . . Fill an omer of it to be kept for your generations; that they may see the bread [that] fed you in the wilderness. . . . So Aaron laid it up before the testimony to be kept. . . .

When I had read this much, I stopped and thought how like contemporary art this manna was; not only in that it was a God-send, or in that it was a desert food, or in that no one could quite understand it—for "they wist not what it was." Nor even because a part of it was immediately put away in a museum—"to be kept for your generations"; nor yet because the taste of it has remained a mystery, since the phrase here translated as "wafers made with honey," is in fact, a blind guess; the Hebrew word is one that occurs nowhere else in ancient literature, and no one knows what it really means. Whence the legend that manna tasted to every man as he wished; though it came from without, its taste in the mouth was his own making.

But what struck me most as an analogy was this Command—that you were to gather of it every day, according to your eating, and not to lay it up as insurance or investment for the future, making each day's gathering an act of faith.

Harper's Magazine, March 1962



The Plumber

By FELICIA LAMPORT

The reception accorded many taped interviews with actors discussing their craft has moved members of another profession to instigate a similar series. Following is the first of such interviews to be completed.

DANIEL WATTS: *A plumber has to have the equipment to absorb everything, to soak up everything, like a sponge.*

I was born on August 10, 1929, in Cuthbert, Georgia. I have an older brother, Henry, who is living a conventional middle-class life selling liability insurance. My father was a veterinarian of Norwegian-Irish extraction. My mother was a beautiful woman who loved to sing and grew a lot of vines in the yard.

Up to the time I was in the third grade I had no idea what I was going to do with my life. I was a fat kid and all the boys in school used to tease me. One day, during recess, I happened to pick up a piece of lead pipe that was lying around. Then I suddenly discovered that anytime I had a length of pipe in my hand I could command everybody's respect. Even the teacher's. After that I practically lived with that pipe in my hand. I liked the way it felt in my hand and the way it made me feel inside. I liked the smell of it and the grain and the texture. I went to bed with the pipe under my pillow all that year, and I began to dream about being a plumber. I never lost that dream, not for a minute.

When I was ten we moved to Hawkinsville. We hadn't been there more than a week when the kitchen sink got clogged up and I had my first chance to watch a real plumber work. I was completely galvanized.

Joe Higgins was one of the great plumbers of the old school, the kind of artisan that few of us younger men have had the privilege of seeing. He had an effortless mastery of technique that was a beautiful thing to watch.

I carried his tool chest back to his place for him, listening, listening like a drowning man, and then talking a little, shy, breathless, and excited as if I had never communicated with a human being before. For years after that I hung around Joe Higgins' place after school, listening to him and his fellow craftsmen. Sometimes they would even let me tag along on a job. Their talk was a kind of heady music to me. I couldn't get enough of flanges and swing-check valves and drop-ear tees. The hours I spent with those men were the only real hours of my life. I was happier with them than I'd ever been before. I soaked up the smells and the sights and the sounds. I began to learn the things that were basic to my craft, through my eyes, through my ears, through my fingers, through my pores. You can learn a lot that way, but you can't learn the *instinct* for plumbing. That's something you're either born with or you aren't. I felt a kind of crazy rapture one day when Joe Higgins let me help him calk a joint and I suddenly realized I had the instinct. I felt it in my heart and in my guts, and I've never stopped feeling it.

That night I told my father I was going to start my apprenticeship in plumbing. He didn't like the idea. Plumbers were looked down on where I came from. People didn't have much use for them. He said he'd send me to Harvard

or to Europe. Anything. But I was stubborn. Nothing was going to stop me from doing what I knew deep down that I had to do. Mother understood. I took her to see one of the jobs Joe Higgins had let me help on. She stood in that basement staring at that marvelous web of pipes, and her eyes misted over. She didn't say anything. She just squeezed my elbow. I knew then that I wouldn't have any more trouble with my father. It would be all right. And it was. She talked to my father that same night. He left home the next morning and never came back.

I suppose plumbing is largely a matter of breaks, and I've had my share of them. My first big break came when the main burst on Farm Street while Joe Higgins was away fishing. I was still pretty inexperienced, and I was terrified. But it was sink or swim, and I managed to get through. I learned a lesson that night that I've never forgotten: a plumber's got to get through, through, through, no matter what.

A year or two later I married my first wife, Suellen Brown, and moved to Macon. We had a son, William, who could tell a disc valve from a relief valve before he was three, but he lost his interest in plumbing a year later when Suellen and I were divorced. My next wife, Margyanne, talked me into taking a job with a big appliance-repairs outfit. The pay was great, but they started me in washing-machine parts, and I was so good that they wouldn't let me change to anything else. They said it was what the public wanted, and they told me what an important thing I was doing, getting into every home in Macon and all that. But the parts had a terrible sameness. I felt I was going stale. I was repeating, and it was too easy. You can't be a great plumber unless you work with parts that challenge greatness.

I started as an independent again right after Margyanne and I were divorced. But after awhile I found there just wasn't enough scope in Macon. I needed to come to grips with harder water, to master different kinds of grit and sedimentation, to battle sudden freezes.

I began to move north. In small towns I sometimes worked in terrible houses, but I didn't mind. What mattered were the new problems, the skin-tingling challenges. You forget the size of the house when you're putting everything



you've got into handling a new part. When I got to New York, I worked in packed houses that taxed the system and strained every joint. I learned then what the true plumber comes to know: that plumbing is not just a way of making a living, but a *way of life*. I'd had energy before, and enthusiasm, but I was really working in the dark. Now the lights began to go on for me. Instead of fumbling around with a coupling or an elbow, trusting to my intuition, I began to study the architecture of the house as a whole. Little by little I was learning System plumbing. I wouldn't start a job until I had my whole plan worked out, down to the smallest detail. If I couldn't make a connection, I would go to the boiler room and just sit there and let the whole thing simmer until everything began to click. When I finally had it right, something inside let me know it. Everything flowed.

To this day, I can never start a job without a sense of terrible pressure. I'm keyed up, intense, on edge. Every valve is open and quivering, receptive to the sudden inspiration, the fluid response. The day I find myself relaxed when I work, I'll know my sense of responsibility has gone slack. We plumbers realize with deep humility that we impinge a little on the divine whenever we create a perfect circulatory system.

Plumbing has given me a Cadillac, a fishing lodge in Maine, a beach house in Florida, and a number of other material possessions, but these are not important. It is the soaring ecstasy of the job that matters, the feeling of being wholly alive only when you're plumbing—a feeling so intense that I have never left a job without a wrench.

Married to a Harvard law professor, Felicia Lamport lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She is the author of "Mink on Weekdays" and of a new book, "Scrap Irony."

DENNIS CRAIG

Why I Left South Africa

The chronic sickness of racial hatred has got beyond palliatives in South Africa. A journalist, who tried to understand and fight the disease, explains why he threw in the sponge.

THAT night there was a strange feeling in the air, half carnival, half funeral. Groups of people were talking worriedly, almost furtively, on the sidewalk. Now and again they cast anxious or hostile looks at the swaggering lines of young men who wore badges bearing the emblem of a powder horn.

Not many Africans had ventured out to the streets, but suddenly I saw one rounding the corner. He was a slow-moving, amiable-looking young man in his early twenties whose zooty piece of suiting and fedora hat suggested that he was on his way to keep a heavy date. A group of six white youths in front of me nudged one another when they saw him approaching, muttered among themselves, and sniggered. As he drew alongside they bunched together and forced him into the gutter, at the same time knocking off his hat. He bent to retrieve it, smiling uncertainly. As his fingers touched it three boots sent him sprawling in the mud on his face.

"Shame!" cried a number of people who had watched the incident, but nobody moved. Slowly the African picked himself up and dusted himself down as best he could.

"Yes, baasies," he said, grinning as if he had enjoyed his acquaintance with the mud and holding his hat respectfully in his hands. "The baasies enjoying themselves tonight. Night, baasies."

"Black bastard!" the leader of the group shouted after him. "The sooner you kaffirs learn who's baas now the better. We'll keep you in your place."

A skinny young policeman who had watched the fun with obvious pleasure, hands stuck in the belt of his holster strap, uttered a *sotto-voce "Hoor, hoor!"* ("Hear, hear!").

That winter's evening in 1948 South Africa awoke from nine lulling years of government by General Smuts and his pro-British United party administrators to find that the quasi-Fascist Nationalist party of Dr. Malan had been elected to power. The greater part of the white nation was stunned. How had it happened, they asked, when everyone you knew simply loathed Malan and his gang, the traitors who had hoped for a Nazi victory when "our boys" were fighting up north in the desert? Yet the Nats had scraped home to victory. Such considerations did not worry those who had been voted into power. White South Africa had to be saved and, by God! they were the boys to do it.

I had been in the country only a few months working as a newspaperman in the coastal city of Port Elizabeth, but the incident just recounted was my second personal glimpse of racial hatred, apart from the day-to-day antagonisms heard and felt rather than seen.

My first encounter with it cost me several hours in jail. Another British immigrant and I passed a group of about ten men on a street corner late one night in the city center. When they heard us speaking in English they accused us to our astonishment of talking disparagingly about "bloody Dutchmen," and beat us up. The leader of the gang turned out to be a plain-clothes detective who, after we had been well and truly battered, charged us with assault on the police and riotous behavior.

At the Magistrates' Court next morning we were told our case would come on in an hour. I took the opportunity of visiting the head of the CID whose office was in the building, and whom I had got to know in the course of my newspaper duties. He was horrified by my appearance, and when I told him the full story—and how I was going to enjoy myself in court exposing his man's role in it—he smiled resignedly.

"Look, Craig," he said, "I believe you, but I can tell you the magistrate won't. He's a red-hot Nationalist, and that means he's anti-British. He'll accept the detective's word before yours. You've nothing to gain by blowing your top; in fact if your colleagues report it you could lose your job."

After some deliberation we decided—wrongly, I now think—to accept the easy way out. My

friend and I paid ten shillings' admission of guilt on each charge so that we did not have to appear in court. The captain could not on his own initiative quash the case entirely, but he dealt with the detective by transferring him to the city's worst beat in an African shanty town.

During the next thirteen years in South Africa, I was to see many, and much more extreme, cases as the poison of racialism spread. I saw the inhuman ways in which white nurses at a hospital for Africans handled babies of a few days old, and remember how when I reprimanded one of them, she replied, "Ag, these kaffir babies are as tough as old boots." Then there was the cabinet minister with whom I discussed the brutal assault of white thugs on an African detective in Roodepoort, a small mining town near Johannesburg. The policeman had been cycling home with a folder of official documents on which he meant to work, when he was pulled off his machine and beaten up for no reason other than the color of his skin. I told the minister that the magistrate had treated the matter lightly by imposing nominal fines, in spite of the documents being scattered to the winds. The politician smirked and replied: "Young blood, Mr. Craig, young blood. We were all the same when we were youngsters."

In the mining town of Krugersdorp, twenty-two miles from Johannesburg, I was present to report a case in which a white miner had, without provocation, seized a Portuguese East African laborer and cut his scrotal sac. A doctor who treated the wounded man gave evidence that his manhood had been saved by a hairbreadth. The miner said he thought he would "have a bit of fun with the kaffir."

During the tea-break I discussed the case with the magistrate. We were both breaking the regulations, of course, but I was in a privileged position and bursting with disgust and fury. Up to this time I had respected the scholarly Afrikaner now calmly drinking his tea.

"I hope you're going to give that bastard the full works," I fumed. "If there was ever a case for corporal punishment, this is it."

He looked up in amazement. "But why are you so upset?"

"Because a human being has been degraded and wounded by a beast."

"But this was a kaffir," he said, smiling gently.

I stared at him. "What would you do if the miner had done this to your dog?"

"I'd give him the maximum sentence," he said hotly. "But you're not going to compare my faithful dog with a kaffir?"

People reading of these things may well ask how much of it you can take before your stomach revolts. It all depends on your stomach. South Africans have largely learned to swallow poison without any ill effects. But they are notoriously thin-skinned when it comes to criticism of their country. They would undoubtedly say that cases like those I have quoted are comparatively rare, and many would make this assertion in all sincerity. The vast majority rarely if ever personally witness or experience such things and are sheltered from the realities of life by the cocoons they have built around themselves, a mental protection which allows them to shake their heads over the abominable doings of their fellows, perhaps feel vaguely nauseated for a few minutes, and then push the thought comfortably to the back of their minds. But every day cases of racial brutality are reported in the newspapers—those which come to trial, that is.

Yet it should not be imagined that all South Africans regard the black man in the same light as the magistrate, the miner, or the cabinet minister, or that all Afrikaners are Nationalists and all English-speaking South Africans against the Government. There are, in fact, so many different shades of opinion that Opposition groups cannot combine on even the most basic issues, so that although almost half the white voters are anti-Government, their separate protests carry little weight.

I can remember hardly any social evening, whether it was spent at home with friends, at somebody else's dinner table, or at any of the hundreds of parties I attended where the conversation, if it became anything more than chit-chat, did not invariably get round to the obsessive topic of the racial problem. Far into the night we would argue, never reaching any conclusion —except sometimes to a friendship.

In all these arguments long experience enabled you to distinguish within a few minutes the category of your mental adversaries. There was the occasional white apologist, so ashamed of the injustices created in the name of the Caucasians that he couldn't tolerate any criticism whatsoever of the Africans. Anything they did was excusable

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Dennis Craig emigrated from England to South Africa after World War II. In 1960 he resigned as columnist for the "Rand Daily Mail" and took a sabbatical year in Italy. He is now in London as a feature writer in Fleet Street. He is the author of two books and co-author with Raymond Dart of "Adventures with the Missing Link."

and had to be regarded as the just deserts of the whites who inflicted much worse on them. If, as frequently happened, a white person who had been involved in a motor accident with a black one was pulled from his car and beaten—sometimes to death—by other Africans on the scene, that was understandable. The cure-all for South Africa in his view was immediate universal suffrage—even though, he agreed, with the African population outnumbering the European by four to one, this meant an all-black government.

Then there was the paternalistic type who saw himself as a kind of benevolent feudal lord. He always had a wonderful old grandmother on a remote farm who had sat up for several nights tending a sick servant and saving his life, or he had trekked into the mountains to rescue an injured herd-boy, or raced fifty miles to fetch a doctor for a housemaid in labor. This sort of anecdote was the prelude to the declaration of his belief that some black men were good chaps—as long as they were kept in their place. Let the conversation get on to the political aspirations of the blacks as a nation and there was immediately a reaction like the falling of an iron portcullis in a medieval castle. He was not prepared to make one concession, and could go on endlessly about the "thin end of the wedge."

Others talked vaguely and kindly about giving the Africans decent housing—"as long as it's miles away from ours." The blacks, they said, should be allowed to buy European wines and beer (this is always a sore point with the Africans, from whom fortunes are made by white bootleggers and black "shebeen queens" selling illicit rotgut). "They don't want rights," you would hear. "Give 'em all a banjo, a nice little place to live, and decent liquor, and there won't be any more trouble."

There were variations on these themes, and of course there was the extreme racialist with whom it was quite impossible to discuss anything bearing on the colored people. These fundamentalists, like those in the Southern states of the U. S., relied largely on their Bibles for justification of their belief in the black man as a permanent hewer of wood and drawer of water.

What the black man thought was largely a matter of conjecture. There was very little contact with any but the articulate educated ones whom one met now and then at mixed parties. I always found these occasions excruciatingly embarrassing. There was no mistaking the good will on either side, but the whites would be bending over backwards to be chummy and the blacks either too grateful, gushing, and flowery or studiously at ease. It was always phony. Sometimes there was the melancholy feeling that in some other place, some other time, you might have broken through to this or that person without even noticing that he was of another color, but in South Africa it was impossible.

The African I got to know best was probably our servant, Miriam, a pretty, mission-educated woman in her early thirties. My wife and I used to talk to her as she washed up in the kitchen or cooked the dinner, in our efforts to find out how one ordinary person, at least, thought, as opposed to what was preached by the politically ambitious African headline-makers. While rebelling against the indignities of her life, hedged about with a hundred pin-pricking restrictions, Miriam was a conservative to the hilt.

"I would like to be free to go where I want," she said. "I'd like to get the same service in shops as the Madam, when I have the same money to spend. I'd like to walk through the town at night with my boy friend without the police always asking him, 'Hey, kaffir, where's your pass?' "

However she was not just cynical but downright worried by the talk she heard among her own people (two of her cousins were enthusiastic members of the Black Nationalist movement) of getting rid of the white man. "How are these people going to rule the country without the white man?" she asked. "Before you people came we had nothing. The white men teach us a lot, but we still don't know very much. It will be terrible for us if the white man goes away."

NO OTHER IS "HOME"

THE racial problem of the blacks and whites in South Africa is the most difficult in the world. It is too often oversimplified as a cruel example of white oppression. The white man has lived there for more than three hundred years. He has created great farms from the wilderness, tamed its rivers, industrialized it, and made it the world's largest gold and diamond producer. The three million white South Africans do not, as in other parts of Africa handed back to the indigenous peoples, regard themselves as being a part of Europe. Neither England, Holland, nor any other country is "home." South Africa is as much home to them as America is to the people of that land whose original pioneers settled the country at about the same time in history.

The whites' contribution and their stake in the country have been and still are too vast for

them to be a political minority group unless all racial groups had advanced to a stage where they voted for a man and his party working for the good of the country and not because of color.

As an interim step, the old Cape Colony's electoral system or something similar—with property and educational qualifications for all voters—black and white, might have been introduced on the principle laid down by Cecil John Rhodes: "Equal rights for all civilized men." This would have ensured responsible government and prepared the black man for his ever-increasing share in the running of the country.

But instead of concessions the Government has churned out more and more legislative measures which restrict the African's movements, his choice of job, and the kind of education he can enjoy. They have tried to foster the totally impracticable ideal of apartheid which would in theory separate the country into all-white areas and Native Reserves where Africans would govern themselves. It has been estimated that the white areas could not manage without at least five million black laborers in their territory; while not nearly sufficient land has been set aside in the proposed Reserves for the remaining black population to make a livelihood.

The black extremists are dedicated to their own brand of apartheid. With few exceptions the African leaders with whom I discussed South Africa's future said bluntly that they were not interested in half measures. They see what is happening elsewhere on the continent while the few privileges bestowed on them by previous Governments are being whittled away. They believe they can govern and run the country without the white man, who should get out.

I do not believe that there is an easy or peaceful solution to the problems besetting South Africa. That the black man will eventually gain control, there can be no doubt. The question is, how and when? Certainly not by an internal revolution which will oust the white rulers in the next four, five, or even ten years. There will undoubtedly be many incidents like the Sharpeville affair, and worse ones, but South Africa's tough modern army and military-type police force is in a position to quell any such trouble ruthlessly and efficiently. Somewhere between the next ten and fifteen years, however, the recently emerged and still emerging black states of Africa will have built up their own well-equipped armies. They will be in a position to challenge South Africa and give her the choice: "Free our brothers and accept their rule, or we'll come in and free them."

With millions of potential saboteurs to contend with inside and millions of well-armed black Crusaders outside, South Africa will be overwhelmed. She will have completely alienated world opinion so that no United Nations forces would come to her aid. No country would intervene independently because of what Moscow and Peking would almost certainly do if they did.

WHOSE JACKBOOT?

THESE were the thoughts in my mind when I decided to throw up my job as columnist for South Africa's largest morning newspaper for the unknown waters of free-lance writing in Europe. There was nothing to fight for; nothing I could do individually to prevent the awful fate which I am sure awaits South Africa. Any hopes I had ever entertained about using my pen to influence opinion in the slightest were long since discarded. Jackboot rule increases with every session of Parliament. One day in the foreseeable future the jackboot will be on another foot. The choice as I saw it was, whose jackboot?

Comparisons with the Congo hand-over—a voluntary one, let it be remembered—were inevitable. The Belgians are blamed for thrusting power on the Congolese before preparing them for their responsibilities after sixty years of rule. How much more culpable will South Africa be deemed after more than three hundred, and how much more bloody will the result be if control is physically removed from white hands?

On the night before I left South Africa I witnessed an incident in a Durban street which for me symbolizes the sickness of racial hatred which is now chronic. A white woman who had been knocked down lay moaning on the sidewalk. Her husband squatted next to her holding her hand and muttering distractedly, "When's that ambulance coming?" A car stopped and a well-dressed African got out carrying a surgical bag. He asked, "Can I be of any help? I'm a doctor at King Edward Hospital."

The husband got to his feet bristling with rage. "*Voertsak*, you bloody kaffir!" he yelled. "D'you think I'd let you lay your filthy black hands on my wife . . . ?"

The doctor shrugged hopelessly, went back to his car and drove off. An African who was standing near me in the little crowd spat into the gutter near the place where the husband stood. He turned and moved away, and I caught what he was saying under his breath.

"One day, you white pigs . . ."

BENJAMIN DeMOTT

THE GREAT NARCOTICS MUDDLE

Rumblings against old-fashioned methods of fighting the dope racket are growing into a roar. Doctors are lining up with lawyers and judges . . . and the Narcotics Bureau is showing signs of hysteria.

THE federal Narcotics Bureau is in trouble. For decades this agency lived high in the bureaucratic fastnesses where FBI men and other Jovian characters dwell. It sighed and Presidents groveled; it uttered and critics gaped; it asked and Congress gave. But all that is ending now. Slowly, laboriously, the Bureau's multiplying critics have been building up their case. A New York City Chief Magistrate recently condemned the Bureau's policies as "sadistic." Hard-driving liberals speak of Harry J. Anslinger, the Bureau's leader, as "The Untouchable" and hint that his retention by the Kennedy Administration owed much to the turn of marked political cards. Objections to the Bureau's methods have lately appeared in periodicals ranging in temper (and audience) from the elite monthly, *Commentary*, to the Sunday supplement, *This Week*. Respected Congressmen on both sides of the aisle are co-sponsoring legislation that ignores the Bureau's recommendations. And within the past year the White House itself has had occasion to cock a hostile eye at the Bureau's activities.

As might be guessed from the experience of other federal agencies, not every complaint aimed at the Narcotics Bureau has been sound or well-informed. At least one, however, has extraordinary weight behind it. This is a report produced under the auspices of two of the nation's most influential (and conservative) professional organizations—the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association. Published in 1961 by the University of Indiana Press (under the title, *Drug Addiction: Crime or Disease?*), the document was years in the making. The research on which it was based was financed by the Russell Sage Foundation and carried out under the direction of Judge Morris Ploscowe of New York. The joint AMA-ABA committee which issued the report was composed of distinguished men from both professions, among them: Edward S. Dimock (a U. S. District Court Judge); Abe Fortas (former Undersecretary of the Interior); Dr. Robert Felix (Director of the National Institute of Mental Health and President of the American Psychiatric Association); and Dr. Isaac Starr (Hartzell Professor of Therapeutic Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania).

What did these men find? For one thing, they argued strongly *against* the Narcotics Bureau's position that drug addiction must be regarded as a crime rather than as a disease. For another, they recommended further examination, by appropriate medical and legal authorities, of the "possibilities" of experiments in the legal distribution of drugs to addicts. The Houses of Delegates of both professional associations approved the document as submitted in 1959. Since that time it has not been easy to dismiss proponents of change in U. S. policies concerning addicts as mere ignorant agitators.

Nevertheless, the response of the Narcotics Bureau both to the report and to the voices that have echoed it has been violent. Bureau spokesmen accuse their AMA-ABA opponents of stooping to the technique of the "Hitler 'Big-lie.'" They dismiss the criticism of the New York Chief Magistrate with the inelegant observation that the man is a "gasbag." And they are now circulating an official document, bearing the imprint of the Treasury Department, which de-

scribes the U. S. Supreme Court as "hysterical"—because the Court dared to take a line contrary to that which they themselves regard as correct. As I have indicated, these ventures have not silenced the enemy. Indeed, in recent days both sides have grown steadily more vocal. And now, with new, controversial legislation in the field scheduled for discussion in both Houses in the present Congressional session, it seems likely that the original skirmish at high altitudes may shortly emerge as a noisy public brawl.

"GET CLEANED UP"

WHAT the public will make of the brawl, if it comes, cannot at this moment be predicted with confidence. A polltaker who sought to read the national pulse on the topic of drug addiction would learn, of course, that most citizens are solidly against heroin—but nothing else worth recording. Nor is this mysterious. The mass media have spared little to acquaint people with the facts of the addict's life. They have offered the memorable image of Frankie Sinatra kicking the habit, in the movie of Nelson Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm*, as well as an endless number of TV shows on the theme (four hour-long, prime-time plays in one week last October). Politicians in major urban centers have kept the subject more or less in the public eye (a campaign promise to run the junkies off the streets was a feature of the last mayoralty race in New York). And municipal police officials have publicized the relations between addiction and crime (some estimates claim that up to 50 per cent of the crime in New York is committed by addicts). But, surprising to say, none of this information is of much use to the citizen seeking genuine understanding of the feud. Despite the mass-media hoopla about addicts, despite the serious attempts of some organizations and publications to grapple with the problem, and despite the distinction of a substantial number of the Narcotics Bureau's critics, the significant issues have never received full definition in public.

Responsibility for this state of affairs rests in part with the present head of the federal Narcotics Bureau, Harry J. Anslinger. Commissioner Anslinger, who has held his job for more than three decades, carries on a portion of his official business by telephone from a small, yellow-brick house in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, where he also cares for his ailing wife. A heavily built, square-faced man of Dutch ancestry, with a thick, pock-marked neck and a preference for iridescent suitings and pale blue ties decorated with Chinese pagodas, the Commissioner enjoys an excellent reputation on Capitol Hill and is well thought of by most police officials throughout the country. He has resisted all invitations to bid for higher appropriations or a larger staff ("We have enough funds and men") and is free of the mannerisms of the self-important. (This is not to say his operations are modest: He directs some 400-odd employees and spent over $4 million last year.) A visitor who sees him sitting in the coffee shop of the Capitol Hotel in Hollidaysburg, chatting gently at midday with the country lawyers (the town is a county seat), enjoying a noontime martini on the rocks, served small-town style in a stem glass, or carefully putting pennies in the meter for his muted-tone Cadillac, is unlikely to read in his behavior signs of a world-devouring public official.

But if the Commissioner is not an apparent empire-builder, neither is he a leader deeply interested in clarifying for the general public the scientific or intellectual issues raised by his work. Faced with a question about why doctors disapprove of Narcotics Bureau policies, he launches upon an argument for compulsory commitment of addicts, and explains that narcotics police are "very gentle with all of them. We are the same with doctors. We say to them [the doctors]: 'Go in and get cleaned up.'" He then adds, lowering his voice significantly:

> This is what the doctors are afraid of: they might be forced into the hospital. . . . In 1931 I wanted a civil commitment law. The medical profession was scared. We had evidence on 1,800 doctors and they would have had to be put in. If we could have eliminated the medical opposition we could have gotten that through.

The Narcotics Bureau recently reversed itself and agreed to allow addicts charged with misdemeanors to be sent to hospitals instead of to jail. Faced with the question why, the Commissioner does not answer directly. He responds instead with an artless "insider's" tale about his relations with Robert Kennedy. The latter, as it appears, waged a shrewd campaign aimed at easing Narcotics Bureau hostility to change—a campaign that began with a successful bid for

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trust. ("Bob called me right in after he took office," says the Commissioner. "He said he got more help during that labor-rackets investigation of his from the Narcotics people than from anybody else in any department.") The bid for trust was followed by an assurance that Commissioner Anslinger would remain indispensable at the Bureau even if he could put in no more than "an hour a month" at his desk. (The Commissioner is sixty-nine years old; he has often spoken of retiring and describes himself as "burned out.") Only after having made these points, as the Commissioner recalled in conversation last summer, did the Attorney General press the matter of nonprosecution of felonious addicts. ("Bob said, 'Listen, you've got to give a little,' and I said: 'Okay, Bob . . . But only a *little.*' ")

THE JOURNEY INTO CRIME

IN A sense, this tendency to reduce issues to personalities is only a natural counterpart of the Commissioner's absorption with procedural matters and suspicion of outsiders who interest themselves in his special field. The Chief of the Narcotics Bureau is fascinated by the intricacies of law-enforcement problems; he is convinced, perhaps rightly, that his knowledge in this area is unmatched by that of any other enforcement official in the country. ("I've got a book on the Mafia," he remarks. "No, a *secret* book. I gave a copy to Bob but I couldn't to anybody else. No, I couldn't give it to [J. Edgar] Hoover. I just wouldn't risk it.")

But while he writes and speaks enthusiastically about specific successes in breaking up smuggling rings, he is impatient with discussion of the root causes of such rings. And while he is far from claiming that he stands alone in his attempt to combat the problem of addiction, he rarely directs favorable attention to the work of researchers who have sought general understanding of the problem. The Commissioner's claim is that the most significant contributions to the solution of the Bureau's difficulties have not come from the professional specialists, but rather from a religious group—the Seventh Day Adventists. ("The Seventh Day Adventists are the only people who have ever gone all out to help us.") And he does not hesitate to disclose his hope that his successor will himself be an Adventist. The man the Commissioner has in mind is Edward R. Bloomquist, a California doctor of medicine who has written at length against all proposed changes in present narcotics laws. ("He's a doc," says Commissioner Anslinger. "They can't say *he's* just a dumb-headed cop.")

That the Narcotics Commissioner avoids discussing fundamental issues involved in his work does not mean, of course, that there aren't any such issues—or any official Narcotics Bureau positions concerning them. The chief issue, as already indicated, is whether addiction should or should not be a crime. Maintaining that it *is* a crime, the Narcotics Bureau points at a number of federal and state statutes. Both the Boggs Act of 1952—which set mandatory minimum sentences—and the Narcotics Control Act of 1956—which increased the severity of these minimums—outlawed the unauthorized purchase and possession and sale of drugs. (In some states a citizen can be prosecuted as a narcotics violator even though authorities have no proof of purchase or possession on which to hold him: evidence that the citizen is an addict is enough to warrant prosecution.)

In upholding these statutes the official publications of the Narcotics Bureau offer a simple enough interpretation of the addict's plight. They assert that at the moment a man becomes an addict, he begins a journey into the dark night of thievery and worse that cannot be interrupted. Defenders of the Bureau grant that there may be an interval of from six months to two years between the time a man becomes an addict and the time he, as an addict, becomes a thief. (Commissioner Anslinger believes that 85 per cent of all addicts were lawbreakers even before they began to use drugs.) But in their view the addiction-crime cycle, whatever its pace, is rarely if ever broken. They point out that drugs are expensive, and that people preoccupied with the effort to procure them cannot long retain regular employment. What is more, the addict's tolerance to drugs increases from month to month, which means that as his resources for satisfying his habit are diminishing, the habit itself is becoming costlier. The noose cannot be slipped: the addict *must* turn to crime for funds. And therefore, according to Bureau spokesmen, it is essential that law-enforcement authorities have the power to anticipate the cycle. They insist they must be able to arrest the addict whenever they can find him.

Critics of this position do not quarrel with the observation that addicts often become criminals. They claim, however, that *it is precisely the legal insistence that addiction is a crime which forces the addict to become a thief.* At the bottom of this claim, to repeat, lies the belief (expressed in the AMA-ABA report) that the

addict is best understood in any circumstances as a sick man, not as a criminal: If the addict were recognized as a man with a disease, the cycle of addiction-crime might never begin in the first place. Noting that present law makes it virtually impossible for a doctor to treat an addict without risking heavy penalties, the critics argue that addicts must become criminals simply because they cannot become patients. But suppose the addict were free to turn to doctors for physical and psychiatric help (which could include legally prescribed dosages of drugs) and suppose he could be strengthened to endure the agonies of "cold turkey" (the sickness that follows the withdrawal of drugs). Then "the cycle" might be suspended. And this in turn would lead to the collapse of the enormously profitable drug racket in which the addict functions both as consumer and distributor for organized racketeers. If there were public clinics where people hooked on narcotics could receive care, then it would be impossible for smugglers to recruit addicts who, desperate for means of financing their habits, were willing to become pushers and peddlers. The addict would be under far less compulsion to crime.

SUPPLY "IN GOOD FAITH"

IN PROOF of the good sense of these contentions, critics of the Narcotics Bureau cite the experience of England, where addiction is viewed as a disease—and where there are presumed to be no more than 500 addicts (the official estimate is that there are 60,000 in America). Addicts in England can seek medical aid without fear of criminal prosecution. Physicians are not allowed to supply them with drugs except in good faith—which is to say, in connection with a responsible course of treatment. When addicts come to them as patients, they are obliged to inform the government; throughout the country there are well-enforced controls on possession and transfer of drugs. But none of these controls makes it illegal for a qualified physician to prescribe drugs for an addict, if the physician believes that a minimum dose may enable his patient to continue to lead a normal life from year to year, or if he believes that withdrawal distress would be, in light of the particular patient's condition, physically overwhelming. According to Edwin Schur, an American sociologist and lawyer who recently spent two years in England engaged in study of the British system of narcotics control, this approach has been remarkably successful.

> Not only has the estimated number of addicts remained extremely low [Schur writes], it has actually decreased—from 700 in 1935 to 359 in 1957. All the evidence indicates that there are very few addicts other than those receiving their supplies through legal channels. No sizable underworld drug traffic exists. The addict furnishes no economic incentive for contraband peddling, and needn't become a thief or prostitute to pay for drugs. Apparently, the few addicts who are convicted of crime usually have committed minor violations in order to get a little more of the drug than the doctor provided. Generally speaking, addiction and underworld life are not closely connected—one reason, perhaps, why few young people in Britain (even among the delinquents) have taken up addiction.

On the basis of these findings Professor Schur goes on to declare that: "It is quite clear that American policies have not worked, primarily because of the vicious supply-and-demand cycle they set in motion. What is needed is an absolute reversal of our current attitudes and laws."

And other researchers share his views. Professor Alfred R. Lindesmith of the University of Indiana, a sociologist who has studied the drug problem extensively, has written at length contrasting the "punitive approach" of the Narcotics Bureau (and present statutes) with an enlightened medical approach. And the joint AMA-ABA committee took a roughly similar position in the report I have mentioned. Quoting a Senate finding that "The U. S. has more narcotics addicts, both in total number and population-wise, than any other country of the Western world," the AMA-ABA committee observed that the existence of this situation "raises doubts concerning the wisdom of the prohibitory approach to problems of drug addiction."

But there is an obvious—and important—weakness in citations of English experience as justification for an "absolute reversal of our current attitudes and laws." In a published paper, the Research Center for Human Relations at New York University has established the existence of a direct relation between addiction and what are called "environmental factors." The largest concentration of heroin users in America is found in urban centers where daily life is characterized by hypertension, lack of satisfying opportunity, alienation, absence of community. It is doubtful that a free supply of narcotics could be counted a positive civic resource in our city slums, for example. Moreover, even when such areas are left out of the tabulation, this country ranks as an immensely more volatile society than any in which a nonpunitive mode of handling addiction has yet succeeded. (Although

conditions for the purchase of liquor are roughly the same in England and America, the rate of alcoholism is almost four times higher here than there.) Differences in the temper and traditions of societies do, in short, have a bearing on the kind of narcotics policy that is practicable in any single nation. And advocates of immediate reform of American policies who ignore or minimize these differences weaken their case.*

It must be said, though, that if the critics of the Narcotics Bureau tend to overstate their case, the Bureau itself has done much to drive them into overstatement. By maintaining that there *are* no other methods of handling the addiction problem except the one it favors, by resting firm in the ingenuous pretense that there is no "English system," it has provoked anger among experts who are aware that other methods do exist. These experts have come to feel that they cannot possibly win a hearing for alternative proposals —including foreign methods of narcotics control that may have something to teach us—unless they describe the methods in terms that leave complex cultural differences out of account. Their rule in dealings with the Narcotics Bureau has become: Oversimplify—or be ignored. From long experience, they have concluded that this agency is a monolith unshakable except by attacks that forgo all qualifications.

THE CURIOUS ANSWER

THERE is much to support this assumption, quite aside from the Bureau's stubborn obliviousness to alternative policies. In its public statements the Narcotics agency regularly shows itself forth as an extraordinary combination of prejudice, arrogance, and hostility to informed suggestion. Its "positive" recommendations for solving the narcotics problem amount to little more than a series of half-literate puffs for the idea of putting all dope peddlers in the electric chair and all addicts in narcotics installations like those at Lexington, Kentucky, and Fort Worth. (From 75 to 90 per cent of the graduates of these enormously expensive federal institutions relapse into addiction.) More important, the Bureau's dismissal of its critics is often accompanied by an appeal to everything that is mean, ignorant, and illiberal in the American consciousness.

This appeal, as might be expected, has its roots in what used to be described as the "cop mentality." Narcotics Bureau propaganda reeks with station-house hints that any man who interests himself in the problem of "known criminals" must have unsavory reasons for doing so. And since the medical profession has taken the most active interest in the addict's situation, it is the doctor whom the Narcotics cops understand to be their enemy. They have come to feel threatened by the increasing AMA activity in the field since 1954. And they are well aware of the scattering of doctors in large cities who dare to prescribe limited amounts of drugs, when analysis of the addict's condition suggests that such treatment might have chance of success.

This hostility of Narcotics officials to physicians is expressed not only in vigorous enforcement and in comment in interviews, but even in the official Narcotics Bureau publication. For example, the Bureau's 186-page "answer" to the AMA-ABA report plants seeds of suspicion of the medical profession in its early pages. In England, it observes, ". . . doctors, nurses, members of hospital staffs, etc., . . . who must be presumed to have knowledge of the addictive qualities of opiates, have the highest group addiction rate of that entire nation." And the point is hammered at everywhere in the document. Nowhere, to be sure, does the Bureau *say* that the reason doctors wish to handle opiates without restriction is that they will then be free to satisfy their own drug habits. But the implication is present.

The cop mentality also betrays itself in the Narcotics Bureau's carelessness about the Constitutional rights of its opposition. It is a commonplace that police officers often feel that procedures aimed at guaranteeing the rights of the individual are in fact mere tactics designed to harass the police. And this feeling has more than once been reflected in gestures made by the Narcotics Bureau against its critics. Last year the Bureau gave the impression (intentionally or otherwise) that it was determined to suppress the AMA-ABA report. Hearing that the document was to be published by the Russell Sage Foundation, the Bureau sent an agent directly to the foundation's Washington office—ostensibly to pick up a copy and to learn the source of the funds that underwrote the enterprise, in effect to suggest that measures of reprisal were under contemplation. Washington newspapers broke

* The joint AMA-ABA Committee did not make this mistake. Although it never addressed itself specifically to the matter of cultural susceptibility to addiction, it did acknowledge that earlier U. S. attempts at a clinic system dispensing free narcotics had been "bedeviled" by mistakes, and it recommended only a "limited experiment devised to test directly the hypothesis that clinics would eliminate the illicit drug traffic and reduce drug addiction."



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the story, the White House intervened, and at length the report was published, a full two years after its completion. But before its appearance between hard covers, the Bureau put in print thousands of copies of its own answer to the report. And among the curious aspects of this "answer" was that its outer cover was almost indistinguishable from that of the original, privately circulated AMA-ABA report—suggesting perhaps that the Bureau's aim was to confuse the public by presenting its own views as those of the AMA report.* Such strategy is evidence that the Bureau believes passionately in its own policies. But even an honest cop forfeits respect when zeal leads him to act on the assumption that critics of the law are necessarily the same as lawbreakers.

The handmaid of the cop mentality in the Narcotics Bureau is a whole complex of attitudes associated with Bible-Beltism. It is a well-established medical fact that addiction to heroin dulls sexual appetites—but Narcotics Bureau officials are strongly given to tales of sex and drug orgies. Commissioner Anslinger's latest book, *The Murderers,*** is filled with gamy accounts of heroin parties. ("Four nude girls—all about eighteen years old—were surprised in a scene of unspeakable sexual depravity. Leaping up and crying out in high-pitched alarm, they ran for their clothes, while a naked Chinese cowered against the wall.") In addition, Bureau officials have a taste for public propaganda that panders to provincial superstition of "un-American" types. Its publications are peppered with villains bearing Southern European names, and are dense with innuendo about labor unions and big-city public servants.

Indeed, the fury of the Bureau's anti-intellectualism is without match in the government. Attempts are made to disguise this rage—the Narcotics Bureau's answer to the straightforward prose of the AMA-ABA report was thick with schoolboyish allusions to Coleridge, De Quincey, Francis Thompson, Theophrastus, and other famous junkies. But despite this literary decoration, the document may well be the crudest publication yet produced by a government agency. The tone ranges from thudding, pretentious irony to upper-case, italicized hysteria:

> . . . The truth is that the extended hand of medicine seldom reaches far enough to overcome the blandishments and seduction of opium until it has law enforcement to remove the all too willing victim from the arms of Lady Morphia and to physically place him within reach if he is to have the advantage of what modern medicine can do for him. To the man of medicine . . . I say do not let the soft-hearted *claque* play down law enforcement as if it were something in opposition to or a substitute for your work. If you do, you may be withering your right arm.

Absurdity and vulgarity of literary manner in a federal agency is not, of course, a certain sign of corruption in the agency's nonliterary activity. But when such absurdity appears as part of a context of intimidation, smearing allusion to a respected profession, and hostility even to the most carefully planned experimental research, it takes its place as yet another symptom of an unhealthy bureaucratic atmosphere. Even if there were no ground whatever for criticism of the Narcotics Bureau's policies, the presence of these symptoms in an agency of the federal government should cause strong public concern.

A SENSE OF EMERGENCY

THE way to clear the atmosphere is not easy to specify. Suspicion has mounted to intolerable levels on both "sides." Legislators aware of this situation have gone so far as to introduce measures specifically designed to transfer discussion of narcotics issues from their present setting, in the shadows of a feud, to neutral ground. Senators Javits and Keating of New York, for example, are supporting a bill calling for a White House Conference on Narcotics (Commissioner Anslinger describes the proposal as "a waste of time"). The participants would include all professionally interested authorities; the purpose would be to provide a platform at once open enough to permit public scrutiny of the controversialists, and prestigious enough to discourage cop-baiting *and* doctor-baiting.

But while there is something to be said for a gathering of authorities under these circumstances, it must be added that past White House conferences have often proved to be no more than instruments of elegant evasion. The undeclared war between the Narcotics Bureau and well-regarded organizations of professional men has gone too far to be ended by an afternoon of speeches from opposite points of view, followed by an evening of Presidential brandy and cigars. What is needed is a less open-ended instrument of inquiry. One sensible procedure might be the

* It was this report that contained the attack upon the Supreme Court as "hysterical." As a result of pressure, the document was withdrawn from public sale through the Government Printing Office, but the Narcotics Bureau now circulates the volume, with the original attack undeleted, free of charge.

** Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, January 1962.

appointment of a special Presidential Advisory Commission of medical and legal authorities—men who could be relied on to consider the narcotics dispute intelligently and objectively. A group of this kind could be directed to evaluate present policy, to consider problems of personnel in the Narcotics Bureau itself, and to advise on the feasibility of experimental action along the lines suggested by the American Medical and Bar Associations. Its conclusions could provide the Chief Executive with a sound basis on which to evaluate both the present operations of his Narcotics Bureau and the need for new legislation concerning addiction control. (At sixty-nine, Mr. Anslinger cannot continue as director of the Bureau much longer—which means that now is the sensible time for the President to act.)

As is obvious, no Presidential commission, regardless of the wisdom of its recommendations, could solve all the outstanding problems at a stroke. Given the statutes on the books, the Narcotics Bureau must remain primarily a law-enforcement agency, at least for the present. Yet if it were instructed to co-operate with, say, an experimental federal narcotics clinic, it would be advancing into an area where the guidance of a public-health officer of considerable qualifications would become essential. It will not be easy to find such a man, nor will it be easy for him to function simultaneously as a public-health authority and as a police officer.

Neither will it be easy for any group of experts to draft a whole new program of narcotics control. One might guess that, if there were to be a new program, it would involve the establishment of one or more experimental narcotics clinics in urban centers, in proper co-ordination with police authorities, and under a careful arrangement by which no addict would be given drugs except as a part of a regimen of medical, psychiatric, and social care. (In fact, efforts are now being made by private groups to establish treatment centers along such lines in New York City. And Senators Javits, Keating, and others—besides calling for a White House Conference—have proposed a federal-state program to provide special hospital facilities for addicts.)

But guesses at this moment *are* idle. The point of significance is that a commission empowered not simply to talk but to make specific proposals might put an end to a situation in which hard questions are seldom faced *as* questions, only as insults and accusations. And nothing is more urgent than that this be accomplished.

To speak of urgency is to name what has been conspicuously absent from discussion in this field until now. To be sure, no one who has been struck down and robbed in midtown Manhattan by an addict tormented by his need is likely to regard the problem as trivial. And for addicts themselves there is literally nothing to life except the terrible pressure generated by their habits. But for the public the matter has been relatively easy to treat as an item remote from central matters of national policy. The specifics of the problem are ugly indeed and the public tends to recoil from them sharply. Few attempts have been made to communicate a sense of emergency or crisis in this field to the country at large.

Can such a sense be communicated? Certainly the problem touches millions beyond the addicts themselves—not least of all the urban taxpayer, whose bill for police protection soars from season to season. But mere pocketbook interest is not all that dictates a truce in the war of cops and doctors described here. The truth is that the failure of the Narcotics Bureau and its critics to join forces in seeking better approaches to the narcotics problem amounts to a piece of plain inhumanity in itself. If no panacea is likely, there is at least a chance that a formal Presidential inquiry might redirect the energy hitherto spent by public officials and private professionals in abusing each other, and might even develop specific proposals for alleviating what has already become a major urban agony. Now that the infallibility of the Narcotics Bureau has been challenged, and the professional associations are ready to act, the public must demand that this chance be seized.

Harper's Magazine, March 1962

THEODORE ROETHKE

TWO FOR CYNTHIA

I She has a face round as a plate
Some adolescent fat;
She's freckles like her mother
And she never wears a hat.
She's lovely O! She's lovely O!
She's lovely, tiny feet.

II O, with titters and tatters
And dishes and platters,
As with Eleanor, tunning,
To see Cynthia running
Surprises the wind
(She's so sweet from behind,
She surprises the wind).

DANIEL AARON

THE RIDDLE OF JOHN DOS PASSOS

How a passionate revolutionist turned into a dedicated conservative—without really changing his guiding principles.

THE insurgents of the 'twenties and 'thirties who remember John Dos Passos as a radical camp-follower must think it very odd indeed to find his articles featured in William Buckley's conservative *National Review* or to see his name respectfully cited in a *Saturday Evening Post* editorial along with Senator Goldwater and the House Un-American Activities Committee. After all, this is the same man who raged over the "legalized murder" of Sacco and Vanzetti, who angrily reported the misery in the coal fields of Harlan County, Kentucky, and excoriated the creatures of capitalism.

It is obvious that Dos Passos no longer believes in the economic and political causes of his youth, but does his social philosophy today essentially contradict his earlier credo? "My sympathies," he wrote in 1939, "lie with the private in the front line against the brass hat; with the hod-carrier against the strawboss, or the walking-delegate for that matter; with the laboratory worker against the stuffed shirt in a mortarboard; with the criminal against the cop." They still do. In 1961, however, the "walking-delegate" has been transmogrified into Big Labor, and the "mortarboards" have proliferated into a bureaucracy of eggheads. They have joined with the other predators to persecute unorganized technicians, entrepreneurs, and workingmen.

In his recently published novel, *Midcentury*, Dos Passos once more sallies forth against the exploiters of the underlying population, but the Enemy no longer wears a silk hat or sports medals, and the insurgents no longer get their heads cracked by vigilantes. They are more likely to be the legionnaires of *laissez-faire*, the self-employed businessmen. Still on the side of the defeated, Dos Passos mournfully salutes thwarted generals (Douglas MacArthur and William F. Dean), old-fashioned lawyers (Senator John McClellan), and foiled financiers (Robert R. Young), the rear guard of authentic America overwhelmed by bureaucrats of government, capital, and labor. The "Big Money" boys may not dress or talk the way they did thirty years ago, but they are no less obscene in Dos Passos' eyes. The last act of a drama which began in 1925 with the publication of *Manhattan Transfer* is now moving toward its predictable catastrophe.

Dos Passos' theme might be described as the capture of the nation by "strangers" who have penetrated the American Eden as insidiously as the tribe of the Snopeses infiltrated into William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County. To the Puritan "Saints" of the seventeenth century, the "strangers" were merely the unsanctified or unregenerate portion of the community. To Dos Passos, who ferociously memorialized them in a famous passage in *U. S. A.*, the "strangers" are the subverters of the American dream, spiritual parricides of the Founding Fathers. They might be old-stock Americans—college presidents, judges, statesmen, clergymen, labor czars—anyone in short who, as Dos Passos once wrote, "turned our language inside out" and "took the clean words our fathers spoke and made them slimy and foul." They scored terribly in 1927 when they electrocuted two Italian anarchists, but during the intervening years, according to Dos Passos' novelistic history of the Republic, they have infected the entire body politic, corrupted the labor movement, corrupted the values of the nation, and reduced the "Saints" to a tiny embattled minority of libertarians. "Man," Dos

Passos concludes in *Midcentury,* "drowns in his own scum."

One character in this novel links the old and the young Dos Passos. This is Blackie Bowman, merchant seaman, wobbly, working stiff, whose monologues delivered from a bed in a veterans' hospital recapture the years when he and the author waited for "the Promised Land," when revolution held forth something better than "firing squads and jails." His trials and escapades have taught him what Dos Passos has been saying in different ways for decades: "It's mass organization that turns man into a louse." But Blackie (unlike Dos Passos in his editorializing moods) is never shrill or peevish, and his reminiscences of the "Great Days" of *The Masses,* the Provincetown Theatre, and the Paterson strike are contagiously nostalgic. Unlike so many ex-radicals, Dos Passos has never been guilty of the unpardonable impiety. He has changed his politics without slandering himself or his past. And unlike the pink-cheeked and prematurely circumspect "young conservatives" of today, this veteran of the radical wars has at least earned his conservatism.

"I WANT TO ASSASSINATE"

BEFORE the Angry Young Men became a literary organization, Dos Passos was an angry young man, a great complainer and denouncer. Half-aesthete, half-revolutionist, he found much to be unthankful for even before he graduated from Harvard in 1916:

——American literature: a feeble cutting from "England's sturdy well-branched oak."

——The absence of traditions "to give us reverence for these rocks and rills so glibly mentioned in the national anthem."

——Machine civilization which bound and stultified the individual and stifled self-expression.

What might be described as a kind of pastoral pessimism quickly passed into splenetic protest after young Dos Passos unrapturously decided to share in the war experiences of his generation. Very likely his ulterior reasons had little to do with red-white-and-blue patriotism. While still an undergraduate, he had been working hard to rub off the hated stigmata of Choate School and Harvard College. The war promised to be an effective abrasive. He joined the Norton-Harjes ambulance unit, but even before embarking for France, he was practically exploding with rebellion.

Dos Passos described his state of mind at this time to a friend in a series of letters, portions of which are printed below (with Mr. Dos Passos' permission) for the first time. He had been going, he told his friend, to pacifist meetings. He had observed "the cossack tactics of the New York police force" as well, and practiced singing "The International." Why, he asked, were Harvard graduates such a "milky lot"? And why "couldn't one of us have refused to register and gone to jail and made a general ass of himself"? The only people with guts, he concluded, were the East Side Jews and "a few of the isolated 'foreigners' whose opinions so shock the *New York Times.*" They were so much more real and alive than "all the nice young men" turned out by "these stupid colleges of ours," these "instillers of stodginess—every form of bastard culture, middle-class snobbism."

> And what are we fit for when they turn us out of Harvard? We're too intelligent to be successful businessmen and we haven't the sand or the energy to be anything else.
>
> Until Widener is blown up and A. Lawrence Lowell assassinated and the Business School destroyed and its site sowed with salt—no good will come out of Cambridge.

His thoughts were bloody if facetious:

> My only hope is in revolution—in wholesale assassination of all statesmen, capitalists, warmongers, jingoists, inventors, scientists—in the destruction of all the machinery of the industrial world, equally barren in destruction and construction.
>
> My only refuge from the deepest depression is in dreams of vengeful guillotines.

Already the premature lost-generationite (his distrust for Wilsonian platitudes antedated his war experiences), Dos Passos was not at first a lugubrious dissenter and his protests were almost gay. Eastbound on the USS *Chicago* in June 1917, he poked fun at "Archie" Roosevelt and the other patrician officers, bloodthirsty imperialists to a man, and he sent humorous letters home to his Harvard friends attacking conscription, the daily press, and "the intellectual classes."

After a month's spell in a French training camp, however, his mood darkened. It seemed to him that "the elderly swag-bellied gentlemen" controlled his destiny; they had the world in

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Professor Daniel Aaron directs the American Studies program at Smith College. His new book, "Writers on the Left: Episodes in American Literary Communism," was published this winter by Harcourt, Brace and World.

their clutches. Although he was almost relieved to escape into "a pleasantly cynical sullenness" and "stride away from the human race," he knew that in time he would feel the twinges of conscience and "take up again my self-inflicted burdens."

During the summer and fall of 1917, he caught the full blast of the war, later recorded ingloriously in his *Three Soldiers:* the mutilated bodies, the horses choking to death in poison gas, the drunken troops. He found it hideous and absurd. Wasn't it time, he asked, to stop crying over the dead or over a probably mythical liberty? "Like the Jews at their wailing place, the Liberals cover their heads with their robes of integrity and wail, wail, wail—God, I'm tired of wailing. I want to assassinate."

Only one thought consoled him. At least the poison gas of trench warfare was better than the miasma of lies that enshrouded the world, and if the war could not be stopped, one might still "heave 'arf a brick into the Temple of Moloch if nothing else" and "disturb with laughter the religious halo of the holocaust."

From August 1917 until the summer of 1918, when he was sent back to the States because of his anti-military views, he lived the life of a vagabond ambulance driver, first in France, then in Italy, finding the agony and the misery of Europe preferable to the American "orgy of patriotic bunk." With Robert Hillyer, he repaired broken engines, scavenged for wine and omelets, and collaborated on a novel. Out of these picaresque episodes came Dos Passos' first book, *One Man's Initiation—1917* (published in 1920) which caught his rage and disgust with "the orgy of lies" that culminated in World War I and his hopes for a world organized "by the ungreedy, by the humane, by the uncunning."

FONDNESS FOR LONE WOLVES

BACK in the States in the fall of 1918, he waited to find out if his bad eyes would keep him out of the Army. Army life appalled him. "Organization," he declared, "is death." And yet he did not want to be anywhere else. "I'm glad I'm here," he wrote in a letter, "even if I seem to grumble. I've always wanted to divest myself of my class and the monied background—The army seemed the best way—From the bottom—thought I, one can see clear—So, though I might have escaped behind my sacred eyes, I walked with the other cattle into the branding pen—." He enlisted in the medical corps, but he saw no more active service.

Dos Passos emerged from the war an independent-radical seeker, filled with the mission (as he said of the Spanish novelist, Baroja) "to put the acid test to existing institutions, to strip them of their veils."

He found the corrosive in the drawings of George Grosz, the discovery of which seemed to Dos Passos like "finding a brilliant new weapon" or "hearing a wellimagined and properly balanced string of cusswords." Here was a satirist who brutally set down the grotesque incongruities of society, who "put into expressive forms his grisly obsessions." Writing some years later in an introduction to *Interregnum* (Grosz's furious drawings of Germany between two wars), Dos Passos noted that Grosz provoked a "grin of pain" rather than laughter. "Instead of letting you be the superior bystander laughing in an olympian way at somebody absurd, Grosz makes you identify yourself with the sordid and pitiful object." Dos Passos never achieved in words what Grosz conveyed by visual image—Nathanael West's novels provide closer literary analogues to the great German artist—but Grosz's emblems of social disease resembled his own; and he shared with Grosz what he called the "profound sense of the evil of existing institutions."

This sense deepened after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti when he "privately seceded" from the United States and became the arch-enemy of privilege, the self-appointed grave digger of capitalism, and the paladin of the young Communist intellectuals. Yet his writing, revolutionary as it appeared, suggested his intense disgust with the human decay around him more strongly than it did the possibilities of a Socialist solution.

For example, his play *Airways, Inc.*—written in 1928 when he was most closely associated with the recently founded revolutionary magazine, *The New Masses,* and with the radical writers of the New Playwrights Theatre—is packed with suicides, frame-ups, and electrocutions—a horrendous diatribe against capitalist institutions. He intended it to illustrate what he was calling for at this time: "socially creative ideas . . . the new myth that's got to be created to replace the imperialist prosperity myth if the machinery of American life is ever to be gotten under social control."

In creating this new myth, however, Dos Passos subordinated people to conditions and concentrated on the disaster rather than on the victims. Edmund Wilson, a good friend and his most astute critic, wondered if Dos Passos' hatred of capitalist society was not becoming a "distaste

for all the beings who compose it." In *Manhattan Transfer* (1925), his first collective novel, it was humanity, Wilson thought, that "came off badly"; unintentionally, Dos Passos had damned "the sufferers along with the disease." In *Airways, Inc.*, the sufferers were inconceivably hideous. Dos Passos did not distinguish capitalism's official representatives from the unprotesting multitudes unfortunate enough to have been born under the system and too stupid to oppose it. Such an impossible society of yahoos impelled Wilson "to rush to the defense of even the American bathroom, even the Ford car—which, after all, one begins to reflect, have perhaps done as much to save the people from the helplessness, ignorance, and squalor as the prophets of revolution have done." When a gifted and intelligent man like Dos Passos martyred his "good guys" and made "the wrong side" invariably repulsive, he was betraying an inward sentimentality "of which his misapplied resentments are merely the aggressive side." Dos Passos brought his own political ideas under suspicion "because we suspect the processes by which he arrived at them."

Dos Passos' political thinking drew comments like this from others during and after the 'twenties. Social critics are always being accused of reading their charnel visions into the cosmos, of being sicker than the society they castigate, and Dos Passos' fondness for courageous failures, lone wolves, and challengers of authority may very possibly spring from undisclosed preconceptions. Nevertheless, Dos Passos did not invent the violence and corruption he chronicled in *U. S. A.* The exploitation and lynchings and financial skulduggery he put into his books actually happened; and his rage at the "strangers" who polluted America was his anguished response to what seemed to him to be a betrayal of the country's heritage.

THE WOOLLIEST POLITICAL DISCUSSIONS

IF Edmund Wilson questioned his friend's "infatuation" with social revolution, the Communists did not. By the late 'twenties, left-wing intellectuals, searching out the ideologically salvageable elements of the middle class, held up Dos Passos to the timid literati as the prime example of a man who had saved himself and strengthened his work by seeing "the promise of a dynamic tradition in the new social order that is slowly emerging today. . . ." They took pride in his revolutionary temper and in his growing reputation in the Soviet Union.

At no time did Dos Passos consider joining the Communist party, even between 1926 and 1932 when he was working closely with Communists and Communist sympathizers. Temperamentally opposed to "membership" of any kind, he urged the Left writer to steer "clear of dogmas, imported or domestic." He warned the readers of *The New Masses* in 1926: "The terrible danger to explorers is that they always find what they are looking for."

But there were other reasons too. Although his impressions of Russia, where he was a great favorite, were favorable enough when he visited the Soviet Union in 1928, like Edmund Wilson a few years later he saw no reason to import the Muscovite brand of communism to the United States. He preferred the domestic variety of socialism. The fate of Sacco and Vanzetti convinced him that the class struggle operated as freely in the allegedly classless America as elsewhere; he needed no instruction from Marx on that score. However, middle-class liberals like himself best served the cause of American revolution, he reasoned, by seeing to it that the class struggle was carried on "under the most humane conditions possible." This would not be easy when the government and the industrialists looked upon even "the coolest neutrality" as "Red radicalism."

The Communists at first denounced this position as wishy-washy liberalism but later, in the days of the Popular Front, they learned to make the most of it. Dos Passos remained "friend John" until his "psychological orientation" was deemed "not revolutionary," at least not to the extent of endorsing all Party practices. Until 1937, the Communists put up with Dos Passos' ideological vagaries, but his criticisms of the U.S.S.R. and his reported sympathy with the despised anarchists in Spain during the Spanish Civil War sorely tried their patience. They weren't ready to abandon him, but his retreat to middle-class liberalism, his new confidence in an America cut off from Europe's ruling cliques by a friendly Atlantic, his revived interest in the American democratic heritage seemed to them a "strange metamorphosis." And his "Conversation" with Theodore Dreiser published in a little magazine called *Decision*, must have seemed even stranger. Surely it was one of the oddest and woolliest political discussions ever carried on between two distinguished novelists.

The exchange took place in Dreiser's apartment, December 17, 1937. From rather uncertain observations on the political situation in New York City, the conversation veered to Upton

Sinclair's campaign for governor in California, then to Quakerism and the WPA writers, and, finally, to the subject of Russia:

Dos Passos: Five years ago, a great many Americans pretended to be very hopeful about Russia. I think now because of this terrific terror, because of the fact that the terror has to keep on, and keeps going on, people feel that something is not working there.

Dreiser: Well, I was strong for Russia and for Stalin and the whole program, but in the last year, I have begun to think that maybe it won't be any better than anything else.

Dos Passos: Well, though, look at the achievements of the French Revolution, a great many survived through the period following Napoleon. I think a great many of its achievements are still going on.

Dreiser: Yes, and a great many achievements of the Russian Revolution are right here with us. We're indebted to them for a lot of things—forty-hour week, WPA—I mean for public works—the dole, because they had the dole over there from the first. Wages and laws, control of farming. This bill that's up now. That would never come in this country except for Russia in 1917, at least not in our day.

Dos Passos: No, I think all the great achievements of the Russian Revolution have been made, and that's absorbed into history. And I still don't understand what's happening there. It sounds like . . .

Dreiser: And damned if I do . . .

When asked by Dreiser if he would like to "Russianize" America if he could, Dos Passos said he would not. Although he agreed with Dreiser that the situation was very bad, America still had a chance; it was "probably the country where the average guy has got the better break." Nationalize the monopolies, yes, but find a way to instill the spirit of "the New England town meeting into bureaucratic industry."

A few months after the "conversation," the Communist party's pungent literary spokesman, Michael Gold, passed judgment on his old friend Dos Passos in the *Daily Worker*. Arnold Gingrich, publisher of *Esquire*, had sent Gold a copy of *U. S. A.*, the separate volumes of which Gold had read and praised, asking him if he did not think it was "the greatest book written in modern America?" Gold disliked sitting "in aesthetic judgment" on the book of a writer infected with the "lunacy" of Trotskyism. Once, he admitted, he had praised Dos Passos enthusiastically as many other American and Soviet critics had done, because he was "going somewhere." And rightly so: "We recognized in him a powerful if bewildered talent" and "tried to help him free that talent from the muck of bourgeois nihilism." On rereading the trilogy, Gold was struck by the pervasiveness of the word *"merde,"* symptomatic of Dos Passos' disgust with the world and his hatred of humanity. "Like the Frenchman Céline, Dos Passos hates Communists because organically he hates the human race."

Later, it was possible for critics not so passionately involved in the Left movement to take a more clinical view of Dos Passos' disaffection. They saw his chronic rebelliousness, his dogged search for a satisfying faith, and his stubborn libertarianism as symptoms of latent hostility to his father and adolescent frustrations. Whatever its origin, however, it seems clear enough by this time that Dos Passos would never find any form of collectivism congenial. And when the Party became in his eyes an agency of the stale old tyrannies, he repudiated it. His change of heart was already apparent in *The Big Money*, the third volume of his trilogy. There, as one Communist critic protested, the revolutionary leaders appeared as dehumanized robots, and the author's concern extended only to the lone individual.

NOT RAMMED INTO A MOULD

HE HAD "rejoined the United States," as he phrased it, in the first years of the New Deal. It was then that Dos Passos' confidence in the durability of democratic traditions returned and his respect for the habit of self-government deepened. For the first time he began to study seriously the founders of the Republic and to discover in their writings both the reasons for national failure and the directives for national survival. Inklings of this new conviction could be detected in his introduction to *The Living Thoughts of Tom Paine* (1940). Paine, too, had spoken for world revolution and defended the Bolsheviks of the eighteenth century. His condemnation of the French revolutionaries at the time of the Terror expressed Dos Passos' feelings about their Russian counterparts.

"Republic!" he quotes Paine exploding to an English friend, "do you call this a Republic? Why they are worse off than the slaves of Constantinople, for there they expect to be bashaws in heaven by submitting to be slaves below, but here they believe in neither heaven nor hell, and yet are slaves by choice."

Dos Passos continued to explore America's usable past in *The Ground We Stand On* (1941), a message to his countrymen and to himself. Ostensibly an account of America's democratic heritage as seen in the careers and ideas of Roger Williams, Franklin, Jefferson, and Joel Barlow, it could also be read as a caveat for "the angry

young men of today" not to sell America short, to recognize the bloody totalitarian states abroad for what they were, and to evaluate their heritage: "the habits and traditions and skills of self-government."

Send young Americans abroad, Jefferson had recommended, and they will come back good republicans. Dos Passos returned from his wanderings believing that America was the least regimented country in the world. After touring the United States in 1942 and 1943, he set down his impressions in *State of the Nation* (1944), a by-no-means pessimistic book. America was still open. People could "still change their occupations, their way of living, their settlements as easily as they can eat their breakfasts." Yet Dos Passos was growing increasingly distrustful of "the man in the White House" and the "handful of men" who made the grand decisions because, as one of them told him, they were the only ones "who had the information on which to base an opinion." The initial success of Roosevelt's moderate revolution during an age of dictatorships he attributed to America's democratic legacy; the New Deal petered out, Dos Passos decided, when FDR "succumbed to the disease of power so acutely diagnosed by the authors of the Federalist papers."

In the last twenty years, Dos Passos has been composing a set of variations, fictional and nonfictional, on the theme of power. It is axiomatic with him that all institutions decay; the process accelerates as managers become separated more and more from the managed. This law applies as fatally to corporations and to labor unions as it does to government. The farther a man is removed from the actual business of life, from making and doing, the greater his susceptibility to the political and economic abstractions and to what Thorstein Veblen (Dos Passos' philosopher) called the "vendible imponderables." Victims of the power virus in Dos Passos' novels can be detected by their arrogance, by their fondness for inexact terms and phrases ("ideological camouflage"), and by the facility with which they reduce living particulars, whether people or things, into dead generalities.

Before the depression, when the business of America was business, Dos Passos made Big Business the principal foe. Socialism and communism appealed to him and others with similar views, because it gave them a sense of participating directly in history, and because it promised to fuse government with its grass-root origins. By the early 'forties, he was certain that the center of power had shifted from Wall Street to Washington. A new elite had entrenched itself armed with the power to tax and dedicated to perpetuating its own authority. In Washington, in trade unions and corporations, a minority of believers in self-government struggled without noticeable success against the forces of dictatorship.

Dos Passos set down these thoughts in a book of political commentary, *The Prospect Before Us*. Published in 1950, eleven years before *Midcentury*, it is a kind of dress rehearsal for the novel, which incorporates with little or no change some of the same ideas, illustrations, even sentences. The earlier book ended on a note of qualified hope: "We have not yet let ourselves be rammed into the mould of stratified society." After the lapse of a decade, Dos Passos no longer seems so sure. *Midcentury* continues his crusade for decentralization, but the reader is left with the impression that the rot of bureaucracy has sunk too deep to be eradicated.

DOS PASSOS has never reneged in his pledge to the "lone individual," but his shift from a revolutionary anarchism to the kind of libertarian Republicanism represented by the late Senator Robert Taft has not carried much imaginative conviction. The words may be similar but not the music. He has never been able to make the identification with *National Review* or *Reader's Digest* that he had once made with *The Masses* of Max Eastman or *The New Masses* or *Partisan Review*. A General MacArthur simply cannot evoke for Dos Passos the poignancy of a pacifist martyr like Randolph Bourne, the critic and essayist who braved the superpatriots during World War I; nor does Dos Passos ring true in his genial reflections on Senator Joseph McCarthy.

His failure to oppose socialism as eloquently as he once defended revolution has often been noted; and it hardly needs to be demonstrated that Dos Passos, still the honest and dedicated artist-reporter, still splendidly indignant, is no longer able to muster the sacred passion of his finest novel, *Nineteen-Nineteen*. For the artist, at least, "The Tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction."

How ironic it is that Dos Passos has been most effectively answered, finally, not by his critics but by himself. He has never sold out his principles. He is not a turncoat, the informer, who took the safe course. He remains the oppositionist and seeker who refuses to make his peace. But he spent his talents too lavishly and too emotionally on causes he has since repudiated. He left the best of his literary self behind.

Harper's Magazine, March 1962

VIRGINIA KENNY

A Better Way to Teach Deaf Children

A heretical proposal to reconsider the present lip-reading system and to let down the bars against the use of sign language.

TODAY scattered throughout the United States some 22,000 deaf children attend special schools or classes, absorbing the full attention of 5,000 teachers and staff. Education of the deaf is one of the most difficult and costliest kinds of specialized teaching; and most outsiders assume it is working as well as can be expected—without ever taking a look inside. If they did, they might wonder whether the modern system—which aims first of all to teach deaf children to read lips, and to speak as nearly as possible like normal children—is really as good as its entrenched advocates insist.

I am convinced that, with all kindness, we are holding back our deaf children and perhaps discouraging them for life by this kind of teaching. By forbidding them to use their superb talents of mimicry, by outlawing their sign language and refusing to let them use finger-spelling, we are increasing, not overcoming, their clannishness. In the fond belief that they will be better people—and more tolerable in society—if they are as much as possible like ourselves, we turn our backs on their natural expressive abilities. It is cruel to them and a loss to us.

Parents with normal hearing are bewildered, of course, when they find that their child is deaf. Deaf babies drink milk and cry and babble and sleep just as hearing babies do, and therefore, until they reach age one, two, even three or more, deafness sometimes is not suspected. Even today there are people who feel it a stigma to have brought forth a deaf child.

Four boys and three girls were in my home-room, that first year in 1955, and their average age was thirteen and a half. I explained that I was replacing their teacher who had retired during the summer.

They thought I explained that she was dead. At least, when their lively bodies ejected toward me discordant, unintelligible voice noises, that's what I think they thought. And as they turned aside from me to communicate among themselves, by signing and finger-spelling, dramatic expressions of emotions raced up their arms and bolted to the tips of their whirling fingers, and I wondered that first day why oral teachers of the deaf, like the "dead" teacher and myself, were not required to learn the sign language.

"Policeman sick father," David wrote on the blackboard a few days later after his spoken words made me mistakenly think he himself was sick. Until Rosemary wrote her question on the board, I did not know that the sounds she was making with her voice concerned eternity: "By Mother Father dead?"

At Christmastime Rosemary went royally temperamental and refused at first to rehearse her spoken lines of Gabriel the Archangel who brought good tidings of great joy. I judged from her fury as she stamped her foot and clawed her breast that she was angry with grownups and especially with her teachers for trying to force her to talk. I wondered why we didn't once in a while let youngsters with talent like hers act in their own magnificent pantomime. At the performance, the visiting audience was thrilled to hear the deaf attempt to speak, but proud Rosemary did not know her spoken words came across the footlights sounding like a suffering little lamb's bleat.

The vocational boys came to my room once a week for speech. They were big and strong and never took their eyes off my lips, and they led

me to think I was giving them something beyond their woodworking and printing and the elemental breath and voice sounds on which they had been drilled every school day since they were babies. In autumn they seemed to me to be fascinated by "A Vagabond Song" and Bliss Carman who wrote it. In winter they imitated my lips as we read together out loud Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."

One day I asked the boys to jot down on paper whether they preferred the autumn poem or the winter poem—and why. These are some of their jottings: "I year seventeen old birthday blow yesterday." And, "Father car wash yesterday shine big. Rain wet fall." And, "I is it to the basketball television last tomorrow night." And, "Brother, sister, mother, father, aunt, uncle, shop go food ice-cream brown eat."

Yet, temporarily stunned as this shock left me, I bowed in respect to the deaf for their genius in never being at a loss for signs, and for their confidence and maturity when they used them. I noticed that the pupils wrote only words for which they knew signs, but they made hundreds of different signs and evidently they had many ideas for which they had no words. If I asked them what a sign meant, they were not cooperative. Perhaps it was because they did not understand the question or could not explain the answer. Or perhaps they thought, since no one in authority in the school knew signs, why should I? Sometimes they exchanged signs with their desk tops up to block me off, so I knew that their private language was none of my business.

THE SIGNS GO DOWN

THE War of Methods, as every authority on deaf education calls it, is nearly a century old in America. Until the mid-1860s, the French Manual Method (signing and finger-spelling) of the Jansenist Charles Michel de l'Epée predominated. Then the German Oral Method (speech and lip-reading) of Samuel Heinicke invaded the field. When this war broke out, "One side pointed with contempt to teachers of the deaf who could not use their fingers and who could not communicate with the adult deaf and even not with their own children. The other side retaliated with an equal contempt for people who were too blind and stupid to see the inestimable advantages of the new teaching."*

Currently, in one camp, comprising the overwhelming majority of the educators, are the "pure oralists." They try to teach the deaf by talking to them and the children try very hard to read their teachers' lips and to talk back. In the opposing but minor camp are those who approve and practice oralism but also use signs and finger-spelling for teaching aids for the deaf, if the school or state administration does not forbid them.

All my life, whenever I noticed two or more deaf people anywhere—on the street or in subways, etc.—they were signing. Therefore it came as a great surprise when it finally dawned on me by January 1956 that "Thou Shalt Not Sign" was another Commandment. The victorious oralists, in the saddle for almost ninety years, had easily won the backing of parents who shuddered at the thought of their deaf children using signs and were happy about the miraculous new method. Hence oralism has succeeded in making the lingering sign language die out as an educational tool . . . despite its vivid survival among the deaf themselves.

The illustrated sign-language books* which I dug out of the library were a revelation to me.

Pig: I had seen the pupils direct that sign to us educators. "Back of the right hand prone under the chin, fingers pointing leftward, and hand wobbled to indicate the wallowing of the animal in the mire. (Immodest) (Impure) (Nasty) (Immoral)."

Responsible seemed just what I hoped we were: "Place both hands one above the other on right shoulder indicating that something rests thereon."

Revenge disturbed me. How are deaf youngsters to know that revenge is not a worthy emotion if those in authority who arbitrarily command them to "stop signing" haven't a notion of what the children are signing about in the first place? "Joined thumb and index finger of both hands striking each other forcibly." Basically, this sign is in imitation of the beaks of two fighting roosters in action. I had witnessed it dozens of times in school.

There was Albert's ***Chain.*** He used it one day to represent my bracelet, when he interlocked his thumbs and forefingers and reversed the process so that it looked like a succession of connected links. The sign also meant "sentence" and "language."

* *The Deaf and Their Problems*, by Kenneth W. Hodgson. London, Watts, 1953; N.Y., Philosophical Library, 1954.

* *How to Talk to the Deaf*, by Dan D. Higgins. Chicago, 1942.

The Sign Language, by J. Schuyler Long. Council Bluffs, Iowa, 1918. Reprinted by Gallaudet College, Washington, D.C., 1958.

And behold, there was the sign that haughty Heidi had disdainfully snapped off her fingers that day my will superimposed itself upon her will—or tried to. Along with representing ***Worthless,*** it meant: "Detest, abhor, scorn, contempt, loathe, and despise."

There was ***Shut Up.*** I had seen Billy, who never uttered any sound plainly, do that with his hand.

Triumphantly I marched to school. I even knew the finite sign for the verb "to be." I could hardly wait to share my findings with the staff. The deaf children certainly had a brilliant concept of the root ideas from which words spring. But what they saw moving on our lips and written on the blackboard and printed in books was not alive to them. They weren't like foreigners who were acquiring the English language—they had never heard *any* language.

In my excitement, I dreamed of starting at the beginning. All children love to play Teacher and this would be a new experience for deaf children. We'd let them take turns sitting at our desks and we'd ask them if we could please sit at theirs and if they'd please teach us how to use their signs skillfully. Then, once we were as able as themselves with the language of signs, we could rebuild their "deaf" construction and they'd be fascinated by the new architecture. We could even teach them *"Cogito ergo sum."*

But I never suggested anything of the sort because my colleagues were horrified. One of them cowed me when she said that "signs had no syntax" and they were "against the law." Another said that signs would defeat oralism. One said that she'd like to learn signs but she was afraid they'd be too great a temptation to use in teaching. Another one said that she "was proud to say she'd taught the deaf for forty years and didn't know a single sign." One claimed to recognize a few obscene signs. They all agreed that the parents would be up in arms.

I agree that it is common sense for parents to want their boys and girls to speak and to lip-read and that teachers should teach them to. But why must this goal negate the talent of the deaf, who are unquestionably the best pantomimists in the world? Their sign language is running over with ideas and, as their need to express what otherwise would explode inside themselves is aroused, their signs develop. They create their own signs if they don't know the traditional ones, and they pick up the latter the way hearing children pick up their words—without any formal teaching. The difference is that the deaf get no applause for their triumphs. Indeed they have to do their learning in dormitories when no attendant is looking—or in school toilets.

Outwardly, the picture of deaf education seems to have changed for the better in recent years. Nowadays in all schools for the hard-of-hearing and the deaf (the terminology is controversial), up-to-date amplifying equipment is common. The teachers with microphones hanging on their chests look like TV commentators, and the girls and boys look like airplane pilots when they wear their headphones. Through these, some children hear something, some nothing, and some get occasional vibrations when a giant aircraft zooms over the roof of the school. Superbly equipped and staffed speech and hearing clinics exist, and all is free for the deaf—except common sense.

Along toward St. Patrick's Day, while I was teaching the "How Far" column of the "Fitzgerald Key,"* which is a grammar guide used in most schools for the deaf, Billy told me—vocally—to "shut up." I was happy because he said the words quite plainly and I understood him.

When the pupils left in June, I sensed that they felt their school year had been mostly spent watching their teachers talk themselves blue in the face. Deaf pupils have a sign for their teacher's talk—they grasp their right wrist in their left hand and shake their fist back and forth like an old termagant whose tongue never stops wagging.

IF I HAD A DEAF CHILD

THE "A-OK" method of teaching the deaf is to "talk, talk, talk,"** to them. And to demand that they talk back. Teachers and parents both go strictly by the formula, notwith-

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* *Straight Language for the Deaf,* by Edith Fitzgerald. Staunton, Virginia, 1929.

** "From the very beginning, we repeatedly advise the parents to 'talk, talk, talk,' to their children."—Harriet Montague, John Tracy Clinic, Los Angeles, in *American Annals of the Deaf,* September 1953. (This is Spencer Tracy's wife's clinic. The Tracys have a grown son, John, who is deaf.)

standing that the children are deaf, deaf, deaf, and cannot hear anyone—not even themselves.

Oral teaching is not new. Brother Pedro Ponce de Leon of Spain, in a legal document dated 1578, stated: "I have had for my pupils, who were deaf and dumb from birth, sons of great lords and of notable people, whom I have taught to speak, read, write, and reckon; to pray, to assist at Mass, to know the doctrines of Christianity, and to know how to confess themselves by speech; I have taught them all this."

Then, instruction of the deaf was looked upon as a mysterious and most difficult teaching art which only a few especially endowed by nature could acquire. Even after the sixteenth century, it was possessed by zealots (and not a few charlatans) as a secret art. Later, pamphlets were sold in America advertising "How the Deaf Mute Could Be Restored to Mankind Through Articulation and Lip Reading." In some ways time is steadfast. Deaf-miracle advertising. Deaf-miracle ancillary equipment. Dedicated teachers of the deaf with the patience of saints. Parents thinking if they send their deaf children to an oral school environment, they'll grow up to speak and write and read the same way their hearing counterparts do. And mingle freely with them. Perhaps while we wait for the medical and scientific help which will surely come tomorrow, teachers and parents should accept the commonsense reality of today.

One mother I talked with was exasperated because her eighteen-year-old daughter still said "socks pair" instead of "pair of socks." I did not tell her that no one in the school could understand Sally Ann saying anything. I asked her if she'd ever found any way of having a heart-to-heart talk with her daughter and she said, "Are you kidding?"

I think if I had a deaf child, I'd learn the sign language. Then I'd make up my own mind whether or not signs were animalistic, primitive, unreal, pernicious, irrelevant to the needs of the deaf, unimportant, as the oralists claim. I'd be envious of my deaf child's ability to have a pretty good time communicating with deaf companions while I stood aside a stranger.

At two years or so, the deaf are taught to say "ball" as they hold the bright red one in their hands and visitors weep. But if they take their two hands and form a circle, they are taught that this is "naughty." As they grow older, if they point to their lips instead of saying "red," they are told by teachers and parents that signs are "bad." As they get older still, sometimes to protect themselves from those who neither know signs nor approve of them, the deaf deny that they know signs. But they express themselves freely among themselves and often majestically, although their teachers may not understand them when they ask for a drink of water. Cannily, when a deaf delinquent has to appear in court, even if he has been taught orally, he falls back on signs and starts pointing to his mouth and ear—which means to anyone "deaf and dumb."

BOYCOTT ON FINGERS

ALONG with boycotting signs, the pure oral method forbids the deaf to finger-spell. This is a shame because the marvel of this simple manual alphabet is that the deaf, with their aptitude for it anyway, would not appear stupid, if only their teachers would learn it and teach them to use it straightforwardly.

Just as ordinary children say their letters to themselves and hear the sounds inside themselves, the deaf see and feel the symbol for A represented by their upright thumb, B their thumb tucked across their palm and the four fingers upright, C the hand forming the arc, D their upright forefinger, E their thumb stretched across their fingernails, and so on. The deaf learn their manual ABCs the way they pick up signs. But unfortunately they have so little reason to be inspired by words and grammatical syntax that the finger-spelling they manage to do among themselves in school doesn't amount to much more than a deaf shorthand to annoy their teachers with. However, if it were taught to them openly, the deaf could talk with the manual alphabet as rapidly as we do with our tongues—perhaps a hundred words a minute, three times as fast as writing. Furthermore, they would know accurately the language we are trying to teach them to speak and to lip-read.

Even if the deaf gave 100 per cent attention to their teachers' lips all day long, they couldn't catch half of what they were talking about. Lip-reading is tricky and requires a fair knowledge of language to begin with. The deaf mind has always been noted for dwelling in "darkness." Many sounds *are not even seen* on the lips: for example, "is, it, a, at, and, ink, key, car, can, can't, cannot, are, get, yet, ant, add, god, hot-dog, hat, cat." And the following words *appear identical* on lips: "mad, pat, mat, bat, mate, made, pant, bait, Maine, band, pain, paint, pan, pained, bad, man." So do "red, green, queen." The lists could go until doomsday.

Alexander Graham Bell, who appeared before a Royal Commission in 1888 to give evidence on teaching the deaf, commented, "For we want that method, whatever it is, that will give us the readiest and quickest means of bringing English words to the eyes of the deaf, and I know of no more expeditious means than a manual alphabet." The alphabet is dramatic. And so are the deaf.

LANGUAGE IN LIMBO

UNDER the circumstances, I think the deaf do astonishingly well. But how much more they might do! What child with normal hearing and normal language would stand behind soundproof glass every school day for fifteen or more years watching the mouth movements of a teacher and learn what a deaf child is expected to learn?

We don't meet the deaf youngsters halfway. We make them come all the way to us. No wonder the deaf have been called "the most misunderstood among the sons of men." We have trained you to talk. Now talk.

Our prevailing method of deaf education assumes that since most people do not know how to sign or finger-spell, therefore the deaf must not do it. But many signs can be learned overnight and the manual alphabet in ten minutes. The 200,000 deaf in the U.S. might be less inclined to use signs secretly if they realized that their "oppressed language" was no longer in limbo. They might even decide to speak orally.

However, I don't think the deaf give a fig whether we learn their language. Clannish by necessity and choice, they are independent to an extreme in their thinking, and they live somewhere outside the hearing world which they have no desire to enter. (I would guess that 98 per cent of them marry deaf partners, and only 2 or 3 per cent learn to speak and read lips well enough to take a place in hearing society.) Perhaps it is chiefly our own discomfort at their handicap which makes us try to force them to conform to our idea of the "normal."

To the thousands of deaf I have been writing about, words are dead. Perhaps I should say half-dead. What is written here will never sway them for or against. It happens that the deaf children who showed me how full of life and great potential they are, had an average age of thirteen and a half. In their international sign language, "young" is not a word; it is a live concept: "Both hands palms inward, with the tips of fingers touching body at sides of chest and brushed upwards several times briskly. (The blood is flowing vigorously up the ascending aortas.)"

It is amazing to think that a deaf boy from New York might have little communication problem with a deaf boy from Leningrad. Perhaps the ability to think and exchange thoughts without words is a lofty power . . . and one that our broken world needs.

WILL

MAXINE W. KUMIN

FOR love, for money, for reasons less than plain,
one swims the Channel or the Hellespont,
masters mountains, in drought prays down the rain,
burns barns or bridges and hurries to the front.
God serves the choosy. They know what to want
and how to bear hope out to the edge of pain.
Nothing drops from them by accident.
But one, in a warm bath opening his vein
and leaning back to watch his act of will,
knows even the chestiest Leanders drown,
the Alps have avalanches they can spill,
nor does the front line always shoot to kill;
and also knows, as the watered pulse runs down,
that would-be suicides are sometimes found.

Harper's Magazine, March 1962

MURRAY KEMPTON

THE COP AS IDEALIST

the case of Stephen Kennedy

He wore his honesty like armor plate—but he somehow managed to antagonize nearly everybody, from the Mayor to his own patrolmen.

IN THE sixty-odd years since Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York City, only one of his successors—Stephen P. Kennedy—has had a comparable hold on the popular imagination. Among the city's leaders of the past two decades only Fiorello La Guardia has commanded more respect. Many New Yorkers dislike policemen; they were drawn to Kennedy in part because it seemed that, despite his thirty-two years on the force, he rather disliked policemen too.

He was Commissioner from 1955 to 1960. And in that time the conduct of the Police Department rested entirely upon his abilities and virtues. Then, within three days, his abilities no more diminished than his virtues were tarnished, he was through. The decline of his empire was compressed into months and its fall into hours. Within days, the turbulent spirit that had dominated its own small world was barely remembered. The end was neither the head on the pike nor the wreath on the monument but mere forgetting.

Yet he is a memorable man, personifying some of our grander illusions about the salvation of American cities—the dream that (1) the pure reformer can stand adamant against all pressure; (2) the civil service can be rejuvenated; and (3) a man of honor—scorned by his co-workers for the armor plate of his morals—can rise to enforce his own hard code upon them.

These are the hopes of an innocent time which now survive only as the stuff of sermons. It measures their reality that two of Steve Kennedy's noisiest disputes were with a priest and a rabbi. Official New York had five years of direct experience with these hopes fiercely believed; it could only have forgotten Steve Kennedy because it wanted so much to forget him. New York long ago decided that its great problems, being insoluble, could only be endured with accommodation and compromise. These arts Kennedy held in contempt and never learned. Easier men still shudder recalling the chill which emanated from him at the approach of compromise.

Once, for instance, at an official reception, he happened upon a judge who was struggling with a suit in which a policeman was contesting Kennedy's interpretation of a civil-service regulation. To the judge, the rule seemed to be on one side and the right on the other. The case thus called for accommodation among reasonable men. In his perplexity the justice waylaid Kennedy. The Commissioner's blue eyes were soft, the organ notes of his voice poured imperial good will. The justice was emboldened to begin: "Commissioner, I am trying the suit of a policeman which puzzles me . . ."

The air went out of the organ. "Justice," Kennedy answered. "I suggest that you go on doing your job and I shall go on doing mine." Then he turned his back, his usual answer in the presence of what seems to him a corrupting conversation.

Yet he has lived all his adult life in the New York City Police Department. Many of its members consider themselves clients of Democratic district leaders and they can thank that allegiance for their promotions. Life does not

teach policemen to admire society. Feeling themselves continually and unjustly criticized, they stand together against all outsiders, including those who discipline them within the Department. There is a tradition that no policeman turns another in. In the absence of a strong public conscience, policemen in great faceless cities like New York end up with a code of their own; it defines the graft which a man of normal morals can tolerate and that which he must reject: gamblers' money is clean; dope pushers' is dirty.

In New York, the Police Department's continuing war with the Greenwich Village coffee houses illustrates this morality in action. The police consider the coffee houses a trap for the young and—for a while—did their honest best to catch them in a technical violation of the law that could provide an excuse to close them down. The coffee-house proprietors offered pertinacious resistance, and they have generally been upheld in the courts. The police never accepted these defeats as moral, and the ensuing truce has been broken by periodic charges from the coffee houses that the police are shaking them down. This is the classic pattern in which: (1) the policeman's sense of moral outrage spurs him to punish the malefactor; (2) he is defeated in the courts; (3) he recognizes that his frustrator has plenty of money and should pay someone for his offenses.

Once, at a Communion breakfast, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen told an approving anecdote about a policeman whose ends were purer than his means. Commissioner Kennedy scarcely waited for the general laughter to subside before arising to instruct the Bishop in moral theology.

"We are not children playing a game," he said. "This is a serious business. There is no substitute for integrity and fidelity and for moral and spiritual courage. The spirit of Christ must penetrate every moment of our lives."

The Bishops could laugh. But the Police Commissioner never could: "I am not an entertainer or a humorist but a man with a job to do."

Murray Kempton has been a columnist on the New York "Post" since 1949. His book, "Part of Our Time," was published by Simon and Schuster, and he has contributed to "The Progressive," "National Review," "Life," "Playboy," and other magazines.

A substantial but respectable citizen once wrote Commissioner Kennedy to advocate the promotion of a captain. The object of his benevolence had already been cleared for advancement. Kennedy read the letter and struck the suggested name off the promotions list. A year later, the captain got his due; and then Kennedy told him the cost of this intervention. The victim protested that he had not even known of the letter. Kennedy answered that no one, however baselessly, could be allowed to believe the Police Commissioner subject to his influence.

The low pay and insufficient public respect which is the policeman's normal ration compound his already low opinion of himself and of his superiors. He is, in fact, braver than the average but not otherwise perceptibly better. Department trial boards annually expel forty-five New York policemen for offenses which range from sleeping on the post to burglary or extortion. Close to three-quarters of these offenses would be felonies or nontraffic misdemeanors. The incidence of crime among policemen is slightly higher than the general rate for male New Yorkers in the same age group.

This statistic is, however, no fair measure of the personal character of the average policeman, which is certainly higher than civilians or even his own colleagues think it. One policeman a year is killed and three hundred are injured in the process of effecting arrests. In Kennedy's last six months as Commissioner, nearly nine hundred of his troops were assaulted by civilians while doing their jobs. We have come, by a special irony, to depend upon these unhappy men to dissuade other unhappy persons from suicide. Yet the suicide rate among policemen is four times the overall city average. In the past two years, criminals have killed three policemen and fourteen policemen have killed themselves.

HIS MYSTERIOUS AWAKENING

THE policeman then is a mixed bag. Having been so long a policeman, Steve Kennedy is a mixed bag himself. He has never offered any coherent reason for making the police force his career. He used to speculate that he was tainted by the weakness for interfering in other people's lives that makes so many Irishmen either priests or policemen. The day Kennedy passed his police examination, his father said: "You have taken the king's shilling." His father was a proud man

and a union marble worker who came to this country from Wexford, Ireland. To him a policeman was a doorkeeper for the Establishment, a concept Steve—to a degree—shared. Yet the average Irish-American also thinks of the Police Department as part of himself—whether from love or hate he is not sure. Though there are Jews and Italians and even Negroes and Puerto Ricans on the force today, its hierarchy is unchangeably Irish; you are as surprised to find an Italian deputy inspector as you would be to meet an Italian cardinal in the American Catholic Church. Kennedy brought to the department some of his father's prejudice and added to it the disillusion of experience. The mystery, more than why he fell, is why he was still there to rise and fall.

A generation ago, for a man of his capacities a term as a patrolman was only a means to study and escape, perhaps to law school. But the Depression fell six months after Kennedy's enlistment. He was twenty-six and had been, for a while, a longshoreman and then a stenographer for United States Steel.

It took him eight years to become a sergeant. He had the customary struggles and failures of civil-service candidates. Then he showed that special passion for self-improvement which attends late vocations. In 1940 when he was thirty-eight and a lieutenant, he was appointed, because he was a trained stenographer, police aide in Mayor La Guardia's office. The awakening began there, and he observed the men La Guardia had brought into the city government —men from the upper classes who were selfless public servants. Years later one of the last survivors of the species—former Police Commissioner Francis Adams—plucked him from obscurity and became, in due course, Kennedy's most important patron.

"Steve sat in City Hall," a friend says, "and listened to the way they talked and tried to understand what made them different from him. He determined to make himself like them."

He had no social aspirations—only a lonely determination to model himself on those few New Yorkers who had gone to good schools, grown up secure in property, and retained the nineteenth-century impulse to serve society. So he set himself to finish high school and become a lawyer. The process took eight years. When he passed the New York bar in 1950, he was forty-eight and an inspector. Earlier he had begun to master the unfaltering elocutionist's diction which so differentiated his speech from his colleagues'. His ten-year spurt for self-improvement increased his estrangement from other officers who were settling for the compromises of middle age.

WHAT ATE HIM MOST

EVEN his frustrations were different. The average policeman feels blocked in rank; Steve Kennedy felt blocked in function. In 1954, Adams picked him for the job of Chief Inspector after an hour's conversation.

"I got credit for a lot of things that Steve had been thinking about for years," says Adams. "The thing that ate at him most was the quality of police training. He persuaded me that something had to be done about the Police Academy."

After he became Commissioner himself, Kennedy put it this way: "I want somehow to wipe out the stereotype of the dumb and brutal cop."

Such was the dedication of his life. But he was continually criticized for being closer to the people who distrust policemen than to the policemen themselves. While he was still Chief Inspector, his detractors noted, he was the first man in that office to take seriously the complaints against his department.

For years, the Legal Aid Society, which defends the more depressed class of felons, had been reporting that police muscle was a factor encouraging most of its clients' confessions. After three years of Kennedy's regime as Commissioner, George Rundquist of the Civil Liberties Union called Judge Florence Kelley, then attorney for Legal Aid, to ask her how complaints about police brutality were running. "She said she couldn't remember when they last got a complaint," Rundquist recalls. "And I think the credit was Steve's more than anyone else's."

Kennedy's first innovation in the Police Academy curriculum was a course in what he innocently called "the phenomenon of prejudice." He described it in a speech before B'nai B'rith, the Jewish fraternal society whose chief mission is fighting discrimination. In this course, he said, "the roots of prejudice are traced back through school and family to their origins. The recruit is instructed to analyze his own preconceived ideas about people, to determine whether he has unconsciously succumbed to the poison of prejudice. The fallacy of thinking in stereotype is made clear to him."

This was the voice of adult education's early innocence, with its faith that adults impervious to the ideals of justice can be redeemed by the ideas of science. The articulate public cherished this dream and was disarmed by a Police Commissioner who cited anthropology and who was, at the same time, zealously concerned to protect civilians against policemen. Kennedy also disarmed the people who prefer policemen to progressive anthropologists. When editorial writers on the more patriotic newspapers were demanding that respectable private citizens be armed to patrol the streets and suppress juvenile disorders, Kennedy cooled them sharply: "We will have no White Citizens Councils in this town." He might easily have kept quiet but his compulsion to react extremely to extreme nonsense could never lie quiet.

DID HE HATE THE POLICE?

KENNEDY'S goal was to establish the policeman as a professional. And in the Depression years this might have been a practical aim. But it was destroyed by private affluence and public penury. By the time he became Commissioner, Kennedy's dream depended on the reality of a rookie cop whose wage began at $92 a week and rose, after three years, to a peak of $118. Year after year, at Police Academy graduation exercises, he reminded the new patrolmen that the curriculum was worth ten college credits, even though the patrolman earned a manual laborer's wage and his captain a foreman's. Kennedy struggled to wipe out the stereotype of the dumb cop with the least promising raw material his department had ever had. Still the hope endured stubborn to the end. A few months before his fall, the Commissioner was swearing in a group of new policewomen. The tone was the dear old Dean's.

"We usually get a lot of teachers," he said. "How many of you used to be teachers?"

Just one hand went up.

"We often get social workers." The tone had gone a little wistful. "How many of you are social workers?"

No hands went up.

His only hope of attracting better stuff was to press for higher wages. Mayor Wagner yielded as far as was possible for the head of a city which does things on the cheap. When police salaries pressed the limit of the budget, the only feasible method of relief was for policemen to work for private employers while they were off duty.

The traditional escape for city employees was "moonlighting," but nothing could be more offensive to Steve Kennedy's personal dream of the policeman as a professional improving himself in night school. His defense of that dream met the passionate opposition of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, a policemen's union. In 1960, the PBA finally took Kennedy to court; with the support of a reluctant Mayor he managed to hold the line.

By then, he commanded an army in mutiny. The PBA was as resistant as a union of teamsters to the concept of craft improvement. Then it was that Kennedy's ideal of the policeman was cankered by the reality of the cop. He began, it seemed, to hate the force and he became as small in deed as he remained large in aspiration. John F. Cassese, the PBA's president, was caught parking his car in an illegal zone. Kennedy dragged him to court like a felon, then ripped him out of his comfortable desk job and exiled him to a beat in the bleakest and most distant precinct. Up to this point, Mayor Wagner had clung to his Police Commissioner as an ornament in an under-decorated administration. But what had been refreshing independence had become a crank's resistance to accommodation. The man was the same; the actions, granted the erosion of insufficient sleep, were fundamentally the same. But they had crossed the frontiers of convenience. Kennedy brought to his tired, sick city a code it had not been able to support for a generation. By the end of his fifth, sovereign year, Mayor Wagner, who is ordinarily as tolerant of the dedicated as he is of the slothful, was so driven by the embarrassments of Steve Kennedy's rampant honor that he referred to his Police Commissioner only as "the man." The troops were in arms against their chief. Every week it seemed that some private combination for gain or worship was crying out at some fresh affront.

The highest pitch of conflict came in October of 1960 when Nikita Khrushchev, Fidel Castro, and other foreign chiefs descended upon the United Nations General Assembly. Their safety—and with it the ease if not the peace of the world—rested upon Kennedy's 23,000 policemen.

His sense that his was not a merely civic but a grandly cosmic function had never been more manifest. And, ironically, the occasion carried him at once into one of those petty religious

quarrels which so often afflict New York, a city where (as the city's radio station puts it) "eight million people live in peace and harmony"—so long as public officials never forget who is Protestant, who is Catholic, and who is Jewish. Simultaneously beleaguered by Cuban exiles who hated Castro and American citizens who revered him, by People's Party Hungarians, and by Czechs and Croats with their native costumes and their transplanted passions intact, Steve Kennedy kept his forces working with pitiless impartiality day and night, uptown and downtown. With barely a large enough guard for so many emperors, he announced cancellation of all leaves. The Shomrin Society, the spiritual union of Jewish policemen, protested that this measure would prevent their annual observance of the High Holy Days.

The Commissioner answered this intervention with his own question: "When are these men religious? The other fifty-one weeks of the year we don't hear anything about it. Or is it that one week a year they get religious?"

Theological sophistication is a perilous expression in a city as devout as New York, each of whose citizens cherishes his religious holiday as a sacred right in his union contract. The entire New York Board of Rabbis rose up against Kennedy. Mayor Wagner called him to City Hall "forthwith" to demand an apology to the Shomrin Society. Kennedy kept the Mayor waiting two hours while he conferred with Secretary of State Herter on security details, then came by to tell the Mayor he would not apologize.

The Mayor struggled a week to enforce his own parochial needs against Steve Kennedy's global responsibilities. "I am the Mayor," he announced, "and everyone in the city had better understand that!"

"Look," said Steve Kennedy when informed of that decree. "I got enough troubles. I can't find Castro." (Fidel Castro had moved to the Hotel Theresa in Harlem and was making in-

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NO COUNTRY YOU REMEMBER

ROBERT MEZEY

BUT for the steady wash of rain,
The house is quiet now. Outside,
Occasional cars move past the lawn
And leave the stillness purified.

I find myself in a dark chair,
Idly picking a banjo, lost
In reveries of another time,
Thinking at what heavy cost

I came to this particular place,
This house in which I let my life
Play out its subterranean plot,
My Christian and enduring wife.

What if I paid for what I got?
Nothing can so exhaust the heart
As boredom and self-loathing do,
Which are the poisons of my art.

All day, I resurrect the past.
This instrument I love so ill
Hammers and rings and, when I wish,
Lies in its coffin and is still.

I think of winter mornings when
Between bare woods and a wrecked shack
I came down deep, encrusted slopes,
A bag of dead birds at my back;

Then let my mind go blank, and smile
At what small game the mind demands,
As dead time flickers in the blind
Articulation of my hands.

I know you must despise me, you
Who judge and measure everything
And live by little absolutes—
What would you like to hear me sing?

A strophe on the wasted life?
Some verses dealing with my fall?
Or would you care to contemplate
My contemplation of the wall?

I write from down here, where I live.
In the cold light of a dying day,
The covered page looks cold and dead.
And then, what more is there to say,

Except, you read this in a dream.
I wrote nothing. I sat and ate
Some frozen dinner while I watched
The Late Show, and the Late Late.

formal forays in the jam-packed streets at moments of his own choosing.)

That same week, President Eisenhower sent Kennedy a letter of thanks, signed "D.D.E." Former Governor Herbert Lehman visited the Mayor to suggest that the Police Commissioner was too noble a character to be sacrificed. (Later, a friend suggested to Kennedy that he thank Lehman, but whether from pride or shyness, Kennedy never did.) In the end the Mayor had to apologize to the Rabbis himself, a gesture taken by all parties as second-best.

The Commissioner did find time to draw a felicitous distinction: "I have stated publicly that there was no intention to insult the Jewish community. . . . If the people of this city believe otherwise, it would be tantamount to believing I am anti-Semitic. Anti-Semitism is one of the greatest sins of mankind. For anti-Semitism, no mere apology can suffice." He scorned to say that Mrs. Kennedy, the beloved center of what life he had outside the Department, had been born Hortense Goldenberger.

Steve Kennedy had expressed the issue better than all the laymen who, out of some instinct in that direction, had joined to support him. It would be pleasant to believe that he had been saved in his peril only by the efforts of the enlightened. But all that week, the Mayor was getting letters from the citizens demanding to know if a good Christian must be sacrificed to the Jews. The Mayor read those letters; and, as a civilized man more than as a politician, he was disturbed: to punish Kennedy might arouse a drowsing beast.

Still, for that one week, Steve Kennedy must have known the richest mixture he would ever have of the two great conflicting aims of his life: the appreciation of those he thought his superiors and the lonely splendor of never-muted rebellion against the hypocrisies of his age. Those two aspirations might stand in balance for awhile; there had to come a time when they crashed.

When Kennedy's statutory term ran out in January 1961, the Mayor would have been glad to dispense with him. But not to reappoint him would have been to deface the city's only sacred object. Only Steve Kennedy could destroy Steve Kennedy. When his reappointment was reluctantly but duly tendered him, he announced that he could only accept if the Mayor guaranteed him a $600 annual pay increase for patrolmen. New York seemed at last to have arrived at the condition of some Holy Roman Empire where distant barons dictate to the Pope a boon for their vassals. Kennedy was acting like a man who thought himself invulnerable. Or he may have been so weary that he cared only about an excuse to quit. But if this is so, he chose to break his career on a demand like a labor union's demand, in behalf of men who thought they disliked him and he them.

AT TEDDY'S DESK

AFTER a day's hesitation, the Mayor sent a messenger to inform the Commissioner that his terms were unacceptable. The call found him at a luncheon of the New York Civil Liberties Union. There followed a conference at which the Mayor asked him to reconsider. Kennedy went back to Theodore Roosevelt's old desk. There he and a deputy commissioner talked about how much they hated cops and how much they liked them.

By tradition, no policeman assigned to headquarters can leave until the Commissioner has left. His headquarters complement sat there, forgotten and without function, while he talked. It was nearly ten o'clock when he heard over the radio that he had been replaced by Chief Inspector Michael Murphy, the Department's other symbol of self-improvement, a Master of Arts in Public Administration. Kennedy was too proud to call the Mayor for confirmation. He called the newspapers to announce that he could live no longer with the "vacillations" of politicians. The headquarters detachment went home at last.

The University of California offered Kennedy a one-year chair as a lecturer in law enforcement. The friends who suggested him were surprised when he rejected it, for no one could remember Kennedy talking about anything but police work. There were two luncheons and two awards, both scheduled before his departure from office. He went to Europe a while and was seen after his return only at a Harvard seminar and a St. Louis panel of the American Bar Association. Last fall a little group of amateurs made an abortive attempt to enter his name in the mayoralty election. But he declined to run.

He had no wish, it appeared, to be an uneasy ghost. And yet, when the petitions of those who remembered him went about, an unexpected number of their signers seem to have been policemen. It was like them to be nostalgic for what they had hated and discontented with what they had desired. The king's shilling, for them as for Steve Kennedy, remained a fee which condemned them all their lives to be thus divided men.

Harper's Magazine, March 1962

MAYA PINES

THE MAGIC CARPET OF INERTIAL GUIDANCE

A set of black boxes can now lead a submarine around the world through the utter darkness of the deep . . . pinpoint a missile on its target . . . guide a plane to a safe landing in any weather . . . and perhaps open up tracks through outer space.

DEEP in the ocean gloom an atomic submarine glides under the Polar ice cap. For several weeks its crew has been completely cut off from the world. Not once, during its complicated maneuvers across the uncharted ocean floor, has the sub used radio communications, or checked its position against the stars. Yet without bringing the craft to the surface, the skipper can at any moment determine its precise latitude, longitude, direction, and speed. As a result he can aim and fire a missile from under the water with deadly accuracy at a target 1,400 miles away.

This feat is possible because of a series of black boxes in the submerged sub. Their secret is a revolutionary technique called inertial navigation which guides both the submarine and the missiles it carries. Each sub carries more destructive power than all the bombs dropped during World War II, including Hiroshima and Nagasaki. An error in direction of a single degree would throw the missile twenty miles off course.

"The job an inertial-guidance system does should be impossible," says a naval officer. "It simply looks within itself and tells you where it is in relation to the world around it. It's as if a philosopher contemplating his navel in a locked room could give you a running account of how the World Series was going."

Almost unknown as recently as the Korean War, inertial-guidance systems are now a mainstay of our defense in the air, under the sea, on the ground, and in outer space. In the future they may have peacetime uses in aviation. For unlike any other method of navigation, inertial-guidance systems are totally independent of weather, magnetism, radio, or earth-based tracking equipment. They have, in effect, cut the umbilical cord which until now has tied the voyager to reference points in the sky or on earth.

The basic principles of inertial guidance were foreshadowed by the sea captain of old who used dead reckoning; he estimated his ship's position on the basis of speed, direction, and elapsed time. All he needed to know was where he started from. The same is true of inertial guidance except that now the computer, instead of the human brain, does the rest of the job. Only a decade ago the captain of an ocean liner could only come within five miles of estimating his exact position even in fine weather. Today, however, inertial guidance eliminates guesswork. Although it is unnecessarily refined and too costly a device to use for ordinary ship navigation, it can produce precise measurements of everything that happens to a moving body, compare the result to the desired position, and then correct the course accordingly.

The system's name is derived from the inertia of all bodies—the tendency of motionless objects to remain motionless, and of moving objects to stay in motion, unless an outside force acts upon them. A man hanging on a strap on a bus, for instance, feels a slight tug on his arm when the bus gets under way; this is caused by his body's inertia, and continues as long as the bus keeps accelerating. When the bus reaches a steady speed, the tug disappears. When the bus slows down, he feels a push instead of a pull on his

arm, caused by his body's tendency to stay in motion. These varying forces can be measured by an instrument called an accelerometer. With the aid of a clock, this information makes it possible to calculate the speed of the bus and the distance covered.

Few trips are made in a precisely straight line on a level surface, however. For two-dimensional travel on flat ground, one would have to add a second accelerometer at right angles to the first (one, possibly, facing north-south, and the other east-west), and a computer to integrate the information received from both.

Our three-dimensional world presents additional problems. Accelerometers cannot distinguish between the force of forward acceleration and the pull of gravity. For instance, an accelerometer in a car parked on an incline would feel the tug of gravity and be fooled into registering a nonexistent motion. To prevent such mistakes, accelerometers are attached to an ingenious contraption called a "stable platform" which automatically levels itself and remains horizontal, at right angles to the force of gravity. No matter how much a ship pitched and rolled in a storm, the accelerometers mounted on such a platform would remain placid.

This other-worldly serenity derives from a unique concentration on a point in outer space, without regard to any immediate turbulence. The only mechanism that can do this is the gyroscope, a spinning wheel or mass—best known to most of us as the familiar toy, a spinning top. The earth itself is a gyroscope, spinning around its axis and pointing always in one direction, within one degree of the North Star. A bullet fired from a rifle also behaves like a gyroscope: it flies straight and true because the grooves in the barrel have made it spin, preventing any deviation from the direct line to the target. The "stable platform" depends on two high-precision gyroscopes at right angles to each other, each pointing constantly toward a single spot far from our globe.

An inertial-guidance system includes three gyroscopes (two to stabilize the stable platform, one to orient it to the North Pole, somewhat like a compass), three accelerometers (to measure speed and distance traveled in three dimensions), and a computer. Such a system may weigh anywhere from a ton, for a ship or submarine, to fifty pounds, for an intermediate-range ballistic missile or small plane. It may cost upwards of $500,000 and a minimum of $100,000, and at present only the government owns any.

Maya Pines, who was formerly a reporter at "Life" specializing in science, is now a free-lance writer and a mother. She is a graduate of Barnard and of the Columbia School of Journalism, and the author of "Retarded Children Can Be Helped," published in 1957 by Channel Press.

A CAN OF SYRUP

AN elaborate guidance system is currently being developed to send three Americans around the moon. The man in charge of this project is Dr. Charles S. Draper, director of MIT's Instrumentation Laboratory. Only fifteen years ago, the U. S. Air Force asked him to attempt something which then seemed impossible—to find a way to navigate bombers in all weather without using telltale radar.

Dr. Draper had developed a famous gyroscopic gunsight, the Mark 14, during the war. He decided to tackle the new job with a combination of inertial and star-tracking techniques. The gyros which then existed were grossly inaccurate, the accelerometers crude, and the computers bulky. Nobody believed a practical inertial-guidance system could be built. In 1948 Dr. Draper completed a monstrous hybrid which weighed 4,000 pounds and could hardly fit into the largest plane.

The most encouraging feature of this awkward system was its new, "floated" gyro. By putting a gyro into a can of syrupy liquid and sealing it, Dr. Draper and his associates had produced the first real breakthrough in inertial guidance. The liquid dramatically reduced friction on the gyro's bearings, and also absorbed much of the shock from high acceleration, thus making it easier to attack other sources of error. From this beginning came a hardy new breed of floated gyros, ever more accurate and durable.

A modern floated gyro looks roughly like a can of frozen orange juice. It is so rugged that it can be used to hammer a three-inch nail into hard wood. Yet it is so sensitive that, if placed on a block of concrete weighing a ton, it will record the microscopic angle of the massive block's movement under the pressure of a man's hand.

Dr. Draper's next contribution dealt with a problem inherent in all inertial-navigation systems: the fact that although a stable platform remains always stable in relation to space, it may be unstable in relation to the earth. As soon as an airplane starts to move above the curved surface of the earth, its stable platform will *seem* to tilt and its accelerometers will no longer be at

right angles to the force of gravity. To remain exactly at right angles to gravity, the platform must make adjustments, gradually tipping itself away from its original orientation. The trick is to know just how much it should be tipped. Here Dr. Draper used an imaginative solution first suggested by a German professor in 1923. Dr. Maximilian Schuler had dreamed up a pendulum so long that it could stretch right to the center of the earth. No matter where one carried such a pendulum, or how much its top were accelerated, it would always point in the direction of gravity. By simulating such a pendulum mathematically, Dr. Draper succeeded in preserving the stable platform's accuracy.

With these improvements, Dr. Draper felt confident enough to attempt the first all-inertial-navigation system ever built. In 1953 a secret conference on guidance methods was being held in Los Angeles. Dr. Draper installed a huge 2,800-pound inertial system on a B-29 in Boston. Then he and seven associates squeezed themselves aboard. Twelve hours later they were over Los Angeles, on time and on target. As the scientists cheered, the pilot, who had kept hands off throughout the long flight, groaned that he had lost his job. At the conference, Dr. Draper's announcement came like a bombshell. Inertial guidance had shown its potential.

MIT was asked forthwith to develop an inertial-guidance system for ballistic missiles. There followed a breakneck rush to make components sufficiently light, tough, and accurate for use in missiles and rockets.

The Polaris submarines, with their missiles, make the fullest use of inertial guidance possible today. However no gyro yet devised is perfect and its errors build up with time. Hence every Polaris sub carries three huge SINS (ship's inertial-navigation systems) to check on each other. Each takes up fifty square feet and weighs a ton. Together they form the most accurate navigational system the United States has yet developed.

SILO-SITTERS

THE speed of missiles, of course, presents a different problem. All decisions and corrections must be made within minutes or seconds, before the engines cut off. An ICBM is aimed and fired just as a bullet is shot from a gun. At the crucial moment when it drops the last rocket, the missile becomes a bullet—beyond control, its trajectory of a thousand or more miles predetermined by its velocity and the instant and pinpoint in space at which its guidance system set it free.

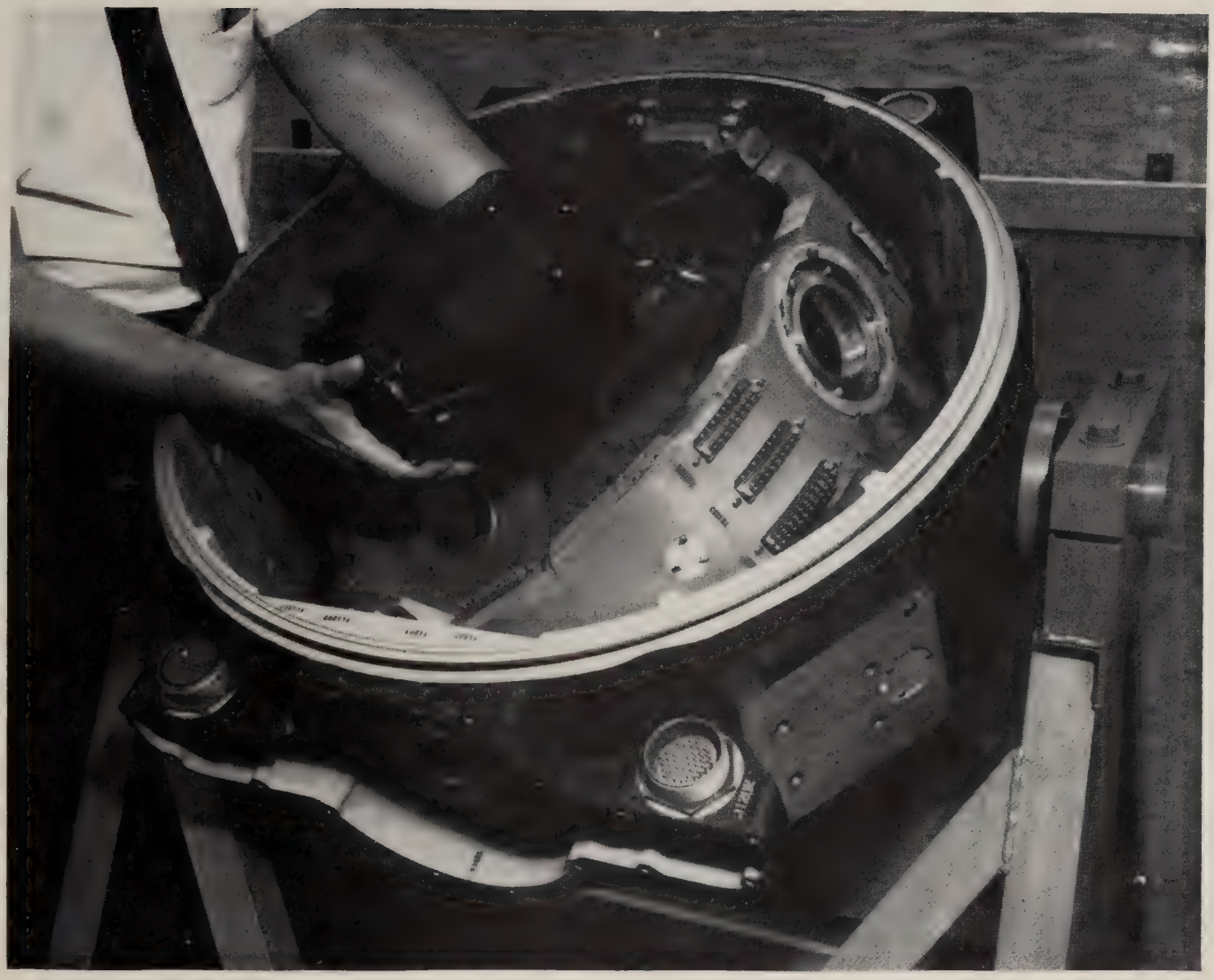
All our new long-range missiles are being equipped with inertial guidance. Most of those which are now operational, however, belong to an earlier radio-guided generation. Huge, complex radar installations at the launching base are needed to track these missiles as they take off; ground-based computers translate this information into whatever corrections are necessary; and these corrections are transmitted to the missile by radio. Although this technique is reliable and has many partisans, in case of war the big radar antennas would be very vulnerable. And radio-guided missiles themselves must remain above the ground, like sitting ducks, while waiting to be launched. Only two or three missiles can be launched simultaneously from one base because of mutual interference by radio transmissions; the others must await their turn. Since our present early-warning system can give no more than fifteen minutes' warning of an attack, such delay may be fatal. The very first enemy bombs could instantly destroy all our ability to retaliate with radio-guided ICBMs. Furthermore, radio guidance can be distorted by other radio waves—intentionally or unintentionally.

Jamming, which is deliberate interference with enemy radio or radar, was well developed by the end of World War II and has since been much refined. So many new methods of jamming are constantly being perfected that reliance on radar or radio in wartime might be suicidal.

"The single most important contribution of inertial guidance is that it provides us with a nonjammable system for ballistic missiles," says Willis G. Wing, director of Inertial System Engineering for the Sperry Gyroscope Company.

Once somebody pushes the button and an inertially guided missile takes off, nothing but a direct hit can deflect its course. Everything it needs to guide it is packed right into its sealed black boxes. There is no need to fear multiple launchings or to wait for co-ordination with radar installations. The missiles can take off in salvos, within minutes of an alert. Ten or more can be fired simultaneously from a single base, and each missile can be launched from a protected, underground area.

All over the country, deep holes are now being dug for nuclear-tipped, inertially guided ICBMs. The first "hardened" base, a huge complex of Atlas F missiles sitting in individual silos, will become operational early this year. These bases will be able to withstand anything but a direct



In an inertial-guidance system, the accelerometers are attached to a "stable platform" which automatically levels itself and remains horizontal, at right angles to the force of gravity. One of the newest guidance platforms is the Honeywell Subminiature Inertial Platform, weighing only sixteen pounds. In the photograph above, to display its compactness, it is shown inside the gimbals of an early missile-guidance platform.

hit or near miss by the heaviest thermonuclear warheads. Inside them, missiles will be able to stay underground indefinitely, all fueled up and ready to be fired.

The bulk of our underground missiles won't be buried until 1963, however. These are the solid-fueled Minuteman ICBMs, somewhat simpler in design and more compatible with mass production. Eventually we will have six hundred Minutemen scattered about the country in mammoth underground complexes, some as big as the state of Rhode Island. In addition to these "silo-sitters," inertially guided missiles may be mounted on railroad flatcars or on barges and kept moving to elude an enemy attack.

Our newest military aircraft, such as the B-58 bomber and F-104 fighter, have already been equipped with inertial systems to supplement their normal navigation equipment. In order to counter possible Soviet jamming in the air corridors to West Berlin, the Military Air Transport Service is now considering putting inertial systems aboard all MATS aircraft in the area.

The U-2 plane which was shot down over Sverdlovsk in 1960 carried such a system. Once spotted by Russian radar, however, the plane was too slow to escape. Inertial guidance is obviously ideal for military reconnaissance, since it allows planes to navigate accurately without broadcasting their presence. Far more sophisticated successors of the U-2 are now being planned. Perhaps the most spectacular is the Army's experimental AN-USD-5 surveillance drone. Equipped with cameras, infrared detectors sensitive to heat, and a miniaturized inertial-guidance system, this pilotless jet plane will be able to

take off from a mobile launcher in the field. Flying either extremely high or too low for radar (which, being limited to line of sight, can be stopped by mountains or trees), it will be able to zigzag crazily and change altitude abruptly while pinpointing targets several hundred miles behind enemy lines. After its forays over enemy territory, it will return to its launching site. Its engines will cut off automatically, two parachutes will emerge from its front and rear, an inflatable balloon will issue from its belly, and the plane will sink down comfortably on its giant cushion.

Inertial guidance has proved generally effective for all assignments in the vicinity of the earth. But when we move out into space the picture changes radically. All our capabilities are strained to the limit. The very best inertial guidance available today is not wholly reliable for any length of time, unless several systems are used to check on one another, as with the Polaris submarines. Such duplication is impossible in our present space satellites. Because our rockets are relatively weak we have been forced to cut down on heavy equipment in order to put maximum payloads into orbit. So far, this has meant using radio guidance, in combination with gyros to keep track of the vehicle's attitude, somewhat like an inner ear. Our satellites have also carried extra devices to correct the gyros from time to time—either a horizon scanner or a star tracker. These are optical instruments which determine position by reference to fixed points such as the earth's horizon or the stars.

Two high-priority reconnaissance satellites, the Samos and Midas, will be guided by such equipment. With its infrared sensors, Midas (Missile Defense Alarm System) is designed to detect the hot exhaust from any ballistic missile that takes off. The Air Force hopes that by orbiting six or eight Midas satellites in various rings around the earth it will be able to give us thirty minutes' warning of an impending attack. Though little enough, this would double the time now provided by the early-warning radar network.

Since the government started pouring money into this field, it has increased its share every year. It is now spending about $400 million on research, development, and production of inertial-guidance equipment, nearly twice what it spent in 1959. More than 25,000 persons work on such projects. About a dozen companies dominate the field, in symbiotic relationship to each other and to hundreds of smaller firms.

"One day a company is our customer, the next day our competitor, and a week later our subcontractor," says a representative of Minneapolis-Honeywell, which produces both components and complete inertial systems. "A classic example is the Dyna-Soar program for a manned space glider. We make the primary and secondary inertial-guidance systems (we will use two for reliability, so one system can monitor the other). There are three other associated prime contractors: Boeing, manager of the program, which makes the vehicle; Martin, which builds the booster, Titan III (bigger than the ICBM but shorn of its own guidance system and its warhead); and RCA, which handles ground communications (so the man in the glider can keep in touch with the ground). In addition, as a subcontractor to Boeing, Honeywell makes the auto-pilot—which, although quite different from the inertial-guidance system, must be connected with it. For this we must report to Boeing, which then goes to our own plant in Florida; we can't communicate directly."

BEWARE VIBRATING PALMS

IN THE race for government contracts—and especially the race against Russia's powerful rockets—a whole new technology was forged. Dr. Draper's original cumbersome units, clumsily stacked one on top of the other have been replaced—in the past decade—by miniaturized machinery, precision-fitted for utmost compactness. The smallest inertial-guidance system so far is an experimental model weighing less than fifty pounds—one sixtieth of the weight of the first system and far more accurate.

As the components become smaller and ever more accurate, the problem is to find instruments precise enough to test them. When an accelerometer is placed on a rocket sled and subjected to the tremendous blast-off force of a long-range missile, the best available devices can do no more than detect relatively gross errors. Yet the accelerometer's accuracy is critical to missiles. If the correct cut-off speed for an ICBM is 16,000 mph, for instance, an error of four hundredths of one per cent—giving an actual speed of 16,006 mph—will land it about ten miles from its target. The accelerometer must react with extreme precision to the minutest acceleration as well as the greatest.

What this means can be understood by watching an engineer conduct a test at the Sperry Gyroscope Company, which produces inertial-navigation systems for the Polaris submarines. He places the newest accelerometer on a test stand equipped with a recording pen. Then he takes a hair, measures it on a micrometer and



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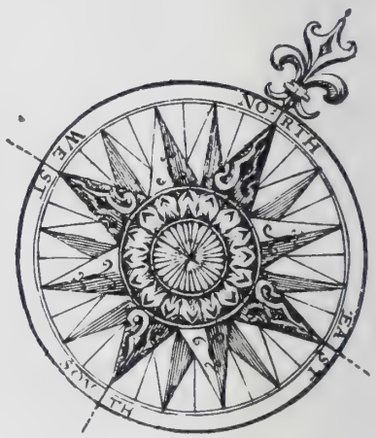
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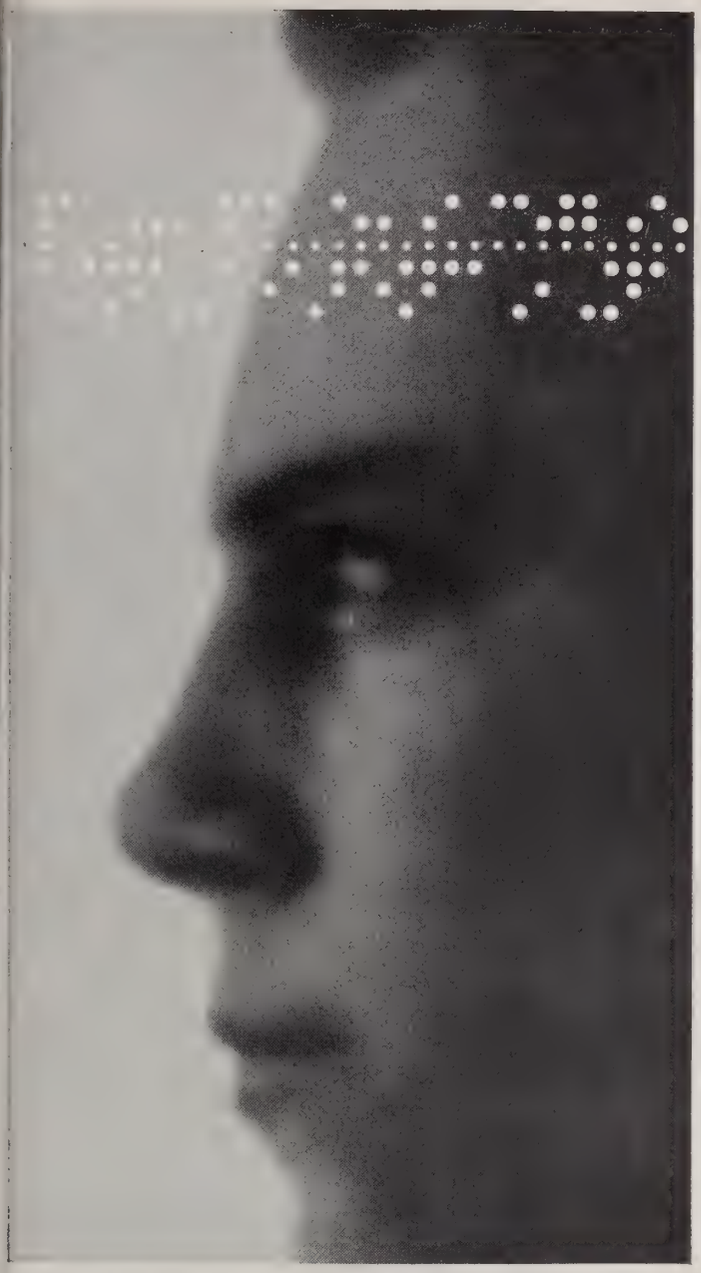
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finds it is .0015 of an inch in diameter. Holding the hair at both ends he squeezes it under one side of the accelerometer—thereby unbalancing it literally by a hairsbreadth. Immediately the recording pen swings to indicate acceleration.

"Actually, that's a pretty simple measurement," says the engineer. "Your hair tilted the accelerometer by one and a half minutes of arc, or 1/240 of the angle between the minute markings on your watch; but it can sense as little as .2 of a second of arc—this is the amount of unbalance that would be caused if I had sliced your hair into 450 equal-sized strands and put one of them under the instrument. If you were in a train accelerating at this rate it would be a couple of hours before you could even sense that you were moving."

This hypersensitive instrument is a cube the size of a man's fist and is really three accelerometers in one. Since it reacts to motion in all three dimensions it can replace a trio of single-direction accelerometers, as well as several pounds of additional equipment.

Of all components, the hardest to manufacture and the most temperamental is the gyro. Far removed from its ancestor, the spinning top, today's gyro is perhaps the most precise device ever produced by man. It could measure even the pressure of light, whose photons exert some force. No two gyros are alike, none is perfect, and in these days of mass production, despite seemingly identical parts, months of individual care must be lavished on them. "I've seen guys actually talking to these gyros," reports an engineer.

If a gyro's spinning wheel is the least bit unbalanced, the end of its spinning axle will drift, describing a tiny, lazy circle in the air. During World War II the drift rate of airborne gyros was cut down to three degrees an hour, or a circle every five days. Today's floated gyros have an average drift rate of a hundredth of a degree an hour, or a full circle every four years. In checking them out, they must be left on the test stand for several days so the recording quill will move enough to provide an accurate measurement of drift.

In the laboratories where inertial-grade gyros are produced, dust-free conditions are enforced more strictly than in hospital operating-rooms. Men are not allowed to have mustaches, and the women are forbidden to wear make-up. Technicians in surgical robes grind miniature parts and polish them under powerful microscopes, then place them in individual plastic bags or ultrasonic cleaning baths. In some cases, room temperature is controlled to within a quarter of a degree, and when the technicians leave they turn on a tiny heater to compensate for the absence of their body heat. Final assembly takes place in what engineers call the world's cleanest rooms, under dust-free hoods.

Besides cleanliness, a vital factor in producing such delicate equipment is freedom from vibrations. When Minneapolis-Honeywell decided to produce inertial-guidance systems in Florida, the plant site had to be at some distance from highway traffic, which could cause earth vibrations upsetting to sensitive calibrations. The company worried too about the effect of heavy seas on the beach ten miles away and had its engineers measure the impact of a high surf. Still another problem was the possible ground vibration caused by the roots of palm trees waving in a storm. After reassurance on all these points the plant was built on sandy soil, which helps absorb vibrations. Because dry ground transmits fewer vibrations than moist, a moat was dug all around the plant to drain off the moisture from rain.

PING-PONG BALL IN A VACUUM

THE first floated gyro which Dr. Draper sealed into a can of liquid was a rather complicated affair. Mounted on metal rings and moving on conventional bearings, it could easily wear out or otherwise get out of alignment. Nowadays, engineers have launched a highly imaginative revolution against such classical design. Some gyros now rest on cushions of air. Since friction is thus reduced to almost zero, these gyros are more accurate and last much longer.

Others have done away with mechanical supports altogether. The new electrically suspended gyro, for instance, is simply a tiny metal ball which spins in a vacuum. About the size and weight of a Ping-pong ball, it revolves inside a ceramic shell lined with copper plates which exert electrostatic forces. Since these forces pull on it equally from all sides, the ball remains centered in the vacuum. Obviously this eliminates friction, as well as many other chances for error, since the gyro has only one moving part. It may prove ten times more accurate than the best floated gyro in use today, and will be tested on a Polaris submarine next spring.

Another idea is to use a spinning liquid instead of the spinning metal sphere. The heavy liquid is set spinning by a motor-driven, circular shell. To learn what is going on inside the shell,

sensitive microphones listen in to detect the minutest changes in the liquid's pressure. Fluidsphere gyros are so much simpler in design than conventional floated gyros that they could be manufactured at about one tenth the cost.

The most radical approach of all is to harness nature's tiniest gyroscope—the nucleus of the atom. The problem is to get enough nuclear bodies spinning in a single direction, determine when this direction has changed, and then be able to change the direction at will. Fantastic though this seems, the Air Force has been giving serious support to nuclear gyro research since 1958.

Behind all these inventions lies the technological revolution which has occurred in electronics in the past decade. Without ultrasensitive electronic devices to detect infinitesimal changes inside gyros or accelerometers—and highly accurate circuitry to relay such information—none of the new components would be practical. Without miniaturized and complex computers, inertial guidance itself would not be practical.

Computers have been shrinking in size as rapidly as Alice in Wonderland since the invention of the transistor, a small device which replaced vacuum tubes. The new techniques now being developed in electronic research laboratories are expected to produce powerful computers no bigger than a matchbox.

As gyros and accelerometers become more advanced, more and more of the burden of inertial guidance is being placed on computers. In addition to their other qualities, these computers must be able to withstand elaborate "torture tests" of their reliability under the extreme conditions of space travel. The computer for the Titan II missile, for instance, has been whirled about on a centrifuge, subjected to stresses up to twenty times the force of gravity, irritated by random noise, and given brutal shock-drop tests.

Inevitably the question arises, how much of all this do the Russians have? Certainly the principles are well known in the Soviet Union. Russian technical journals are full of material about *"inertsial'nie navigatsionnie sistemi"* these days, giving much attention to American developments but revealing little about their own. Quite possibly the Russians used inertial guidance in their recent space flights and rocket tests. If so, their powerful rocket engines made it unnecessary for them to strain their technology. They did not have to miniaturize everything at great cost and, so far as we know, have not developed miniaturized components like ours. Conceivably, when we have equally big rockets, our lead in miniaturization may prove an asset, allowing us to send up bigger payloads. The technological progress we have made along the way may even bring us more accurate navigational systems. For the time being, however, our ingenuity in miniaturizing merely compensates for our weaker rockets.

But our Polaris submarines with their missiles remain an apparently unique weapons system. Although the Soviet Union has several nuclear submarines, it has never claimed the ability to launch missiles under water.

WHEN JETS CROSS PATHS

WHATEVER its military potential, inertial guidance may prove invaluable if man starts his exploration of space in earnest. Its main function in such flights would be to record and control any changes in the spaceship's direction or velocity.

Several more mundane applications, too, are foreseeable if the systems come down in cost and size. Commercial airlines, for instance, now lose about $60 million a year because of weather disruptions and will stand to lose more as the jet age advances, since jets need more visibility for landing. At least one inertial-navigation system is being tested for precise, all-weather jet landings. Shorter routes over Polar regions, where today's planes have all too few navigational aids, may be facilitated by inertial guidance. It could also play an important part in reducing the fearful hazard of mid-air collisions which will become worse with the development of supersonic planes.

"Reliability has a significance which it never had before," J. M. Slater, of the Autonetics Division of North American Aviation, told the American Rocket Society last fall. "A couple of jet airliners between them can carry the population of a small town, yet their paths must be brought close together at times. Again, a single missile, misnavigated, could precipitate a war, or could wipe out a friendly nation. . . ."

To the scientists and engineers involved, this is a golden age of travel and exploration, unparalleled since the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. More new techniques of navigation have been developed since World War II than in all previous time. Suddenly mankind is advancing across the floor of the oceans and the space beyond our planet. During this golden age, the chief contribution inertial guidance can make will be to ensure accuracy, reliability, and safety —both near our earth and in outer space.

Harper's Magazine, March 1962

HOLMES WELCH

The Real Life of a Foreign Service officer

Five suggestions, from an experienced hand, to save the taxpayers' money, to brush the lint off a lot of fuzzy brains—and to get better-quality work out of the State Department.

I SEE before me a youngish Foreign Service officer (known in government shorthand as an FSO). One of his jobs is to collect information on the country where he is assigned. He is doing it now at a cocktail party. Inconspicuously dressed, alert but convivial, he moves from group to group, never at a loss for the appropriate word.

He circulates rapidly, for he must put in an appearance at a National Day reception at seven, then run home, jump into his dinner jacket, and dine in another part of town at 8:15. Haste has its good side: it helps burn off the calories accumulated by three sets of cocktails, wine at dinner, liqueurs afterwards, and the Scotch and water that go with serious conversation (refusing drinks makes one conspicuous). Our FSO has been out four nights in the last seven and considers himself lucky. For the chief of mission it was seven out of seven. Part of a Foreign Service officer's job is to mix with leaders of the community and, the higher his rank, the more numerous the invitations.

It is well past midnight when our FSO turns in. Next morning he is in the office at eight for his language lesson. When his teacher leaves at 8:30, our FSO confronts his real day's work: his in-basket. It contains 66 items in 857 pages—in all about 430,000 words.* This is one day's accumulation.

First, he scans the morning papers. He is relieved to find little of interest, except an AP item that falls within his reporting area. The people on the Desk in Washington will probably have read it by now, but they will want interpretation from the field. Then they can say, "The Embassy agrees with us about it"; or, if they have not read the news, "We feel the same way as the Embassy." He had better draft a telegram.

He clips the item, and begins digging through the basket. He discards many documents after a glance at the cover; occasionally he reads word for word. Little seems new, but it is hard to be sure. Is this article in the *Economist* a rehash of the SEATO report that crossed his desk last month? Is this communiqué from the Algerian nationalists the same one that he first read in the paper three weeks ago, then in a broadcast intercept, then in a press translation, then in a telegram from Cairo, then in a CIA report—or is it that *other* communiqué? There are the usual wads of translations from the nearest Iron Curtain country—odd, because it has recently clamped down on the export of periodicals. This evidently makes no difference. The people who translate them are still at their desks, and they have a certain production capacity.

In an hour he is halfway through the basket but his faculties are blurred. The headings seem harder to sift; perhaps he has discarded important items. What he is reading seems harder to absorb; he really ought to go over some of it again. In particular he ought to check into a statement in a CIA report; if it is wrong, as he suspects, it could lead to a serious miscalculation. Perhaps after he drafts the telegram—

He has an argument about the telegram with the chief of his section. Should his fairly cautious prediction be prefaced by "Possibly . . ." or by "It is not inconceivable that . . ."? After ten minutes they agree to consult other section chiefs before deciding. It will take all day to get the telegram through the obstacle course and up to the Ambassador for signature; and it will probably reach Washington too late to help the people on the Desk.

At 10:30 he goes to the daily staff meeting. He wishes he had given more time to his in-basket when the Political Counselor asks him: "What do you make of the fact that Gombozhab was

* These figures are not fictitious. They represent the average daily traffic during a typical week at a large American mission early in 1961.

not on the Outer Mongolian trade delegation?" He remembers reading something, somewhere about the delegation. But the name of Gombozhab evokes not the faintest wisp of memory. Gamesmanship seems the only way out. He could reply: "I would say the thing can be read two ways." That would only invite a further probe. Perhaps he should admit that he has "not been following this very closely" and then try fishing for a lead. But he is expected to follow such things closely. So, with a wise smile, he nods at a colleague across the table: "Arthur, you're the expert on that. How do you see it?" Arthur has been luckier in his scanning. He offers a lucid comment on Gombozhab. Most meetings include someone whose eyes have caught the vital item.

Our FSO gets back to his room resolved to read more efficiently. He wonders whether he should try to meet the Trotskyite who arrived yesterday. No one has talked to the man for years: it might make a good despatch. But it would mean leaving the office for the afternoon. His contribution to the quarterly Embassy résumé is already overdue. To be sure, it covers events that took place six to nine months ago and were all reported currently to the Department. Furthermore, since it will run to a hundred pages, no one in Washington will read it. But it is a "periodic requirement."

He must also finish that despatch on the student movement which the Department has requested from all posts. To write it properly he ought to see the secretary of the student association at the university. But this again would mean leaving the office. So he will have to write it up from his clipping file. It may look a bit superficial, but other posts will probably do no better. He lights a cigarette and wonders where to start. He recalls an interesting bit of gossip he picked up on a certain union leader last night. Should he check on whether the Labor Attaché heard it too? Better not. It was a long evening and the details have blurred. Why look stupid twice in one morning? He sighs and settles down to the resumé, determined to finish it by evening.

Holmes Welch served in the State Department, Office of European Affairs, during the war years and was Political officer at the American Consulate General in Hong Kong, 1957–61. He is the author of "The Parting of the Way," on the history of Taoism, and is now working in Hong Kong on another book, about Buddhism in China today.

This good intention is not realized. A business lunch with his counterpart at the French Embassy takes two hours instead of one. On his return an old friend, with three hours between flights, drops in to say "hello"—and to apologize for doing so, since he knows "how busy you fellows are." No sooner is he out the door than two colleagues appear from the U. S. Information Service with proofs of a pamphlet. Will he give it a vetting? He can hardly refuse, considering his pointed remarks about their last pamphlet. He gets back to the resumé by three. It goes rather quickly, and is more than half done by the time he heads for a Congressional briefing at 4:30.

The Ambassador does not call on him, and he sits through the same old recital, acutely aware of the passing minutes. It is 5:45 before he gets back to his desk, and plunges hectically into the pile in his in-basket (now thicker by another day's accumulation). He finds that he is tired. After a few minutes of scanning, even the name of Gombozhab does not jump out of the page at him. He leaves for the first cocktail party at 6:30, wondering what he has missed this time.

NOT DUMB, JUST NUMB

PERHAPS the above sounds exaggerated. Surely a Foreign Service officer has better days than this. He does. Occasionally he writes a despatch that has new information and could not have been written in Washington. But such achievements are the exception.

It may be said, of course, that a typical day in any office of business or government is fairly dreary. We are all overworked. Why worry about the harassed FSO?

His plight concerns us because he deals with peculiarly important problems. If they can be solved at all (and some cannot), they call for exceptionally clear minds separated from reality by as little paper as possible at the lower levels and served at the higher levels by as nearly perfect paper as possible. Foreign policy today is a function of paper.

To see why this is so, one need only apply the methods of Professor Parkinson to the relationship between paper and people. Every officer (*i.e.*, every employee above the clerical level) added to the federal service is a producer of paper. He wants his products to be consumed by as many people as possible since this draws attention to him and to his unit—and the more useless the unit, the more urgent the need to justify it. Therefore he routes everything he

produces to everyone he can think of. The recipients are already drowning in a sea of paper. As an organization grows, the burden of production is spread; the reading burden less so. A hundred people can keep up with one another's products; a thousand cannot. But they try. It takes only a few seconds for one man to scan a document and cross off his initials, but there are more and more men, more and more documents. The seconds add up to years. And this does not take account of the time that must be spent to reproduce the documents, register, enclose, despatch, sort, re-sort, deliver, and ultimately file them—operations that take not only time, but furniture and floor space, calling for architects, contractors, General Services, and administrative meetings that officers have to attend. Where does it all stop?

Item: When a document—no matter how useless—from one unit reaches the head of a competing unit, he is likely to growl to his staff: "So-and-so has produced a pretty good report on such-and-such. It's in our area as much as theirs. Let's not get caught like this again."

Item: A lengthy press translation is often accompanied by a despatch that tells the hurried reader what it says. The despatch, in turn, is preceded by a summary for the benefit of the even more hurried reader, and the summary will be repeated in the weekly resumé. If the post wants the information to penetrate directly to the higher levels, where people are in such a hurry that they read only telegrams, it produces a telegram besides. In this competition for the reader's attention, some or all of these documents will be classified "Confidential" or "Secret," although the information in them comes from the daily newspaper. This is theoretically to protect any opinion expressed, but it also makes them more likely to be read. Documents that are *not* classified may be taken out of the office. Hence one tends to relegate them to the evening briefcase or to that distant weekend when one hopes to get caught up.

It takes only a few years in the federal service to become a producer of the worst of all varieties of paper—the "circular instruction," which calls for reports on a given subject from dozens of posts abroad. Such exercises give the sender a satisfying sense of work in progress, particularly if he can have somebody else read the reports when they arrive. He is not deterred by the fact that much of the information may already be on file in the Department; nor will he ever hear about the more useful reporting that has had to be sacrificed to comply with his instruction.

We can now define a principle unmentioned by Parkinson, which I should modestly like to call Welch's Corollary: *Every producer of paper added to the government roster creates the need for an additional consumer of paper.* But the consumer, when hired, turns out to be a producer too, and so the paper tide rises in millions of in-baskets.

As it rises, millions of minds—including some 3,700 in the Foreign Service—become increasingly fuzzy. Mistakes are made, mostly small, some large. As they seep upwards, many are filtered out, but some are incorporated in policy.

Both in the production and the consumption of paper, quality goes down as quantity goes up. For people do not, in fact, "work best under pressure." A lazy man needs pressure to work at all. But the effects of pressure are all bad on anyone who cares about his job, as the average Foreign Service officer does. Instead of tracking down a lead he avoids mentioning it; instead of checking a doubtful fact (where checking would take time), he presents it ambiguously. And he tries to reach conclusions that will be generally acceptable. Hours can be wasted fighting for an unpopular final paragraph, and victories are few. Always in the back of his mind is the deadline—the backlog.

RATS IN THE IN-BASKET

WHAT, if anything, can be done to fit the work of the Foreign Service to the limitations of the human mind? I have five suggestions.

1. Nothing should be produced abroad that could equally or almost as well be done in Washington. The analysis of newspapers and magazines, for instance, should be moved to Washington along with the officers to do it. The men who remain overseas should ignore all "departmental instructions" and "periodic reporting requirements" unless they have something new to say. They should concentrate on what can*not* be produced in Washington.

2. Every Foreign Service officer in the field should be required to spend two afternoons a week outside his office. Thus he would follow up some of the leads he never finds time for now; and he would experience more of the local reality that lies outside his own office and the drawing-rooms of important people.

3. There should be penalties, not rewards, for the man who produces or distributes paper unnecessarily. Defer his promotion, for example.

4. In the consumption of paper, it should be

one man to a piece. One man in each unit should have the responsibility of reading each document *with care* and passing any part of it on to other persons who also ought to read it *with care.* The national interest will be better served if he takes too much rather than too little paper out of circulation. Better that some information go astray than that most be half-digested.

5. *Where there is duplication of effort, specialize.* Under the present system, every world event is written up by dozens of units in a score of federal agencies, which then go on to repeat themselves in widely distributed weekly or monthly summaries. Most of their products present the same facts from the same sources, nor are there great differences in interpretation. They should be forced to specialize more and compete less. This would sharply cut the quantity of paper in circulation—and raise its quality. It would take strong executive action, probably by the President, to effect this change.

THESE are my five suggestions, or at least their bare bones. I would like to explain how they might work out in practice, but this would involve details of administration that are of little interest to the general reader. In any case, although I am ready to argue for my suggestions elsewhere at any time, I am by no means certain that they represent the right solution. What I am certain of is that a serious problem exists.

The law of diminishing returns has begun to operate. Today whatever one does in the routine of government service may turn out to be against the national interest simply because too much else is being done. The crucial question is no longer: "Would this be of some use?" Almost anything, taken of itself, is of some use. Instead one must think of the overall problem and ask, "Can this possibly be avoided?" Only in this way can the flow of paper be curbed to a point where it is no longer counterproductive.

But how to begin? Who wants to admit, in effect, that his work is more than he can handle? With a little gamesmanship he can manage. It is bad form to complain about what there seems no hope of changing; better get on with the job. There are also those who see free-for-all production as a chance to make their mark. There are some, too, who, after many years in service, cannot get enough paper. One sees them crawling exhausted toward their in-baskets, like rats toward irresistible poison.

I am not criticizing the men, but the system. I do not share the view that our foreign policy is a mess. In my view, the officers of the Foreign Service are doing a superb job, like a team of stunt soccer players who score goal after goal while wrapped up in nets. My plea is: let us find a way to remove the nets. Then they will score more goals.

WHAT AVAILS INDEED?

NOW I want to smash *The Vitascope.* The name of the thing is in itself a horror, but that may pass. Its manifestations are worse. *The Vitascope,* be it known, is a sort of magic lantern which reproduces movement. Whole scenes are enacted on its screen. La Loie dances, elevated trains come and go, and the thing is mechanically ingenious, and a pretty toy for that great child, the public. Its managers are not satisfied with this, however, and they bravely set out to eclipse in vulgarity all previous theatrical attempts.

In a recent play called "The Widow Jones" you may remember a famous kiss which Miss May Irwin bestowed on a certain John C. Rice, and vice versa. Neither participant is physically attractive, and the spectacle of their prolonged pasturing on each other's lips was hard to bear. When only life-size it was pronounced beastly. But that was nothing to the present sight. Magnified to Gargantuan proportions and repeated three times over it is absolutely disgusting. All delicacy, or remnant of charm seems gone from Miss Irwin, and the performance comes very near being indecent in its emphasized vulgarity.

Such things call for police interference. Our cities from time to time have spasms of morality, when they arrest people for displaying lithographs of ballet girls; yet they permit night after night a performance which is infinitely more degrading. The immorality of living pictures and bronze statues is nothing to this. The Irwin kiss is no more than a lyric of the Stock Yards. While we tolerate such things, what avails all the talk of American Puritanism and of the filthiness of imported English and French stage shows? —From *The Chap Book,* July 1, 1896.

Harper's Magazine, March 1962



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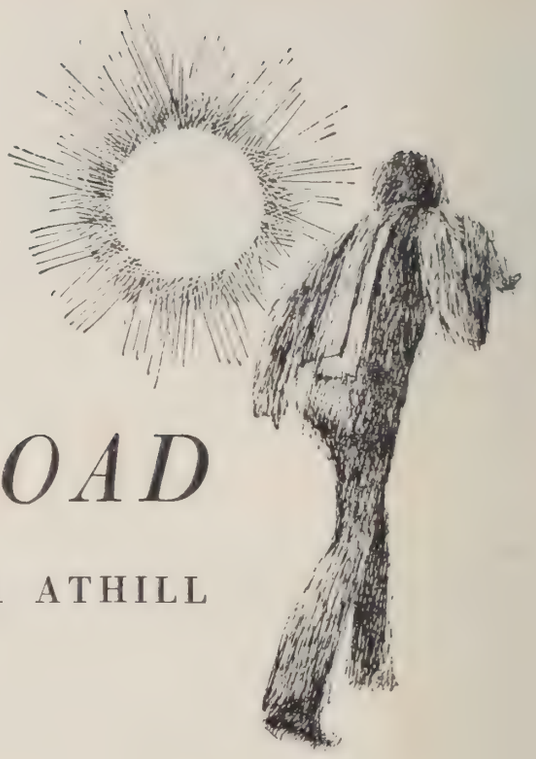
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MAN ON A ROAD

A Story by DIANA ATHILL

THE man had knotted his handkerchief and put it on his head, but this did not protect the back of his neck into which the sun was drilling. His nape was dark red and beginning to blister, even though his shirt collar was turned up. It was a short-sleeved shirt and the outer side of his left forearm was also inflamed, the sun being no longer straight overhead but standing a little behind him and to his left. He was wearing brown leather shoes and no socks. Both his heels were so badly chafed that an hour earlier he had taken his shoes off and tried walking barefoot. The road was too stony for it. He put his shoes on again, swearing, almost weeping at the pain. Had there been any shade he would have dropped down in it, given up.

But there was, and went on being, no shade at all, much further than his eye could see. The road was little more than an unsurfaced ledge hacked in a bare mountainside which, to his left, pitched down into sea. To his right the land rose less steeply to an undulating crest, but he could rarely see this, only the rough wall of rock out of which the road was terraced. The sun would go down into the sea and the only shadows which would grow as it moved imperceptibly through the afternoon would be the man's own and those of the boulders lying loose here and there. The latter would make pools of shade so small that he would have to lie flat and put his head in one of them to get any relief.

The man felt as though the inside of his nose, his mouth, his whole head were coated with dust. He knew that his thirst was not a danger because when he had last looked at a map there had been a place-name about twenty miles ahead and already he must have covered some ten of those miles, but he found its relentless increase alarming beyond reason. He had been walking since one o'clock and now it was three. Another two hours, at least, before he could drink.

The man's name was Donald Fox. Nationality, British; age, thirty-four; occupation, television producer. He had written them like that often, in the last three weeks, filling in the forms necessary for travel. "I bet," he had said not long ago, "that all these forms go to some decrepit clerk who staples them into pads and hangs them in the customs officers' lavatory." Now he hoped that he had been wrong. Before long it would be necessary for someone at the center of things in this country to have the means of linking him up with himself.

Until that year he had done his traveling with friends and in fairly comfortable places: the south of France and Italy, and once he had shared a house by the sea in Spain with five others. He had found travel snobs annoying. He had seen it as presumptuous to suppose that he could establish the least foothold in any other life when he was given only a month out of each year in which to escape from his own. Play was all he had aspired to. But in spite of this he had, for some years, felt increasingly impatient of his holidays because he felt increasingly impatient of his own life, of his friends, of his girls. Per-

haps it was because he had, at odd times during those years, been attempting to write a novel. It was supposed to be a funny one about the things he knew best: the television rat race and intricate love affairs in mews flats. He could make his friends laugh when he talked of such things and at last he began to take them seriously when they said, "My God, Donald, you ought to put it all in a book."

It was the first time he had ever *examined* business maneuvers or the conduct of couples. Absurd he had always found them, but now he became nagged by the feeling that they were unnecessary as well. People invented so much of their lives, it seemed, and always those parts of them that made them more difficult to live: they invented the necessity for this or that kind of car to drive, clothes to wear, house to inhabit, success to score, or anguish to suffer from. Donald disliked the thought of himself as a naïve man, so he never openly questioned his circle's necessities, but inside himself, secretly, he became a little simple. He would lie in his bath and think: "Money. *That's* only an invention. Or the value of diamonds. What in God's name possesses the human race?" He gave up his novel and got books on oriental religions out of the public library. He thought he needed to be alone for a bit, in some place where life was as bare as possible and where the real necessities could show.

He chose for his next holiday a country in which, if he went off the beaten track, he could fall inconspicuously between two stools: It was too rough, still, for the play-seekers, while he would be too inexpert to rank among the snobs. He would certainly not be one of those who translate the laments sung in the hill villages (he could not translate more than the politenesses and "How much?"). He would never become godfather to any shepherd's son, would never play tric-trac in a dark café with the village elders, would never know why X became Minister of the Interior instead of Y, or be lent illuminated manuscripts, as an exception, by a xenophobic abbot. He would simply be alone to watch the places and the people, to talk when he could communicate, to be rid, for a short time, of much, and to gain God knows what. He suspected that he should go on foot and by local buses, but that seemed silly when he had a car and could afford to take it. He knew before he set out that his aim (if, really, he had one) was small and ridiculous, so he talked about it to no one and hugged it to himself.

He drove at first over roads less bad than he had expected, then over tracks much worse. Twice he was bitten by fleas, twice he had to share a room in an inn with strangers, every night he lay on hard beds under thick sheets which, even when newly washed, smelled of other bodies because water was too precious for much rinsing. He was elated at not minding these things or even (much) the water closets, when there were any. Courteous and inquisitive people, landscapes of a fierce or delicate beauty, the realization that comfort is simply a matter of being warm or cool enough, having enough to eat, and being able to sprawl when weary: it was good. Sometimes when he lay down in a bare little thick-walled room, listening to a dog barking or a donkey braying or voices muttering outside in words he could not understand, he would feel a sort of dizziness at being so far away; would hover on the edge of fear. What was *he* doing in this bed, in this distant, foreign village, its life all the more mysterious for being proved real? Then he would slide into the blank, easy sleep which comes with freedom, to wake early and smoothly to a world in which every whitewashed wall, every geranium in its pot, every chicken scratching in the dust was given an extra value by his awareness. If there was a tap outside the house, or water trickling from a pipe in a wall, he would go out to scrape his chin, watched by children, indulging a secret feeling of belonging. Then, with his money and his car, he would move on. He chided himself that of course the people in that place were much the same as people anywhere else, that an old woman spinning under an olive tree need be no different from an old woman knitting in a deck chair; but he could feel that generous welcomes, warm curiosity, and faces which seemed to express mostly resignation, simplicity, wisdom, and courage were doing their work. He would return to London with a dream.

THEN came the day of this story: a long drive over a stretch of country most of which gave no sign of habitation. Mile after mile of eroded mountain, how could the road (such as it was) have been made? Donald had with him wine, a flask of water, bread, cheese, and tomatoes. Knowing that he would at one

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Diana Athill is a partner in the London publishing house, André Deutsch, Ltd. "Man on a Road" is one of a collection called "Stories of Love" which Doubleday is bringing out in March.

time be following the coast, he planned to swim at midday, when he ate his lunch.

He pulled up about half-an-hour after he first sighted the sea, when he came to a place where rock had fallen and been cleared, leaving a raw half-moon on the side away from the drop. He left the car there, fairly sure that if another vehicle came by (which was unlikely—he had seen only one bus all morning) it could get past. A dry gully ran down to the sea, just possible to scramble down, at the bottom of which a couple of tumbled rocks threw a little shade. There he sat and ate, the noises he made sounding either too small or too loud.

It was a place where land went into sea. He was surprised at how startling this was. It struck him that people had collected for so long on shores, beaches, bays, that they had made of them a special kind of territory, an ambiguity between two elements. There might be a documentary in it: what the human race had done to the fringes of land. It would be too arty, of course.

Here there was none of that. Rock went down and water rose and fell against it. It was a still day so that the water moved only a few inches, but the idea of diving into it off that rock was frightening. The water was so deep, almost black. The rock, if waves bashed a body against it, would be so totally indifferent to blood running from torn knees and elbows. A shipwrecked man might struggle out and lie exhausted, in the great silence, and a sea-bird might swoop down to pick out his eyes. This is the furthest I have ever been, thought Donald, perhaps the furthest I shall ever be, from what we have made of life. He felt that he should sit quite still, for a long time, experiencing it; but the quietness was too much. After another swig of wine he climbed down to a ledge just above the water's highest lapping, kicked off his shoes and dipped his feet in the sea. It was almost as though he were daring something. On either side of him his hands gripped the rock, until he noticed them and deliberately relaxed them.

Before he stripped he looked round, absurdly, to make sure that no one was watching. The last person he had seen had been a woman, many miles back, spinning as she kept an eye on some black goats, and for the next twenty miles all was so bare and steep that nothing was likely to be built on it. Over the crest of the mountain there might be, he supposed, villages quite near as the crow flies, but they would not send their flocks over to the seaward slope. There was nothing there for them to eat.

Wonderful, he thought, to be so free. If he had a woman there, he could lie on this rock and screw her in the sun's eye, like Adam with Eve. But he felt smaller than the thought. If he had been able to do such a thing the discomfort would, undoubtedly, have been great: the rock unaccommodating, the sun hammering his back. As it was he could feel his skin threatening to shrivel under it. Such still water, he told himself, no different from slipping off a raft at Antibes, so he edged himself in, swam out a little way and turned on his back to float. He had to shelter his eyes with his hand before he could look up at the fluent line of the mountain's profile against the sky. He could not see the road. It was hidden by a shoulder of rock. But when after half-a-minute (the sun burning his face) he righted himself and shook water out of his ears, he heard a motor grinding along the hillside. Another bus, he thought, or a truck.

When he had dressed he splashed water on his head against the heat of the climb back to the road. Stones slid under his feet and he often had to use his hands, but he enjoyed it more than he had enjoyed the descent or the meal or the swim. Then he had been pushing against the pressure of the place's emptiness. Now he was coming back from a small achievement. He would remember that swim when he got home.

HE DID not see that the car had gone until he hauled himself up onto the road. He told himself that he must have come up at the wrong angle, he must be looking at another wide place ahead of the one where he had left the car, but he knew as he formed the thought that it was not so. His stomach sucked downwards. He stood panting, looking at the marks where the wheels had been and where, in starting up, they had spun splinters of stone out of the dust.

Standing there, he was horrified to feel pure terror closing down on him, not of whatever man had taken the car, for in such emptiness he could not envisage a man, but of the silence and the bare mountain. In spite of the blazing light a darkness seemed to emanate from the rock, as though powers were present which had conspired his predicament. He wanted to get his back against something. Soon, the automatic reactions bred by a life spent in an organized society went to work: keep calm, something can be done, there are people, policemen, telephone operators—even in this country there are people—who exist to deal with situations like this. At



least I have eaten and have my dark glasses on, he thought; and then that the wine had left him thirsty and that the water flask was in the car, with all his cigarettes but three, with all his money except for the equivalent of—he checked it—about seven shillings, and with his passport.

He was not sure that he could pronounce correctly the name of the place on the map for which he had been heading, but it was on the sea, he knew, bigger than a village, and some of the smaller steamers called there. It would have telephones and policemen. Many people trudged twenty miles in a day for pleasure and there was, after all, the chance of a lift. He started to walk.

And two hours later he was still walking, a fairly well-built man, healthy, but accustomed to no exercise beyond a little squash and sometimes a weekend's sailing. Five miles on foot, at any time, would leave him conscious of unusual exertion; more than that would tire him. But two hours would not have pushed him beyond muscular fatigue to this state of distress had he been wearing suitable shoes and a hat with a brim. He recalled stories of captives shuffling through deserts and over mountains, of shipwrecked men drifting for days without water, of the tortured, the starved, the derelict. Only discomfort, he repeated to himself. *This is only discomfort.* But shame at his susceptibility to it did not ease him. He could not think away the throbbing in his head, the scorching sun on his under-pigmented skin, those bloody shoes gnawing at his raw heels. Three smooth boulders, a pothole shaped like Australia, some kind of thistle growing out of a crack in the wall of rock to his right, a miniature avalanche of dust at the wall's foot—so many thousand details unblurred by speed—each one to be trodden past or over. He was no longer skating the surface of this country.

Another five miles and the road curved inland to avoid a humped promontory. It climbed a little, then descended to a shallow valley cupped behind the promontory. As he came over the rise he saw—oh God, the relief!—that there were trees growing in the valley: olive trees. At first he thought only of shade, perhaps water, then he realized that it meant cultivation, that someone must farm this scratching of soil. And sure enough, a little further on he could distinguish houses, six or eight of them: a small hamlet that had not been marked on the map.

First there was a house standing separately, plastered and washed a patchy pink. The lower part of it was a stable. Chickens pecked around it and a thin cat ran across the road, but no people were about. Then houses were grouped more closely and the road spread between them into a rudimentary village square with a small plane tree at its center. An old man was sitting under the tree, a woman came out of a door, carrying a pail, and three children knelt in the dust, putting pebbles into a squashed tin can. As Donald came nearer, the woman and the children stopped what they were doing to watch him. The old man did not appear to notice his approach.

DONALD walked straight into the shade of the tree and sat down on a gnarled root, polished by the seats of many trousers. "Good morning," he said to the old man (he still confused "good morning" with "good afternoon"), then, when the tortoise head did not turn, he saw the sagging lip and the line of spittle running from its corner and realized that the old man had no mind left. He turned to the woman, who had pulled her head scarf across the lower part of her face. "Please," he said. "Water." After a moment she spoke to one of the children, a boy, who ran into a house and came back with a tin mug of water. Donald drank. He drank. Oh the cool, clear, sweet water running down his throat, spreading, he seemed to feel, between his ribs. He leaned back against the tree for a moment, shutting his eyes, as though once in the shade and no longer thirsty he could forget the rest. Then he bent down to take off his shoes and inspect his heels, grimacing at the woman as he did so, for her sympathy. She stared back at him out of black eyes with no change of expression.

"English," he said, pointing to his chest. "Tired. Bus to the town?" She murmured something and shook her head. In the car he had a phrase book from which he had learned, "Is

there anyone here who can speak English/ French/ German?" but now his head was aching and he could not remember it. His courage shrank as he saw the impossibility of pantomiming his plight. He smiled and shrugged at the woman, trying to express helplessness and appeal, hoping that at least she would look friendly. She did not. If anything, she looked alarmed. The boy who had brought the water stood beside her. Suddenly she took his arm, spoke softly to him, pointed back down the road toward the pink house and pushed him in that direction. He ran off, the woman signed to Donald to stay where he was, picked up her pail, and went back into her house. The old man seemed to be asleep, his breathing made no noise. There was not even a grasshopper chirping in the heaviness of the afternoon.

If the boy had gone to fetch someone, Donald thought, he need not worry until they came back. He leaned back again, with his bare feet resting on his shoes, conscious of little but the ache in his head. He wished he knew for certain that the boy would be away for at least half-an-hour so that it would be worth going to sleep.

In about ten minutes he heard voices and footsteps. He opened his eyes and saw two men coming from the direction of the pink house, the boy following them. They surprised him, partly because the emptiness of the village had made him assume that all its active men were out in the fields, partly because these men did not look quite as he expected villagers to look. One of them was wearing a shabby suit, light fawn in color. He was fat and had a thin mustache. The other, a slight boy, fairer than was usual, wore a black-and-white checked shirt, dark trousers, and white (though dirty) canvas shoes.

They came into the square and stood staring at Donald, the mustached one a little in front. When he said, "Good afternoon," getting it right this time, they both nodded. He got up and said: "I am English. Can speak English?" and the mustached one said, "I speak English." He said the words smoothly, without hesitation, and Donald's relief was great.

"I am in trouble," he said. "My car was stolen when I stopped to eat and swim. I have walked a long way. Is there a bus from here to the town?"

Mustaches translated to his companion, then turned back to Donald and asked: "Where was your car stolen? Who stole it?"

Donald thought his voice sounded hostile but supposed he must be imagining this. "I don't know who stole it," he said. "I didn't see."

"What were you doing on the road? Why were you not in the car?"

"Swimming," said Donald. "Swimming, eating," and he made swimming gestures with his arms. Perhaps the man did not understand English very well, after all. Meanwhile, he noticed, the woman with the pail had come out of her house again, several other women had appeared, and half-a-dozen more children. They were gathering round, not very close, and they were all watching.

"I only want to know," he said, "when there is a bus. My money was in the car. I must get to the town."

The fair boy whispered to Mustaches, who moved a step nearer and asked: "Where is your passport?"

He *is* hostile, Donald recognized with astonishment. Then answered, with forced calm: "It was in the car."

"How can we know you had a car?"

"Where would I have come from if I had not had one? And what is it to do with you? I am only asking the best way to the town."

"Our people are not thieves."

Oh God, thought Donald. The only one to speak English *would* be this bastard. His head was throbbing and he suddenly saw that he was standing barefoot.

He could not believe that he was facing unfriendliness. So far, in this country, he had always come as the stranger, the news-bearer, the event of the day (or perhaps of many, many days) for people with lively minds living in remote places, who had learned to give the fullest importance to any unusual event. Even among the poorest of them hospitality had been astonishing. In every village he had seen evidence of an antique tradition of welcome to the traveler, and a hunger for new things to discuss which had given an expression almost of love to the faces which had greeted him. Now, he realized suddenly, looking at the two men and at the silent women and children in the background, the medal had flipped over. Here, for some reason, the stranger was the unexplained, the suspect. His appearance? He must look like a tramp. To be an English tourist and to look like this: perhaps it was incredible to them. Or perhaps it was one of them who had stolen the car?

"My name is Donald Fox," he said. "I come from London. Please help me."

"You are English," said Mustaches. He was watching Donald's face closely and his mouth was smiling slightly.

"I have told you."

"You English shot my brother and this one's father," and he gestured with his elbow toward the fair boy.

There was a cold clutch in Donald's stomach. To be so tired, so much at a loss, and now this . . .

"What do you mean? The British have shot no one in this country."

"Not here. On the island. There was not even any proof." He did not translate to his companion, but the boy drew nearer to him, watching with him for the effect of the words. The coldness ran through Donald's whole body. He understood with a jolt why the men looked strange. They were not natives of this village, they came from the island; and if they came from the island they were here, almost certainly, because they had to be, because they were in hiding. And if they were men who must hide . . .

"I have never been on the island," he said. He almost added, "I have always believed it should be free to choose what government it liked," but when he saw the little smile under the mustache, the words stuck. Instead, he went on slowly: "What has this to do with me?"

"What has your car to do with me?" said Mustaches, then translated for the boy, who laughed briefly.

The eyes of both of them were no longer guarded but seemed wider, as though they were waking to a prospect of action. They did not move. Donald felt hollow, struggling to realize that what he might do next, what he might say, was the mouse two cats were crouching for. Partly because his legs grew weak and partly because a show of indifference seemed the only course, he stepped backwards and sat again on the root of the plane tree. They are just trying to scare me, he thought, nothing will happen.

So he said: "I am sorry about your brother and the boy's father. I see that you will not help me. I have shot no one and I will rest here for a little before I walk on." As he spoke he felt

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MARK VAN DOREN

SIX POEMS

Temperance

Stop short of all.
There is nothing to gain
From more than enough
Love, money, and rain.

Indomitable

The chickadee the cat clawed
Is here this morning on one leg.
With no tailfeathers left he lights
And, balancing, begins to beg.

Old Letters

The exultation, the despair,
Like distant waves make not a sound.
The sea of time from upper air
Is even motionless, like ground.

Vessel

Body, don't break.
Spirit, don't spill.
Crack after crack.
However, it will.

The Open Soul

Vanity unconcealed,
And jealousy confessed:
Only those afflicted
Thus, I see, have rest.

Dry Time

All things sigh
For the locust to cease;
For a darkening sun;
For the patter of peace.

a sick weariness at the prospect of shoving his heels into those shoes again.

Men from the island were not criminals in this country, he remembered, they were fighters. They would be merely taking shelter, not hiding. But still, would they risk trouble? And people do not harm strangers for no reason. He looked up into Mustaches' face and it was as though the earth under his feet were a thin crust over nothing. The man had a low forehead, narrow khaki-colored eyes, and a sullen, pouting mouth. In any circumstances he would have been unprepossessing. But worse was the way in which he was looking out of those eyes. Here was someone functioning on a level wholly unfamiliar. What were reasons for this man would not be reasons for Donald. The thought was melodramatic, panicky. Donald tried not to acknowledge it, but if he was right about these two they moved in a world in which killing had often been the simplest, the obvious thing to do: it was probably something they themselves had done.

But the villagers . . . He glanced at the old idiot and at the surrounding women, without knowing that he was beginning to look hunted. Black eyes in narrow, dark faces. No expression except watchfulness. These women, these women's ancestors, had seen things he had only read about. Their necessities had taught them harder and stranger things than to make do with little. They knew from personal experience that violence happens.

Donald put on his shoes slowly, biting his lip. While he was doing it the old man began for the first time to stir and mumble and one of the women came forward to help him up. As she passed Mustaches she murmured to him, looking sideways at Donald, who caught the word "autobus." Mustaches only jerked his head. The woman lowered her eyes and led the old man away.

I must not lose my nerve, thought Donald. I must not let fatigue and headache and the unexpectedness of this distort the situation. They are only two louts setting themselves up by showing off to the women. But as he started to rise, Mustaches stepped forward. For a fraction of a second they were face to face, Donald with his knees not yet straightened, the other leaning forward; then, incredulous, Donald felt hands on his shoulders, the thrust as he was pushed off balance, the jarring thump as he sat back on the root. He was too shocked to do more than stare. Mustaches, insolent, stared back. "We have not finished to talk," he said. "You say we steal your car. I say no."

"I did not say—" began Donald, struggling to his feet, rage taking over. Before he was up, the fair boy had darted forward and had slapped his face.

No, he thought. No, this has not happened. His cheek stung sharply and the jerking of his head at the blow had made a lock of his hair fall forward so that he could see its ends out of his right eye. "Look here," he heard himself saying in a high voice, "look here, this is absurd." The mustached face was close to him suddenly, pushed forward, talking fast in words he could not understand while a fist vibrated under his nose so that he retreated clumsily and found himself backed against the trunk of the tree. Children had skirmished nearer, women were squawking at them, the heavy silence had exploded into stridency and movement.

The sickness of rage mounted in him: a double sickness, of rage made impotent by fear. His hands clenched, nerves twitched to hit out, to fight them; twitched and short-circuited at the knowledge of his situation. There were two of them, for all he knew the whole village against him as well; he was thousands of miles from anyone who knew him and five miles of more boulders, more potholes, more dust, from anyone who could help him, with only his sore feet to cover the distance. If he made a rush for it, stones might be flung; he felt himself stumbling along that nightmare road with a rabble of screaming women and children at his heels. Such a thing could not happen to him, Donald Fox—but to the two men pressing close in front of him he was not Donald Fox, he was what they chose to make him, while to the women behind them he was trouble. He began to tremble and pant at the impossibility of it, the absurdity of his helplessness, the outrage of being stripped and nullified by stupidity and malice. He sank on his haunches, without knowing he had done it, leaned against the tree and buried his face in hands. Behind the darkness of his eyelids he begged: "Let it all be a bad dream. Let them go away."

His collapse seemed to disconcert the men and rouse the women, one of whom began to shout at Mustaches, backing away from him as she did so. She was angry and afraid, both of him and of Donald. From her gestures and the direction in which she jerked her head she might have been shouting: "Leave him alone, let him go," not out of sympathy so much as to get rid of him. Both Mustaches and the boy began to speak at once, hotly and scornfully. They were justifying their behavior, building up aggression. They took no notice at first when there was a patter of

hooves and into the square came two donkeys buried under loads of alfalfa. A man was riding the first load—leathery skin, ragged mustache under a straw hat. He belonged here.

He slid off and called out. "What's going on?" he may have said. The women turned to him, several speaking at once, but the one he listened to, bending his head, was the boy who had brought the mug of water and had been sent to fetch the islanders. The boy pointed to Donald, pointed to the two men, in his excitement mimed a blow and pulled his father (for there was a marked likeness) across the square to join the group. The newcomer asked questions, the women babbled, Mustaches intervened while the fair boy stood aside and looked sulky. Donald stood up and began, shakily, to walk away.

Someone shouted to him to stop, children ran after him and voices grew louder. Donald could hear Mustaches' rising high, the other man's growling. Then the newcomer was in front of him, putting a hand on his arm, speaking to him, then breaking off to shout angrily at Mustaches who had come up on his other side.

"Let me go," said Donald loudly, in English. The man stared earnestly into his face. His eyes, surprisingly, were gray and his mustache was yellow with tobacco. He asked a question in a gentle voice, frowning with urgency.

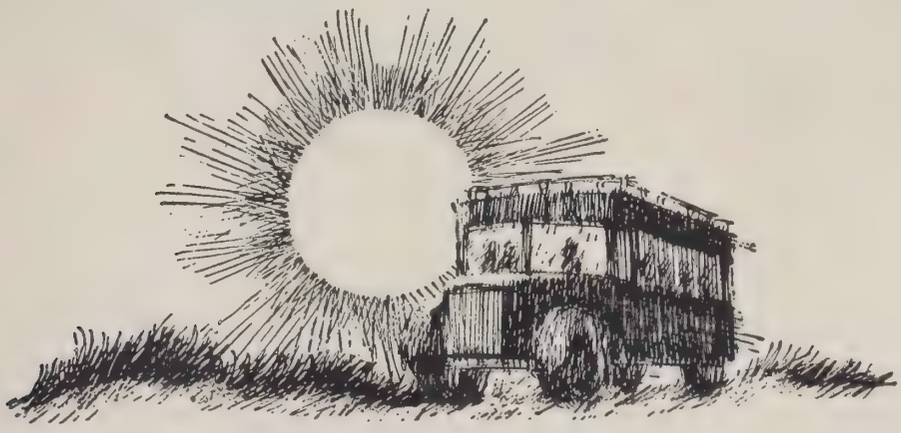
"I do not understand," said Donald in English. "I understand nothing."

The man held his arm a moment longer, puzzling his face, then shrugged and let him go. Donald walked on, disappeared limping beyond the houses. The sound of arguing voices, of women calling back children, grew less.

QUITE soon afterwards Donald was overtaken by the day's bus. He looked so desperate, ready to throw himself under its wheels, that the driver pulled up for him even though he was normally a stickler for the scheduled stops in the villages. The bus was full, Donald had to stand, but a schoolteacher returning from leave in his village befriended him and offered to take him to the police station. To everyone in that bus Donald was an object of interest and pity, almost of wonder, for the theft of a car was something that could never happen to any of them. When he reached the town there were hours and hours of talk and interpretation, of misunderstanding, of drinks at first welcome and then confusing, before he slept under what seemed to be a tablecloth on someone's horsehair couch.

His car was found next day, left where it had run out of petrol a little beyond the town, and the only things missing were three pounds of his money and a blue sweater. He did not wait for the inquiries but learned later that a ship's engineer visiting his family in the mountains had seduced a woman in her husband's absence. The husband, a man of the old school, came back unexpectedly and shot his wife. He would have shot the engineer too, if the young man had not escaped at night over goat tracks and come to the road at the point where Donald had parked his car shortly before. He had looked up and down the road, at the half-moon bluff, then —seeing no one—he had taken his chance.

THE next summer Donald went to Spain again, with his five friends. Later he married one of the girls in the party, which meant that he would never again travel to any place where it was impossible to reserve a room with a private bath. It was curious how, when he lazed on shores and bays and beaches, being comfortably himself, he would so often dream and never speak of the country where the fair boy had slapped his face and the man came riding into the square on a donkey, and then they all began to argue and let the stranger go.



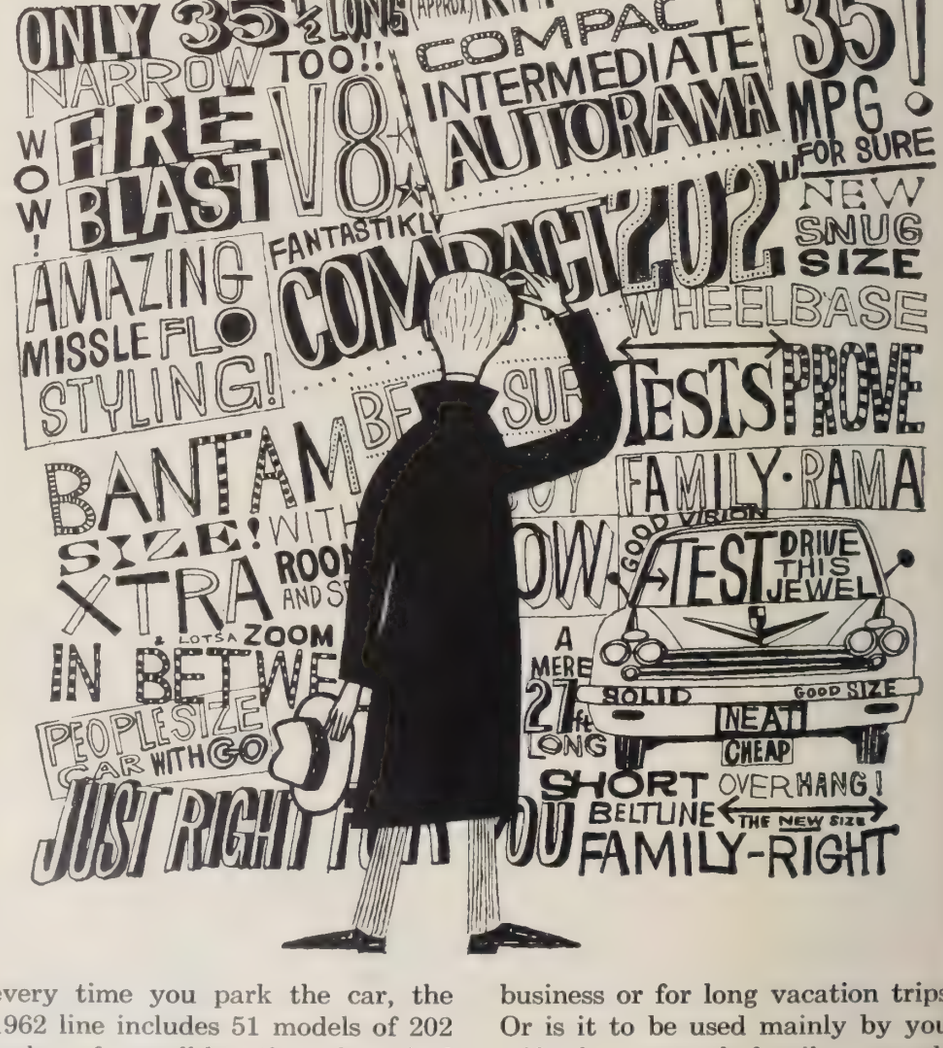
Harper's Magazine, March 1962

Just what is the "right size" car

You are hearing a lot of noise about the "right size."

How ridiculous can you get?

When you stop to think of it there is no such thing as the right size car for everybody any more than there is a right size shoe for everybody.



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The right *size* is one thing. That depends naturally on the size of your family—and on whether this is to be your "main car" or a second car.

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Are they easy to park?

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Do you drive it long distances in business or for long vacation trips? Or is it to be used mainly by your wife for normal family errands, involving a lot of parking?

In either case Chrysler Corporation offers you in every price class a superlative road machine which rides and handles beautifully.

If it's to be used mainly for long

for you and your family?

trips you'll be interested in legroom. Did you know that the 1962 Plymouth, for example, gives front seat passengers *more legroom than the most expensive American cars*, excepting only our own Imperial?

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To provide you with a quick and easy guide to selecting the "right car" for your family, your garage, and your pocketbook, we offer the following "Right-Car Chart" to better transportation.

Just see your dealer and tell him we sent you for a "try-it-for-size" drive, without obligation, of course.

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 PLYMOUTH	25	116	202-210	53.7-54.5	75.6	6 or V8	145-305	8.2-1 9-1	REG. OR PREM.	20-21.5	OPT.	OPT.	●	●	●	●	●	$2206*
 LANCER	7	106.5	188.8	52.7-53.4	72.3	6	101-145	8.2-1	REG.	14	OPT.	OPT.	●	●		●	●	$1951*
 DODGE DART	26	116	202-209.9	53.7-54.5	76.5	6 or V8	145-305	8.2-1 9-1	REG. OR PREM.	20-21.5	OPT.	OPT.	●	●	●	●	●	$2241*
 CHRYSLER	13	122-126	214.9 220.4	55.2-56.1	79.4-80	V8	265-380	9-1 10.1-1	REG. OR PREM.	21-23	OPT.	STD. AND OPT.	●	●	●	●	●	$2964*
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WILLIAM S. WHITE



Which Friends Come First?

Responsible critics have an obligation to back Kennedy in a moderate stand on Africa—and to help him hang onto the Western Alliance—in spite of the pressures from dedicated "anti-colonialists."

WASHINGTON—The first Administration of John F. Kennedy now faces decisions on foreign policy no less immense than those which the second Administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt faced in turning the nation away from a century and a half of isolationism.

Roosevelt's problem, and the nation's, suddenly thrust before us by fascism, was whether and how to commit the United States to a participation in world affairs which it had never really wanted and for which it was historically totally unprepared.

Kennedy's problem, and the nation's, is more subtle and, if possible, even more fateful. It is to make a fair and prudent selection between the increasingly urgent—and often destructively greedy—demands of the new states in Africa and Asia and the often competing requirements of a Western Alliance which, in my view, remains the one indispensable to national safety and honor. We stand poised on this knife edge of history: How to accommodate and *wisely* shape the inevitable end of all vestigial forms of "colonialism" without on the one hand alienating these peoples of the future and without on the other hand destroying the Western association which was our salvation in the past and is our central hope for the long future.

No more terrible challenge to statesmanship has been thrown down before any leader. Roosevelt's task in retrospect can be seen as actually far simpler. The strategic objective then was not really an arguable one, save in its details. No one then—not even the then-isolationists like Chester Bowles—could quarrel with the country's manifest duty to help put an end to Hitlerism. Only tactics were in dispute.

Now, however, in Kennedy's time, ambiguous clouds lie over considerations both of strategy—the harsh complications in avoiding either Africa First or Europe Last—and of tactics. In this decade the area of tactics has become almost as restrictive as the area of strategy. In the late 'thirties and early 'forties we had in tactics, at least, an open field. We had no formal Allies then with the power to protest or in effect to veto our decisions.

More significantly, we had no United Nations possessed of both these powers of check and veto—plus, as matters now stand, the power not only to outvote us in a forum of the world but also to affirm the rightness of acts of naked aggression (*e.g.* India in Goa) whenever the new UN majority may so choose. For the postwar world has brought us a most melancholy innovation: an extraordinary occasional alliance, in some very critical matters, of neutralism and Soviet communism against the interests not only of the West but also of freedom and ordered justice itself.

As I have said, our present strategic problem involves the exquisite choice between New Africa and Old Europe—with infinite care being required not to give New Africa too much and not to leave Old Europe with too little. But at heart, tactics is no less complicated. For the necessity here is to avoid destroying the UN—that is, to prevent a suicide of the UN resulting from the contagious madness of the Communists—and at the same time not to permit the UN, under its new neutralist and Soviet pressure-bloc management, to destroy both the ancient values and the present reality of the Western Alliance.

KATANGA FEVER

IT is within the context of this maze of somber truths that Kennedy must work his way forward to a new national policy. That policy must be blended so as neither to throw away Western safety on behalf of the nonaligned and hostile states, nor to

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allow the Russians to seize the UN lock, stock, and barrel on the claim that a "reactionary West" has abandoned the enterprise. Within this context our national debate must be conducted with decency and responsibility—lest we find ourselves in a witches' Sabbath of oversimplifications, name-calling, and suspicions.

At this moment, while the crisis of Katanga is at the forefront of my mind and of the minds of many others, the top figures of the Kennedy Administration have wisely recognized this danger. They have moved to restrain their own lower-placed extremists. I do not intend to rehash here the pros and cons of the UN action in Katanga, except for its bearing on the central point of this piece.

I was one of those who opposed that action—not because I thought Katanga's secession was a good thing, or Moise Tshombe a prince of good fellows, but because I believe that a sensible order of priorities cannot permit us forever to go against the interests of our old Western Allies, in obedience to African wishes. (Moreover, in the specific action against Katanga, we found ourselves in unhappy company with Russia—although the Soviets have, of course, bitterly opposed all other phases of the UN operation in the Congo.)

Those of us who took this position were called "right-wing extremists" and other such rubbish, sometimes by night-club commentators in their vast wisdom. Lower-level State Department functionaries took up this sort of nonsense. The responsible people there slapped them down, not because they relish criticism of American support of the UN in the Congo but because they are aware that this debate must have the dignity of honest, adult dispute over issues of almost preternatural gravity.

We on our side—that is, we who are Western Alliance Firsters—must be equally sensible and generous if and when any responsible people may suggest that John Kennedy and Dean Rusk and such are going along in the Congo because they are "soft on communism." (At this time, to be sure, I know of no responsible critic who has made any such absurd accusation.)

There is no reason why those who must bear the burden of this complicated policy search—Kennedy, Rusk and Company—should be forced into some either-or position here. They will never be forced into it so long as national discussion does not descend to the gutter or rise to a scream. The adult critics on both sides have the deepest obligation to see that it doesn't.

THE MISSION WITHIN

THESE are the outlines of this vast policy problem: what are the Administration's present human facilities for handling it? As I see it, the position is about as follows: All at the apex of the Administrative pyramid—Kennedy himself, Rusk, Under Secretaries George Ball and George McGhee, and so on—are not as much Western Alliance First as people like me would like. But they are also not nearly so close to Africa First as people like us might fear. They are pragmatic men, desperately trying to put one foot precisely after the other in walking a high wire between the urgent demands of the one side and the indispensable requirements of the other. The President, while he does not intend to become an ally of "colonialism" in any form, also has no slightest intention of liquidating the Western Alliance.

When one looks below this top group of moderates, however, the story is very different. It is my belief, based upon studious observation, that the second level at the White House and State Department is on the whole so emotionally committed to "anticolonialism" that the President will need to show great force lest they carry his policies outside his own viable, middling position by sheer evangelical zeal and, finally, wreck the Alliance.

These are men of decency and, it goes without saying, of unimpeachable patriotism and good intentions. They are, however, men seized with holy mission, almost as zealous as the Abolitionists who so plagued the fair and reasonable and *practical* Lincoln. Despite their disclaimers, they have on the whole become so preoccupied with Africa and with "anticolonialism" as almost to forget what



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are to me two cardinal truths:

(1) The Western Alliance is still the free world's one real shield from the brutally aggressive Communist imperialism.

(2) That Alliance cannot forever endure in strength if a majority of its members continually find their vital interests ignored or opposed and if they feel themselves the chosen whipping boys of the United Nations—an instrumentality which they themselves largely created and for which they have made substantial sacrifices.

It therefore follows that even if Africa First is "right" in the academic sense—I concede this only for the sake of argument—it is still not "right" enough if we are to carry it to the point of outlawing our oldest and strongest friends. It is palpable that divisions among the Western nations over Africa and in the UN will be tolerated only at frightful risk. Take a single example, the Common Market. All Europeans understand, if Americans do not, that the whole underpinning of the Kennedy Administration's new, bold, and desperately needed world trade policy is imperiled by the anger and alienation felt by both the French and Belgians at our course to date in the UN.

This becomes a matter of the highest practical importance, surely, when one recalls this simple but gut fact: The U. S. badly needs Britain's entry into the Common Market as an essential element of our own new program to make common cause with that Market. But Britain cannot enter the Common Market without receiving exemption hatches of various kinds, mainly in order to protect her Commonwealth ties. These exemptions will simply not be forthcoming without a good deal of hospitable generosity by France and Belgium.

UNTIL READY

ALLIED diplomats of distinction and of long-proved loyalty to the West and to political liberalism have told me in confidence of extraordinary confrontations they have had with the Africa First mind in the lower echelons at State. These diplomats are neither hysterics nor ex-

tremists. But more than one of them, to my personal knowledge, have gone out from visits to the State Department with the terrified conviction that some of its functionaries are so obsessed with the very word "Africa" they have all but forgotten that there is a place called Europe and a thing called the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

True enough, most of these people were hired specifically to work on African problems. They include G. Mennen Williams, the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs; some members of his staff; and Mr. Bowles, who is now a special adviser to the President on our dealings with underdeveloped areas, including Africa. Consequently it is their job to see that proper attention is paid to African needs, and points of view, in the top councils of government. No one can quarrel with that—so long as they recognize that other interests have to be considered as well, notably those of our European friends.

These men are mostly able, and they are universally dedicated. But universally also, in my opinion, they lack the sophistication to see that the United Nations cannot any longer be allowed to dominate American policy, or Western policy, though this is surely no recommendation for its destruction. They lack, generally, a respect for power, even power rightfully used—that decent power which Pascal once said must rule the world until the Right was ready. They are so caught up in the *myths* of the evils of "colonialism"—as well as with the undoubted evils themselves—that they are not inclined, in their indiscriminate "anticolonialism," to safeguard much else that is good and right.

So stands Kennedy's—and this nation's—great and unexampled problem: to find a sure path through the jungles not merely of Africa and of a compromised UN, but also through the jungles of emotionalism; to help make ready the new world without destroying what is irreplaceable in the old; to make true, calm choice between what in the Western Alliance is really expendable and what can never be regarded as expendable if we wish to live in strength and freedom.

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English Traits: Fiction and Autobiography

ANTHONY POWELL, the English novelist, is an odd case. He has tremendous merit, and yet there is something unconvincing in the enthusiastic words of his supporters—a strange condition that occurs in many instances and does not mean that the friendly critics are wrong or even that they have puffed up their opinions for one reason or another. Most frequently it has to do, as apparently in the case of Powell, with a certain difficulty in stating the terms of the talent, in sorting out its peculiarities, and in coming to grips with the special question. Kingsley Amis said, "I would rather read Mr. Powell than any English novelist now writing." V. S. Pritchett is an admirer and Evelyn Waugh has written enthusiastically. Powell's reputation, and naturally, given his gifts, is strong in England and, so far as one can judge, fairly widespread among the reading public. Here in America he does not seem to have taken hold in the way that might have been expected. He has written more than nine novels and nearly all of them have appeared here. They have come out as single volumes and a few years ago *Venusberg* and *Agents and Patients* were reprinted together in a single volume. Now *A Question of Upbringing*, *A Buyer's Market*, and *The Acceptance World* have been issued in one volume under the title **A Dance to the Music of Time** (Little, Brown, $5.95). The latter title is the general one Powell has given to his related series of novels which now number five separate volumes. In this work the same characters appear over and over, and the project when completed will be a large, unified work of fiction, in the manner perhaps of the Tietjens novels of Ford Madox Ford and the Crouchback series of Evelyn Waugh.

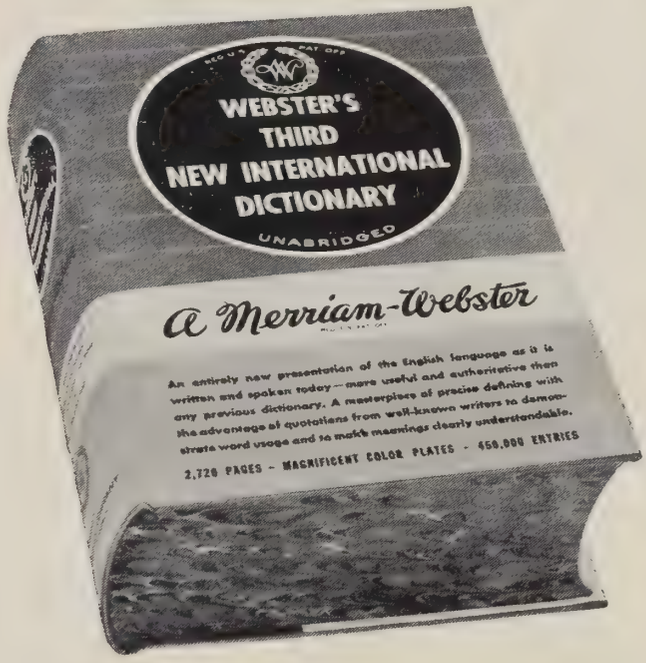
A Question of Upbringing establishes the main characters of the series; they are four young men first thrown together at Eton just after the first world war. After Eton, the scene shifts to Oxford, to France, to London. We know where we are immediately; it is, of course, England and the public-school novel. In no other country is the school of such great social, as well as educational, complexity and meaning. Is there a Sorbonne novel, or a University of Florence poet? In English fiction the public school and the great universities can provide that useful and static meeting place for people of various sorts; other nations must fall back on the devices of shipboard or Grand Hotel. And why does the college novel fail in America? The Harvard novel has been tried with all the English ingredients—eccentric professors, institutional rivalries and plots, complacent members of the closed community observed with satirical intentions—but nothing much comes of it because our Universities, alas for fiction, are just Life and not Class or Manner. In Powell's novels, the characters begin at Eton and go on to Oxford and then to Foreign Travel, Society, The City. There are painters and frauds, young men getting on in the world, hostesses, smart, crazy parties; there is love and bourgeois determination and sad deterioration. The narrator is a young man named Jenkins, who has no jarring eccentricities but is instead a remarkably lifelike creation, a real young man, insensitive at times and yet wholly natural. There is a tense, not very attractive young person named Widmerpool with his great turtle-like determination to succeed; there is the charming Stringham, and Templer, a stockbroker in The City.

Powell does not aim at an ordinary plot; his effort, instead, is to present the flow of these lives and many others as they go along, crossing each other now and then and also developing singly and apart. It is not entirely easy to make these characters remain in the same story, turning up and disappearing, going off on their own and coming back into the common scene again. Their connection with each other is not symphonic as in Proust but realistic. On a visit to France, Jenkins has to tell us: "However, a new—and for me almost startling—element at that moment altered the temper of the party. . . . I turned, prepared for yet another introduction, and found myself face to face with Widmerpool." And later there occurs one of those comic English-novel parties, given by the indiscreet, vivacious Mrs. Andriadis, formerly the mistress of "The Royal Personage." At this affair, Stringham, Jenkins, and Widmerpool are all conveniently gathered, and so on. The technical problems of composition in that way sometimes strain credulity and at other times, when it works, arouse a sort of professional cheer of

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admiration. The flaw would be more troubling if it were not for the fact that one's interest in the original set of characters, brought on the scene at Eton, remains very lively, and so one wants them to appear again and again, entering the story as they will.

Powell's style is unusually direct and clear in a somewhat old-fashioned manner. He excels in expository character description, in fitting all the discordant elements into place with a thoughtful and serious turn of phrase. About Templer, who becomes a stockbroker: ". . . he liked his friends to be rich and engrossed in whatever business occupied them. They had to be serious about money, though relatively dissipated in their private lives; to possess no social ambitions whatever, though at the same time to be disfigured by no grave social defects. . . . Both sexes, when entertained by him, were expected to drink fairly heavily; although, here again, intoxication must not be carried to excess. . . . Nothing might be thought easier than gratification of those modest requirements among a circle of intimates: and the difficulty Templer found in settling down to any one set of persons limited by these terms of reference, and at the same time satisfactory to himself, was really remarkable."

Powell is certainly a very interesting novelist, a very sure stylist, and a rather grave and sympathetic observer of the social comedy. He is a bit like other writers and yet the whole comes to something of his own, particularly in the kindliness that surrounds his notable humor. There are hints of Evelyn Waugh, but Powell's novels are not comedies or farces in the sense of the early Waugh—they are, in method, much more traditional. He is akin in certain respects to the early Huxley, and yet he is much more emotional and natural, less abstract, and certainly less controlled by intellectual conceptions. He is something, too, like those other English novelists who have been in their turn influenced by Waugh and Huxley. Above all, Anthony Powell is essentially conventional as a novelist, and not only in his method and style of composition, but in his feeling about character and life. There is no mystery, as in for instance E. M. Forster, no mist of poetry, no blurring. *A Dance to the Music of Time* is as ambitious as anything since the war. It gratifies nearly every wish for good writing and interesting characters. It leaves, at this point, only those final questions of the ultimate resolution and meaning still unanswered.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY RAKE

Peter Quennell has now edited a one-volume edition of The Prodigal Rake: Memoirs of William Hickey (Dutton, $6.50). This is a fantastic autobiography of an eighteenth-century young man with a great appetite for the life of pleasure, an attractive, gregarious sensualist with an unaccountable skill in narration. The book suggests comparison with the Boswell of the *London Journal* and indeed both men are helplessly caught up in that English eighteenth-century combination of coarseness and lofty sentiment that we find so difficult to accept. Boswell is much stranger than Hickey and as a literary figure altogether different because he was a man of letters and Hickey was not at all, even if his *Memoirs* are the extraordinary production they happen to be. Boswell had every vice and every virtue to a greater degree than Hickey, but Hickey had enough of Boswell's vices to be of superlative interest and enough of his virtues as an observer and writer to make the story of his life remarkable.

Hickey is not exactly, to my mind, a profligate or a rake; he is a sensualist, and yet fundamentally healthy in a coarse-grained way. The comparison with the profoundly neurotic, obsessive Boswell again reveals Hickey's essential normality, despite his wild youth, his carelessness. And one must agree with the editor that his life, as he writes of it, "gives us a brilliant panoramic impression of English society during the reign of George III, against a background both of England itself and our national outposts overseas."

Hickey was the son of a successful middle-class man, who was himself attractive and high-spirited as well as ambitious and practical. True, the son William "exhibits some of the failings of a rich careerist's spoiled and dissipated son." Much was hoped for the son, but the expectations were not brutal or limiting: they were merely practical and natural. William was not able to oblige or in any regular way accommodate himself to the normal expectations, at least not in his youth. He was given to the constant pursuit of low women; he took funds from the family law firm and had his pockets picked of business money when he was drunk; he gambled and kept the worst possible company; he drank prodigiously and woke up in unexpected places. He always felt very sorry and he genuinely tried not to drink too much, but somehow he did, and his hopes for reform were very slow to take shape. His father sent him to India, but he didn't like the life he was expected to lead there and came home for a gayer one; his father sent him to Jamaica and he had a good time there for a while but grew bored and came home. But at last he made it. With the tremendous energy the dissolute can often call upon when they decide to settle down to work, he went back to India and made an impressive success as a lawyer there. He had taken with him the only woman he ever loved, a demimondaine, Charlotte Barry, who had been the mistress of his friend, Mordaunt. Hickey did not care for respectable women. Alas Charlotte died soon after they had settled down together. She adored

Hickey and he never replaced her in his feelings. He confined himself, afterward, to native mistresses. When his health broke down in India, he returned to England and settled in the little town of Beaconsfield. He was bored and sat down to write, for his own pleasure, all about his life. His production ran to 742 pages, with, as Quennell says, "seldom less than seventy lines to the page."

Quennell brings his edition to a close with the death of Charlotte. It is an immensely readable book; one of those literary feats of such genuine power and interest they can scarcely be accounted for in the usual way. Hickey does not seem to have had very much culture or much knowledge of literature. He prides himself on worldly knowledge and man-about-town tastes. His aesthetic interests center on the life of pleasure, on clothes, food, handsome furnishings, silver plate, horses, all the decoration of an active life in society. Perhaps he was one of those lively companions who loved to tell of his exploits, and no doubt people said, "Hickey, you ought to write that down." The rarity is that he could actually transfer his selfish and vital character to paper. His candor and his utterly unreflecting attitude toward himself are his substitute for genius. He does not make mistakes because he likes himself as he is and has a fine regard for his rights to happiness in spite of his misdeeds. He is, on the other hand, not particularly arrogant. He really did not want to make his indulgent father unhappy—it was only that his own pleasure came first. And, of course, he came out all right in the end. Because of his way of accepting himself, he can tell more than many more talented people. E. M. Forster wrote about Hickey some years ago, "How pleasant it would have been to have met him, and how strange it is to realize that one has often met him and fled from him. For he must be reincarnate today in many a smoking-room, many an overseas dining club or tenth-rate military mess."

Cecil Beaton, who keeps voluminous diaries, has published some 1922–1939 parts of them in **The Wandering Years** (Little, Brown,

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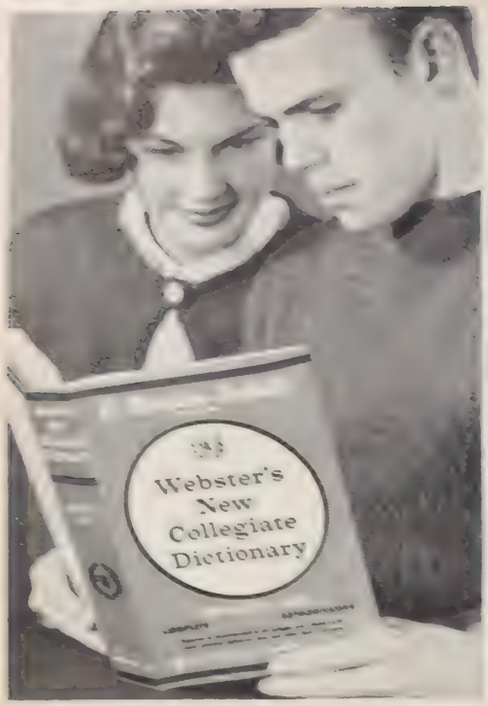
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Don't be misled. Other "Websters" do not include the scientific names for plants and animals — nor the rules for spelling and punctuation essential in a dictionary for school, home, or office use. Always ask for a *Merriam*-Webster.

$5.95). He cannot tell you about himself as Hickey can: he knows too much. Beaton is one of those ambitious aesthetes, and they are usually more interesting when, as in Beaton's case, they need to earn money and so must struggle not only for the refinement of their tastes and the enlargement of their circle but for some way of turning these tastes and this interest in the smart world into money. The theme of the man of taste and talent who falls under the addictive need to spend his time among the smart and famous is a very difficult one to write about. Without Proustian grandeur and sense of tragedy, what can remain except the self-condemning comedy of the hunt, or the shrunken plot of snobbish assertions? It seems to be almost impossible for those who live in the smart world to tell us anything we'd like to know. The wish to tell would, perhaps, almost automatically exclude one from knowledge. For instance, some might take a not altogether unhealthy interest in knowing what an unbelievable person like Elsa Maxwell is really like. Or the Duchess of Windsor. No one is going to tell us, even though members of that world are going to publish bland little books about themselves.

There is so much hidden in the so much written by people of worldly success. Sometimes they are homosexuals and because they do not want to go on about that they bleach out everything else, too. And should they tell us *that*? Probably not. The admission would dominate, falsely, and put into the shade all the other human feelings, actions, and longings of the person. Proust was right to invent Albertine, to keep his book from falling under the weight of morbidity, peculiarity, and neurotic eccentricity. In art Hamlet cannot instruct us if he is mad . . . and yet, in base reality he was, perhaps.

To return to Cecil Beaton: his diaries are often interesting about his hatred of the humdrum, his desire to pull away from his attractive but too staid family. He is interesting about his embroilment, too: he is modest, as he writes about himself, and attractive. To set pieces he can bring off the scene: the photograph of Mrs. Mosscockle, a wrinkled prune in a turban, and the description of her house party are very funny; Hollywood with Anita Loos, Jean Cocteau in his opium period are well done.

In his work as the photographer of the Royal Family, Beaton's account of his feeling has an almost American quality. He thinks of the Queen Mother as a very special celebrity. And that must be the appeal of the hereditary aristocracy, the accidental nature of it. They are our film stars and our film stars are our queens. Achievement can never have the emotional excitement of the transcendent accident: merit arouses guilt feelings about our own wasted lives. The born princess or the chosen film star, chosen from so many pretty girls and handsome men, invites the daydream. "We are grateful for your loyalty," the deposed Grand Duchess says with feeling. You cannot be loyal to a Rockefeller, to some extant relation of Mrs. Martha Washington, or to Margaret Truman. Only Garbo and the Queen Mother can bring a pure thrill to the chic international heart.

BLOOMSBURY HERITAGE

The second volume of Leonard Woolf's autobiography, **Growing** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95) is not quite as interesting as the first volume, *Sowing*. It is a sort of slow second act—the years 1904 to 1911—and tells of his years, six of them, as an administrator in Ceylon. Much of the material is taken from letters Woolf wrote to Lytton Strachey and other friends when he was undergoing the hard-working melancholy of the colonial experience. He set out for Ceylon with "ninety large, beautifully printed volumes of Voltaire and a wire-haired fox terrier." He returned at thirty-one to marry Virginia Stephen. Of course, as an intellectual Woolf had the colonial experience in a diluted form because he was, as he knew, not to be a real member of that community. Nothing like the government agent at Jaffna, P. A. Dyke, "known as the Rajah of the North." Of Dyke, Woolf writes, "In forty years he went back on leave to England only once, and the story was that when he got out of the train at Victoria

and took a fourwheeler, the cabman was rude to him and he was so infuriated that he immediately returned to Jaffna and never left it again."

In his earlier volume, *Sowing*, Woolf tells of his life at Cambridge and his entrance into the intellectual aristocracy, the vintage Bloomsbury of the Stracheys, the children of Leslie Stephen, Maynard Keynes, *et al.* It is a calm and charming book and in it, and further in this new second volume, Woolf appears as a fair-minded, cultivated man of intelligence and obvious strength, if not of the mightiest inspiration. Bloomsbury set the children's teeth on edge—if you can think of D. H. Lawrence and F. R. Leavis as the children—but, as the time passes, its productions seem more rare and interesting rather than less. One can even think of the present Bertrand Russell as in some way one of these productions. D. H. Lawrence wrote to David Garnett after a visit to Cambridge: ". . . I think I feel I should go mad when I think of your set, Duncan Grant and Keynes and Birrell. It makes me dream of beetles. In Cambridge I had a similar dream. I had felt it slightly before in the Stracheys. . . . You must leave these friends, these beetles. . . . When I saw Keynes that morning in Cambridge it was one of the crises of my life. It sent me mad with misery and hostility and rage. . . ." Keynes, responding to this, was not angry, but wondered if there might be something in what Lawrence thought. This is the spirit that remains—and Leonard Woolf is still a part of it.

And so in some way, in temperament, is Freya Stark a sort of Bloomsbury possibility. She also has engaged in autobiography and **Dust in the Lion's Paw** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.75) brings her up through the war, to 1946. During this time, beginning in 1939, she was doing Allied propaganda, "persuasion" she calls it, in Arabia, Egypt, Iraq, and other places relating to her work as an Arabist. This volume is much less rewarding than the previous ones. It is put together out of odds and ends and rather hastily composed transitional narration, brought out like one of those



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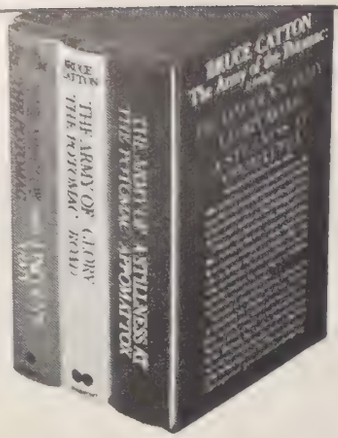
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sofa pillows we make from the cloth left over from the draperies. "In the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, under the eyes of the barman who was known to be a German spy, the whole of Cairo seemed to be packing its kit to cross into Syria. . . ." And "Two friends in the 4th Hussars gave me a lift across Sinai; Ismalia in moonlight was stiff with troops; Bill Astor was stationed there and found us a camp-bed somewhere. . . ." This volume may be credited to one of those temptations a full literary career offers—the temptation to put it all in print.

The earlier volumes of Freya Stark's story of herself are, on the other hand, often brilliantly interesting. On her mother's side she was a third-generation expatriate to Italy; her father was a quiet, melancholy English painter. The family traveled about, here and there, mostly in Italy, but they hadn't great means and the two girls ended up with their mother in a dreary town named Drondero, where the mother, with a strange Italian nobleman, Mario, set up a sort of sewing factory. The desperately lonely and uprooted life of the expatriate who is not a millionaire has never before, to my knowledge, been written about with such melancholy fullness. As an escape from the escape, Freya Stark became one of those British Arab-obsessed persons, one of those who come to fulfillment by thought of the desert.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Morning in Antibes, by John Knowles.

The author of *A Separate Peace* has set himself a real problem in this, his second novel. It is a story primarily about a man half White-Russian, half French, who has come to Juan-les-Pins to forget the wife from whom he is separated after less than a year of marriage. She follows him there and this is partially the story of the resolution of their tortured relationship. As it is also the year 1958, just before de Gaulle came to power, when the Algerian troubles—so close across the Mediterranean—were at a peak and in Antibes, Nice, and Juan-les-Pins Algerian exiles were mixed with all the other expatriates, the book is also a study in contrasts. The rich, self-indulgent, corrupt life of the Americans and Europeans is played out against the poverty, dignity, and sometimes dedicated sacrifice of those involved in the struggle in Africa. Mr. Knowles's problem is that his "hero" and especially his "heroine" and their friends start out such unsympathetic characters that, though he sets his scene using the greatest skill in sensuous evocation of place and climate, one almost loses interest before Jeannot, the Arab, comes on the stage. He turns out to be one of the most endearing characters in recent fiction and it is through him and the book's increasing preoccupation with the meaning of his favorite phrase, "well-loved," that it comes to an almost impressive, if not wholly credible climax.

Macmillan, $3.95

Cassandra at the Wedding, by Dorothy Baker.

I have rarely seen near-tragedy so lightly skated over, so romped through, really, as in this story of the wedding of one of two identical twins. The first part of the book is told by Cassandra, who is to be her sister's maid of honor. In the second part Judith, the sister, is the narrator, and in the third Cassandra takes over again. . . . It is impossible to describe the effect of the artful artlessness of this technique. The author of *Young Man with a Horn*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

has not only a flawless ear for dialogue, both inner and outer, but a lively and informed wit for it too, so that one laughs constantly, no matter what frightening psychological hurdles are being approached or barely skimmed over. One likes everybody in the book for a change, and reading it even when terrified is a most satisfying and constructive experience.

Houghton Mifflin, $4

Captain Newman, M.D., by Leo Rosten.

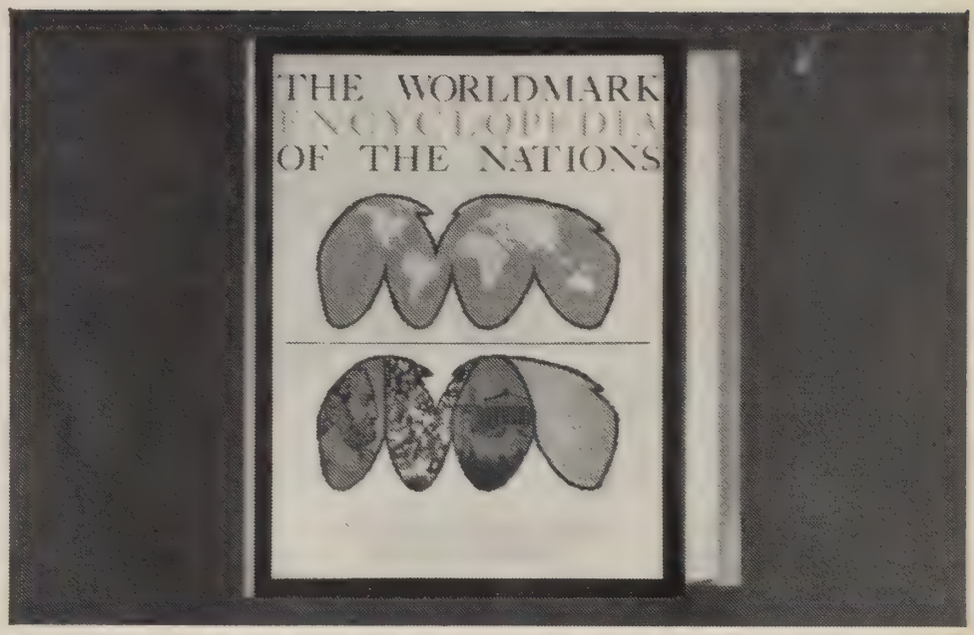
In this story too—this time of a doctor in charge of a mental ward on an Army post in the Southwestern desert during World War II—there is much the same sense of compassion and humor in the handling of human anguish and disaster as Miss Baker uses in her novel of psychological imbalance in another setting. Only where Miss Baker employs the most carefully worked and closely woven technique to tell her story—indeed makes it part of the story—Mr. Rosten tells his in a series of anecdotes, wonderful anecdotes, too, as all who read "The Guy in Ward 4" and "Mr. Future" in *Harper's* will remember. They are marvelously tough, marvelously unexpected, marvelously gentle, marvelously funny. It is impossible to finish this note without repeating the well-known fact that Mr. Rosten is also the author of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N.

Harper, $4.95

NON-FICTION

Life Among the Surrealists, by Matthew Josephson.

I guess the title of this memoir is all right. Mr. Josephson does seem to have been more identified with the Surrealists and Dadaists than some of his literary circle of the 'twenties, and his accounts of them are revealing and funny. But except for that, the book is simply another rich, gossipy, personal memoir of a fabulous era and people about whom we never seem to get enough. It doesn't seem to matter whether they were friends in fact or simply in literary history. They were exciting; they were breaking new ground; they were heading toward new artistic horizons. I think it's fair to say that they had style as no whole generation since has



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had. And here they all are again—Greenwich Villagers, Paris expatriates, all seen for the most part affectionately through the eyes of a distinguished member of the group, author of *Zola and His Time, Portrait of the Artist as an American, The Robber Barons.*

Holt, Rinehart, Winston, $6

A Foreign Policy for American Business, by Thomas Aitken, Jr.

Some three thousand U.S. companies are now operating in foreign countries, but the American salesman going abroad "just to do business" is as outdated as the English sahib in India in the days of *Vanity Fair.* This timely picture of the men who, purposely or otherwise, build the "image" of America abroad, is both reflective and imaginative. By an advertising executive who recently returned from fourteen years in Latin America for McCann-Erickson. (He contributed an article containing the germ of the book to the Easy Chair in August 1960.)

Harper, $4

On Cooking

The appearance of an encyclopedia on cooking—and a $20 book at that—on the best-seller list perhaps indicates a trend. For one thing cook books are no longer the oilcloth-bound dispensers of menial know-how that they used to be. They are often expensively bound and beautifully illustrated, vying with each other in pleasing the eye as well as the palate. They are as much at home in the parlor bookcase as on the kitchen table and their lore is both more stimulating and, for the most part, easier to comprehend. Could it be because the cook is now lady of the house?

The book on the best-seller lists is *Larousse Gastronomique* (Crown) and as we go to press it has been there since the first week in December. At least three other new French cook books—and one other giant volume—cry for attention:

Mastering the Art of French Cooking, by Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholde, and Julia Child. Drawings by Sidonie Coryn.

A paragraph on the handsome jacket of this book says flatly that it is "the only cookbook that explains how to create authentic French dishes in American kitchens with American foods." I can't vouch for the "only" but the rest of the statement is excitingly true. This is a large, beautifully laid out book. In each recipe the ingredients and what to do with them are listed in parallel, vertical, well-spaced columns with the general directions following below. There are eight full pages given over to various ways to make Hollandaise sauce; seven to mayonnaise. It is thorough, pleasurable, and reasonably foolproof.

Knopf, $10

Contemporary French Cooking, by Waverly Root and Richard de Rochement.

300 choice French recipes rewritten for modern American kitchens, attractively set on the pages for easier reading. One chapter, twenty-eight pages long, on sauces alone.

Random House, $4.95

Vogue's French Cookery Book, by "Francine."

Francine is actually a well-known French hostess, Madame Cosette Vogel, who has collected "or invented" these 300 recipes for *Vogue.* At the end of a recipe she often suggests wines to go with the dish, using asterisks to designate comparative prices. Will you have Snipe on Cushions, or Woodcock with Cream, or Braised Beef of the Boatmen of Ampius?

St. Martin's Press, $4.95

The New York Times Cook Book, edited by Craig Claiborne.

Among its 1,500 recipes (selected from 10,000) this giant of a book has recipes for every need all tested by the *Times* staff and kitchens. Traditional American dishes and recipes from twenty other countries as well. Lots of pictures for inspiration.

Harper, $8.95

Then there are the more specialized cook books:

The Chamberlain Sampler of American Cooking, in recipes and pictures, by Narcisse and Narcissa G. Chamberlain.

Under an impressive photograph of Crescent Beach, Oregon, is the recipe for Salmon Kedgeree. Under a red barn in Vermont appears Red Flannel Hash, while Baked Country-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Cured Ham is paired with Brandon on the James in (you guessed it) Virginia.

Hastings House, $5.95

The Weekend Chef, by Carol Truax. Drawings by Vasiliu.

This is divided into four sections: Weekend Party Mèals (The Entertaining Chef), Guests for the Weekend (The House Party Chef), Every Weekend in the Country (The Schizophrenic Chef), and Roughing it for the Weekend (The Inferior Facilities Chef). One quick look at Jellied Consommé with Avocado under "Guests for the Weekend" convinced this weekender that the book is a Must.

Doubleday, $3.95

A Man's Cookbook, by Raymond Olivier.

Chatty advice about the art of cooking (what utensils, various methods, what spices, etc.) and 400 sturdy, informal recipes by a well-known French restaurateur.

Doubleday, $4.95

The Artists' and Writers' Cookbook, edited by Beryl Barr and Barbara Turner Sachs. Introduction by Alice B. Toklas.

150 recipes from your favorite author or writer from Isak Dinesen (Oysters au Naturel) to Burl Ives (Barbecue Sauce) to Marianne Moore (Viapella Pudding) to Lillian Hellman (Shrimp Creole). Attractively and richly designed by Nicolas Sidjakov.

Contact, Sausalito, Calif., $10

The Passionate Epicure, by Marcel Rouff. Preface and Introduction by Lawrence Durrell. Illustrated by Charles Mozley.

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Dutton, $4.50

Cooks, Gluttons & Gourmets: A History of Cookery, by Betty Watson.

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From the hundreds of eligible books published last year, judges for the 1962 National Book Awards have narrowed their field of choice to the following leading contenders:



FICTION

JUDGES LEWIS GANNETT, HERBERT GOLD AND JEAN STAFFORD ARE CONSIDERING:

Hortense Calisher, *False Entry (Little, Brown)* / George P. Eliot, *Among the Dangs (Holt, Rinehart & Winston)* / Joseph Heller, *Catch-22 (Simon & Schuster)* / Bernard Malamud, *A New Life (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy)* / William Maxwell, *The Chateau (Knopf)* / Walker Percy, *The Movie Goer (Knopf)* / J. D. Salinger, *Franny and Zooey (Little, Brown)* / Isaac Singer, *The Spinoza of Market Street (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy)* / Edward Lewis Wallant, *The Pawnbroker (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Joan Williams, *The Morning and the Evening (Atheneum)* / Richard Yates, *Revolutionary Road (Little, Brown)*



NON-FICTION

JUDGES LOREN EISELEY, AUGUST HECKSHER AND LOUIS B. WRIGHT ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Ardrey, *African Genesis (Atheneum)* / James Baldwin, *Nobody Knows My Name (Dial)* / Stringfellow Barr, *The Will of Zeus (Lippincott)* / John Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown, *The Architecture of America (Little, Brown)* / Rene Dubos, *The Dreams of Reason (Columbia)* / Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities (Random House)* / Oscar Lewis, *The Children of Sanchez (Random House)* / Lewis Mumford, *The City in History (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Virgilia Peterson, *A Matter of Life and Death (Atheneum)* / Mark Schorer, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life (McGraw-Hill)* / Elizabeth Stevenson, *Lafcadio Hearn (Macmillan)* / Theodore H. White, *The Making of the President (Atheneum)* / Ola Elizabeth Winslow, *John Bunyan (Macmillan)*



POETRY

JUDGES LEONIE ADAMS, MARK VAN DOREN AND WILLIAM JAY SMITH ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Bagg, *Madonna of the Cello (Wesleyan)* / Philip Booth, *The Islanders (Viking)* / John Ciardi, *In the Stoneworks (Rutgers)* / H. D., *Helen in Egypt (Grove)* / Reuel Denney, *In Praise of Adam (Chicago)* / Alan Dugan, *Poems (Yale)* / Abbie Huston Evans, *Facts of Crystal (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / Isabella Gardner, *The Looking Glass (Chicago)* / Horace Gregory, *Medusa in Gramercy Park (Macmillan)* / John Holmes, *The Fortune Teller (Harper)* / Denise Levertov, *Jacob's Ladder (New Directions)* / Ned O'Gorman, *Adam Before His Mirror (Harcourt, Brace & World)* / John Hall Wheelock, *The Gardener and Other Poems (Scribner)*

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Doubleday, $5.95

The Kitchen Garden Book, by Stringfellow Barr and Stella Standard.
Dolphin Handbook, paper, $1.45

Cocktails and Snacks, by Robert and Anne London.
Dolphin Handbook, paper, $1.25

The ABC's of Quick and Glamorous Cooking, by Poppy Cannon.
Dolphin Handbook Original, paper, $1.45

The Can-Opener Cook Book, by Poppy Cannon.
MacFadden, paper, 60¢

And to go with them all:

Wines and Spirits, by William E. Massee.

A buying guide for all ranges of experience.
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FORECAST

To the Ladies

Probably no novel has been so long heralded, so often postponed as Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* now coming at last from Atlantic Monthly-Little, Brown on March 12. There seems no doubt that it will also be widely acclaimed; it has already been chosen Book of the Month for April following Mary Renault's *The Bull from the Sea* (Pantheon), the March choice. There are other women making distinguished literary news this spring.

Margaret Kennedy (who doesn't remember *The Constant Nymph?*) has a new novel, *The Forgotten Smile,* on Macmillan's March list; World announces for April the second volume of Simone de Beauvoir's memoirs, *The Prime of Life,* in which she discusses among other things her long association with Jean-Paul Sartre; and later in the spring from McGraw-Hill will come the memoirs of Carmel Snow, the long-time editor of *Harper's Bazaar,* edited by Mary Louise Aswell, for many years her associate on that magazine.

It is real news that in June Harcourt, Brace & World will publish a first novel by Anne Morrow Lindbergh called *Dearly Beloved.* Mrs. Lindbergh calls the novel "reflections in a fictional frame," and as the title suggests, the reflections are on marriage.

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A TRINITY OF SOPRANOS

One on the way up . . . one holding her own . . . one always adorable . . . A bouquet, with a few thorns, for three great singers.

It was almost two years ago that London issued a two-disc album named *Art of the Prima Donna,* featuring Joan Sutherland. In these two discs were some of the all-time virtuoso coloratura numbers, sung in an electrifying fashion. Not since Melba, Galli-Curci, or Hempel had this kind of singing been heard. But veteran observers, while impressed, tended to delay a final opinion until the lady could be heard in the flesh. Recording engineers can do too many things to a voice, and by a close-mike technique, a singer who in real life can ascend to no more than a squeak can be made to sound like Caruso or Flagstad on records. Many of us remember the excitement, around 1946, caused by the first Tagliavini records; and we also remember that when he finally came to the Metropolitan Opera his voice was pretty small potatoes compared with what was heard on his recordings.

Anyway, Sutherland did come, earlier this season, and she immediately eliminated all doubts. She made her debut in *Lucia,* and it was one of those initial Metropolitan appearances that opera buffs treasure all their lives. They were there while history was being made. And now Sutherland is represented in a new **Lucia** recording (London A 4355, mono; OSA 1327, stereo; 3 discs), supported by Renato Cioni, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi, with the chorus and orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia conducted by John Pritchard.

Most *Lucia* recordings in the past have been on two discs. This one has three. Several cuts have been opened up, and on the last side there is a bonus aria named *Perchè no ho del vento.* This comes from a different Donizetti opera, and, in days long past, sopranos for some reason used to sing it in place of the first-act *Regnava nel silencio.*

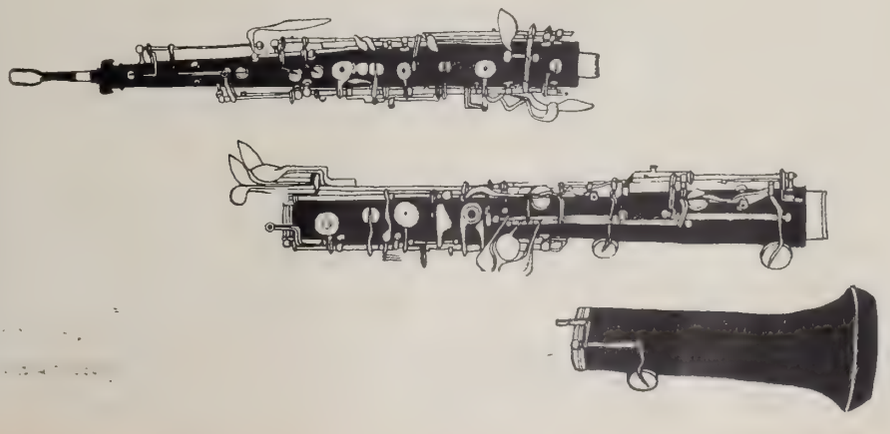
Sutherland sings very beautifully. She is the greatest vocal technician alive, and a sensitive musician in addition. For the first time in many years here is a soprano who can easily handle the difficult *fioritura,* who can trill and run up and down the scale without losing breath, whose sound never loses its beauty. In the face of such utterly accomplished singing, one should not perhaps look for more. But the interpretation is a little cool. Not the voice itself, for it is well-colored and capable of much nuance. But in the *Mad Scene* the singing is emotionally (not technically!) reserved and even careful. It must be remembered that Sutherland is relatively new to this repertoire—she entered it only four years ago—and still has to grow into her roles. As it is, on these records she supplies the greatest Lucia ever engraved. We all can take it and be happy.

The supporting cast is good, with the best singing coming from Merrill. Cioni, the tenor, has nowhere near Sutherland's refinement, and he tends to blast or sob. His voice itself is of authentic Italian-tenor quality, however, and when he gets some subtlety into his interpretations he should emerge as an important singer. Siepi is a fine Raimondo, and Pritchard conducts with considerable style. One of the oncoming British conductors, he has a big career ahead of him.

Sutherland and Maria Callas are constantly being compared, with good reason. Both sing much the same repertoire—which means virtually everything aside of the Wagner operas—and both have made an overwhelming impact on the operatic world. Sutherland is much the better vocalist, Callas has much more temperament. Sutherland, of course, is on her way up, while Callas is singing less and less these days. But she has made a few records recently, and one of them is a re-recording of Bellini's **Norma** (Angel 3516, mono; S-3516, stereo; 3 discs). Franco Corelli, Christa Ludwig, and Nicola Zaccaria are the other leading singers, and Tullio Serafin leads the orchestra and chorus of La Scala.

Callas vs. Callas

It is interesting to compare this new *Norma* with the one Callas recorded some time back. As always, Callas has the emotional implications of the role securely in hand, and her personality comes right through the records. And, as always, her singing can be a combination of sheer beauty and sheer ugliness. That applies to the old recording as well as the new one; there are no significant differences. Callas' high range is insecure, but it always was. Admirers of the soprano accept this and gladly put up with it, pointing out (probably correctly) that no other living singer could so beautifully shape the opening of *Casta Diva* or *Dormorno entrambi.* In mid-





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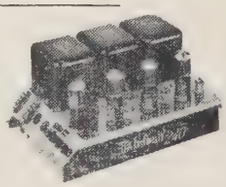
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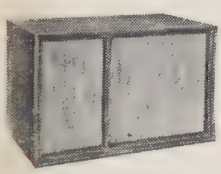
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

range, the Callas voice is as lovely as ever.

Thus, vocal inequalities and all, this is a recording to be heard with respect. And it is superior to the earlier one if only for the presence of the tenor. Corelli is the best thing to come along since the days of Lauri-Volpi, and he is a more satisfactory stylist than Mario del Monaco. The latter ordinarily does nothing but yell. Corelli may not have a voice as large in size as del Monaco (though it nevertheless has plenty of volume), but the vocal quality itself is more caressing, and he has a good high C, strong and clear. Ludwig is an experienced mezzo-soprano who also is an asset to this recording, and she works beautifully with Callas. The *Mira, O Norma* duet is absolutely brilliant as she and Callas handle it.

But the most unusual Callas recording of recent years is a disc called **Great Arias from French Opera** (Angel 35882, mono; S-35882, stereo). Here Georges Prêtre leads the French National Radio Orchestra. Callas sings several arias from *Carmen* and the usual material from *Orphée et Eurydice, Samson et Dalila, Mignon,* and others.

What makes this so unusual is that for many arias Callas sings in the mezzo-soprano register. This means that she does not have to worry too much about high notes; and, too, most of the music is noncoloratura, which also helps relieve her uncertain technique. For once, her singing through most of the record sounds comfortable. Especially impressive are her low notes. Callas always has had several registers, with an audible break between each. She does something on her low notes that some old-time sopranos—Celestina Boninsegna, for example—used to do; open up and get a real, almost boomy, chest quality. Perhaps in Callas we have the Carmen we have been waiting for so many years. This disc will give a new insight into her art, and it suggests that if she wants to turn into a mezzo-soprano she will have a new world at her feet.

A Class by Herself

Sutherland, Callas—and Victoria de los Angeles. What a trinity! The Spanish soprano has just been featured in a recording named, quite modestly, **The Fabulous Victoria de los Angeles** (Angel 35791, mono; S-35791, stereo). She sings a mixed list—Scarlatti, Handel, Schubert, Brahms, Fauré, Spanish songs—and she sings it with her incredible beauty of tone. Sutherland may have the technique, Callas the temperament, but when it comes to voice, just sheer, haunting vocal sound, Victoria de los Angeles is in a class by herself. Nobody has this kind of velvety sheen. De los Angeles may be a little out of her element in opera, but in concert she can put the audience on leash, make it sit up and beg. She is, in one word, adorable: an adorable singer, an adorable artist, an adorable personality on stage.

AND ALSO . . .

Chopin: Sonata in B flat minor; Andante Spianato and Polonaise; Bolero; Berceuse. Sylvia Zaremba, piano (Realistic M 1003, mono; S 1003, stereo).

Zaremba is an American pianist with quite a bit to offer. She has a simply immense technique and plays with a good deal of spirit. Aside from an occasional jerkiness of phrase, these are performances to command respect.

Reger: Piano Concerto. Rudolf Serkin and Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy (Columbia ML 5635, mono; MS 6235, stereo).

Serkin is about the only pianist in the hemisphere who has this oddity in his repertoire. It was composed in 1910 and is a *mélange* of Brahms and the Richard Strauss of the *Burleske.* If you like an old-fashioned, ultraromantic concerto in a brilliant performance, here it is.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 1; Symphony No. 8. Pierre Monteux and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Victor LM 2491, mono; LSC 2491, stereo).

Typically smooth-sounding performances from the veteran conductor. But the Eighth Symphony is nearly disfigured by a second movement that races along at a tempo that might well be the fastest on record.

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(*A Long and Happy Life* will be brought out simultaneously in book form, at $3.95, by Atheneum Publishers.)

For the contents of the regular April issue, see page 102.

JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

EARLY DUKE

Perhaps the man is all of a pattern after all—the tall elegance, the courtly manner slightly overdone, fraying out into elaborate speech and condescension; the band-leader's stance and bared-teeth smile, now too habitual to drop; and yet always the dedication to craft and to origin, the orchestra kept alive longer than believable because he could not see it die, the foot planted firmly in blues tradition, the eyes ever upward to a something jazz might be but isn't; the sound of musicians working together as a single instrument, of a reassuring solid beat serving as base for the moody and unexpected, of a muted trumpet against subtly voiced saxophones that will never be known as anything but the "Ellington effect."

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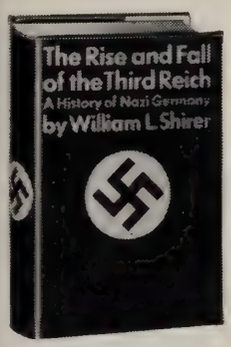
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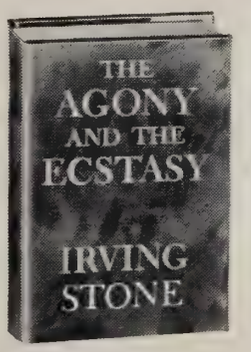
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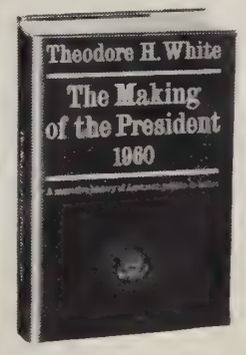
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LETTERS

Britain's Dissenters

To the Editors:

I was disappointed to find that *Harper's* devoted so prominent a portion of its January issue to the biased report by Joseph C. Harsch, "England Wakes Up." I object in particular to the slanderous manner in which the smear technique was used to depreciate the active "Ban the Bomb," unilateralist movement led by Britain's foremost philosopher, Bertrand Russell. . . . Surely Mr. Harsch does not believe that the energetic British nuclear disarmament groups are peopled predominantly by schoolchildren "out for a lark" or Moscow-controlled puppets, rather than genuinely concerned citizens who consider the dangers of nuclear arms the most serious threat to the integrity of the world. To attempt to create public opinion by making light of serious dissenting groups or by damning them with innuendos of the guilt-by-association variety is equally belittling to the stature of Mr. Harsch and of *Harper's*.

Gilbert Honigfeld, Ph.D.
Perry Point, Md.

From Mr. Harsch:

There are many sincere people involved in Britain's "Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament," but as all too frequently occurs in such cases the Communists have moved in behind them and twisted them to less noble purposes. The net effect of their operations (whatever the intent of most of the individuals involved) has been to serve Moscow's purposes. And the Campaign, if successful, would have destroyed the NATO alliance and opened Western Europe to the Soviet Union. The many good people involved have become the unwitting dupes of Soviet political action. Bertrand Russell has, in my opinion, allowed himself to be used as the "front man" for the operation. Incidentally, Lord Russell is not noted for consistency. It is on the record that he once advocated "preventive war" against the Soviets. . . .

It is merely a fact that at Scarborough in 1960 CND was used as a weapon against Hugh Gaitskell, and that in 1961 the Communist element showed its head when the splinter group took off from Trafalgar Square and headed for the American Embassy. It was at this point that Canon Collins of St. Paul's saw the light and disavowed that part of the operation. He adjusted his position when the Soviets resumed nuclear testing by leading the demonstration to the Soviet Embassy. That event drew the line between the sincere and the insincere. It is an unfortunate, and revealing, fact that those who marched to the Soviet Embassy against Soviet bombs were far fewer in numbers than those who have marched against American bombs.

• • •

Richard Clements, editor of the *Tribune*, takes vigorous exception to the following sentence from my article: "Rumor has it that 'Lord Max' manages to keep the *Tribune* going by concealed subsidy." Mr. Clements affirms that there is no subsidy, concealed or otherwise, and that my use of the implication via the "rumor" route is unworthy and improper. He has a point. The rumor exists as a rumor. It is unverified and, he claims, unverifiable. My apologies to the *Tribune* for an unprovable imputation on them, and to all readers of *Harper's* for having been guilty of the journalistic sin of rumor-mongering.

Joseph Harsch
London, Eng.

By Faith Alone?

To the Editors:

Hayes B. Jacobs [in "Oral Roberts: High Priest of Faith Healing," February] neglected what every cub reporter learns is basic to his job—leg work. Had he bothered to check out some of Mr. Roberts' purported healings, Mr. Jacobs might have moved toward an answer to his question, "Was I witnessing healing?" . . . He justifies his neglect by saying it would require "years of research" to study the healings. . . . That's unconvincing rationalizing. In 1956, the Fresno *Bee* decided to look into the healings of . . . a faith healer much like Mr. Roberts. . . . The *Bee* sent a staff of reporters to the tent revivals where the reporters gathered the names of those who claimed they were healed. Newsmen followed up these persons throughout Central California and documented many of the cases. I will select two of those we interviewed:

1. Jerry: This ten-year-old was healed one night on the healing ramp under the strong lights of a television crew. The boy walked to the ramp with a large brace encasing his leg from hip to ankle. After several demons were exorcised, the brace was cast off and Jerry pranced through the aisles. To the screams of the faithful, Jerry was proclaimed healed. A reporter tracked Jerry down, learned the name of his physician, and questioned the doctor, who said that the boy could always walk but that the brace had been placed on his leg "to protect a weakened hip from damage. He could walk on it perfectly well before. I recommended the brace to keep him from developing a limp."

2. Mr. Barnett: An aged and sick man was wheeled to the healing ramp after an overnight trip from Colorado. He was healed of cancer. A reporter . . . managed to get Mr. Barnett's home address from his wife, and the man's physician was asked what effect the healing had. "This man has already died of cancer," the physician replied. "It is most unfortunate that the Faith to which one turns as the end of life draws near should be so distorted by so-called 'faith healers.'" Death had come three weeks after healing. . . .

In summarizing its findings, the newspaper stated that no case of healing was confirmed by a physician; many illnesses were self-diagnosed; there were healings of ailments which people did not have; and several persons who were alleged to have been healed later asserted that their illnesses remained.

Melvin Mencher
Asst. Prof. of Journalism
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kans.

Neglected Chicagoan

To the Editors:

Whether the great and admirable Chicago Symphony Orchestra is indeed "the best . . . in America" ["A Valentine for Chicago," by Richard G. Stern, February] may be an open question. Nor would it be fittting for us to comment upon the author's premise that the Chicago ensemble is the country's "most conservative." However, since the author mentions Easley Blackwood, whose symphonies remain unperformed in his own city, may we point out that the young composer's prize-winning First Symphony was performed by George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra . . . in 1960. . . .

Robert Carman
Dir. of Public Relations
The Cleveland Orchestra
Cleveland, O.

Diagnosis Unknown

To the Editors:

My professional colleague, Dr. S. L. Wilens, in his engaging article on one problem in medical laboratory work



Rural electrics...only hope for a million "forgotten" Americans!

Nearly a million jet-age Americans still don't have electricity in their homes!

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LETTERS

["Report from a Peevish Pathologist," February] totally neglected to point out the legitimate reasons for an increasing application of laboratory studies to medical problems. This trend is at least as old as the invention of the thermometer in the Renaissance period. Granted that abuses do occur . . . and granted that even a private physician will occasionally order a test to satisfy his personal curiosity if a third party is paying the bill, [but] the vast majority of medical testing done in the United States is performed for one or more of three very legitimate purposes.

Laboratory studies permit a much earlier identification of a disease process than might be possible by clinical means. This is increasingly important as the surgery and drugs that we doctors use become more and more powerful and thus more and more dangerous. For example, most patients would rather pay a relatively modest fee for a blood sugar to determine whether they had diabetes than wait until they are in the last stages of exhaustion when the classical symptoms would presumably be apparent even to a third-year medical student. Many pregnancy tests we perform would also fall into this category.

A second very major use of the laboratory is to evaluate the effectiveness of treatment. Again, as our surgical procedures and medicinal agents become more powerful and dangerous, an assessment of the responses of the individual patient either to their good results or bad becomes increasingly important.

I almost hesitate to mention the third important use . . . since it might be misconstrued, but certainly a significant number of laboratory procedures are performed in this unhappy era to insure the parties caring for a patient (especially a troublesome patient) lest they have overlooked some minute detail which might be seized upon as an excuse for liability action.

JOHN D. MACCARTHY, M.D.
Lawrence Memorial Hospital
Lawrence, Kans.

Passman Replies

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. A. L. Strand, retired president of Oregon State University, evidently is not familiar with the procedures followed by the Foreign Operations Subcommittee on Appropriations ["Louisiana's Passman: The Scourge of Foreign Aid," by Rowland Evans, January] in making investigations in foreign nations. The following information should enlighten Mr. Strand [who, in the March Letters column, criticized Passman's "mania to undercut and destroy the foreign aid program"]:

OVEREATING HAS BECOME A MAJOR HEALTH MENACE

Americans Are Stuffing Themselves Past The Danger Point

Although it may be true that few people have *literally* eaten themselves to death, most American health authorities today are quick to agree a good many of us are eating our way to illness and, in many cases, earlier than necessary death. Obesity may not be listed as the "cause of death," but there is no doubt that overweight has become one of the most pressing American health problems.

It is certainly one of the paradoxes of our age that many millions of Americans of all ages are suffering malnutrition from excessive intake of food while in other areas of the world many more millions of people suffer from starvation. The overweight American may be a symbol of our opulence, but he, or she, is also the unhappy evidence that we are not doing a very good job of learning how to build and to maintain a physically fit populace.

Each year, through taxes or donations, we provide hundreds of millions of dollars to treat and to find preventatives for various types of diseases, especially those which afflict our children. Yet none of these diseases for which we have special foundations and fund raising campaigns will ever cause as much suffering, both physical and mental, as obesity. We too often leave this disease of overeating to the wide open field of faddism and quackery rather than to approach it on a logical basis as one of our most serious health problems.

We Overstress The "Fun" Part of Eating

We Americans put so much emphasis on the "fun" of eating that for many of us the pursuit of happiness seems to be endless stuffing of our stomachs. Most of us establish our basic eating patterns in early childhood, and it is apparent that we are not doing a very good job of teaching our young how to eat for good health. The basic purpose of eating is not to provide an excuse for social intercourse. It is, rather, to provide the essential nutrients which our bodies need for growth and maintenance. It should be as easy to learn healthful eating habits as poor ones.

If we allow infants to overstuff themselves with food and if we permit our children to become obese without making serious efforts to correct their eating habits, we are laying the foundation for obese and unhappy adults. There is no evidence to support the idea that a fat baby or a fat child is more healthy—or happy—than a thin one. On the contrary, the lean child is much more likely to become a lean and healthy adult.

The obese adult must spend many difficult hours trying to unlearn the poor eating habits which have contributed to his or her undesirable excess weight. Many studies indicate that only a small percentage of the obese are ever able to correct this health problem on a permanent basis. We will be a much healthier, and far more physically fit, nation if we insist upon developing sound programs to teach our children good health habits—including sensible eating patterns, proper respect for physical exercise and rest.

Nutrition scientists have learned much about the kinds and quantities of foods we need for good health. All of us, young and old alike, need daily servings of foods from the four major food groups—milk and milk products; meat, poultry, and fish; vegetables and fruits; and grain and cereals. Selecting from each of these food groups, in the quantities recommended for various age and activity levels, provides the variety of essential food nutrients which we need to keep our bodies properly nourished. This food pattern also provides enough variety to avoid monotony in meals.

Weight Reduction Diets Need Careful Planning

The overweight person who seriously desires to shed excess pounds will find that fad diets designed to take off weight fast and furiously seldom accomplish the goal of keeping the person at the desired weight over the long pull. On the other hand, developing sensible new eating habits—with foods selected from the four major food groups—and regulating calorie intake to effect weight loss offers a weight reduction plan which the obese person can learn to enjoy and stay with to keep this excess weight problem from recurring.

Obesity is a national health problem which deserves far more organized attention on the part of all of us. In addition to developing much sounder approaches to weight reduction for those who are suffering from this disease, we should look to the prevention of obesity by making certain our children are learning sensible eating and exercise habits.

Health education in schools should certainly be a part of our program, but we should also keep in mind that many of the child's habits, including many of his eating and exercise habits, are developed in the home before he enters school. Health education is not something that can be postponed until the child enters school. It is a parental responsibility that begins the moment the parents assume the task of feeding and training the infant.

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1. It would not be prudent for the Subcommittee to discuss with officials of the nations receiving aid or with representatives of U.S. contractors, who operate for a profit, the matter of whether they believe they are getting enough money for their services or whether, in their opinion, the program is a success.

2. The Subcommittee visits recipient nations to conduct on-the-spot investigations of irregularities and excessive costs of projects. We discuss overall aspects of the aid program with the American Ambassador and other representatives responsible for administering the program in each country. The Subcommittee members know before leaving Washington the matters that we wish to investigate. The procedure of the Subcommittee has been and will continue to be to do most of our investigating without the knowledge of the recipient countries or American contractors.

3. The questionable value of the Oregon State contract in Thailand was brought to the attention of our Subcommittee by loyal American ICA employees who were willing to risk losing their jobs to prevent the unnecessary waste of the U. S. taxpayers' dollars.

The Subcommittee conducts hearings on an impersonal and impartial basis. It will be our policy in the future as in the past to expose wasteful spending and unnecessary contracts with American institutions operating abroad for a profit. We will continue to pursue this course regardless of whose toes we may step on. The fact that the Oregon State University contract was terminated speaks for itself.

My concern for integrity in government which Mr. Strand questions, is well substantiated by the facts of the record covering my seven-year tenure as Chairman of the Foreign Operations Subcommittee on Appropriations.

OTTO E. PASSMAN
Member of Congress from Louisiana
Washington, D. C.

Nasser's Hieroglyphics

TO THE EDITORS:

Having myself spent a number of years in the Middle East, I wonder at the Arab quality of daydreaming in Edward R. F. Sheehan's picture of Nasser as a fine, dedicated soul determined to abolish Egypt's corruption and chaos and replace it with an Islamic-Socialist Garden of Eden ["The Birth Pangs of Arab Socialism," February]. Mr. Sheehan makes his case on the basis of such questionable theses as Nasser's "statesmanlike acceptance of defeat in Syria," "his foreign exchange is being saved," "his genuine neutralism in the Cold War." The unfortunate facts are that Nasser had already dropped his paratroops on Latakia to crush the Syrian uprising, insisting "we shall fight until our army fulfills its great duty," when his paratroops found themselves confronted with the overwhelming unity of the Syrian people and army. Was this statesmanlike acceptance?

Only these last few weeks, as Mr. Sheehan himself describes, Nasser's coffers are empty and he has received a $22 million emergency loan from the World Bank and has sought cotton surpluses from the United States. . . . Yet . . . according to the New York *Herald Tribune* he has just purchased brand-new extravagant toys for his armory, ten Soviet TU16 jet bomber planes with a range of 1,800 miles. . . . As for his genuine neutralism, the *New York Times* reports his purchase in this country of a million-watt transmitter for his overseas broadcasting services. . . . In his propaganda broadcasts, he warns the Africans against our Peace Corps with: "The Americans are sending their stooges to Africa . . . if you happen to see them in the reserve, chase them away at once. Why don't they help the Negroes in America?"

ROBERT G. GARIN
Greenbelt, Md.

Aye for Trade

TO THE EDITORS:

It was with great anticipation that I turned to Joseph Kraft's article, "The Kennedy Era, Stage Two: The Grand Design Takes Shape" [February], for I was preparing to speak at a public gathering on the intricacies of foreign trade —for the Los Angeles League of Women Voters.

I prefer to interpret the White House adviser's statement on Trade Act proposals ("For this one we need more than a League of Women Voters") as a left-handed compliment to the League, and assure Mr. Kraft that the League, which has consistently supported free trade and Reciprocal Trade Agreements since their inception, is undaunted. We here in Los Angeles shall continue . . . to help the public see beyond the confines of their own Congressional district to the challenge of the whole economic world. It may take more than the efforts of organizations such as ours, and publications such as yours, but the choice to us seems to be no choice at all: economic stagnation, or a chance to develop a co-operative economic effort on the part of most of the free world which will have a tremendous potency in facing communism.

ANN LANE
Los Angeles, Calif.

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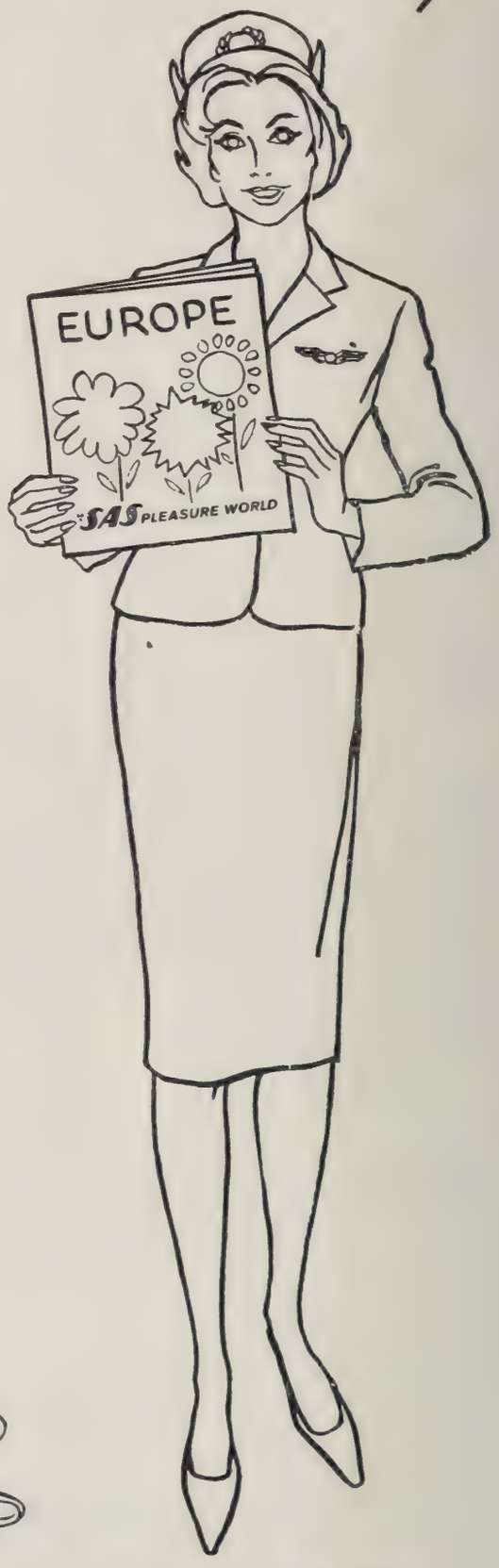
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The Coming Steel Crisis And How to Deal with It

By SENATOR ALBERT GORE

The guest in the Easy Chair this month has strongly advocated the "public interest" in conflicts between big labor and big industry. He was Tennessee Commissioner of Labor before his first election to Congress in 1938. Now in his second term in the Senate, he is a member of the Foreign Relations and Finance Committees and of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

IN Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Birmingham, and the nation's other great steel-producing centers, time is running out. On June 30 the current United Steelworkers' contract with the companies expires. What happens this summer depends on the bargaining sessions now under way. Even if an early settlement is reached without a strike, as the President has urged, the underlying issue will only be postponed.

For a similar crisis over steel wages—and prices—comes up nearly every spring. Each time the outcome affects us all—often to our harm. Consequently I suggest that it is time for us to take a careful look at the ground rules under which these recurring negotiations are conducted, to see whether some change needs to be made for the sake of the public interest.

The outcome will affect such diverse matters as the future value of our savings and annuities, the price of a new car, the interest rate on a home mortgage, and the flow of gold overseas. This will be, in other words, another crucial round in the battle against the inflationary spiral which has plagued us since the end of World War II. If the steel workers demand and win a substantial wage increase, it will be used by management to justify higher steel prices. Should a stalemate result in a long and costly strike the effect on our economy and our defense effort will be grave.

President Kennedy will be under heavy pressure to intervene—as he did last fall when he persuaded the steel companies not to raise their prices at that time. On the other side there will be a vocal demand that the government keep its hands off and let the free forces of the marketplace shape the outcome. The decision the President makes will be as important as any he will face—in domestic affairs—during his term of office. For though opinions vary on the proper role of government, no one disputes the vital role of steel in our society.

Steel is the basic commodity upon which most of our industrial capability depends and its price is a bellwether of our economy. In the past twelve years there have been eleven increases in steel prices. Their effect was concretely demonstrated in a study made in 1959 by Dr. Otto Eckstein for the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. This analysis showed that 40 per cent of the rise in the wholesale price index of all manufactured goods from 1947 to 1958 was chiefly due to the fact that steel prices rose faster and farther than all other commodity prices.

The evil consequences of inflation are a matter of public concern for many reasons. Individuals—particularly retired people—suffer severe hardship as the purchasing power of their savings and pensions shrinks. When every dollar earned buys less each year, the pressure for wage increases mounts, in turn aggravating inflation. Interest rates are pushed up and small businesses have trouble obtaining loans needed for growth. Furthermore, inflation seriously threatens our foreign trade. We have not yet been priced out of many foreign markets; but we are faced with the need to increase our exports, and that is hardly possible if our commodity prices keep rising.

Steel is one of several large American industries dominated by a "Big Three" or "Big Four" on one side and a powerful labor organization on the other. In such industries prices do not fluctuate in the classic response to supply and demand. They are arrived at by tacit agreement among the industry's leading companies and are known in modern economic parlance as administered prices.

How this system operates in the steel industry was closely studied in 1957 by the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary. At the conclusion of an extensive investigation, the committee urged the

President to issue a call for voluntary restraint by labor and management.

The situation at the time was critical: consumer prices had risen 60 per cent since World War II, industrial production had dropped 15 per cent, and unemployment had risen to more than five million. However, President Eisenhower declined to intervene, and in September 1957 the index of finished steel prices showed an increase of nearly $4.40 a ton over June. Yet in this same period the demand for steel was relatively low and there was much unemployment in the industry. At that time and in subsequent years the industry has operated at far less than its productive capacity.

Obviously steel prices are set, not by the normal equating of supply and demand, not by the forces of a free competitive market, but by the leaders of Big Steel. There has not, in fact, been any real price competition among domestic steel producers since the organization of the U. S. Steel Corporation. The Gary dinners—at which price agreements were at one time formally announced—are no longer held. But an equally effective system now serves to establish base prices for many different categories of steel such as cold rolled sheets or hot rolled bars with agreed "extras" for differences in specification within each category.

A rise in steel prices automatically triggers markups in steel-using commodities and also creates a psychological climate which affects prices in other industries. Similarly the outcome of wage negotiations in steel sets a pattern for other fields. Our position in world markets is also sharply affected. From 1953 to 1958, for example, our share of world steel exports fell from 18 per cent to 12 per cent; during this period our steel export prices rose 20 per cent more than those of our foreign competitors.

THE traditional economic regulator in a free market economy is competitive pricing—a regulator not now operating in many industries, of which steel is the most important. In my view this situation is bad for our country's economic health. But admittedly it is not an easy problem to solve.

One remedy would be to restore competition to the steel industry through vigorous application of the antitrust laws. However, this would take more energy and determination than our Department of Justice has shown in recent years. There is also some doubt that the government can—on a long-range basis—retain the high-powered legal staff such a program would involve.

In addition, students of management and industrial engineering raise serious questions as to the desirability of atomizing an industry whose very bigness has important advantages of efficiency and productivity if they can be exploited in the public interest. In any case, restoring competition would be a task of many years which would afford no immediate relief.

The advantages of bigness are discussed by the distinguished economist, Gardiner Means, in his new book, *Pricing Power and the Public Interest.* But Mr. Means also shows, by analyzing the testimony in the 1957 Senate hearings, that past steel-pricing policies have not been in the public interest, despite the claims of industry leaders. He then recommends a far-reaching and novel program—the creation of a new legal category midway between the monopoly industry and classical free enterprise. This new type of industry—of which steel is a prime example—he calls a collective enterprise. He proposes an incentive plan which would reward both the managers and workers in such industries for responsible behavior. It is based on a system of bonus payments earned through economically sound performance. In effect the managers of such enterprises would become trustees for the public rather than for their stockholders, and steel prices would be determined by sound economic criteria rather than by the quest for immediate high profits. Mr. Means has formulated in detail the legislative steps needed to put his proposal into effect. It is a challenging concept well worthy of close study. However, he concedes that—even if so novel an idea proved acceptable—it would take a decade or more to put it into operation.

Meanwhile, I believe that our government—as the agent of our whole society—has an immediate and urgent duty to keep steel prices and wages within reasonable limits.

How can this be done?

I know of few people who favor a system of government price and wage controls in peacetime, even for industries in which prices are now set by the arbitrary decisions of their leaders. But I believe it would be possible to use the great weight of public opinion to prevent steel prices and wages from getting too far out of line with prices and wages in more competitive sectors of the economy. To do this we need some new machinery and strong leadership by the President.

The goal should be not to set specific prices and wages, but to break up the price-wage-cost chain reaction in which every price rise is used to justify a wage increase, which in turn is followed automatically by yet another price boost. The

need, as I see it, is for a two-way channel of communications whereby the public can be adequately informed on all aspects of prices, wages, and profits; and industry and labor leaders, in turn, can learn in no uncertain terms the judgment of the public on price and wage policies. Underpinning such a plan must be the government's determination to use its legal powers to enforce and implement the judgment of society.

At present, we are not getting information which is too helpful—or even consistent—from either labor or management. Both groups "inform" the public by flinging wildly contradictory accusations at one another. During the 1959 steel strike, for example, management proclaimed that employment costs had risen, since 1941, almost ten times faster than shipments per man-hour worked; to avoid bankruptcy they had no choice but to raise prices. Labor flatly asserted the opposite. Since 1955, they said, payroll costs (for all employees, not just production and maintenance workers) per ton of steel shipped rose by only $9.31 a ton. *Prices* per ton rose by $34.18, or almost four times as fast.

Each side rushed to saddle the other with responsibility for inflation. "It now costs you $2.07 to buy what a dollar bought in 1940," management commiserated at the time of the strike, adding that "the major cause of this inflation has been the steady rise in employment costs." But labor maintained that the leaders of big steel could keep their pacemaking prices down, while continuing to take home more money than the average man dreams of. U. S. Steel, labor argued, could have cut its prices $18 per ton in the first quarter of 1959 and still earned a net profit—after taxes—"equal to an annual rate of return of 6.8 per cent on net worth."

Making it possible (1) for the public to know what is going on in the steel industry and (2) for steel employers and employees to know what we want done about it is clearly a sizable job. It could, I think, best be undertaken by a quasi-public rather than a government organization. Partisan politics would thus be kept out of the picture. The new body might be called a National Consumers Advisory Board. It should

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Local or regional problems could best be considered by boards also set up at those levels. But when a national problem arises, such as the price of steel or the wage level for the whole industry, the national board should operate with the advice of local and regional boards on anticipated local effects and sentiment. A major function of the boards at all levels would be, of course, to disseminate their views and findings in order to mobilize public support.

SINCE the activities of the national board would cut across many departmental lines, it should report directly to the President. Upon its recommendations the President might—as he did last September—use his influence to persuade the steel companies that it is not in the national interest to raise steel prices. The formal support of an alerted and informed public would do much to insure the success of such efforts in the future. He might, for example, wish to intervene in the current negotiations of the United Steelworkers for a new wage agreement. This may be necessary if the union makes demands which are obviously inflationary, because they cannot be fulfilled within the framework of existing prices, plus expected productivity increases.

Of course, public opinion not backed up by the power—or the likelihood—of action might not be sufficient to hold the wage and price line. If persuasion fails, the President has other tools available. He has the antitrust laws. He may recommend legislative action.

The process here outlined is a halfway house, between price- and wage-fixing by the government, and allowing industry leaders a completely free hand. This compromise will not please devotees of the free market visualized by Adam Smith. But in fact such a market does not exist. We have long had a "mixed" economy. Government regulation of tariffs, transportation, and utility rates, minimum-wage laws, and farm-price supports, for example, already interfere with a so-called free market economy. So do nongovernment actions such as arbitrary price-fixing by industry leaders. Indeed, there has never been a time in the entire history of the Western world when the so-called free market operated as visualized by Adam Smith. There have always been public restraints—operating through agencies of government as well as through nongovernmental agencies of society—on prices and pricing policies, and I am amazed at the number of academic economists who do not seem to realize this. Nor does my proposal fit into an authoritarian system where most decisions of importance are made by the government. This is certainly not wanted by most Americans.

Other countries which share our political and social philosophy have used methods similar to the one I have suggested to keep prices and wages in line. Britain, for example, has adopted a "pause" in wage increases. The Netherlands has had, since World War II, a board which can legally veto negotiated wage settlements. Austria has a wage-price commission which has successfully resisted big increases in prices and wages, although the commission has no court-enforceable authority; it can only make recommendations. West Germany does not now have formal machinery of this sort, but the German employers' confederation favors establishment of a committee of economists to recommend wage-price policies. In the Scandinavian countries, although there is no formal machinery, there is close co-operation among government, employers, and union leaders in holding down prices, especially in export items.

Americans are a practical people. Pragmatism is our philosophy. I do not think we need to make the hard choice between continued inflation and strict government controls. But we may be forced to choose between these alternatives unless we find a way to curb private self-interest and greed to guard the public welfare.



Photo by Ewing Krainin

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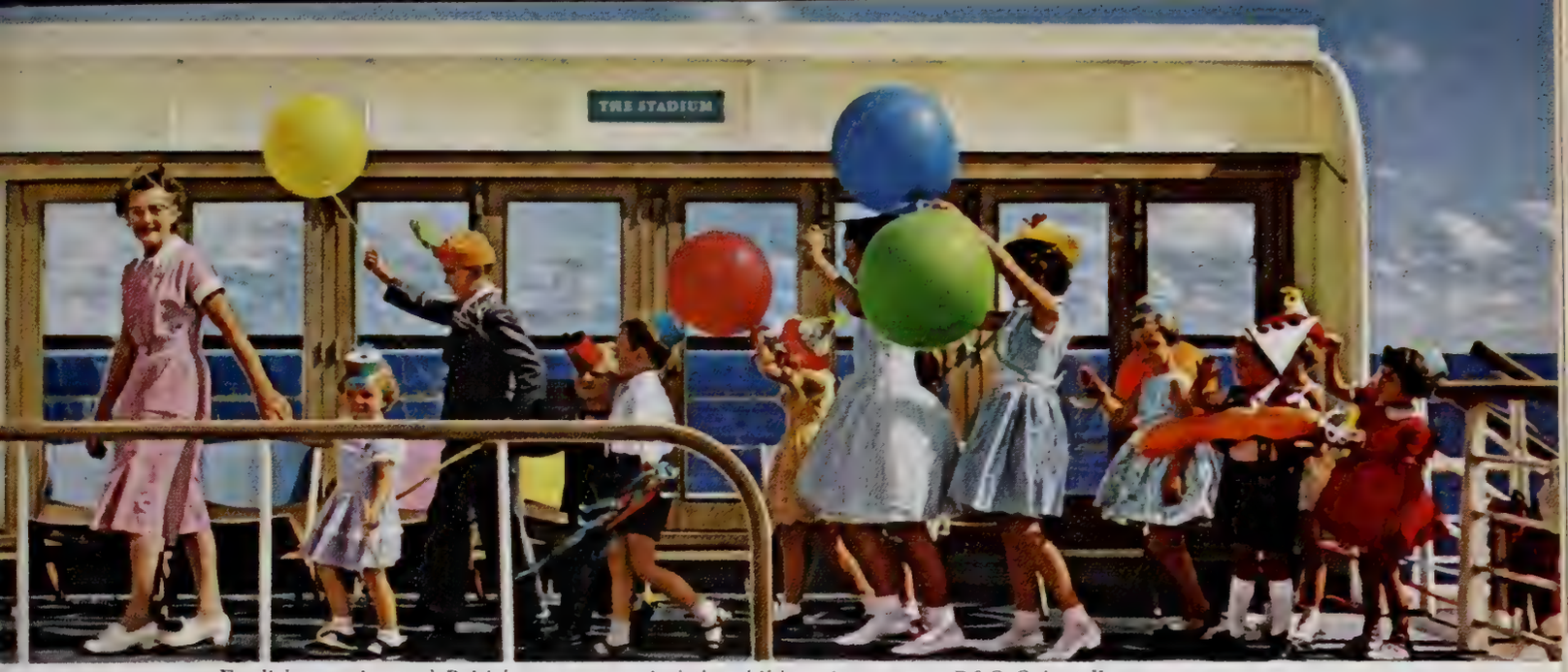
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AFTER HOURS



WHAT'S PLAYING IN BERLIN?

By Henry Butler

Mr. Butler returned last fall from erlin to direct the opening production the Metropolitan Opera season, "The irl of the Golden West." For several mmers he has been with the Santa Fe pera Company.

T IS unlikely that the solid wall plunked across Berlin was deliberely designed to disrupt the work of heatres and opera houses, but it has one so most effectively in both secons of the city. Disrupted, but not lted. Resourcefulness is the next-godliness virtue in the theatre, id there has always been a stubrn spirit in the profession which spects a schedule despite floods, sasters, or the whims of Church id State. It is that spirit which is aping over, burrowing under, and oring through the seemingly imnetrable wall.

We were introduced to its inious systems when we visited the ty last fall. As members of the nta Fe Opera Company we were ted to appear at the West Berlin stwochen with productions of ouglas Moore's "The Ballad of by Doe" and a double bill of Igor Stravinsky's "Oedipus" and "Persephone," with the composer conducting. Months of careful planning and mountains of paper work had gone into assuring exact reproductions of our original scenery and filling our lengthy prop lists. (Even a simple theatrical production calls for an unholy conglomeration of objects worked upon by a wild assortment of hands and brains.) Given the whole of a city like Berlin in which to shop, assembling people and things will not be easy. Cut that city in half and disaster impends: no one to sing Aïda, no painter to cope with So-and-So's erratic designs, no flights for Peter Pan, inacceptable legs for the Roman army, no legs at all for the ballet. But for us everything went smoothly—until we hit the problem of loose pin hinges and plunged straight into international intrigue.

A loose pin hinge is, reasonably enough, an ordinary hinge held together by an easily removable small piece of wire, bent over at the top. That wire means solidity and mobility in theatre sets, so it must be particularly strong and flexible, cut to precise sizes. Since a pin hinge is to the stage what a nail is to carpentry, every theatre keeps a supply. However, our home in Berlin, the Theater des Westens, had not been in use for some time and lacked even the most basic equipment.

Our foraging, with the enthusiastic help of stagehands from five other theatres, was valiant but unsuccessful. The fact was that the best wire, the best cutters, and a ready supply of the correct hinges only existed "over there." What we had to do was get them.

It seemed simple at first. As foreigners with orderly passports, we could cross into the Eastern Zone as often as we liked, using the speedy overhead railway. But the "S Bahn" originates in the East and has been boycotted by the West. All day long nearly empty cars make the lonely swing from zone to zone, carrying only an occasional privileged workman or an apologetic matron whose feet are too weary to be loyal to her principles. It is more diplomatic for Americans to walk across the boundary at the check point on the Friedrichstrasse where, reassuringly, U. S. Military Police record every entrance and probable time of return; "and if you don't come out, we come looking for you." The trip,



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however, would entail an awkward customs check.

The West Police are casual about currency and parcels, but the East Vopoz are suspicious and thorough. What might they make of a package about the size of a large dictionary containing loose hinges and curious lengths of wire? Just two days before, a busload of sight-seers from our company had been detained for four hours because an impulsive soprano had bought a postcard with fifty cents' worth of East German marks which she had not properly declared. If a postcard was good for four hours' questioning, our booty should easily earn us life imprisonment. We lost our nerve.

But the chief carpenter at our theatre was undismayed. Could we provide him with so many packages of good American Band-Aids, so many bottles of excellent American sedatives, and, most important, a supply of adhesive powder for false teeth? We could. Three telephone calls and four hours later we were wildly rich in loose pin hinges.

One does not ask how it is done. We could only guess the help of someone with a foreign passport, a legitimate business reason for going East, a sizable handbag or lunch box, and accurate knowledge of which guards were bored enough with inspecting to be casual. Getting the loot to us after it was in the West must have involved other links in the chain, since one is not automatically in the clear because he has safely crossed the border.

This kind of perilous cultural barter seems to go on all the time in Berlin. Printing of programs, for instance, can be hopelessly bogged down in the East by red tape which is not required in the West, and the work goes over the line. The payment may be made in first-class eyebrow pencils. Ballet tights sent East are more precious than jewels and ballet shoes can bring a fortune in electrical equipment. Even people have been swapped across the border.

Late last summer a formidable army began a skillfully engineered migration from East to West. It was an indispensable troupe, not of soldiers but of "Putzfrauen," the professional cleaning women who know how to deal with great crystal chandeliers, marble halls, and regal carpeting. To an opera house they are as vital as prima donnas, and the supply in the West had run short. Another "underground railway" was set up when the West's new multimillion-dollar Deutsche Oper—politically as well as culturally significant—had trouble with its contoured front curtain: the men who could make it behave were in the East.

Five volunteers came forward who had papers permitting them to enter the East Zone during working hours. They crossed the border one morning, and that afternoon—to official eyes and on official forms—the same five men apparently returned to the West. After two suspenseful weeks the Deutsche Oper curtain was running like a watch, and the operation was reversed. In the morning five men went East, in the afternoon five returned; the original volunteers, released from hiding, were finally coming home. With professional responsibility and pride, these men had calmly jeopardized their lives that the show might go on.

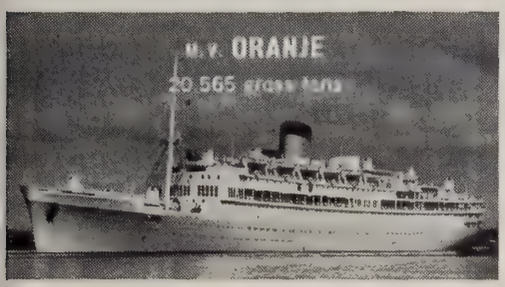
Sometimes the theatrical tradition cannot be so gallantly defended. In East Berlin, for example, the Komische Oper had to cancel most of its planned season because all of its tenors had quietly departed, and none of the artists in West Berlin or Western Germany were willing to fill the roles. Unlike a loose pin hinge, a performer makes a statement by his mere appearance, and feeling runs high in the theatre. The notion that actors, dancers, and singers are a feckless lot when it comes to politics is a myth.

Happily our company faced no such grave problems and we went about cheerfully swapping floor resin for clarinet reeds, opera hose for sequins, and medicines for music. We even ceased to be astonished that one link in our trading system actually rested upon a huge, handsome, exceedingly unruly French poodle who hung about the theatre canteen. No one explained whether he had human collaborators or simply operated on his own, and it would have been the height of indiscretion to ask.

THE atmosphere was, in fact, much more appropriate to a Hitchcock thriller than a somber international

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crisis. Berlin in October looked too bright and beautiful to be in a state of siege. The Kurfürstendamm was crowded with handsome, smartly swathed people who cheered lustily when the news was flashed that a few more Vopoz had leaped the wall. The Festival was in full swing: superb art exhibits, elaborate concerts, and programs in fifteen theatres ranging from Anita Loos to Lope de Vega.

Even the wall itself, those ugly slabs of concrete heaped in petulant haste, had a grotesque carnival air. And the line marking the boundary seemed ludicrous—a tidy, white mark, six inches wide, drawn through alleys, across bridges, over any obstacle in its path; as though a drunken workman, set to paint a safety line on a city street, had run amok until he painted himself out into the countryside. One block to the west there was a new amusement park, gaudy and jolly. Two blocks to the east thousands of banners flipped and flapped from every window. True, the flag was a perversion: a bear superimposed on the red, gold, and black fields of the city's emblem. But the effect of the display was infinitely more circus than serious. And on every corner of the Friedrichstrasse, near the check point, there was a mushroom growth of hotdog stands, soft-drink counters, and souvenir racks—much like Coney Island—to accommodate the daily strollers who bring the children to stare at the Vopoz. While the powers debate, the people conquer the situation with bewildering bravura.

We functioned with much the same spirit of desperate bounce. Occasionally the wall made shadows we could feel. One of our best stagehands simply disappeared, and a youngster on the lighting crew missed a rehearsal because it fell on Thursday, the day he regularly went to the wall to shout family news to his mother. Momentarily our swashbuckling stride could be broken, but we kept our minds on opening night.

We left Berlin with a bundle of good notices and our ignorance of the real political situation intact. But the company headed for Belgrade as qualified experts on the newest and most inventive ways to "requisition" anything they might need.

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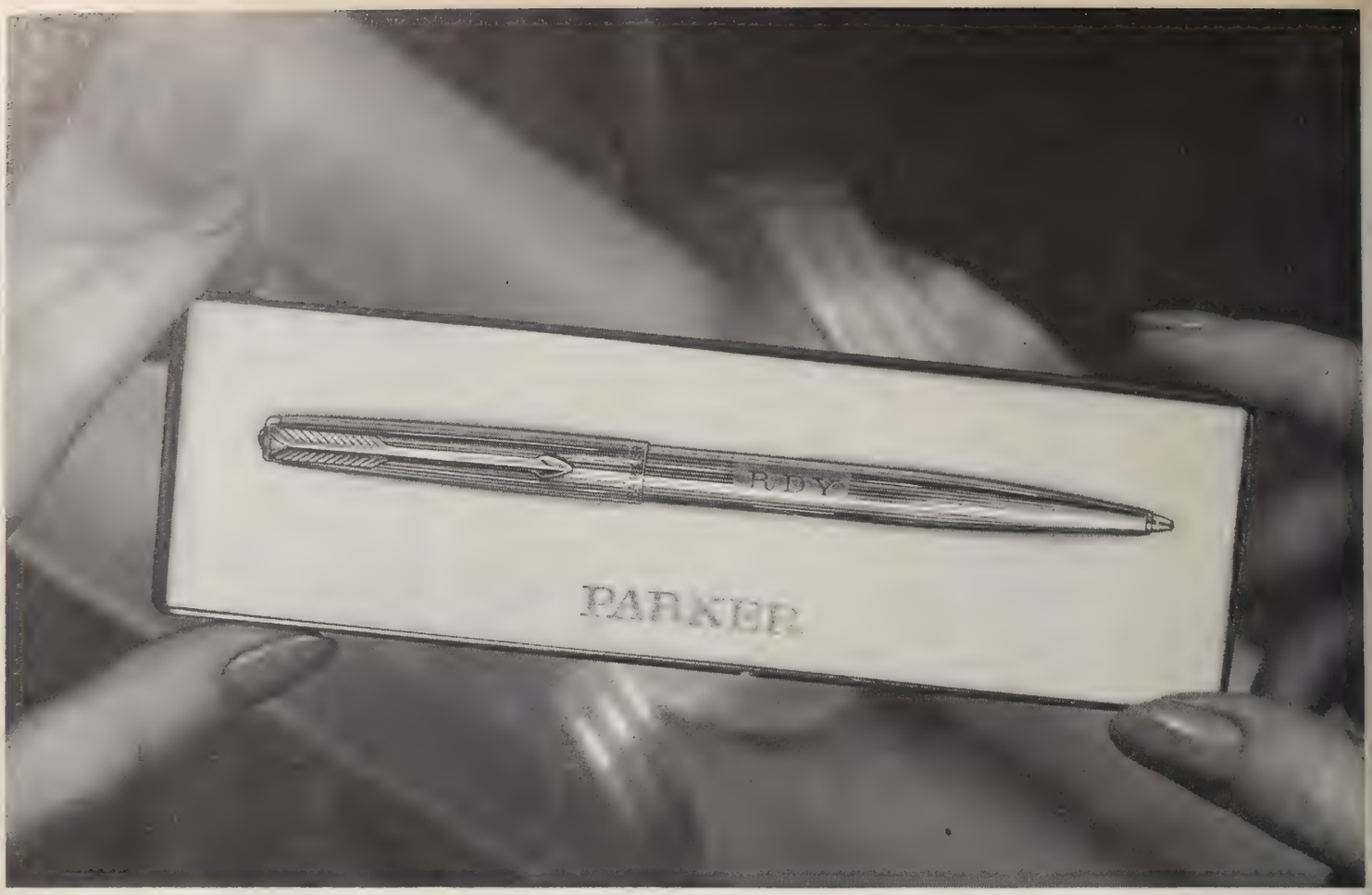
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Harper's MAGAZINE

THE DEADLY PARALLELS

Radical Right and Radical Left

ALAN F. WESTIN

How the new breed of extremists are using the same tactics once tried by the Radical Left—and why the business community should be especially wary of such infiltration.

LAST spring, most Americans, including most of the nation's political leaders, had never heard of the John Birch Society, or its kissing kin such as We The People, the Liberty Lobby, The Christian Crusade of the Reverend Billy Hargis, the Circuit Riders, or Freedom-in-Action. Today there are some twenty-five major national organizations and over one hundred local or regional groups in this camp of the Radical Right. Its terrain lies between the right wing of American conservatism—which the Radical Right considers "soft"—and the frank "hate groups" in the Gerald L. K. Smith pattern—which the Radical Right avoids as "bigotry."

Radical Right organizations have by now attracted over 300,000 members; their annual budgets run to more than $20 million; and they have won priceless national publicity by featuring extremist charges in their literature, films, and indignation rallies.

While everyone now agrees that the Radical Right exists, there is far from universal agreement as to its origin, its prospects, or its meaning for American politics. At least three main analyses of the Radical Right have been suggested by leading commentators.

The first and most unruffled view, typified by the columnist William S. White, is that the Radical Right is a temporary boil on the body politic, like earlier fringe groups in American history. War fevers of 1960-61 brought the infection to a head and it is clearly an irritation. However, the healthy, conserving processes of American life will push the sore off if only the sensation-seeking press and what White calls "ultra-Liberals" will cease spreading the infection by overexcited rubbing.

A second, more anxious reaction, typified by comments in *The Nation* and in some leading foreign newspapers, views the Radical Right as a classic proto-fascist threat. Supported by reactionary big business, Southern racists, funda-

mentalist religious leaders, and angry military men, the Radical Right is crying "betrayal of the nation" and is attacking the capacity of democracy to cope with the Cold War. It is thus a kind of French "ultra" movement, lobbing ideological plastic bombs into the national marketplace.

A third analysis, and probably the most widely held one, sees the Radical Right as a regrouping of the old McCarthyite forces. Between 1950 and 1954, these forces used the charge of "internal Communist conspiracy" not to expose real Communists in government but to harass liberals within the Democratic and Republican parties, to discredit social reform, and to advance a neo-isolationist position in world affairs. Today, the same forces are seeking to regain influence by capitalizing on national unrest over Cold War setbacks.

While each of these analyses can be forcibly argued, none of them seems to me to capture the basic significance of the Radical Right's appearance in the 1960s. Nor do they provide the most compelling analogy with which to expose the dangers of the Far Rightists to the general public and to those conservative political figures inclined to flirt with the Radical Right camp.

What the Birchers and their compatriots really represent, I submit, is the second great surge of opposition to this nation's bipartisan policies for resisting Soviet imperialism abroad and Communist ideological penetration within our own nation.

The first challenge to this post-1945 anti-Communist consensus came in 1946 to 1948 from the Radical Left when the Communists and the "Progressives"—as the Radical Left liked to call itself, to distinguish its cause from that of American liberals—raised the cry of "fascist conspiracy" to attack our emerging containment position. How strikingly similar the present campaign of the Radical Right is to the Radical Left's drive in the late 1940s can be seen by comparing the ideology, program, strategy, and tactics of these two movements.

I

The Radical Left of 1946-48 and the Radical Right today both derive, of course, from the stream of American fundamentalism which goes back to the Know-Nothings of the 1850s, the Populists of the 1890s, and the Coughlinites of the 1930s. All these movements share a common belief in betrayal of the American dream by hidden conspiracies and the possibility of total solutions by the aroused masses of the nation. The two contemporary groups, however, must be seen in the unique setting of our contemporary situation. Since 1945, for the first time, the United States has consciously accepted leadership in international affairs. For the first time, the United States must live with the undeniable possibility of physical destruction by a self-declared enemy nation. For the first time, the American public has developed a high concern for foreign policy in "peacetime," though most Americans are still unskilled in the realities of international relations. It is against this backdrop of public instability that the two great challenges to the national anti-Communist consensus of our era should be examined.

PARALLEL IDEOLOGIES

IN 1946, the Radical Left saw its wartime hopes for a perfect world—for total disarmament, an economy of abundance, a harmonious United Nations, and fraternal U.S.-Soviet relations—shattered by the rise of severe tensions between the United States and Russia. The cause of these tensions, the Radical Left concluded, was not Soviet imperialism or the "natural" conflicts of nation-states but a "fascist conspiracy" within the United States. The danger was basically *internal*. "Nazis are running the American government," Henry Wallace declared at one passionate moment in 1948. Our two major parties had "rotted" and Wall Street, the military clique, labor "misleaders," "red-baiting" intellectuals, and even the churches had become part of a program to "betray" peace and progress. Unless "the people" rose and shook off this conspiracy, the Radical Left warned, the country faced an imminent fascist take-over and American foreign policy would serve only dictator regimes and the former-fascist nations.

Compare this ideological image with that of the new Radical Right. Its dream of perfection was that a Republican Administration in 1952 (preferably led by MacArthur or Taft rather than Eisenhower) and a green light for Senators McCarthy and McCarran would bring an end to the "appeasement" and "defeats" of the "Yalta-Acheson" decades. (This attitude was of course shared by many Democrats at the state and local levels who rejected the party's New Deal and Fair Deal leadership.) American prestige would soar upward, the Soviet empire would be pushed back to the borders of Russia, and the Soviet regime itself would probably collapse. All this would be accomplished while we were "restoring free enter-

prise" at home, erasing the "Socialist" measures of the New and Fair Deals, and balancing the budget.

However, when Soviet power rose rather than fell in the middle 1950s, when the forces of nationalism and neutralism increased, and when "Socialist" measures like TVA and Social Security remained and were even extended, the Radical Right exploded. Beginning about 1958, when the Birch Society was organized and other Radical Right groups began to expand, the cause of our troubles was perceived: a vast "Communist conspiracy" at home, even under the Eisenhower Administration. Our major parties, with their "Left-wing tendencies" and reliance on "minority groups," the "Socialist" unions, Communist-infiltrated churches, even leaders of American business—all had been saturated with Communist ideas and were in the hands of Communist conspirators.

PARALLEL PROGRAMS

THE Radical Left attacked the basic international programs of the United States in the late 1940s as *too* "anti-Communist." It opposed American policy toward the UN as based upon Cold War power politics, and demanded that we abandon the regional "war pacts" in which we were supposedly engaging as contrary to the UN charter. The Radical Left opposed what it called the "Martial Plan" for Europe—as well as military aid to Greece, Turkey, and Iran —warning that we were shoring up decadent regimes and that "the people" in these countries would not be bought for our "Cold War mercenaries." Defense spending and rearmament were violently denounced as warlike, costly, and the death knell for domestic reform. To meet the might of Soviet power, the Radical Left urged us to rely on our overpowering moral example as a peace-loving nation and to trust the prospects of Soviet reasonableness at the conference table.

In its own terms, the Radical Right is mounting an identical attack on the nation's international position today. Now our policies are not "anti-Communist" enough. Our participation in the UN is rejected because we cannot use the world body as a Cold War spear. The Radical Right rejects American alliances and friendly relations with all governments which are not "firmly anti-Communist," a list which includes Mexico, India, Ghana, Burma, and others which are "playing along with the Communists." Foreign aid is bitterly assailed as "pouring money down Communist ratholes," wasting hard-earned and heavily taxed American dollars which should be given back to private enterprise at home. Balanced defense programs and overseas military establishments are regarded as "useless" measures which could be replaced by far smaller expenditures for "massive retaliation"; if the Soviets only were taught that we meant business, that would solve the problems of the arms race. That, after all, is the Radical Right's basic key to American foreign policy: Mean business! Really mean business! After that, the UN, foreign aid, NATO—all would be unnecessary, and a resolute America would turn back the Sino-Soviet tides by the stern announcement of our will to be Dead Rather Than Red.

When Radical Left and Radical Right are compared in their attacks on basic domestic programs, the parallels continue to mount. Both Radical Left and Radical Right put a hostile investigation of the State Department high on their agenda as the way to correct our foreign policy "mistakes"— the Radical Left because it saw the Department as honeycombed with "reactionaries" and "British Empire types," and the Radical Right because it sees our present Department as under the dominance of "Communists," "Nehru-lovers," and "pro-Soviets."

Both would destroy the centrist economic programs which the nation has followed since the rise of the Cold War. The Radical Left saw our policies as a Wall Street plot to make us an "arms economy" and save a decadent capitalism; they demanded "butter, not guns"—which meant no military spending and a massive increase in federal welfare expenditures. The Radical Right tells us that the Soviets are tricking us into national bankruptcy: their prescription is to abolish federal and state welfare programs; and their demand for abolition of the income tax would obviously mean the end of our defense expenditures as well.

Both groups opposed the internal-security measures of 1946-48 and 1960-62: the Radical Left because it found the pre-McCarthy measures of the Truman Administration against Communist subversion to be wholly unnecessary police-state tactics; the Radical Right because it thinks that Communist agents are still nestled everywhere in our national government and at

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the switches of industry, and that the Supreme Court itself has become "part of the Communist apparatus."

Both Radical Left and Radical Right add a muted chord of prejudice to their positions, clear enough to draw the money and support of some of the bigoted but not loud enough to open the groups to charges of being full-dress "hate movements." The Radical Left in 1946-48 attacked the "Vatican conspiracy" which was pushing us toward a "holy war" against Russia. A Radical Left magazine, *The Protestant*, said that Catholicism wanted "a fascist world hegemony." Later, when the Soviets began to denounce "Zionism" and "cosmopolitanism," *The Protestant* denounced "American Zionism" for selling itself to the imperialists.

On the Radical Right some well-known anti-Semitic spokesmen have already appeared, such as Allen Zoll, a staff member of the Christian Crusade, and Merwin K. Hart, a chapter leader of the Birchers. The presence of powerful anti-Semitic currents in the audiences of the Radical Right's public meetings has been noted by careful observers from the Anti-Defamation League. Openly segregationist and anti-Negro positions are evident in the Christian Crusade, and the White Citizens Councils in the South have close ties with many national Radical Right groups. Leading anti-Semitic publications such as Gerald Smith's *The Cross and the Flag* and Conde McGinley's *Common Sense* are recommended in Radical Right literature.

PLUS SIMILAR STRATEGIES

IN terms of basic strategy, the Radical Left's top leadership in 1946-48 aimed at winning influence within two key sectors of American civic life which were considered to be ripe for penetration—the labor movement and organized liberalism. Communists and Progressives had secured important positions in the union movement between 1935 and 1945; they hoped to operate outward from unions controlled by the Radical Left such as the United Electrical Workers, the International Longshoremen's Union, and the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers to bring the "left-leaning" unions such as the United Auto Workers and then the CIO itself into the "Progressive camp."

The Radical Left had control of Communist-front groups such as the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. Within organized liberal groups such as the American Veterans Committee, the Radical Left was already attempting to secure positions of influence, and a conscious drive was planned to move into liberal peace groups, farmer-labor movements, and university organizations.

Radical Left strategists reasoned that control of the CIO and organized liberalism would give them access to power in the Democratic party. At the least, the Radical Left would exercise a veto power in the formulation of foreign and domestic policy by the Democrats; with luck, the Radical Left could replace the "Truman Cold War" leadership of the Democrats with old New Deal figures who shared some of the Radical Left's perspectives.

Such a figure was soon found in a first-term New Deal Cabinet member, a former Vice President under Roosevelt, and a man who left the Truman Cabinet because of disagreement over the national anti-Communist consensus—Henry A. Wallace. It was Wallace who gave the Radical Left its respectability in 1946-47 and it was Wallace who led the Radical Left to found the Progressive party in 1948 and break openly with the "two old parties."

While the Radical Right is still in its "1946" rather than its "1948" phase strategically, its basic objectives are clear enough. It is aiming at the "soft" areas of the business community and organized conservatism. The newer groups of the Radical Right, such as the Birch Society and We The People and older organizations such as the National Economic Council and Constitutional Educational League, already have influential business figures in their ranks and as their financial patrons. And as we shall see, the support of the business community has been increasing in recent months.

As for the established conservative groups, the themes of the Radical Right have been echoing in such conservative strongholds as the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the American Legion, and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Other conservative groups, such as the American Medical Association, American Bar Association, and American Farm Bureau Federation, are now facing ideological penetration.

If it can rally enough business and conservative group support, the Radical Right can look forward to influence in the Republican party. At the least, it could push Republicans in a Far Right direction, and it might lead the Republicans to nominate a Rightist in 1964 or 1968. If this is not possible, there is the distinct possibility of a third-party campaign by the

Radical Right, as some of its leaders have already demanded. Obviously Senator J. Strom Thurmond, a nominal Democrat, would be delighted to lead this movement, just as he led the Dixiecrats in 1948.

. . . AND THE SAME OLD TACTICS

UNLIKE Senator McCarthy and the loose apparatus of "McCarthyism," the Radical Right is fervently organizational today. Once people attending Radical Right rallies have been alarmed by tales of Communist betrayal in Washington and imminent collapse of the nation—as those of the Radical Left were alarmed by tales of impending fascism—the organizers carefully follow up by leading the new recruits into a total "life-way" apparatus. Followers are put to work in "Americanist" cadres. In the Birch Society, there are home "study groups" where tape recordings and films are played; Radical Right books and pamphlets are assigned and discussed under the careful direction of a chapter leader; members report on their activities and are given regular assignments to conduct pressure campaigns against their community's "Communists" —*e.g.*, local ministers, schoolboard members, library committees, and newspaper editors.

In a lovely parallel with the American Communist party, there are now bookstores throughout the nation which serve as nerve centers for local Radical Right activity: the Betsy Ross Bookshop in Los Angeles; the Pro-Blue Patriotic Book Store in Torrance, California; and the Anti-Communist Bookstore in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, are only a few of the dozens now in existence. The functions of such places were recently described by a *New York Times* report on Radical Right bookstores in California: Radical Right books and pamphlets are sold, speakers' names listed, rallies advertised, petitions left for signing, and membership and mailing lists traded among various local groups.

Like the Radical Left, the Radical Right knows how to manipulate the appeals of martyrdom. The Radical Right begins with Senator McCarthy, the patron saint driven to his death by the Communists, and moves on to "Americanists" such as General Edwin A. Walker who are "hounded" from positions in the military, the colleges, the communications media, and government because they dare to tell "the Truth." Thus a leading article in *American Opinion*, the Birch organ, could have cribbed a paragraph from a Radical Left organ of 1946 in its lament that today America sees "witch-hunting of patriots . . . , character assassination, and wild accusations against anybody who dares ask questions and insist upon answers." It is also an article of faith for both movements that all of these powerful persecuting forces can be wiped out in a flash by revealing "the Truth" to an "angry people." The Birchers will triumph, and soon, *American Opinion* states, because it is the movement of "the revolted, misinformed, deceived, abused, angry American. . . ."

These are some of the deadly parallels of ideology, program, strategy, and tactics between the Radical Left in 1946 to 1948 and the present Radical Right. One further element is a common one. Both are movements of the disaffected fringes within the middle class. The Radical Left had its base in middle-class elements in the urban centers of the East and West coasts, especially professionals, drawing heavily on segments of the Jewish and Liberal-Protestant communities. It had little Negro support, only isolated pockets of working-class adherents, and virtually no farm or business response.

The Radical Right draws on another part of the middle class. Its followers are predominantly business and professional people who live in rural and suburban areas and in the "inner cities" of the Midwest and South—such as Wichita, Nashville, Houston, or Columbus, Ohio. They are also strong in coastal cities like Miami and Los Angeles which have had heavy migrations from the Midwest and South in recent decades. There is no working-class groundswell in the Radical Right, virtually no Jewish and Negro support, and its farmers are well-to-do entrepreneurs.

II

Two things should be said immediately about this comparison of the Radical Left and Radical Right.

First, I am not suggesting that the two movements are identical. History provides complex and suggestive analogies at times, but no photographic reproductions, and obviously, there are great differences. Most important of these is the fact that no hostile nation and its puppet party within the United States is guiding the Radical Right, as the Soviet Union and the American Communist party came to dominate the Radical Left. There is no secret espionage and infiltration apparatus linked to the Radical Right, despite Robert Welch's airy pledges to set up Birch "front groups" such as the Committee Against Summit Entanglements or College Grad-

uates Against Educating Traitors at Government Expense. And there is less unity and single-mindedness on the Radical Right than there was on the Radical Left, for all the efforts of Billy Hargis and Kent Courtney to establish a national Anti-Communist Federation. Yet, in its own way the Radical Right does present a unified and pointed danger to the national consensus.

Second, I hope it is clear that I do not regard departures from the "national anti-Communist consensus" as automatically putting all critics in the Radical Left or Radical Right. Nor is this an argument that national progress comes only from "moderate" and "unvisionary" ideas. Obviously there can be legitimate, far-reaching criticisms of our internal-security measures, welfare programs, alliance policies, military strategy, disarmament position, UN policies, and the like. Thus Norman Thomas and the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy are legitimate participants in our national debates, as are Russell Kirk and the American Enterprise Association. The all-important distinction is that their criticisms are made within the framework of rational discourse and civic responsibility. They do not rest on cries of grand hidden conspiracies, allegations of traitorous leadership, and dangerously millennial proposals. Nor do they include bullying tactics in the civic marketplace, whether Communist or Birchite. With this as a guide, it should be clear that talk of Americans for Democratic Action or the NAACP as the "Radical Left" today is absurd.

THE PURGE THAT WORKED

HAVING made these distinctions, what insights can we draw in 1962 from a comparison of Radical Left and Radical Right in the post-World-War-II era? First, it should be clear that neither of these movements—despite their grandiose plans—has had any practical prospects of winning the Presidency, capturing a national party, or having its panacea policies enacted into law. Each has viewed the other extreme as already "running the nation," but the fact is that the American political system is too vital to allow these anti-democratic movements to become dominating national political forces in their own right: the traditions of the center are too powerful in our society, and the influences of reformist civic and religious groups too pervasive.

However, someone who stops with this comforting realization and dismisses the Radicals as political mosquitoes makes a serious error. The Radical Right poses the same kind of threat to the democratic process today that the Radical Left did in the 'forties: It threatens the freedom of action of the national Administration in its efforts to formulate realistic anti-Communist programs and to demonstrate the maturity of American democracy to the world. It threatens to muddy the terms of debate on sensitive but central issues—from Katanga to school reading programs. And it threatens the integrity of the groups it has marked for penetration.

In addition, the Radical Right presents a special threat—the destruction of civic freedom in local communities by broadside charges of "communism." Each of these threats from Radical Left and Right deserves to be examined carefully.

Between 1946 and 1948, after a pitched battle marked by a few misadventures for liberalism (such as the Alger Hiss case), American labor and the American liberal community thoroughly repulsed the Radical Left. The CIO expelled the Radical Left unions, eliminated powerful Radical Left staff members such as the CIO's General Counsel, Lee Pressman, and pressed "left-leaning" union chiefs such as Mike Quill and Joseph Curran to break loose from the Radical Left. Liberal organizational leaders such as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Reinhold Niebuhr, Walter Reuther, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. formed Americans for Democratic Action to focus the opposition of American liberals to the Radical Left. And, by a painful process, the American Veterans Committee showed that liberals could save their organizations from Radical Left infiltration.

On the Far Left itself, there were a number of vocal, if small, anti-Stalinist groups which fought the Progressives—*The New Leader* magazine, for example, and Norman Thomas' Socialist party, and many of the writers and intellectuals who had been supporters of Trotsky in the 'thirties. By 1948, after some earlier flirtation with the Radical Left by influential Democrats such as Senator Claude Pepper and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, the New Deal Democrats and the Democratic party both unequivocally repudiated the Radical Left.

The result of these various actions was that the Radical Left was isolated from either political or civic respectability in the nation. The Truman Administration was able to execute the Marshall Plan, create NATO, and meet the explosion of the Korean War without hindrance from the Radical Left. And American liberal-

ism emerged from the 1945 to 1948 period purged of the misunderstandings of Soviet communism which marked the 'thirties.

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM

HOW is the response to the Radical Right progressing? When publicity about the John Birch Society first appeared and Robert Welch's fantastic allegations about Eisenhower, Dulles, *et al.*, were revealed, there was widespread condemnation from conservatives as well as liberals. That was in the spring of 1961. Then the Birchers began to recover from the first wave of criticism and began to organize effectively throughout the country, proclaiming themselves the "toughest" anti-Communist group around. The Christian Crusade, Project Alert, the National Indignation Rallies, Freedom in Action, the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation, the Circuit Riders, the Conservative Society of America, and other Radical Right groups caught the crest of public alarms about Berlin, bomb shelters, the Soviet fifty-megaton explosion, the Congo, and Laos. Suddenly they found themselves packing in thousands of Americans at rallies in Garden City, Long Island; Miami, Florida; Houston, Texas; or Los Angeles, California. The Radical Right swiftly became "hot news" and press, radio, and television were filled with accounts of Radical Right charges and activities. Money began to flow in heavily.

At that time, the response of the business community, conservative organizations, and the Republican party—the target groups—was not altogether reassuring. In the business community there were a disturbingly large number of corporations and corporate leaders who embraced the Radical Right. For example:

The Birch Society has sixteen corporate executives on its twenty-five-member council, including the presidents of H. Masland and Sons, Cherokee Mills, the A. B. Chance Company, and the Rock Island Oil and Refining Company.

Coast Federal Savings and Loan Company in California, one of the five largest savings-and-loan institutions in the nation, distributes Birch literature and a steady stream of Radical Right materials.

Project Alert has had its extremist rallies sponsored on television by the Carnation Milk Company and Southern California Edison.

"Communism on the Map" is a film produced by the National Education Program in Searcy, Arkansas. Written by a Birch Society co-ordinator, it incorporates large chunks from the Birch Society's Blue Book. According to the National Education Program, this film has been purchased by companies such as Goodyear Tire and Rubber, Boeing Aircraft, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, Revere Copper and Brass, and Aluminum Company of America.

The National Education Program itself lists officials from such corporations as Swift and Company and Monsanto Chemical on its Freedom Forum Advisory Committee, and it has claimed support from high executives of General Electric, The American Iron and Steel Institute, Olin Mathieson, Lone Star Cement Company, and dozens of other blue-chip corporations.*

This is only a sampling. A cautious estimate—based on recent surveys of annual corporate donations and the published gifts of companies to the Radical Right—would show that the business community contributed about $10 million to the Radical Right last year.

Within organized conservatism, there has been a sharp rise in Radical Right speakers at Chamber of Commerce, Junior Chamber, Lions Club, American Legion, medical associations, bar associations, and women's club meetings. A Lions Club in New Jersey was told recently that leaders of the community could fight communism and serve America best by founding a Birch Society chapter. In Flint, Michigan, the Junior Chamber of Commerce educated itself on the Communist menace by inviting a popular Radical Right speaker who said Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg was a Communist and is still sympathetic to the Communists, and that the major Jewish groups in this country are heavily penetrated by Communists. The Miami Board of Realtors recently conducted a course in anti-communism at the national realty convention which heard Senator McCarthy extolled and played the National Education Program's latest slanted films. Such speakers are not presented as one side of a disputed issue—they are offered as responsible purveyors of the Truth About Communism in America.

As for the Republican party, there seemed to be a period when the party's leaders hoped that the following of the Radical Rightists could be channeled into Republican ranks. Much of the money and energy which the Radical Right was expending could normally have been "Republican resources." In addition, some Republican

* This claim of support was stated in a letter dated March 25, 1961, signed by Howard W. Bennett, vice president of the National Education Program, and made available by Mr. Irwin Suall, author of "The American Ultras."

officeholders, such as Congressmen Hiestand and Rousselot of California, were open members of the Birch Society, and some candidates for Republican nomination leaned to the Radical Right. Loyd Wright, former president of the American Bar Association and a candidate for the Republican Senate nomination from California, announced, "I wish we had ten thousand or ten million more members like those I know in the John Birch Society."

In some localities, the Republican party seemed to become almost identical with the Radical Right; in Texas, for example, Republicans such as Congressman Bruce Alger and Senator John Tower remind one of Congressman Leo Isacson and Senator Glen Taylor of the Radical Left in 1948. Though Senator Barry Goldwater had condemned Robert Welch's authoritarian control of the Birch Society and Richard Nixon had condemned extremists of the right and left, effective quarantine was not in sight.

Events this spring, however, suggest that *some* Radical Right groups—or at least a few of their leaders—may be facing political quarantine. The *Wall Street Journal* has attacked the Right-wing extremism which attempts to pass for genuine anti-Communism. The American Bar Association and the National Association of Manufacturers have held responsible and sophisticated anti-Communist seminars at their meetings. Spokesmen such as Russell Kirk, Senators Goldwater and Tower, and *National Review* have attacked Robert Welch personally as an unbalanced and irresponsible figure. Richard Nixon has grown increasingly specific in his attacks on the Right-wing Radicals. The point was also made well this spring that some of the statements by liberals and Democrats about Radical Right-wing strength in the country—and its influence over the Republican party—were careless partisanship, reminiscent of the charges of "pro-communism" leveled against liberals, labor, and the Democrats during the Radical Left challenge in the 1940s.

THREATS IN THE NIGHT

THE recent criticisms of Robert Welch and the Birch Society are welcome actions. But cutting Welch adrift and issuing general denunciations of "extremism" will not solve the problem of the Radical Right. A stronger cure is required and has not been forthcoming. The top leadership of the business community has not yet launched the kind of clear ideological counterattack which would both separate free-enterprise advocacy from the nihilistic propositions of the Radical Right, and also educate careless corporate executives against financial support—and verbal endorsement—of Radical Right activities.

Nor has there been sufficient awareness within Conservative organizations of the dangers created by many of the alarmist anti-Communist speeches on the Radical Right. These speeches may start by denouncing Moscow or Peiping, but they usually wind up as campaigns to fire a town librarian who has "pro-Communist" books on the shelf, or to prevent the Foreign Policy Association from conducting local "Great Decisions" courses.

When the business community, conservative groups, and the press do not oppose such activities, the Radical Right is free to poison the prevailing climate of debate. The result has been the erosion of the democratic process in dozens of communities by a variety of bullying tactics. For example:

* Anonymous and threatening phone calls are being made to liberal teachers, ministers, and school principals; to dentists who support fluoridation; or to Quakers supporting disarmament.

* Private meetings of churches, civic groups, and community forums are being packed by Radical Rightists who harass the speakers and provoke violence.

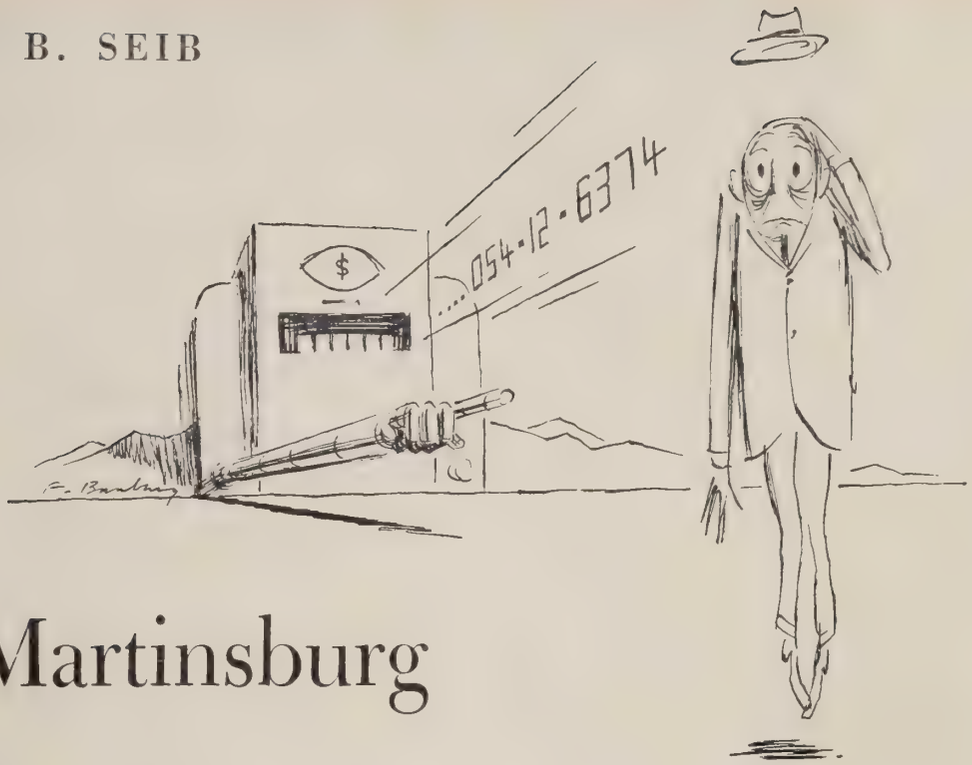
* On the eve of liberal gatherings, anonymous telephone calls are warning that a bomb is planted in the hall, thus causing the police to cancel the meeting.

* Vicious falsehoods are being circulated from the platform and in print about such responsible groups as the National Council of Churches of Christ, the Foreign Policy Association, and the Anti-Defamation League.

To restore these communities to the climate of free debate, to turn the concern of Americans over the dynamics of communism into constructive channels, businessmen, conservatives, and the Republican party must rise to defend the basic ideals of American democracy, as labor, liberal groups, and the Democratic party did in the late 'forties. The real test of Radical Right strength and political strategy is likely to come with the 1962 Congressional elections, when the absence of a Presidential contest will accentuate local issues and maximize pressure-group organization. If that election is to prove the maturity of the democratic center in our political and civic life, now is the time to prepare the way, by isolating the Radical Right.

Harper's Magazine, April 1962

CHARLES B. SEIB



The Martinsburg Monster

A True Horror Story for Taxpayers

THE jig is up. The Martinsburg Monster is going to get us all. Time was when the American taxpayer had a sporting chance that his favorable error in addition, his small flight of fancy on deductions or lapse of memory about dividends would slip by the Feds. Even though he took a decided risk in giving himself too generous a benefit of the doubt, the adversary was human, with human limitations, human frailties and, perhaps, even a human heart.

But no more. The Martinsburg Monster has been recruited by the Internal Revenue Service, and it permits no margin for pro-taxpayer error, no last clear chance to slip one through. A huge IBM machine enthroned in its own stark, red-brick castle in the West Virginia hills, the Monster will soon be keeping tapes on us all. Tended by a tiny corps of devoted public servants, it will work round the clock and through the year, scanning, checking, comparing, updating, correcting—and telling tales with electronic precision on its reels of magnetic tape. Even the chance of providential mistaken identification will be gone. The Monster finds numbers more digestible than names, so a number each taxpayer will have. Thus will die the beguiling possibility that the tax collector will overlook the dividends received at his office by J. Randolph Doe who files his tax return from home as John R. Doe.

In sum, the imaginative taxpayer, who in the past has had at least as good a chance as a devotee of Russian roulette, now must face the certainty that all the chambers are loaded and the trigger is set.

The Internal Revenue Service defends its Monster, of course—and admittedly it has some taxpayer appeal. (1) Your refund check, if one is due, will come shooting back to you with almost miraculous speed—after the Monster makes sure you don't owe for some other year or in some other tax transaction. (2) If you're a thoroughly law-abiding taxpayer you should rejoice; a good many cheaters are going to be trapped in Martinsburg and forced to pay their share. (3) The Monster is going to free thousands of employees to give you more "personal service," if that idea has any appeal. Indeed you are going to get so much more service that IRS dreams of almost doubling its work force by 1969, which would mean better than one collector for every thousand taxpayers. But more on that later.

Now how will the Monster work? (Monster isn't an official designation, by the way; the new system is called ADP, for automatic data process-

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ing.) Let's take the case of a taxpayer we shall call, under the ADP numbers game, 054-12-6374. When the system is in full operation 054-12-6374 will send in his return just as he has in the past, probably getting it on its way in the midnight mail of April 15. (There's a day of grace this year, though, because the 15th is a Sunday.)

At the district IRS office the return will be opened and the accompanying check, if any, will be deposited to Uncle Sam's account. Then the return will be shot off to one of nine new regional centers, each a very sizable operation. There the information on the tax return will be transferred to punch cards by a clerical worker, a process which will include a preliminary check on arithmetic. The card will go into a card-to-tape converter (a sort of satellite Monster) and the information on 054-12-6374 will be transferred to a reel of tape about the size and weight of a stack of ten long-play phonograph records. Each reel will bear all the Martinsburg Monster needs to know about 116,000 taxpayers.

The tapes will be flown to Washington and trucked from there to Martinsburg, where they will be fed to the Monster. Then will come the crucial step for 054-12-6374—the comparison of the information from his return with that already in the Martinsburg master file, which has been updated with data supplied by his employer, by corporations which have paid him dividends, and by other income sources. While making the comparison the Monster will further update the master file. And as it analyzes all it has learned about 054-12-6374 and his fellows—in operations taking just a fraction of a second each—it will prepare new tapes, some to go back to the regional centers and some to the Treasury.

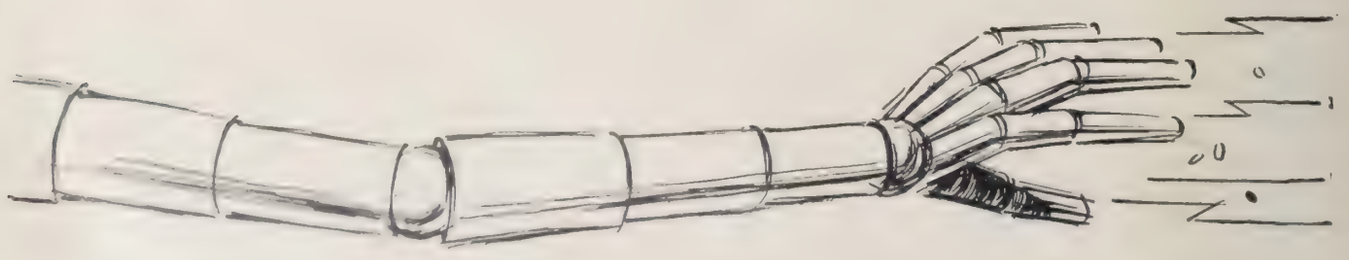
The latter will have a beneficent purpose. A computer—a friendly satellite—will translate them into refund checks, ready for mailing. There is nothing new about refund checks, of course; last year 36 million of them were issued. But ADP will add a new wrinkle. If 054-12-6374 is entitled to a refund it will be based on his total tax position. For example, if he is a merchant who claims a refund of $1,000 on his personal income tax but owes $500 on his business tax, the Monster will direct the Treasury satellite to send him just $500. Under present practices, he would get the full $1,000 and the government would collect the $500 due on the business tax in a separate transaction. This new system of having just one tax account for each taxpayer, by the way, will put an end to such tricky practices as claims for duplicate refunds.

The tapes that go from Martinsburg back to the regional center serve less benevolent ends. When fed into the satellite Monsters they will produce bills for taxes due, letters asking for missing information, or, most depressing, a list of tax numbers—perhaps including our 054-12-6374—which have aroused the Monster's suspicions. Returns of these taxpayers then will be pulled from the files at the district offices and subjected to an audit by IRS men.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

THE people at IRS are a bit coy about just what information from the tax return is put on tape for Martinsburg; no point in divulging the tricks of the trade, they say. They indicate, however, that one thing the Monster watches for is deviation from the normal. In other words, if your deductions, say, or your business expenses seem out of line with your income bracket, the Monster is likely to suggest an investigation.

The experts don't like to speculate on possible expansion of the system either. Present plans call for the machine to consume little more than information from actual tax returns and employers' reports on withholdings and corporations' reports on dividends. But the system



quite clearly has much broader possibilities.

Banks, which now must report only the names of persons receiving more than $600 a year in interest, could be asked to report all interest payments and all the cashing in of government savings bonds, so that taxes on their interest could not be ducked. Stock brokers, real-estate dealers, and others could be asked to provide information to be used in checking profit-and-loss claims. Business firms could be asked to report on prizes they give to employees and on authorized entertaining of business contacts. Major charities could be asked to report donations, to be checked against deduction claims. Even major medical expense could be checked.

There is no sign now that the system will ever dig this deeply into your personal affairs. Common sense and Congressional sensitivity as well as the law of diminishing returns will certainly put on a brake. In one area, however, some expansion is likely soon. The exchange of information between the federal government and states levying income taxes is already a major program, and it is certain to grow as the states adopt tape systems that synchronize with ADP.

A system as sweeping as ADP—Internal Revenue Commissioner Mortimer Caplin has called it "the single most important step in the tax field in our lifetime"—takes time to put into effect. Four or five years will pass before the Monster at Martinsburg becomes acquainted with every taxpayer in the country. By that time there will be 78 million tax accounts in the master file—72 million for individuals and 6 million for businesses—in the library at the Martinsburg center. About sixty people, working in shifts around the clock, will serve the giant computer and keep it busy. The Monster itself costs $1,219,060, but the government is renting it from IBM for $163.32 an hour. The annual cost of the whole ADP system will be about $7 million.

The first step toward full ADP operation will be the assigning of tax numbers to every individual and business taxpayer. For the vast majority—perhaps 90 per cent—this job has already been done; individuals will use their Social Security numbers and busi their "employer identification n ing this spring, the governmer direct-mail program to assign n who don't have them.

The actual processing of tax returns at Martinsburg will begin with the 1961 returns filed by businesses in seven Southern and Southeastern states. A year later, all individual returns from those states and business returns from a group of Middle Atlantic states will be added to the system. And so on. If all goes well, by 1966 every tax return in the nation will be under the Monster's cold, electronic eye.

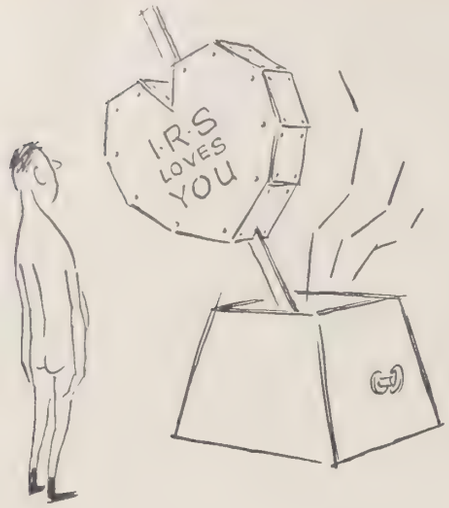
LAST CALL FOR CONFESSION

THE Internal Revenue Service is going all-out to portray automatic processing as a boon to the taxpayers and a life preserver for the tax collectors. The flood of tax returns surges higher every year—95 million last year, 110 million by 1970, 135 million by 1980. When you add all the W-2 withholding forms, dividend reports, and the like that IRS receives, you reach the staggering total of a half-billion separate items even today.

Every speech on ADP by the affable Mr. Caplin and his subordinates includes a reference to the benefits the system offers the law-abiding taxpayer—the exposure of cheaters, the elimination of billing errors, the fast mailing of refunds. The Monster's magnificent electronic brain will even notice when you fail to take full advantage of your rights and will see that your error is corrected.

But unquestionably the major purpose of ADP is to crack down on those whom Treasury Secretary Dillon has called "the foolish few who are tempted to cheat or evade." Just before Christmas, in a statement clearly motivated by the holiday spirit of good will, Mr. Caplin said he wanted to call the "capabilities of automatic processing" to the attention of that "small percentage of taxpayers who have not fully complied with Internal Revenue laws." While he





promised no special treatment, he indicated at least a sympathetic reception for transgressors who would come forward and confess. And he cautioned those guilt-ridden souls who are wondering whether the Monster can reach back into the past. While he didn't say definitely, he offered this "word to the wise":

> I would say that this is a very good time to clean the slate if past errors or omissions are known, and, certainly, I can think of no better time to be certain that there are no further errors or omissions. In fact, if I had a friend with doubts about his personal tax records, I would advise him to drop around to his district office soon and clear them up.

Industrial automation usually reduces manpower needs, but no one at IRS has to worry about that. "The one thing you can bank on," Assistant Commissioner William Loeb recently told a group of employees, "is that we're going to need more, not fewer people." Despite the reduced paperwork which ADP will bring about, the Service, which had a staff of 53,000 in 1961, plans a steady expansion. It will take on about 10 per cent more people this year. If its plans are okayed by Congress, it will be employing 97,700 by 1969.

The Monster will be at least partly responsible for the buildup. It will provide more leads for investigations than the Service ever had before. And the present system of more or less random audits—the system that appeals so to certain sporting taxpayers—will seem hopelessly antiquated and inefficient.

Mr. Caplin has testified to Congress that only 4.5 per cent of all tax returns got a detailed check by examiners in fiscal 1961. He hopes to raise it to 5.3 per cent this year. But, he feels a check of 10 per cent of the returns is desirable if the nation's "voluntary tax system" is not to break down, and he would like to go much further, since taxpayers might report more accurately if they knew they had to undergo a reasonably close tax audit every three or four years.

There are potent arguments behind this drive for heavier auditing. The government estimates that some $25 billion in income goes unreported each year; the tax on that would be around $5 billion. Nobody expects to catch it all, even with ADP, but it's clear to the experts that too much is slipping through the net. IRS agents have discovered that about 62 per cent of all returns audited show underpayments, inadvertent or deliberate, and that the government gets back in additional taxes about eleven times the cost of the audits.

COULD IT GO WILD?

THE taxpayer who shudders under the chill breath of the Martinsburg Monster may get some small satisfaction from the fact that some government tax people are shuddering too. They see problems and pitfalls before the Monster becomes a completely successful organization man.

"Obviously," says one tax man, "ADP can provide more leads than we could ever possibly follow up, and we'll have to be constantly on guard to make sure we don't become ridiculous. For instance, the machine will be able to list literally millions of taxpayers who under-report income, but the under-reporting may vary from a few cents to, say, $100,000. We've got to determine where we draw the line so we're not spending a thousand dollars to collect two dollars."

Another expert describes nightmares in which the Monster suffers some sort of electronic indigestion and sends out a million erroneous notices of tax delinquency or $100 million in unwarranted refund checks.

It's clear that taxpayers and tax collectors alike must gird for trying times, clinging to the hope that this device will eventually become a bearable and useful part of our highly organized lives. Who knows—perhaps the engineers will even be able someday to build a compassion factor into the Monster. Then, when it discovers you went a little heavy on the deductions, the tapes will spin and it will remember that you had a tough year—what with two kids in college and an ailing mother-in-law in residence—and it will pass you by with no more than a magnetized note to itself to keep an eye on old 054-12-6374.

MAYA PINES

TRAINING HOUSEWIVES AS PSYCHOTHERAPISTS

An unconventional experiment promises to bring down the cost of psychiatric help, and to make good use of educated women with time and energy to spare.

THE scarcity and high cost of psychotherapy for those who need it, and the waste of educated womanpower, are among our most discussed social problems. To date, however, the two problems have seldom been linked.

A possible road toward a joint solution is currently being mapped by Dr. Margaret J. Rioch, a research psychologist on the staff of the National Institute of Mental Health, the huge installation in Bethesda, Maryland, where the federal government spends some $100 million a year exploring the causes, cure, and prevention of mental illness. Here, for nearly two years, Dr. Rioch has been conducting a remarkable experiment.

Her theory is that effective psychotherapists—to help troubled people who are not severely "sick"—can be produced with much less costly and lengthy training than is generally assumed, provided the trainees start out with some inherent equipment for the work. Educated, mature married women who have been through the child-rearing mill themselves are, she believes, ideally suited for this kind of short-cut preparation. Her experiment has been designed to test this theory and to outline a new kind of training. Ultimately, if the idea catches on, such programs may lay the basis for a new vocation.

I first heard about Dr. Rioch's project from Dr. Fredrick C. Redlich, Professor of Psychiatry and Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at Yale University's School of Medicine. In his concern about the dearth of low-cost mental-health services, Dr. Redlich a few years ago coined the phrase, "What this country needs is a good five-dollar psychotherapist." And from the outset, he has encouraged Dr. Rioch in her venturesome experiment.

Last winter I called on Dr. Rioch in Bethesda and talked with her, her associates, and her trainees, to see how things were going. I was interested but a little skeptical. How, I wondered, does one learn to do psychotherapy? How good are her trainees, and what are their limits? How typical are they of the women who would be available elsewhere? Where will they fit in after they leave the program?

Dr. Rioch turned out to be a slim, attractive woman whose good looks reminded me of a gentler Clare Boothe Luce. About her project she was disarmingly frank and seemed, if anything, even more skeptical than I. From the moment she started working on it, she knew that she might be treading on the toes of many psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers who have long regarded psychotherapy as a closed shop. Their antagonism is still a possible threat, even though her aims are modest.

Obviously, two years of part-time training cannot turn housewives into psychiatrists—medical doctors with several years of specialized instruction beyond their medical degrees. But just as public-health nurses perform an important job which frees doctors for more complex tasks, a corps of workers trained to do short-term psychotherapy under supervision could prove immensely useful. The trainees would not compete with anybody. They would be expected to work under some professional supervision at all times. Yet the question uppermost in Dr. Rioch's mind,

at the time I saw her, was whether the trainees would be accepted by clinic directors and fellow workers at the end of the project—in fact, whether they would be hired at all.

"Of course, I'll work my head off trying to find them jobs," she suddenly added, with some heat.

Since then, at least four clinic directors have expressed interest in hiring trainees. It is too early to answer all the questions raised by this experiment. But there is little doubt that the "Pilot Study in Training Mental Health Counselors," on which Dr. Rioch reported to the American Orthopsychiatric Association in March 1962, should have interesting repercussions.

THE ELUSIVE QUALITY

ONE thing Dr. Rioch did prove beyond doubt, she said, is that there is a large pool of capable middle-aged women eager to be recruited for this kind of work. She was deluged with requests for applications after making only a few phone calls and six short speeches announcing that she was looking for mothers—preferably college graduates—about forty years old, who could schedule twenty hours a week of work outside their homes. In each case, before sending out an application, she explained in a phone call that there would be no payment during two years of training—and no guarantee of future employment. She eliminated those with children under six and asked the rest to write a 1,500-word autobiography. Thirty-five women remained in the running and were invited to the National Institute of Mental Health for a day of group tests and interviews.

Besides the obvious requirements of intelligence, basic honesty, and good will, Dr. Rioch and her staff were looking for the elusive quality of "psychological giftedness"—a kind of sensitivity or intuition which showed up faintly in a few autobiographies. This was put to the test by playing a tape recording of a psychiatric interview and asking the applicants for comments. "We wanted to find out how much they had picked up from the situation," explained Dr. Rioch. "What did they think was skillful or unskillful on the part of the therapist? What did they think the patient was conveying?" In addition, the trainees had to have enough inner strength to cope with a highly demanding job.

Through interviews and a variety of tests, Dr. Rioch, Dr. Charmian Elkes, a psychiatrist, and other members of the staff gradually narrowed down the field until at last eight women were chosen. This was the best size for the group, in view of the limited available time of the training personnel. Dr. Rioch feels that the number of good applicants could have been doubled or tripled if more time had been spent publicizing the project.

Curious to meet the chosen women, I followed Dr. Rioch into a small conference room at NIMH where the trainees sat in comfortable armchairs around a big table, having a cup of coffee before the day's sessions began. They looked like any other group of responsible women at a PTA meeting, an alumnae reunion, or the League of Women Voters. Their ages ranged from thirty-four to forty-six, and their hair was beginning to gray. Some had youthful figures, others decidedly did not. Despite their informal manners toward each other and the staff, there was an underlying seriousness. As one said later, "It's important to me to become a professional. I don't want to be one of 'Margaret Rioch's Ladies,' as I have sometimes heard us described."

Only women who do not urgently need money could afford to take a chance on this sort of pioneer program; the trainees' median family income is $12,000 a year. Seven are married, one is widowed. Though all of them live in suburban Washington at present, they come from small towns scattered about the U. S. Most are Protestant. They have an average of 2.4 children; each woman has at least one child.

Educationally they are well above average. All have graduated from college, two have masters' degrees, and one has a Ph.D. Six had worked before, but even those who had held professional jobs had drifted away from their former fields. Either they felt too rusty after years of being "out of it," or their interest had shifted away from academic subjects to matters of more direct concern to human beings.

Probably the one respect in which the trainees are most unusual is in the amount of psychotherapy which they themselves have had. Nearly half of those who applied had had some therapy or analysis. Of those selected, two-thirds have had therapy or analysis, four for over five years. Dr. Rioch's explanation of this high incidence is twofold: First, "Washington in general is a

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very psychiatrically conscious area in which anyone who has a problem is likely to seek professional help. In less sophisticated areas people might ascribe their troubles to fate, their husbands, or their stomachs." Secondly, "People who want to engage in the process of self-discovery are likely to be interested in this as an occupation and a profession."

In Dr. Rioch's words, "The applicants certainly did not give the impression of being maladjusted—on the contrary, they were an exceptionally competent group. All of us were prepared to have to deal with a number of impossible characters. We expected that a pilot program like this, open to practically anyone, would attract many people from the lunatic fringe. But this did not occur." In the year and a half since the program started, none of the trainees has dropped out. They have, in fact, insisted on working more and more, until the "part-time" program reached almost full-time dimensions.

IS THERE A "RIGHT WAY"?

HOW does one learn to do psychotherapy? All too often, in the training of psychologists and even psychiatrists, study of theory and allied subjects crowds out the practical aspects of therapy. Young professionals must then learn such techniques by their own experience after they graduate, by paying for private supervision by an expert, or by attending special graduate seminars.

Since Dr. Rioch's trainees will never have to give shock treatments or prescribe pills, as a psychiatrist might; administer psychological tests, as the clinical psychologist is trained to do; or manipulate community resources, as social workers often do; and since they will be supervised by a more skilled professional, they can concentrate on learning the single thing they will do: psychotherapy.

The kind of therapy involved here is quite brief and fairly superficial, especially compared to psychoanalysis. It generally consists of one session a week, face to face, for a period of months. Dr. Rioch and her associates teach it primarily through on-the-job training.

Taking advantage of such NIMH facilities as tape recorders and one-way viewing screens, the trainees spend part of their time observing and listening to experienced therapists at work. They have also watched, or taken part in, two kinds of group therapy—one with high-school students, and the other with the students' parents. "At the beginning," a staff member explained, "the trainees believed everything the youngsters said about their bad mothers or fathers. In a way, they wanted to be fairy godmothers. That's why we had the parents' group, too—to show they're human." Eventually the trainees learn to see all patients as active members of a family unit, and not simply as victims of their environment.

Systematic courses in personality development, family dynamics, and psychopathology form the theoretical basis for the program. This includes selected readings from such great—and ideologically conflicting—figures as Freud, Rank, Klein, Jung, Adler, Horney, Fromm, and Sullivan. The staff, which represents various schools of thought, has tried to steer clear of dogma and, thankfully, of jargon. The trainees learn that there is no one "right way" to do therapy, but that each person must develop a style which is an integral function of his own personality.

"We emphasize that the patient's problem has something to do with distorted perceptions of himself and others, and that he would be able to see more clearly if the anxiety in these areas were reduced." This, in a nutshell, is the concept of psychotherapy taught in the program.

The most radical feature of this experiment, however, was to plunge these eight housewives—almost at once—into therapeutic interviewing of their own. They started with college students who lived at the National Institutes of Health as volunteer "normal controls," then went on to actual patients, carefully screened by Dr. Elkes. Originally, the staff planned to have the trainees begin by interviewing people who were not too disturbed, but this proved impossible. Even the "normal" student group turned out to include a few youngsters with very serious problems, such as schizoid personalities and psychosomatic symptoms. When the time came for real patients, Dr. Elkes excluded schizophrenics, people who presented suicidal risks, and those with grossly antisocial behavior, but few of the remaining patients were easy problems. In her opinion, 69 per cent were "difficult or very difficult to treat."

Faced with such patients, the trainees at first fell back on the usual sympathetic layman's response to other people's troubles: They kept up a flow of polite conversation, they reassured, they did not prod too deeply. They were upset if the patients were uncooperative or hostile. Some of the trainees at the beginning seemed as jittery as the people they were trying to treat.

For the sake of everybody concerned, however, all interviews by trainees at NIMH are recorded on tape, and as many as possible are discussed

with a member of the staff. This dialogue takes place either in private or at a case seminar. Little by little, the trainees learn to use themselves as "therapeutic instruments"—to listen to the patient on more than one level, hearing the unspoken messages as well as the spoken ones, and to notice "the small bits of annoyance, anxiety, or intuition on the fringes of the mind, the kind that might otherwise be suppressed, for use as cues to what is going on in your relationship to the patient, as well as within the patient himself."

As one trainee wrote at the end of the first year, "I have a kind of dim memory of the flounderings and small insights; the flashes of contact; the touched-on anxiety of one's own like a nerve in a tooth, making one shrink back; the hearing, in the cool of after hours, of something in a tape entirely missed in the heat of the interview. It is a bit like diving again and again into deep water; one gets better at it, but it is never easy and always demanding of courage."

The trainees' main fault, compared to other beginning therapists, remains a tendency to overprotect their patients. "Since they come in mainly as mothers, their almost reflex response is to make things all right too quickly," said Dr. Leslie Farber, a senior training analyst at the Washington Psychoanalytic Institute, who runs a seminar for this group every other week. "Often they are not tough enough with their patients. Sometimes you have to bring up a subject, even at the risk of making the patient uncomfortable."

I saw a good example of this during one supervisory session I attended, along with all the trainees. We listened to a tense interview in which a quite inarticulate patient told of having struck her own mother, and then mentioned that she had returned to her mother's house later. "When did you go back?" the trainee asked her, and the patient replied with some practical details. At this point, Dr. Rioch stopped the tape.

"Do you think this question moved away from the trouble, or toward it?" she inquired. A little taken aback, the trainee murmured that she had probably moved away. "You gave the patient a chance to produce some external facts," agreed Dr. Rioch. "The episode was so emotionally charged, so embarrassing, that perhaps you were trying to get her away from it—to relieve her? That sometimes happens. But you have to help her go deeper into it, to face it, before she gets out."

The trouble with this technique is that what deeply disturbs the patient can sometimes prove equally disturbing to the therapist—in which case he ceases to function as a therapist. Therapists must be able to take a tremendous amount of anxiety without becoming contaminated by it, and not all the trainees have been able to do this without extra help. During the first year, one resumed her previously begun analysis, two returned to therapists with whom they had previously finished treatment, and another began therapy for the first time.

While some degree of stress is inevitable in anything involving therapy, these women are probably better equipped to deal with it than most other beginners.

"They are not desperately competitive because they don't have to prove anything," says Dr. Arden Flint, a psychiatrist who teaches the course in psychopathology. "They have already established an identity for themselves. They're successful as women, as parents, as wives—they've made it."

Perhaps for this reason, the atmosphere in class is remarkably free of pettiness and the trainees often argue with the staff as equals. Characteristically, they prefer concrete examples to generalizations, and while other students might spend hours discussing Freud or Jung, the trainees are much more likely to contribute experiences of their own, both with their children and their patients. They are not caught up in what they *should* see, but look at what *is*. Several members of the staff told me that they found this attitude very refreshing.

From the point of view of enthusiasm, the trainees are ideal students. All of them seem fired with excitement by this opportunity for an absorbing and useful career for the next twenty years. Despite all the difficulties, one trainee said, "There has never been one instant when I've been even mildly sorry about this venture."

RATING QUALITY ON TAPE

HOW good are they as therapists? This is a hard question to answer; for, unlike surgery or physical therapy, psychotherapy is notoriously difficult to evaluate. With patients sick enough to be committed to a mental hospital, definite progress can be chalked up when they are well enough to leave. But outside of institutions, there are no objective tests for patients who are not too severely disturbed.

While all attempts at scientifically "proving" the effectiveness of psychotherapy have failed, the widespread use of tape recordings has started

a minor revolution. Now, for the first time, it is becoming possible to set some kind of standard for therapeutic interviewing. Therapists used to object to this invasion of privacy even more than patients, but today tape recordings are standard operating procedure in most teaching centers.

At the end of the project's first year, Dr. Rioch felt it was important to have some outside observers rate the trainees. As a yardstick, she selected a taped interview which six NIMH staff members had rated "satisfactory," or at the midpoint of a scale ranging from "poor" to "excellent." Then she took two tapes from each trainee, and sent the whole lot to three psychiatrists and one psychiatric social worker, who agreed to judge these interviews without being told anything about the program or its members. After listening to the pre-rated interview they then gave a comparative rating to the trainees' interviews. When all the returns came in, Dr. Rioch averaged these ratings and found that the trainees, too, were rated "satisfactory."

Beyond this rather clumsy and inconclusive procedure, the staff has had to rely on its own judgment of how the patients were doing. Some of the first year's case histories tell an encouraging story: "Felt better, successful at job, decided to try college again," read one summary. "Marriage much happier, asserts himself more," reads another. And another one, "Admits own part in difficulty with son, instead of putting all blame on the latter."

None of the forty-nine patients involved during the first year of the course changed for the worse, according to Dr. Rioch and Dr. Elkes. Nineteen of them showed no change. Of the remaining thirty, seventeen showed a slight improvement, ten showed moderate improvement, and three showed a marked improvement.

This year the trainees are spending only half their time at NIMH. The rest of the week they are out "on placement," working without pay in seven mental-health clinics, two public high schools, one junior college, two universities, and one college. All of them hope to find jobs in their new field after the program ends in June. Several are especially attracted to school or college assignments because they like the idea of doing preventive work with adolescents. Another advantage of a school job is that the hours are the same as their children's.

On the other hand, a few trainees work best with people of their own age. In one mental-health clinic where most of the staff is young, a trainee has carved a useful niche for herself by treating middle-aged women who seem able to talk freely to her. The director of this clinic was the first to announce he would like to hire her next year, if he can get state and county approval, in a new category to be called "mental health counselor."

Since the group have had their patients screened for them, and have been trained only to work under supervision, they may have difficulties in some schools and colleges where there is no regular diagnostic service and nobody to supervise them on the spot. In such placements, they continue to depend on supervision from NIMH as long as they remain trainees. What will happen after they leave NIMH, however, is not yet entirely clear. Dr. Rioch believes they should have the opportunity to consult with a psychiatrist whenever necessary, and also recommends that all trainees get at least one hour a week of supervision by an experienced psychotherapist—even if they have to pay for it out of their future salaries. The trainees I talked to said they were willing to underwrite this additional expense.

QUESTIONS STILL OPEN

THE more I talked to the trainees and the staff, the more I wondered whether the experiment could ever be reproduced. The trainees seemed exceptionally articulate and sensitive; the staff certainly would be hard to duplicate anywhere: two senior training analysts (from Washington's Psychoanalytic Institute), two psychiatrists, and five psychologists, totaling nine part-time instructors for only eight students. Dr. Rioch herself has had long experience in therapy, both in private practice and at Chestnut Lodge, a well-known private psychiatric hospital.

When I asked her about this, Dr. Rioch replied that, outstanding as the staff might be, in some ways one would find a better situation in any good university. Programs similar to hers, she believes, could be set up at far less cost around departments of psychiatry, psychology, or social work.

As to the trainees, Dr. Rioch firmly believes they are not unique. "It's so easy to get able women by the hundreds in any large city," she says. "You just reach out and they fall into your lap." When they applied for the program, these women gave very familiar reasons for wanting to join: They were tired of the Brownies'-mother, club-woman routine; they felt restless and useless after their children had grown up; they wanted something interesting to do—particularly something in which their experience as mothers was an asset.

The trainees' leaning toward personal therapy, however, remains a subject for debate. Psychoanalysts, of course, must undergo a long personal analysis on top of their training in medical school, internship, and residency; this is one of the factors which make the cost of their education so prohibitive. If some kind of personal therapy is required for short-term therapists, too, it will limit even this program to people who can afford the necessary time and money. On this point I found divided opinions. Dr. Rioch maintains that personal therapy is not essential. She points out that one of the most promising trainees in the group has had no therapy whatsoever. Most of her associates agree with her. However, some of the trainees who have been analyzed say that they could never have done any therapeutic work without having had this experience, and find it difficult to understand how anybody else could. They add that even if the program were restricted to women who have had some psychotherapy, large numbers of them would still be available, and it would be a good policy to put their experience to some community and social use. Another approach would be to provide some short-term therapy, either in groups or individually, as a regular part of the program.

One trainee who recently started therapy says, "As a good Bible-belt Midwesterner, I think I must have had a theoretical acceptance of psychotherapy which was covering a prejudice made of granite engraved with the thought that therapy was fine—for other people, but that there must really be something basically wrong with them. Getting involved oneself is a good dynamite for this."

Because this question is not yet resolved, some members of Dr. Rioch's staff would like to see a simpler version of the program tried in the future, perferably in a small town, using only women who have never had any therapy at all. Dr. Rioch herself would like to try a similar program with retired persons, in a more limited form. So far she has been approached by one mental-health organization, one hospital, and one university extension. All are considering working out their own versions of her experiment.

Meanwhile she worries about these trainees' future. "Just a bunch of housewives—it's really silly," a social worker told one trainee. "Sounds like a whole lot of dilettantism," scoffed another. Fortunately this kind of antagonism has not been too frequent. Psychiatrists, who feel least threatened by a new breed of therapist, have accepted the trainees most willingly.

Once they leave NIMH for good, however, they may find the world a rougher place. "It's going to be hard," warns Dr. Rioch. "They don't have a union card. Their position is uncertain. Anyway, in doing therapy, you always wonder if you're doing it right, no matter how long you've been at it. We'll try to keep them together for some time—have a weekly seminar for them. But we are by no means sure of the final outcome."

RICHARD FROST

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

A VERY poor miller, his daughter, an unmarried king,
a dwarf, and a messenger to hear the name.

The dwarf *is* in error, it must first be said,
wanting the daughter's child. Torn into halves
by himself, one foot through the floor, he pays for wanting
a human baby, and for losing his head.

Anything is fair when you bargain with dwarves,
as long as you win. The king is mad for the gold
the miller offers him to take the maid.
The miller lies, and his daughter goes back on her word.

It all works out well at the end. The girl spins gold
and marries the handsome king, their child is theirs,
the messenger paid, the miller satisfied
with everything. The ugly dwarf is dead.



SHELL HOUSING

a blessing with a few bugs in it

A. M. WATKINS

How low-cost, complete-it-yourself homes can fill a big gap in American housing—if the industry will clean up some of its sharp practices.

A FAST-growing recent development—the shell house—is bringing about what may be one of the most significant changes in American housing in nearly thirty years. A shell house, which costs as little as $1,250 to $3,500 is, as its name implies, just the exterior of a home, complete on the outside but unfinished inside. The purchaser does all or most of the interior work with his own hands and ends up with a dwelling worth as much as $10,000.

The idea itself (known in the trade as "the sweat-equity concept") is not new. But until lately no more than 10,000 shell houses a year were sold across the country. Then in the middle 1950s sales suddenly began to climb sharply. An estimated 80,000 shells were sold last year and the total may soon reach 200,000 a year—which would be about 20 per cent of all single-family houses now being built.

The boom started when a few big finance companies, notably Walter E. Heller of Chicago, broke the major roadblock to low-cost home building—the lack of loans for construction. Traditionally, banks and mortgage companies will not lay out money for an unfinished house, particularly to people with questionable credit ratings. Shell houses today are sold on "time" in the consumer-credit pattern that has created the mass market for cars, appliances, furniture, TV sets, and hundreds of other items.

The pioneers—notably Heller—who launched the shell-house boom performed a valuable service. But over the years less scrupulous firms have entered the field. And, not unexpectedly, the familiar evils of installment financing—amounting sometimes to downright credit gouging—have cropped up. The jerry-builders with their shoddy materials and construction methods have also moved in. These evils, together with some ideas on how to check them, will be discussed in some detail shortly. Ridding the industry of these abuses is a matter of high importance. For—given proper safeguards—there is little doubt that shell houses can fill a long unmet need by providing decent homes for American families who cannot afford the prices charged by speculative builders.

Such families—comprising about 40 per cent of our population—earn less than $5,000 a year. A high proportion of them are Negroes who have long been shut out of the general housing market in many sections of the country. In the South today Negroes are buying about half of all the shell houses sold. And the results are plainly visible if you drive—as I did recently—through some of the run-down shanty-town areas. Neat new houses, finished by their owners, many with flourishing lawns and gardens, are beginning to crowd out the old ramshackle, tin-roof shacks.

The carrying charges on a shell house may be



as little as $50 to $75 a month, which is the rental many a poor family pays for a dilapidated apartment or tar-paper hovel. To buy a shell the purchaser must have title to his own lot (which often costs only a few hundred dollars) and must sometimes make a $50 or $100 good-faith down payment. An analysis of 7,406 of its customers by a large North Carolina firm which operates in nine Southeastern states disclosed that 11 per cent made less than $50 a week, 43 per cent earned from $50 to $79, 27 per cent were in the $80 to $109 bracket, and 19 per cent earned $110 or more.

A high proportion of shell buyers are—in the words of a Memphis dealer—"the kind of people who change their own tires, repair their own cars, build their own boats, and are generally handy with tools." They are the blue-collar elite—bricklayers, carpenters, mechanics, skilled factory workers, gas-station operators. Shells are also being bought in considerable numbers by unskilled laborers, truck drivers, cooks, government workers, teachers, farmers, and miscellaneous retired couples. Particularly in California, a growing number of middle- and upper-income families are buying shells for vacation homes.

For the less resourceful purchasers, completing a shell is by no means an easy task (seldom indeed is it as easy as the salesmen make it appear). Merely making the interior livable will take from three to six months of night and weekend toil.

Arthur M. Watkins is a free-lance writer whose first book, "Building or Buying the High-Quality House at the Lowest Cost," will be published next month by Doubleday. He was formerly an associate editor of "House & Home." He and his family live in a Victorian house in Rockland County, N. Y.

And such tasks as plumbing, wiring, and heating are beyond the average buyer's do-it-yourself competence. Sometimes the gap is filled by friends and relatives with special skills. Others hire local contractors. A dealer in New England where shell houses have caught on surprisingly says:

"The prime reason people come to us is to save money. They don't want everything handed to them. They are willing to shop around, make a few phone calls to different subcontractors, and fight to save a dollar."

Even if he does all the work himself, finishing the house will cut into the buyer's cash reserves, if he has any; for he must buy his own wallboard, plumbing, wiring, kitchen and bathroom fixtures. Often he gets them on time from Sears—which, of course, means piling additional installment charges onto his monthly debt. And he must continue paying rent for his present living quarters until the new home is habitable.

Some buyers take a year or more to finish their houses because they must wait "from payday to payday" to buy the materials they need, according to S. A. Daniels, Florida regional sales manager for the Jim Walter Corporation, the country's biggest shell producer. Mr. Daniels says he can show his customers how to get all their finishing materials for $700. This is an unusually low figure—an outlay of several thousand dollars is often necessary.

Because of the expense and tough work involved, a few buyers inevitably find they have bitten off too much and lose their houses. But such failures are rare and the percentage of foreclosures in the industry is low.

TERMITES IN FINANCING

BUYERS of shell houses are, in fact, amazingly good credit risks. After a few daring finance companies discovered this in the 1950s, others flocked in along with big banks such as Chase Manhattan and First National City in New York and the Cleveland Trust Company. In the past few years many other banks and consumer finance companies—notably CIT and the General Electric Credit Corporation—have poured hundreds of millions of dollars into shell-house financing and have reaped handsome profits. The hard cash they put up triggered the explosion in sales. But consumer financing is a tricky business, full of pitfalls for the unwary.

For example, "hidden" credit charges buried in many contracts sometimes trap the consumer into paying the equivalent of 20 or 30 per cent

Tourist's Guide to British Money

(Take it with you when you go)



A PENNY is worth about one cent in U. S. currency, but is about twice as big. Twelve English pennies make a shilling. The rate of exchange is highly favorable today. You can actually spend two grand weeks in Britain for under $200.



SIXPENCE. The silver sixpence is the equivalent of 7¢, and a delightful little coin it is. The slang word for sixpence is "tanner." Traveling by rail in Britain can cost less than 3¢ a mile. And bus travel works out at about 2¢ a mile.



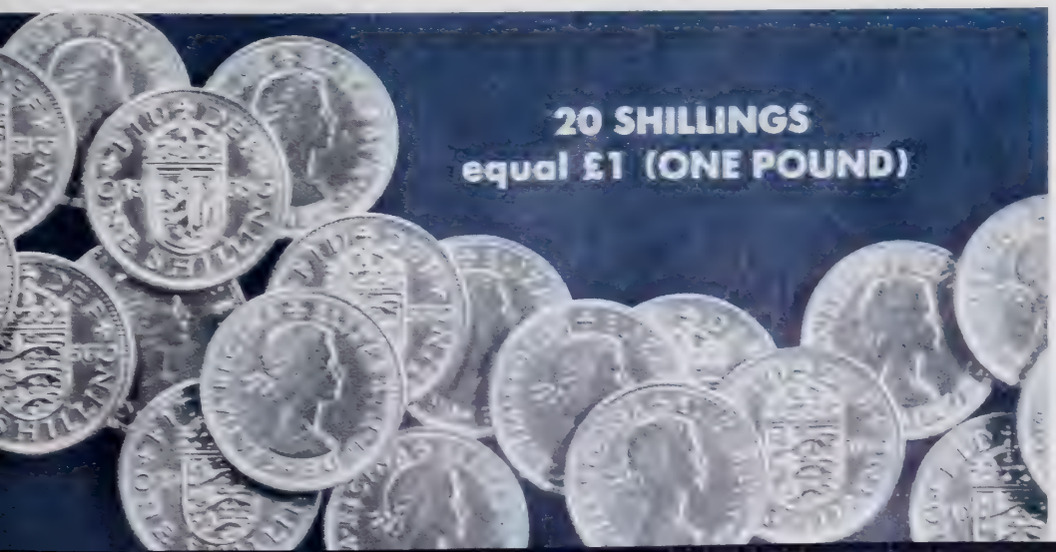
SHILLING. Equal to 14¢. (Slang: a "bob.") Twenty-one shillings make a "guinea," which is so aristocratic that there isn't a coin or banknote for it at all. You can do a lot with one shilling—see the Crown Jewels, or visit Hampton Court.



FLORIN. A two-shilling piece—28¢. The first florins were minted in Queen Victoria's reign and were known as "Godless florins," due to the omission of the usual Latin initials signifying "by the Grace of God" after the Queen's name.



HALF-CROWN. Two shillings and sixpence—or 35¢. Today, for only a half-crown, you can visit almost any of 450 castles and mansions now open to the public. Stately homes like Blenheim Palace, Luton Hoo and Glamis Castle.



ONE POUND. Equivalent of $2.80. There's a bill for this—also for ten shillings. But U. S. law won't let us show either. The British slang for a pound is "quid." Call it what you like, it buys you a fine seat at the theater. *Note:* There's a Scottish shilling in our picture. It has only one lion on its crest. Can you spot it?

For free "Travellers Guide to Britain," see a travel agent or write to Box 440, British Travel Assn. In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 S. Hill St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.



The best Creme de Menthe in the world is only one of the 23 enjoyable flavors of

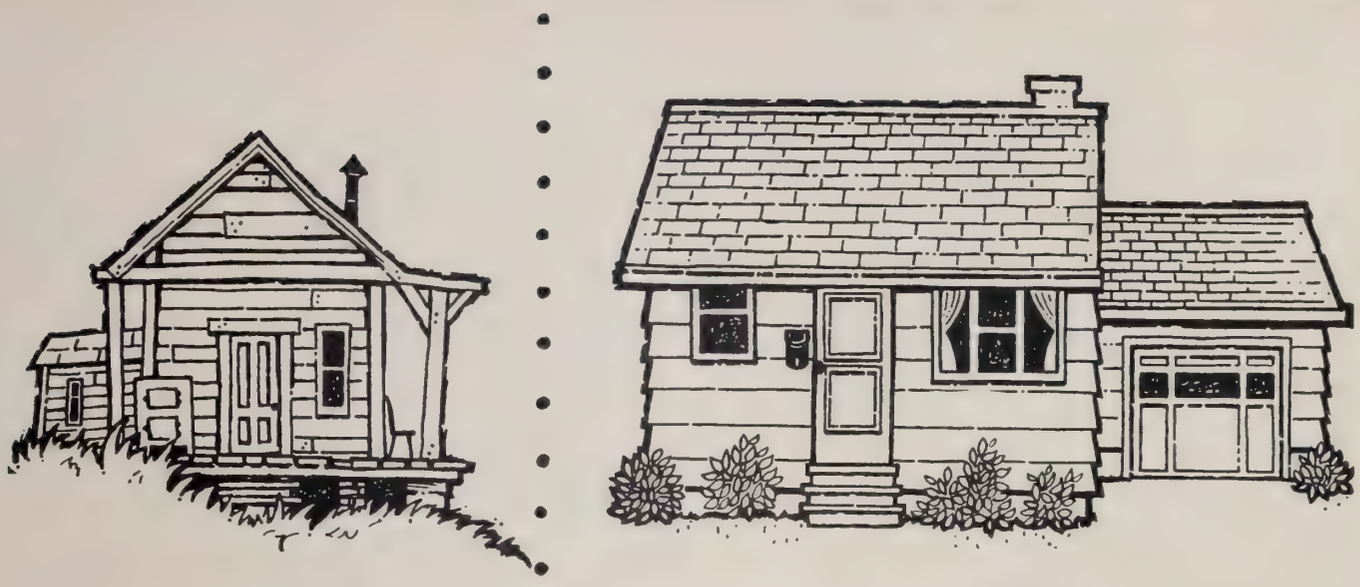
DE LICIOUS, DE LIGHTFUL

de kuyper

CORDIALS

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CREME DE [illegible] 60 PROOF. BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY, 70 PROOF. CREME DE CACAO, 54 PROOF. NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



annual interest. One particularly vicious scheme is the "balloon" loan—a familiar gimmick in auto financing. Here is how it works: you buy a shell priced at $5,424 and are told that the monthly charge will be only $75.58, payable for five years. What you are not told is that this is the amount you will pay for four years and eleven months. Interest and credit charges have swollen the debt to more than $7,000, so the sixtieth and final installment will be a whopping $3,445. Since few people can afford this much cash at once they are forced to borrow again and take on stiff new refinancing charges. Some of the firms that used the balloon loan as sucker bait—and a good many have used it—have been forced to quit because of adverse publicity. But the practice persists.

Even more common is the so-called 5, 6, and 7 per cent "add-on" loan. This device, prevalent in many fields, is an ingenious way of extracting double the stated rate of interest from the customer.* Perhaps the ultimate indignity, uncovered in a South Carolina investigation, was a $25 "bird dog" fee tacked on to pay a neighbor for steering a salesman to a prospect.

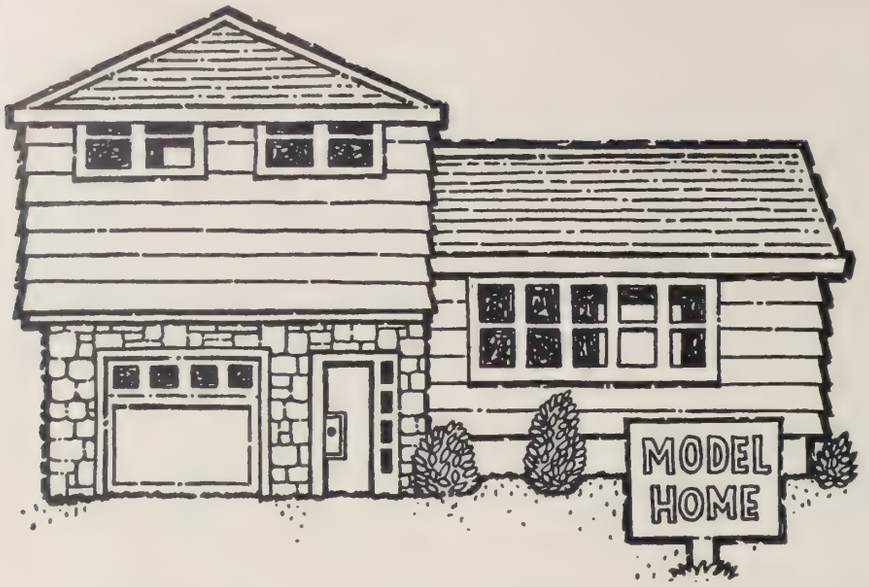
Many firms concede that they make more profit on the financing than on the house, a fact which provides their critics with telling ammunition. Nor is it reassuring to discover that nearly all of the companies charge at least 10 to 12 per cent interest. This seems usurious by ordinary standards. However, the shell-house companies claim—and with some justification—that their own financial problems are not ordinary.

Like any other builder, a shell-house firm needs working capital. If he is to put up 5,000 units a year he will require from $10 to $15 million for materials and labor. Since he doesn't have this kind of cash he must go to the finance companies and banks which costs him—a spokesman for U. S. Shell Homes in Jacksonville, Florida, told me—9.5 to 12 per cent. Then, on top of these extraordinary costs, he has unusual service expenses. His customers are low-income wage earners who are not used to mailing in monthly checks for anything. So he needs a collection force of perhaps twenty-five men to gather in his payments. Often the collectors must literally go out into the woods for their money (one Southern builder says most of his houses are located five miles beyond the nearest paved road).

So the average shell-house builder feels well justified in passing on these costs to the buyer. If he didn't, he claims he'd go broke. Anyway, he says, even with 10 or 12 per cent finance charges, the typical buyer is paying no more than the rental on the run-down shack he used to live in. ("Besides," the builders often add, "we're fighting communism by providing housing for the poor.")

Possibly it is unrealistic to expect shell-house credit charges to come down to the 6 per cent level of the usual home mortgage. But there is nothing in the logic of the situation to justify the charges of well over 12 or even 15 per cent which are not uncommon. (Nor, for that matter is there good sense in paying 18 per cent annual interest for department-store "charge accounts"

* A six-per cent add-on loan, for example, is figured this way: For a $1,000 loan, the seller adds 6 per cent ($60 a year). For five years the total charge added on is $300 (five times $60). This amount added to $1,000 gives a total of $1,300, which you pay back in monthly installments for borrowing $1,000. Although the amount you owe steadily decreases as you pay it back, your total credit charge is figured as if you always owed the full amount of $1,300. The true interest you pay works out to 11.1 per cent a year on a 6 per cent add-on.



advertised as costing 1.5 per cent a month.)

The risks in the shell-house business are small: delinquency and repossession rates are low (though they rose in the 1961 depression). Even when he is forced to take a house back, the seller is ahead of the game for he acquires the land under it plus the work the buyer has put into the interior.*

A few pioneering firms today give their customers a good financial break. A shining example is Arbor Homes owned by the Posin brothers in Waterbury, Connecticut. Through a special arrangement with several banks and loan associations, they are able to provide loans at 6 per cent for the purchase of an Arbor shell and completion materials. When the house is finished the loan is converted into a conventional 6 per cent mortgage.

This kind of financing depends, among other things, on the lender's confidence in the builder and his product. Unfortunately, many shell-house builders do not inspire such confidence. To be sure, the situation is not all black or white. Some strong, well-constructed shells are being built. Others, however, are slapped together of unseasoned green pine, with little or no wall bracing, skinny two-by-four rafters for ceiling and roof (where two-by-sixes at least are needed), and few if any safeguards against termites and wood rot—which are major problems in the South. Often builders use the cheapest exterior paint, which deteriorates in a year or two, necessitating costly and premature repainting. Near Orlando, Florida, for instance, I recently saw paint peeling off shells only one or two years old, missing roof shingles, sagging floors, warped doors and windows. Indeed, even some of the model houses on "Shell Row" outside of Jacksonville and other big Southern cities look incredibly shoddy and run-down already, with rotting floors on the porches and cracked paint. Such poor construction goes largely unchecked because so many shell houses are erected out in the country where there are no building codes.

Prefabricated-house manufacturers are sometimes—and quite erroneously—blamed for the defects of shell houses. In fact, with very few exceptions, shells are not prefabs. The outer shells are put up on the site by regular carpenters and other craftsmen who cut, saw, and fit the pieces together. The prefabs sold today (in about the same quantity as shells) are complete, inside and out. Because of shipping costs, their sale is generally limited to a radius of about five hundred miles of the producing factory, and their most important territory is the Midwest at present. If shells were prefabricated, it would do much to improve shell-house quality by establishing factory controls and modern techniques. Some small-scale but promising experiments in this direction are currently under way.

Another new trend is the livable-but-unfinished house which eases the burden of completion. Some firms are now offering bundles of completion materials; others do the toughest interior work such as plumbing, heating, and wiring for an extra $10 to $20 a month charge. The buyer can move in and afterward do such final chores as painting and decorating, shellack-

* One old man had a small $1,290 shell erected on a corner of a ten-acre tract he had long owned in Columbia, South Carolina, his only wealth. Although the land was worth $1,000 an acre he found out later that he had unknowingly signed all of it over as security for his shell-house loan.

ing the floors, putting up shelves, closet doors, kitchen cabinets, and so forth. The livable-but-unfinished house is attracting higher-income families to the shell house, opening up a larger and broader market, and giving further impetus to the rapid if far from stable growth of this new industry.

IF THE BUILDERS AND BANKS WON'T DO IT . . .

SOME shell-house firms are opening branches in new territories every month to meet the swelling demand. Others, however, are in deep trouble. This may be, in part, because buyers are becoming wise to exorbitant financial charges and shoddy products; the sucker market, perhaps, is nearing exhaustion.

But the demand for low-cost homes remains immense. And particularly around the rims of cities and in rural slums, the finish-it-yourself house offers a refreshing alternative to paternalistic public housing with its many shortcomings. Whether the shell house will provide the answer on a large scale depends on vital reforms to protect the consumer. It would be cheering to hope that the impetus for these changes would come from the builders themselves—or from their financial backers. Certainly it does not seem unreasonable that large banks and finance companies should take some responsibility for the quality of the product their money creates. Such unfortunately is not usually the case. "We're not concerned with the houses," said a vice-president of CIT after giving a $100 million credit to a big shell firm. "That's up to the company."

This smacks of the attitude that made it necessary, for example, in 1906 to enact the Pure Food and Drug Act. Government action seems equally needed now to protect the consumers of shell houses. The broad objectives are these:

(1) An end to credit gouging and surreptitious usury. State legislatures could plug loopholes in their credit laws, put a ceiling on allowable credit charges, and outlaw the notorious balloon loan. (The last has been done, almost single-handedly by a zealous New York assistant attorney general, Mark Walsh, chief of the state's rackets bureau.)

(2) Expansion of the FHA mortgage-insurance program to provide for low-cost, unfinished homes—in much the same way that FHA met the urgent mortgage needs of the huge middle-class housing market. Though scarcely remembered today, in pre-FHA days as much as 50 per cent cash was needed for a first mortgage; second and third mortgages with total interest rates as high as 10 and 12 per cent were usual. FHA officials have told me that a program of low-cost mortgages, especially for unfinished houses, is under serious consideration. What is needed, of course, is not a government handout but an extension of the FHA program for insuring private-enterprise mortgages, as has been done for over six million home buyers in the past twenty-seven years without costing the taxpayers a dime.

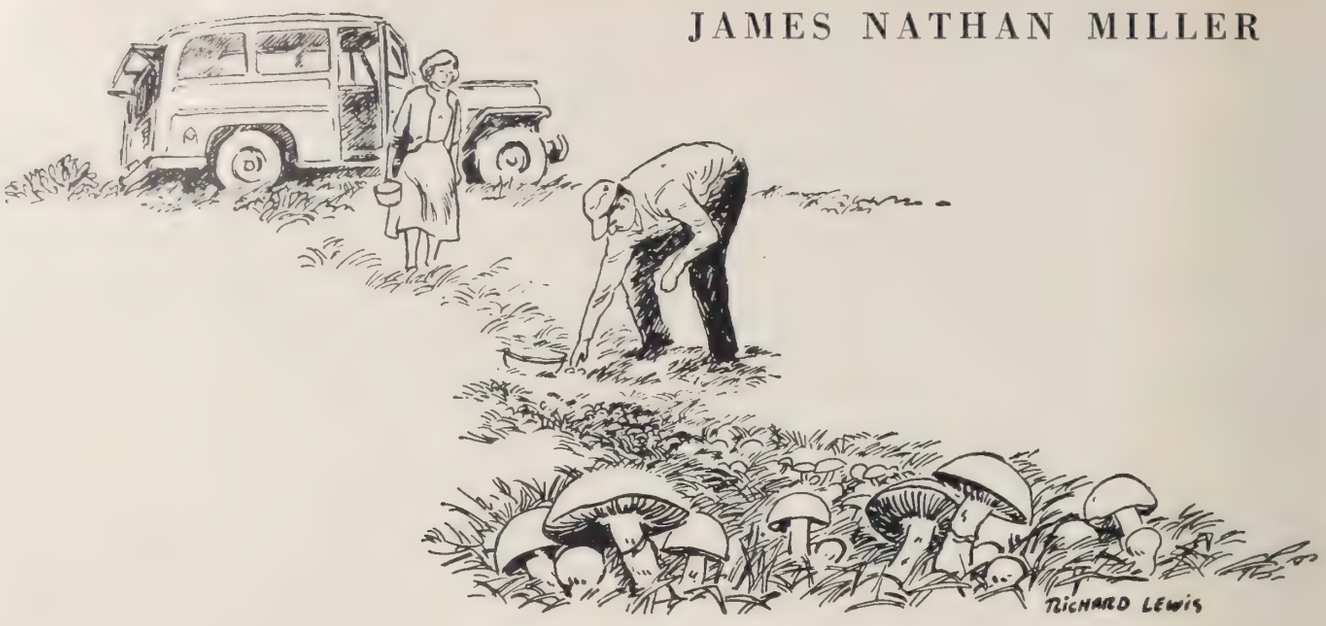
(3) Construction standards to protect buyers from shoddy, poorly built houses. The banks and other financial underwriters should take the lead in demanding good construction standards or at least restrict their loans to reputable firms. Minimum construction standards could be tied into an FHA financing program.

Without such safeguards today's shell houses may merely provide the nucleus of tomorrow's slums with their attendant miseries and waste of human resources and public funds. But if the self-evident evils are checked, this is one of our major hopes of helping those Americans who are still ill-housed. The reforms I have suggested will undoubtedly be bitterly opposed. They will be hard on the fast-buck boys. But the underlying concept of the shell house is so excellent, and has so much to offer in solving an urgent national problem that, in my view, we cannot waste time arguing about the obvious. The industry should take the medicine it needs and get on with the job.



Harper's Magazine, April 1962

JAMES NATHAN MILLER



Wild Mushrooms Without Fear

You may have the makings of an epicurean meal—or a fatal one—in your own backyard. Here's how you can tell which is which.

COME and let me take you to lunch at one of New York's finest restaurants, the Four Seasons just off Park Avenue. If you will allow me to do the ordering, we will have the item half-way down the menu, "Veal Cutlet With Morels." While veal cutlet will be nothing new to you, I will lay odds you have never had a Morel.

It is a mushroom, and I think you will agree that it is so incomparably better than any other mushroom you have ever tasted as to be almost another kind of food. The restaurant had to search far for a reliable source of fresh Morels, and even after finding one—a mushroom-hunter in Lenox, Massachusetts—it had to pay ten dollars a pound; this is a price per serving as high as that of the finest caviar brought all the way from the Black Sea.

Yet this supremely delicious morsel, prized by the gourmet as one of the earth's rarest gifts to his palate, is not particularly rare. In fact it may be popping up next month in goodly numbers under a tree in your back yard or from the leaves of your compost heap. I have picked Morels in New York City's Central Park, and last spring I found a pound of them in a vacant lot in Brooklyn. But it is at the edges of the woods that they come out in greatest numbers, and if you care to take the trouble you will find them—when the season is right—on a careful woodland hike in virtually any part of the country. What's more, you will find dozens of other mushrooms just as edible and just as highly prized by the epicure, free for the picking.

Should not, then, the Morel and its edible cousins be a nationally recognized delicacy, like the wild rice and wild strawberries of our marshlands and meadows, the crayfish of the Louisiana bayous, or the tender shallow-water scallops of our Eastern bays? Of course it should, but if you will come with me now to the woods I will show you why it is not.

There is the reason—right over there, behind that wispy screen of low-hanging foliage. It is one of the most beautiful of all mushrooms—full-grown it can stand a stately twelve inches high, and its graceful stem is capped by a perfectly round umbrella that comes in a variety of shades, from creamy off-white to the most delicate of greens and reddish-oranges. This is the Amanita, deadly as a cobra.

Take a walk in the woods almost anywhere in the country from early spring to late autumn after a spell of rain or dampness and you will

come upon this deadly thing, beautiful as a butterfly, smiling at you. The Amanita is not the only poisonous mushroom. There are others, some mildly emetic, some producing painful stomach cramps, some lethal. But it is the Amanita that causes by far the largest percentage of mushroom-poisoning deaths.

THE DEADLY DIFFERENCE

ITS malignity lies in its seeming innocence. All the members of the Amanita family are beautiful, they are common, they taste delicious. Worse yet, the victims of the most poisonous member of the species do not feel its effects until, generally, it is too late for help. As soon as you eat this dreadful plant its venom is absorbed by your system, but for eight to twelve hours, while it is going grimly about its work, you feel no ill effects; all you know is that you had a most delicious meal. Then, with a crash, come the hideous nausea, the retching, the diarrhea, the delirium, the blindness. Alternating with periods of stupor that seem to be the special trademark of the Amanita's work, these symptoms will last for several days until you sink into a coma, face shrunken and wrinkled, eyes sunk deep, skin dusky.

Then, according to the odds of about two to one, you die.

Now that you have tasted the Morel and seen what the Amanita can do I am curious as to which has left the stronger impression on you. So as we walk through the woods I stoop over, pluck a mushroom from the damp earth and hold it out. "Eat it," I say, "it's delicious." The quick dart of alarm in your eyes tells me what I already knew: it is the Amanita that is in your mind. Like most Americans—but unlike many Europeans—you possess a dread of *all* wild mushrooms.

You shouldn't.

From the beginning of spring until almost the first snowfall of late autumn there is, growing in the woods and meadows all around us, a great annual mushroom crop of the most delectable and variegated delicacy. Because some species are deadly poisonous we shun them all. But this makes no more sense than to give up swimming because there are sharks in the ocean; for in forgoing the delights of wild mushroom eating we are *unnecessarily* (as we shall see) depriving ourselves of a truly noble pleasure.

The cellar-grown, commercially marketed mushrooms that we do eat are of a single variety, and their taste is bland and uninteresting compared to the ones that nature offers us free in such great abundance. The variety of their flavors is truly incredible. Some taste like the most delicate sweetbreads, some have both a texture and a flavor distinctly reminiscent of beefsteaks. There is a mushroom that tastes like an oyster, another that reminds your palate of nothing so much as lamb kidneys. Grill one variety and you will think you are eating crayfish; another, when stewed, has the texture and taste of the tender white meat of chicken or veal. Still another possesses a sweet, nutty flavor, and there are dozens whose taste cannot be compared with other foods; they are *sui generis,* they must be sampled.

Must the enjoyment of this vast wild crop be restricted to the botanist and the expert layman? Not at all. If you care to take the trouble, this summer you can begin to sample it *in perfect safety.*

You are undoubtedly now asking yourself: how can any mushroom, no matter how delicious, be worth the terrible risk of the Amanita and its ilk? It is this question that has persuaded all but a very few of us to forgo the pleasures of wild mushroom eating, for there is only one answer: nothing is worth such a risk. But it is an unfair question.

What you should ask is: can the Morel be hunted *without* the risk of mistaking it for the Amanita? To this the answer is emphatically yes. Some of the most delicious varieties of wild mushroom are so distinctive in their appearance, so absolutely unmistakable for any other variety, that they can be picked and eaten without the slightest qualm.

But before describing the differences that identify them, let's take a look at the characteristics that the Morel, the Amanita, and all the hundreds of others possess in common.

The basic fact of a mushroom's life is that it is the fruiting body of a fungus. Like the fruit of the apple tree, the mushroom sticking out of the ground is just a small part of a far larger plant, the true fungus.

James Nathan Miller has chased mushrooms since 1933, from Martha's Vineyard to the Harvard Yard, from England through France to Germany with the First Army, and in Westchester County, N.Y., where he now lives. ("As a matter of fact," he says, "at the very moment when a platoon of my division was making its historic linkup with the Russians east of Leipzig, I was a few miles away sitting under a tree enjoying a bottle of Moselle and a handful of freshly picked Morels.")

Observe the dilemma of this fungus: it is a plant, but it possesses no chlorophyll. While all other plants can put the sun's energy to work for them combining the nutrients of ground and air into body structure, the chlorophyll-less fungus must look elsewhere for an energy source. It finds it in those other plants which, having received their energy free from the sun, relinquish it at some point in their cycle either to other animals (like us humans) or to fungi.

In this search for energy the fungus has become the earth's major cause of rot and decay. Wherever you see mold forming on a piece of bread, or a pile of leaves turning to compost, or a blown-down tree becoming pulp on the ground, you are watching a fungus eating. Without fungous action the earth would be piled high with the dead plant life of past centuries. In fact certain plants which contain resins that are toxic to fungi will last indefinitely; specimens of the redwood, for instance, can still be found resting on the forest floor centuries after having been blown down.

Though by no means all fungi produce mushrooms, here we are concerned only with those that do. The chances are you have never seen the true fungus part of the mushroom, the vegetative part that does the eating and growing, the "tree" from which the mushroom-fruit sprouts. It is called "mycelium." If you dig into the ground or rotted wood under the mushroom you will see it—a fine, threadlike mass of webbing that will patiently feed on the host plant as long as there is plant to eat.

At some point in its life—perhaps a year, perhaps several years after it has become established—this mycelium will be strong and mature enough to reproduce itself. At this point, when the temperature and dampness of the ground are just right, it sends up its fruit. Sometimes this will be a single mushroom protruding from the side of a log, sometimes a meadow full of them. If the mycelium is growing in an unobstructed area with an abundance of underground food, it will eat its way out from a given spot at the same speed in all directions and send up fruit from its farthest reaches all at once—forming a perfect circle, or "fairy ring," of mushrooms. (Rings have been found that are more than fifty feet in diameter, and by gauging their known rate of progress against the distance from the center of the circle scientists have estimated their age at several centuries.)

The sole purpose of the mushroom is to release the mycelium's spores, or seeds, to the wind. On its surface or between the delicate gills or holes



(1) Morel

of the underside of its cap are tens of millions of these microscopic spores—in some varieties, billions—each spore so small that the supply provided by hundreds of mushrooms would be needed to fill a thimble. In a day or a few days, as the mushroom matures, these spores are carried away by the winds, and in late summer at the height of the growing season even on the clearest day you can be sure that the air around you is as full of spores as of a fog, coating every lawn, every driveway, every fence post, every tree trunk, every leaf.

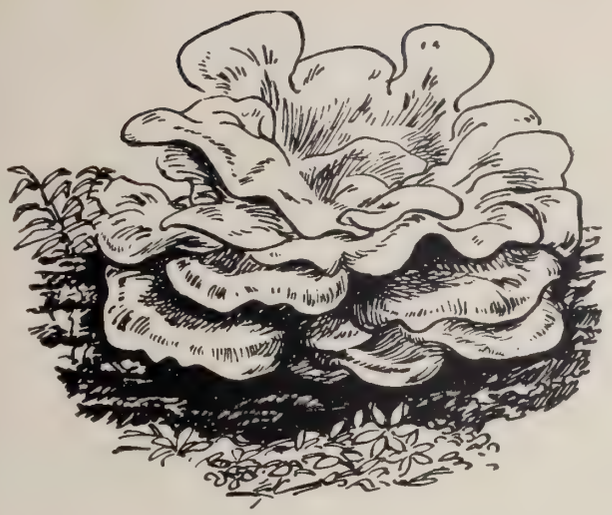
Since a spore will begin to grow into mycelium only if it lands on a plant hospitable to its particular species, all but an infinitesimal number of these airborne seeds are wasted. Some varieties are amazingly discriminating. There are mushrooms that will grow only in horse manure, others that demand the heartwood of the elm tree. One tiny mushroom is found only on dead chestnut burrs, another on plaster walls, another on fermenting coffee grounds. The more discriminating the species and the rarer its host plant, the rarer will be the mushroom itself.

Unfortunately for us, the Amanita's mycelium is not highly selective; but fortunately, neither are some of the safest and most delicious varieties.

THEIR FAMILY FLAGS

WHICH brings us to the crucial question: how can you tell a safe one? The answer lies in the almost infinite variety of shapes, colors, and sizes of fruiting bodies that the various strains of mycelium send up. Just look for a moment at how broadly this variety ranges.

Some mushrooms grow out of the sides of trees like flat shelves, some stick up in the air colored and shaped for all the world like coral forma-



(2) Sulphur Polypore



(3) Shaggymane

tions. There are mushrooms that look like little Christmas trees, mushrooms in the form of birds' nests (complete with perfectly-formed eggs inside), mushrooms shaped and colored like oysters. One variety looks like nothing so much as a cauliflower ear, another is formed so precisely like the male sex organ that its Latin name is Phallus, and still a third ranges in appearance and size from a golf ball to a prickly pear to a basketball. Squeeze one species and it turns from yellow to blue, squeeze another and it gives off a creamy white liquid. Put your nose to a certain variety and it smells like nectar; smell another and your nostrils will be assailed by what many aficionados consider the rottenest stink in all of nature.

Their colors are as variegated as their shapes and smells. From the whitest of pale white through hundreds of shades of blues, greens, ochers, browns, grays, oranges, and reds, there is hardly a color in the spectrum that is not an identifying flag for some family of mushroom.

From this almost infinite selection of shape, color, and size certain varieties stand out as so absolutely unique in appearance, so blatantly different from all the rest, that there is nothing else in the world—no other mushroom, no other plant—with which they could possibly be confused. Some of the most delicious species are among these unique ones, and all you need do to enjoy a full spring, summer, and fall of fine mushroom hunting is to learn to recognize three or four of them. If you can tell the fruit of the coconut palm from that of the cherry tree you will never mistake one of these mushrooms for a poisonous variety.

Here, then, are three such mushrooms. They are selected from the so-called Foolproof Four, so named by Professor Clyde M. Christensen of the University of Minnesota, who has written of them: "Once he learns their few distinguishing marks the beginner can gather and eat these mushrooms without fear or hesitation. . . . They are among the elite of the mushroom world."

(1) The Morel. If you see a little sponge growing in the woods shaped like a Christmas tree, you are looking at a Morel. There are several varieties of Morel, all delicious. Their color ranges from tan to brown, and their size from two to six inches. The sponge-like appearance is due to the pitting and ridging of the surface of their Christmas-tree-shaped cap. Take a knife and slice the mushroom down from the point of the cap to the bottom of the stem; you will find it is hollow.

While the Morel is abundant when it comes out, it is among the most ephemeral of all mushrooms. In any one area its growing season lasts only a couple of weeks, starting in February in the Southern states and ending the end of May in the North; and because of some unexplained whimsy of its mycelium's preferences it rarely grows in the same spot two years in a row. But it makes up for this evanescence by being extremely amenable to drying or freezing, so that if you collect enough during the brief season you can enjoy it for months afterwards. To dry the Morel (or any dryable mushroom), clean it off and lay it on a screen or some other surface that will give it air from all sides; put the screen in the sun on a hot, dry day, or put it in a warm oven with the oven door open (and, if possible, a fan blowing on it). Store the dried mushrooms in a screw-cap jar; when you get hungry you only have to soak them in water and they will fill right out, almost as good as new.

One minor caution about Morels. Because they are so good and make so fleeting an appearance, if you find some you'd better keep your

discovery secret from other mushroom hunters. One Morel mycelium can produce two or three crops during its two-week fruiting season, and if you mention your first crop to a hungry neighbor you will find that he has beaten you to the succeeding crops. I can attest to the fact that a Morel lover is about as trustworthy as a fox in a chicken house, since I have played the role of fox many a time.

(2) The Sulphur Polypore. This is an unmistakable brightly colored orange and sulphur-yellow growth of fan-like shelves that sticks out from the side of a living or dead tree in great clumps. It is the chicken of the mushroom world, for both its texture and flavor are strongly suggestive of tender white chicken meat. You can't miss it; with the brightness of its color and its huge size—sometimes the shelves extend several feet up the trunk and will provide five or six pounds of meat—it almost reaches out and begs you to pick it. The young shelves are best, and, like chicken, they are delicious stewed or fricasseed or made into soup or croquettes. It's available throughout the season, and once you find a growth, you are assured of a supply for years, since unlike the Morel it comes back in the same spot year after year.

(3) The Shaggymane. There is a whole family of mushrooms, whose Latin name is Coprinus, that has the odd characteristic of melting away into a black ink after reaching maturity. This is the way it produces its spores, but if you catch it before it turns to ink you have caught one of the great delicacies of the mushroom world. The particular member of the family that you should restrict yourself to is shaped (but not colored) like a shako, the huge black bearskin hat worn in the dress uniform of some British regiments. The cap stands straight, white, shaggy, and cylindrical on a white stem, and if you want to make doubly sure that you're looking at a Shaggymane just give it a few days and it will turn to ink before your eyes.

Because there is no way of preventing it from turning to ink, the Shaggymane is impossible to preserve or to ship any great distance, and I have never found a restaurant that served it. It's one of the few great delicacies of the world that are available only in home cooking.

The Shaggymane comes up in great masses by roadsides and in the woods, and like the Polypore it grows in the same spot year after year; though primarily an autumn plant, sometimes you will find Shaggymanes growing quite out of season, in the spring and summer.

THREE NEVER-NEVERS

HAVING learned to identify these three mushrooms, what else should you know to make mushroom-hunting absolutely safe? Just a few supplementary cautions and items of general advice:

First, stick to these three and *never* eat any others until you have bought a good book on the subject and have studied it intensively.

Second, if you are collecting mushrooms for eating *never* put unknown varieties in the same bag or basket with the ones you intend to eat. A single Amanita mixed into a whole stew of safe varieties can be lethal.

And thirdly, *never* listen to anyone who tells you he has a rule-of-thumb for differentiating safe from poisonous varieties. There is no general rule that works. One of the commonest such beliefs is that a poisonous mushroom gives itself away by tarnishing silver, and the medical casebooks are filled with people who have paid with their lives for this belief; the Amanita, for one, will not tarnish silver. People who tell you they have been eating mushrooms for years on the basis of some such rule are living on borrowed time. If they keep it up, sooner or later they are going to happen on the mushroom that is the exception to their rule.

In other words, the overall point to keep in mind is that *in mushroom-hunting there is no substitute for positive identification of the specimen you plan to eat.*

But remember too that such identification can be easy. Mushroom hunting can, indeed, be far safer than ocean swimming. For in the ocean it is the shark, not you, who selects the menu; and while the shark is notoriously catholic in his tastes, you can pick and choose.

Harper's Magazine, April 1962

EDWARD FIELD

SONG

the day begins I say good morning dearest
you say my love and then we fall to kissing

gods who make us get up and go to work
uncrow the daycold light unclock your time

hide in the deep sweet holding of your bed
nightsoft bedwarm sleeplocked lovers

JULIUS DUSCHA

THE UNDERCOVER FIGHT OVER THE WILDERNESS

How three bureaucracies are scrapping to build up their private empires—in defiance of the President, and in contempt of the public they are supposed to serve.

FROM campground to campfire, from national park to national forest, from unspoiled ridge to rushing stream, Americans by the millions are rediscovering—and imperiling—the natural wonders of their country. Simultaneously, in Washington two rival bureaus are battling savagely for control of our outdoor recreation facilities. This rivalry is as grave a threat to field and stream, park and forest as were the predatory lumber, mining, and cattle barons of the past. The principal adversaries are the Agriculture and Interior Departments. Both, of course, are supposed to protect natural resources. But in many instances the men who run key bureaus have close ties with commercial interests and have been shockingly responsive to their wishes. All too often, too, the head of an agency is much more concerned about building up his empire than about meeting the nation's needs.

The Forest Service—whose kindly symbol is Smokey the Bear—is one of the most aggressive agencies in Agriculture. When conservation laws threaten its swollen, free-wheeling bureaucracy, it can mobilize mining and lumbering interests in its support—as it recently did, in order to force changes in the Wilderness Bill. Currently, it has made known its opposition to the extensive national park expansion program proposed by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall. The plan calls—among other things—for turning fifteen million acres of national forests into badly needed parks. But the Forest Service will not give up its sovereignty over these lands without a ferocious struggle.

The Forest Service is also expected to lead a covert attack against the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, proposed in the recent report of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission. (This commission was set up in 1958 by Congress to make the nation's first comprehensive study of outdoor-recreation facilities and needs.) The new bureau would be in the Interior Department, and the Forest Service fights Interior as if it were a forest fire.

The attack will not be conducted in the open. The sixty-year-old Forest Service long ago learned how to work sub rosa with Congressmen in whose districts it has judiciously distributed jobs, research laboratories, and other largess. And, of necessity this attack must be an undercover effort because a Bureau of Outdoor Recreation makes such good sense. It would be the federal government's first effort to plan and develop outdoor recreation resources on the basis of national needs rather than bureaucratic logrolling on Capitol Hill.

But all is not hearts and flowers in the Interior Department either. Its National Park Service was dragged reluctantly into the recreation business and has always been torn between the need to preserve the natural beauty of the national parks and the pressure from users for more hotels, restaurants, and roads. Interior's Bureau of Land Management has learned that the development of recreation resources leads to ever larger appropriations and an ever bigger bureau. So—within Interior—an ambitious recreation plan of the Bureau of Land Management is now compet-

ing with the National Park Service for scarce federal recreation dollars.

And across the muddy Potomac in the Pentagon, the Army Corps of Engineers is also in the recreation business with its own program of reservoir and lake developments for the districts of deserving Members of Congress. The Engineers, who seem determined to pour concrete over most of the United States, often conflict with other agencies. The Army, for instance, wants to dam the Potomac and flood much of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal which the Park Service wants to preserve. Former President Eisenhower recommended in his last State of the Union message that all Army resource functions be transferred to the Interior Department where they belong. But, of course, this has not happened. Instead, the continuous bureaucratic struggle for power and money threatens any real national development plans. Year after year, the bureau with the smartest lobbyists on Capitol Hill and the most projects to spread around has had the greatest success.

The federal government has, in fact, had no resources or recreation program because no agency has had the authority and power to develop and push through a plan. The Secretary of the Interior, in whose Department most such programs are centered, has no control over either Agriculture's Forest Service or the Army Engineers. Nor is there any White House machinery for resource co-ordination. So—following the first law of the bureaucratic jungle, self-preservation—each agency fights as hard as it can on Capitol Hill to protect and if possible expand its "business."

For the first time since the early New Deal, the White House is now making a serious effort to develop truly national resource and recreation policies and to end the war among the Agriculture and Interior Department bureaucrats and the Army Engineer officers. A year ago in a special resources message to Congress—the first of its kind—President Kennedy said that he had told the Departments to work with rather than against each other. Certainly some Presidential head-knocking is long overdue.

Julius Duscha is a reporter on the national news staff of the Washington "Post." In 1955-56 he was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard and in 1960, with three other "Post" reporters, he won the Sigma Delta Chi award for distinguished Washington correspondence, for a series on the key advisers to Kennedy and Nixon. He has contributed to "The Reporter" and other magazines.

"Overuse," in the words of one conservationist, "can ruin a recreation area as thoroughly as a bulldozer."

According to the Outdoor Recreation Commission's report, the demand for all outdoor recreation resources will triple in the next forty years. Nearly 75 million visitors were counted in national parks last year, and 240 million are expected four decades from now. The Forest Service estimates that 100 million persons visited its recreational areas in 1961 and that the number will nearly double in the next decade alone. Just to acquire the additional land that will be needed may cost $50 billion in the next forty years.

What prospect is there that national needs will override petty bureaucratic ambitions?

BUDDIES BY THE CAMPFIRE

THE Secretary of Agriculture, Orville Freeman, and the Secretary of the Interior, Stewart L. Udall, are outdoorsmen and old friends who call each other "Stew" and "Orv." This is a refreshing—though not necessarily decisive—change from the established order. (Back in the 1930s Interior Secretary Harold L. Ickes regarded Agriculture Secretary Henry A. Wallace with almost demonic suspicion.)

Early last spring Udall and Freeman began discussing ways of co-ordinating the recreation and other resource programs managed by their Departments. Then last July, on a canoe and helicopter inspection trip of some proposed park land, they talked further over a campfire about what Udall calls the quiet crisis in the woods.

Unlike most of his predecessors, Freeman knew more about conservation than about farm problems when he came to Washington. As Governor of Minnesota for six years, he revitalized his state's conservation program and greatly expanded its outdoor recreation facilities. His first year in Washington, however, has not been a conspicuous success. An earnest, hard-working man with an evangelist's zeal, he has not had much luck in selling Capitol Hill his ideas for strict controls over farm production. So he is seeking support for his policies from conservationists and other non-farm groups.

Udall, too, is a seasoned politician. He served in the House of Representatives for six years and there learned the legislative value of being "a gut fighter" when necessary. As Secretary of the Interior he has created more controversy than any other Secretary since Ickes. Udall had scarcely

taken the oath of office before he was helping the President round up votes in last year's Rules Committee fight.

Shortly afterward he was in hot water because of campaign contributions solicited from oil lobbyists; was refused service in a restaurant near Washington when he arrived wet and dirty with a fellow-hiker, Justice William O. Douglas; and was thrown off a Kansas farm when he landed in a helicopter to survey land for a Prairie National Park. He also found time last year to float down the Current River in the Missouri Ozarks for a look at another park site and to climb Japan's snow-covered Mount Fuji. Unquestionably his energy is phenomenal; but whether his judgment is as good is still an open question.

Freeman and Udall have established task forces in their Departments to prevent such cross-purpose projects as the draining of wetlands by Agriculture while Interior floods other areas to create wetlands. But both "Orv" and "Stew" are young, ambitious men in their early forties looking beyond the sometimes rather limited political horizons of the Kennedy Cabinet. As a result, last year's bright prospect of co-operation is already dimmed by personal ambitions and growing departmental loyalties as well as old bureaucratic rivalries.

Freeman, for example, has tried to enlist support for his farm program from conservationists. They were told, at a recent Conference on Land and People, that more fishing and hunting areas would be reclaimed from idle farm land. But the Sierra Club and other conservation groups saw the meeting as just another gambit in the old interdepartmental rivalry.

Interior has also been busy drawing up the Udall outdoor-recreation program. This plan recognizes the fact that a number of federal agencies are involved. But Interior Department bureaus—not surprisingly—emerge as first among equals. Udall would like a self-financing plan to expand parks and outdoor-recreation resources by charging user fees for all federal facilities and by levying excise taxes on camping supplies and other equipment needed by outdoorsmen. These revenue sources would raise at least $100 million a year that would be used to expand outdoor recreation lands and provide campsites and other facilities on them.

Udall got a stern lesson in the politics of conservation last summer when Agriculture's Forest Service drew up an ambitious recreation program of its own. Freeman sent it over to Udall for comment. Udall suggested among other things that the program not be announced until this year when it could be presented to Congress as part of a national recreation plan. He never received an answer to his letter, but every member of Congress got a copy of the Forest Service's new recreation program.

It will take more than the vigor and determination of two young men like Freeman and Udall to overcome old and deep-seated bureaucratic rivalries. For one thing, a Cabinet member must defend his Department against all comers, if he wants to run it. And it is not easy for a Secretary of Agriculture to enforce his will on the powerful bureaus in his own Department. The Forest Service, for example, has assiduously cultivated Capitol Hill for years and tends to look on the Secretary of Agriculture almost as the head of a foreign government. Forest Service officials speak of "going over to the Department" when they make plans to confer with members of the Secretary's staff. The Forest Service and the Interior Department have been snarling at each other ever since the early 1900s when Theodore Roosevelt took the administration of the national forests away from the scandal-ridden Interior Department and put them under the protection of Gifford Pinchot in Agriculture. In the 1920s the Teapot Dome oil scandals strengthened the political case for keeping the Forest Service in Agriculture, although rationally it belonged in Interior, along with most of the other resource agencies. In the President's budget this year both the Forest Service and the Corps of Engineers water projects were included as part of the nation's resource programs. Almost half of the more than $2 billion budgeted for resources is for the Army Engineers.

CALLING ALL LUMBERMEN, ETC.

OVER the last half-century the Forest Service has developed an *esprit de corps* that detractors refer to as a priesthood or as a classic example of the faceless organization-man system. Made up almost entirely of forestry school graduates, the Service has an ingrown merit and promotion system that covers even the Chief Forester and permits practically no transfusions of new ideas or new blood except at the very bottom. And the man who comes in with ideas soon submerges them in the interest of regular and choice promotions or else quickly leaves the Service in a revulsion against its monolithic structure.

The present Chief Forester, Richard E. McArdle, is a Forest Service man who came up the

research route, which permits a little—but not too much—leeway for ideas. McArdle says that there is a chair for everyone at his conference table—the lumbering interests, the mining people, the grazing interests, the hunters, campers, and fishermen, and so on. Committed to the multiple-use concept of resource management, the Forest Service is in theory equally concerned with the conservation of timber, the protection of water supplies, wildlife, and grasslands and the development of recreation resources. Its critics say, however, that the big lumber companies get preferred treatment at the expense of conservation policies which conflict with sustained-yield lumbering. From the standpoint of timber the Forest Service has done a good job of managing the national forests, although it almost always gives preference to large lumbering operations which are easier to deal with than are many small companies.

How the Forest Service wields its legislative power was demonstrated in the maneuvering which preceded the Senate's passage of the Wilderness Bill last year. The Forest Service objected to one of the bill's key provisions establishing a Wilderness Council to run a national wilderness system—the Service would have been allotted only one seat on the council and would have been outvoted by Interior with its several resource agencies. The Service turned over a confidential draft of the bill to the American Mining Congress, one of the most powerful opponents of wilderness legislation. The Mining Congress alerted lumbering interests and attacked the bill before a final draft even reached its chief Senate sponsor, Hubert H. Humphrey. Not unexpectedly, the Wilderness Council was eliminated from the bill which finally passed in the Senate.

The bill, which faces a stiff fight in the House this year, even though it is supported by many Eastern as well as Western Congressmen, would establish a national wilderness system of more than forty million acres of land in the national parks, national forests, and wildlife refuges and ranges. All the areas that would be immediately affected have previously been designated or considered as wilderness by the administering agencies—the National Park Service, Forest Service, or Fish and Wildlife Service. The legislation would also provide for Congressional review of proposals to increase or modify the system. Roads, airplanes, jeeps, and motorboats would be prohibited in these areas (except for administrative requirements). In the words of the bill, "A wilderness, in contrast with those areas where man and his own works dominate the landscape, is hereby recognized as an area where the earth and its community of life are untrammeled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain."

The Wilderness Society, led by the dedicated conservationist Howard Zahniser, and the Sierra Club have been battling for more than five years for this legislation. It is opposed by the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, American Pulpwood Association, American Cattlemen's Association, and some segments of the oil and gas industry as well as the Mining Congress.

The Forest Service, on numerous occasions has made good use of its disturbingly friendly relations with the users of forest land. Two years ago, for example, a Forest Service lobbyist called on Democratic Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan to check his position on legislation reaffirming the multiple-use concept which was then before the Senate. Hart's questions apparently worried the Forest Service man. Within the next few days Hart was bombarded with obviously inspired letters from Michigan businessmen urging him to back the bill, which in fact he had always intended to support and did support.

WHAT ICKES CALLED IT

DURING the 1930s when Harold Ickes tried to move the Forest Service back into Interior, the Service fought many rear-guard actions against Presidential policy decisions. In his diaries Secretary Ickes noted that "the Forest Service has become a law unto itself" and that "it is a tight little organization which does a lot of lobbying." He called it an "example of bureaucracy running wild even to the extent of defying the express orders of the President and opposing a bill which was introduced with his knowledge and consent."

The Forest Service also demonstrated in the New Deal days that it has extraordinary power to delay and frustrate if not prevent the transfer of forest lands to the park system. It is this power that can thwart our current recreation policy. Twenty-five and thirty years ago the fights involved the efforts to enlarge Yellowstone Park, to establish Olympic Park, to create Kings Canyon Park, and to maintain Jackson Hole as a national monument. Forest Service field personnel managed some of the campaigns to defeat the National Park Service expansion program. Franklin D. Roosevelt himself had to step into the Olympic and Kings Canyon controversies to force Forest Service officials to stop their aggressive activities.

Irving Brant, the biographer of Madison and a well-known conservationist, was involved in some of the battles. He wrote of them in a letter to the Washington *Post* in 1954:

> This hostility [on the part of Forest Service personnel] to the preservation of scenic forest goes far beyond any matter of jealousy between the government bureaus. It is directed against state parks as well as national. It reflects a callousness toward the very idea of preserving trees for their irreplaceable beauty.
>
> For example, in 1939 a noted conservationist . . . suggested to Secretary Ickes that a scenic stand of Port Oxford Cedar should be set aside as a national monument, in the state of Oregon, before that rare tree vanished under the demand for Venetian blinds and electric-battery plates. Ickes sent a representative to Oregon, who found that the only area satisfactory for a monument had just been denuded of trees, by the Forest Service, "in an experiment of the sidehill use of caterpillar tractors."

At the time Brant wrote this letter, conservationists were protesting a Forest Service decision to cut timber in the scenic forest of the Inyo Craters area in California. The timber was used for packing boxes.

These past struggles are pertinent today because of Udall's plans to transfer up to fifteen million acres of national forest land to the park system. Eight major areas are involved: the proposed Great Basin Park in Nevada, the Sawtooth Mountains in Idaho (Nevada and Idaho are the only two Western states that have no national parks), the North Cascades in Washington, the Oregon Dunes, the Flaming Gorge in Utah, the Minarets and Bristlecone pines areas of California, and the planned Ice Age National Park in Wisconsin.

Last fall Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Frank Welch, whose duties include departmental supervision of the Forest Service, wrote to Congressman Clifford McIntire of Maine that "since recreation is one of the management objectives of both the National Forests and the National Parks, our general view is that lands in the National Forest System should remain so." ("*So*" apparently means "*where they are.*")

> We feel [Welch went on] that the burden of proof should rest on those who advocate that substantial areas of National Forests and Grasslands be transferred to the National Park Service. In general, the Department of Agriculture would oppose such transfers unless there is overwhelming evidence that the lands in question are not suitable for multiple-use management and are primarily of recreation value of a character and quality in keeping with traditional National Park standards.

And so another bitter struggle between the Forest Service and the Park Service is under way, again placing our conservation program in jeopardy. Clearly there is an urgent need for effective machinery to settle such disputes. The obvious solution would be to move the Forest Service and the Corps of Engineers into the Interior Department. Then all the major resource and recreation agencies would be responsible to one man, the Secretary of the Interior, who, under the direction of the President, could develop strong national policies.

More than a decade ago a task force of the first Hoover Commission recommended just such a reorganization. But Forest Service pressures—including a protest from Gifford Pinchot's widow—blocked the proposal. Today both the Forest Service and the Corps of Engineers are so powerful and so entrenched that they can defeat in Congress any effort to put them in the Interior Department.

FORESTS, NOT LOGROLLING

ONE realistic alternative would be to expand the proposed Bureau of Outdoor Recreation into a Bureau of Resources and Recreation Planning. This Bureau should be independent of both the Interior and Agriculture Departments, reporting only to the President. It could fill the policy-making void and plan both for recreation needs and the protection of natural resources. The President would have to be as tough as a logger in dealing through the Bureau with interagency disputes. But only decisive action by him could end the logrolling that now substitutes for national recreation and resource policies.

The Bureau's main function would be to balance the demands for the use of public lands with the equally important need to conserve resources. The wilderness areas must be protected from picnickers. Snack bars, hawkers, parking lots, trailer camps, and milling sight-seers must not be permitted to destroy the intrinsic values of national parks. Adequate funds must be provided to prevent parks, forests, and other public lands from deteriorating still further. But the money must be allocated on the basis of national needs rather than industry or special-interest pressures.

Above all, there must be a permanent cease-fire in the warfare between government bureaus which confuse their own ambitions with the public interest.

Harper's Magazine, April 1962

PAUL BROOKS
AND JOSEPH FOOTE

The Disturbing Story of PROJECT CHARIOT

A detached look at a dubious scheme to blast a new harbor in Alaska—at an unknown cost, to the taxpayers, the Eskimos, and the whole Arctic landscape.

WHY has so little been heard about Project Chariot? It is certainly dramatic enough: the first attempt to blast out an artificial harbor with atomic bombs. The lack of publicity for this bold and disturbing idea—a pioneer experiment in the peaceful uses of atomic energy—is partly a matter of geography. The site for the explosion is in Alaska—and far northern Alaska at that. If the Atomic Energy Commission had proposed to set aside an area half again the size of Rhode Island somewhere in the continental United States, if it had proposed to detonate nuclear explosions which would affect the immediate livelihood and traditional property rights of several hundred American farmers or cattlemen, if there were one chance in a thousand that the radioactive fallout would contaminate cattle ranges or commercial fisheries, the story would have made banner headlines.

But Point Hope, the Eskimo village that will be most affected by the blast, is farther from Washington, D.C., than is the coast of Africa; and its unaggressive inhabitants, as they quietly go about their business of living, doubtless seem remote from our daily concerns, though they are citizens of the United States.

Point Hope is a village of about three hundred Eskimos, at the tip of a long spit of land projecting into the Chukchi Sea north of Bering Strait, some hundred miles above the Arctic Circle. (In Eskimo, the land spit is called "Tigaraq," which means "index finger.") In continuous existence for at least five thousand years, the village is one of the most successful communities in the Arctic. To quote a student and friend of the Eskimos, who has spent this past winter at Point Hope: "It is successful because a talented and vigorous people have harmonized the cultural patterns of the modern European-American and the traditional Eskimo." Unlike most northern villages, Point Hope depends very little on state and federal welfare support. Summer employment and sale of native products supply the cash for guns and gasoline and other outside necessities, but it is essentially a hunting economy, wholly dependent on the fish, seals, and whales of the nearby waters and the game animals—principally caribou—of the immediate hinterland. It is also a delicately balanced economy, closely synchronized with the rhythm of nature. Like the farmer, the man who hunts for a livelihood must gather his crop under certain conditions, at certain times of year. But his domain must be far wider; he must be free to travel over limitless stretches of undisturbed range, in pursuit of game that is always on the move.

One of the authors of this article and his wife visited this vast roadless area last July, flying in with a bush pilot who has operated for many years from Kotzebue, the "Eskimo capital of Alaska." (At the Kotzebue airstrip stood a station wagon marked "PROJECT CHARIOT.") As we looked down on this magnificent country from a few hundred feet, we could see, widely scattered amid the subtle greens and browns and ochers of the gently rolling tundra, an occasional

sharp white accent marking the site of an old caribou camp. At the moment most of the caribou were further north, but we saw grizzly bear and moose. Then we dropped down for a bumpy landing along the bank of the Noatak River, where our pilot left us to camp for a few days, to enjoy the silence and to get the feel of the summer Arctic.

This is the Eskimo homeland. For the Point Hope Eskimos, a principal hunting ground is the Ogotoruk Creek Valley, near Cape Thompson, about thirty miles southeast of the village. During one season 95 per cent of their caribou meat and almost all of the village's fresh-water fish were taken within twenty-five miles inland from the mouth of the creek. This is the spot which the Atomic Energy Commission has chosen for a chain explosion of five atomic bombs—one of them ten times the size of that dropped on Hiroshima.

Is this a desirable plan? The question is open to debate. Since 1959, the Point Hope Village Council has objected to Project Chariot, and on March 3, 1961, the Village Health Council wrote President Kennedy that it opposed Project Chariot because the blast would be "too close to our homes at Point Hope and to our hunting and fishing areas":

> All the four seasons, each month, we get what we need for living. In December, January, February, and even March we get the polar bear, seals, tomcod, oogrook, walrus, fox, and caribou. In March we also get crabs. In April, May, and June, we hunt whales, ducks, seals, white beluga, and oogrook. In July we collect crowbell eggs from Cape Thompson. . . .
>
> The ice we get for our drinking water during the winter is about twelve miles off from our village towards Cape Thompson.
>
> We read about "the cumulative and retained isotope burden in man that must be considered." We also know about strontium 90, how it might harm people if too much of it get in our body. We have seen the Summary Reports of 1960, National Academy of Sciences on "The Biological Effects of Atomic Radiation."
>
> We are deeply concerned about the health of our people now and for the future that is coming.

Quite apart from any immediate risks to the Eskimos and their means of livelihood, the principles involved are so fundamental as to require, in the absence of a national emergency, that we all know what is going on, and that the decision not be left entirely in the hands of a governmental agency. What information can we get on which to base an intelligent judgment? The official statements are confusing. Is the plan to create a harbor, as originally announced, or



isn't it? Is it an economically self-supporting venture for the people of Alaska, as originally announced, or is it simply an experiment in nuclear excavation? Can the experiment (in the words of the Atomic Energy Commission) "be conducted without jeopardy to the local inhabitants or to the plants and animals from which they derive their living," while at the same time a principal object of the test is to determine "the effect of nuclear excavation on the biota (*i.e.*, living things)"? Does the federal government have the legal right to withdraw 1,600 square miles (not forty square miles, as originally announced) from the Eskimos' traditional hunting grounds, guaranteed at the time of the Alaska Purchase? To seek answers to these questions we must go back to the beginning of the project.

ICE-LOCKED NINE MONTHS

IN THE spring of 1957, scientists at the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory were studying two programs, which fused in the fall into Project Chariot. The first was a search for fallout-free methods of testing nuclear bombs. One method—exploding bombs deep underground—was successfully demonstrated

on September 19, 1957, when a 1.7-kiloton atomic bomb called "Rainier" was detonated under a mesa at the Nevada Test Site. No radioactivity seeped through to the surface.

Here was an encouraging start for the second program, a study of the industrial uses of nuclear explosives. Might they not, it was suggested, be used for excavating harbors and canals more quickly and cheaply than by conventional methods? The Atomic Energy Commission had established the Plowshare Program on June 19, 1957, directing Lawrence Laboratory to study peaceful explosions in detail. But the program lacked a definite experimental goal until the dramatic success of Rainier seemed to point the way. Russia's launching of Sputnik I on October 4, put the heat on the American scientific community to produce an impressive technical breakthrough. By November, Lawrence scientists recommended to the AEC that earth excavation offered the "highest probability of early beneficial success" in the Plowshare Program, and by year's end they had designed a massive explosion equal to 2,400,000 tons of TNT, to be known as Project Chariot.

After some consideration of other ideas, the physicists settled on a plan to blast an artificial harbor—or at least a hole that could be made to look like a harbor—at Cape Thompson, on the northwest coast of Alaska. The AEC's San Francisco Operations Office, which works in support of Lawrence Laboratory, asked the U. S. Geological Survey early in 1958 for a study of the geologic and oceanographic factors relevant to blasting a harbor on the Alaskan coast between Nome and Point Barrow, later amending its request to include a detailed report on the twenty-mile coastal strip south from Cape Thompson. Meanwhile the Laboratory contracted with the E. J. Longyear Company for a study of the "Economical Mineral Potential" of the coast from Nome to Barrow. No travel to Alaska was authorized for either study.

In April both reports came back. The Geological Survey found that "the northwest coast of Alaska is relatively unknown geologically" while the Cape Thompson area is "largely unexplored" and is ice-locked nine months of the year. But the Longyear report concluded that in twenty-five years a port at Cape Thompson would handle "substantial" amounts of oil and coal, which it indicated were in abundance near the Cape. Both reports were based on published sources rather than investigations at the spot.

Chariot was gaining momentum. On June 5, 1958, Lewis Strauss, then chairman of the AEC, requested the withdrawal from the public domain of 1,600 square miles of land and water in the Cape Thompson area. On June 9, the AEC publicly announced Chariot, saying that "the absence of harbors on the northwest coast of Alaska close to important large-scale mineral deposits has in the past hampered development of such deposits." It added, "Fishing in this area has also been impeded by the lack of a safe haven." The shot was set for 1960.

Dr. Edward Teller, Director of the Lawrence Laboratory, led a group of scientists and AEC officials to Alaska a month later to raise support for Chariot. "We looked at the whole world—almost the whole world," before choosing Alaska as the site, he told a meeting in Juneau. "The blast will not be performed until it can be economically justified. It must stand on its own economic feet over a long-range period." Speaking in Fairbanks, he said nuclear explosives could be so controlled as to "dig a harbor in the shape of a polar bear, if desired." He said it was up to the Alaskans to choose the site of the blast and assured his audience that two-thirds of the $5 million spent on the project would be spent in Alaska. On the day Dr. Teller spoke in Fairbanks, Dr. Gerald Johnson, Associate Director, was already at Cape Thompson with a group of bomb experts, surveying the bed of Ogotoruk Creek, where it was soon decided that Project Chariot would take place.

The Alaskan press threw itself into enthusiastic support of Chariot as a lucrative federal project which would put the new state on the world map. Congress had passed the Alaskan Statehood Act just a few weeks before. An editorial in the Fairbanks *News-Miner* on July 24 said, "We think the holding of a huge nuclear blast in Alaska would be a fitting overture to the new era which is opening for our state."

But business leaders were skeptical of the alleged mineral deposits in northwest Alaska and the need for a harbor. A few members of the science faculty at the University of Alaska, a handful of citizens, and several key government officials questioned Dr. Teller's assertions that

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Paul Brooks, editor-in-chief of Houghton Mifflin Company, has written a number of essays based on personal experience in the wilderness. Last summer, on an Alaskan camping trip, he and his wife visited the far northern tundra near the site chosen by the AEC for Project Chariot.

Joseph Foote, Harvard Law graduate and a member of the Massachusetts Bar, is working on the Providence "Journal and Evening Bulletin."



MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. – MRS. IGOR CASSINI – MR. IGOR CASSINI, MEMBER OF THE TOLSTOY FOUNDATION – MRS. WILLIAM HARBACH – MR. PETER ESTIN – MR. E. HARING CHANDOR – MISS BETSY PICKERING – COL. SERGE OBOLENSKY

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New satellite will peel back the sky

IBM scientists are now developing an electronic memory system for a satellite that will study the stars from high above the Earth's atmosphere.

While the sky seems transparent enough, it makes a poor window for astronomers. The atmosphere acts as a filter, blocking important information from earth-bound instruments. By putting their telescopes into orbit 500 miles above the atmosphere, astronomers hope to obtain valuable new scientific data about the age and composition of planets, stars and galaxies.

The orbiting observatory is planned for launching in 1963 by the NASA—Goddard Space Flight Center. It will contain a compact, highly reliable IBM system for processing and storing data. This system will receive radio commands from Earth, store them, and tell the observatory where to point its instruments. It will then collect the observations for periodic relay back to Earth.

Seeing the heavens more clearly will help scientists clear up many problems long unsolved. Whether you are a scientist or a businessman, IBM developments can also uncover solutions to your problems.

the blast would be safe. The northwest coast is not uninhabited; the Geological Survey report showed that in the 1,600-mile coastline from Nome to Barrow there are only eleven spots that are as much as twenty miles distant from any human habitation. The Alaskan dissenters demanded that the AEC establish a scientific basis for its assurances that Chariot would not harm human life or livelihood.

Late in 1958, the AEC lost faith in Chariot and announced that the project was about to be dropped for lack of support in Alaska. In February 1959, the new Chairman, John A. McCone, testified to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy: "We are seeking an alternate to the harbor in Alaska because, as I said to this committee once before, we couldn't find a customer for the harbor." Alaska's Senator Bartlett, checking into the confused picture, said that "no one on the Commission staff concerned with this believed for a minute private capital would, in the foreseeable future, invest money in this area merely because an artificial harbor had been created. . . . I have now been completely disillusioned. If there is such absolute lack of co-ordination within the Commission in planning, goodness knows what would happen when the trigger were pulled. For one, I hope the AEC does its blasting elsewhere."

It was a critical moment. After building up such a head of steam, was Project Chariot going to be sidetracked after all? Obviously it had not been properly "sold" to Alaska's citizens. The physicists at the Lawrence Laboratory had recognized the crisis, and had already risen to meet it. In January 1959, two of them toured the new state, warning that Chariot's fate depended on endorsement by Chambers of Commerce and by the state legislature. Newspapers took up the campaign, urging citizens to write their Chambers of Commerce to "vote yes" on Chariot.

A second group of scientists concentrated on the legislature in Juneau and on business groups in major cities. Their leader, Dr. Johnson, introduced a new plan for Chariot: The size of the explosion was reduced from 2.4 megatons to 460 kilotons (later to 280 kilotons; the Hiroshima bomb was approximately 20 kilotons) and "health" studies were planned in conjunction with the shot. By the middle of March, Chariot had the backing of the Fairbanks Chamber of Commerce, with others falling into line, and an official endorsement from the legislature. The Commission in Washington quickly reaffirmed its confidence in the project. The engine was back on the track.

DUST TO LICHEN TO CARIBOU

So much for past history. Preparations continue at Ogotoruk Creek. The AEC declines to set a target date, but unless there is a change of signals in Washington the blast will sooner or later go off. What, specificially, are the ends to be accomplished and the risks involved?

It is not easy to find a complete answer to either question. Press reports still refer to Chariot as "the harbor project"—though geologists estimate that a few coastal storms will seal off the mouth of the excavation with sand and gravel. No mineral deposits have been found "suitable for commercial exploitation." But, announced the AEC, "it was decided to continue investigation of the site with a view to conducting the project as an excavation experiment, even though the harbor probably would not be commercially useful." Like Proteus, the Old Man of the Sea (who would have taken a dim view of this tampering with the borders of his domain), Chariot changes into something else the minute you think you have a grip on it.

The stated purpose is now to obtain "additional data on . . . crater-producing nuclear detonations" as follows: "(1) The entrapment and distribution of radioactive debris. (2) The precise relations between yield, depth of burst, and crater characteristics. (3) The effects of simultaneous detonation of a row of charges. (4) The



effect of nuclear excavation on the biota." Useful information, no doubt, but far from the project's original goals. Is this another case of decision by inertia—the very human inclination to go ahead with any plan that has the momentum of much money and many man-hours already committed to it?

The question of risks is still harder to resolve. The search for an answer leads one into a morass of scientific technicalities. But by wading through the reports to the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission's official releases, statements by its spokesmen, testimony before the Senate-House Atomic Energy Committee, independent investigations and bulletins by such groups as the Alaska Conservation Society and the Greater St. Louis Citizen's Committee for Nuclear Information, one can find, if not a definite answer, at least some of the reasons why such an answer is impossible. This should surprise nobody. Project Chariot is quite frankly an experiment; and the essence of experiment is uncertainty. Let's phrase the question differently. What sort of risk are we talking about? And does that delicate balance of life at Cape Thompson, which in turn is so closely tied in with the life of the Eskimos, allow any margin for uncertainty?

Our limited experience with atomic blasts elsewhere is not definitive here. The AEC predicts that only 5 per cent of the radioactive yield will emerge as fallout, over a limited area; others who have studied the figures and the graphs on past experiments think that it might with equal probability be one per cent—or 25 per cent. There are too many unknowns. The frozen ground of Alaska may be affected quite differently from the soil of Nevada or New Mexico; for example, a dust cloud of finely pulverized material might greatly extend the area of fallout. Remember Project Gnome last December? This supposedly "contained" underground explosion went awry, bursting out of its deep shaft and releasing a stream of radiation across the desert. In short, we just don't know.

We *do* know that the "food chain" on the arctic tundra is peculiarly susceptible to radioactive fallout. The flesh of the Alaska caribou contains about seven times as much strontium 90 as the meat of domestic cattle in the rest of the United States. Why? Because caribou feed on lichens—rootless plants that derive their nutriment from the dust in the air as it is carried down by rain and snow, thus directly absorbing radioactive fallout before it becomes diluted in the soil. The Eskimos feed on the caribou. Obviously they are already subject to greater intake of strontium 90 than the rest of us. The few data we now have suggest that there is a higher concentration in their bones. Until we know more, we simply cannot say what ultimate harm may result either from the present strontium 90 levels or from any increase that might be brought about by fallout from a nearby nuclear blast.

Another danger from the Chariot explosion is of concern to conservationists everywhere as well as to the local Eskimos. The sea cliffs north of Cape Thompson constitute one of the principal nesting areas of several specialized species of seabirds: Common Murres, Thick-billed Murres, Black Guillemots, Pigeon Guillemots, Horned Puffins, Tufted Puffins, Glaucous Gulls, and Kittiwakes. Altogether they number over 200,000 individuals, and their eggs form a regular part of the Eskimos' diet. These sea cliffs are the product of slow wave erosion; they are unstable features, peculiarly vulnerable to earthquake shock. If they should be partly destroyed by the effect of the blast, the available breeding habitat of these highly specialized birds will be greatly reduced.

Biological studies, prompted by the Alaskans themselves and generously financed by the AEC, have shown how rich and varied are the flora and fauna of this apparently empty land. Over three hundred species of plants (including rare species of Asian origin) and twenty-one species of mammals have been found in the Cape Thompson area, ranging from the collared lemming to the grizzly bear and barren-ground caribou. The first pre-shot surveys ever undertaken by the AEC, these studies constitute a milestone in policy. Unhappily there has been bitter disagreement over the assessment of the reports; one botanist quit the project on the grounds that "the Environmental Committee was merely going along with the predetermined policy of the AEC." The studies are still in progress, but according to the latest official release "investigations to date have not revealed any biological reason for stopping or deferring the project."

A SEASON ON ALIEN FOOD

THE Eskimos do not agree. A large area of their best hunting grounds will necessarily be withdrawn from use for an extended period—both in advance of the explosion, since the exact moment of detonation will have to wait on the weather; and after it, until the area is safe again for travel. Camping will be impossible so long as the hunters' source of water

for drinking and cooking—melted ice or snow—may still be contaminated. This interruption could mean virtual loss of a whole season's hunting and meat supply, and consequent dependence on welfare support and alien foods, with a lasting effect on their culture. As a matter of fact, for the first two years of Chariot's career, the residents of Point Hope, Noatak, and Kivalina were silent and almost forgotten. Not till the spring of 1960, after prodding by Senator Bartlett and the state legislature, did official representatives from the AEC visit the Eskimo villages to explain Chariot. The members of the Village Council of Point Hope remained unconvinced by the assurances offered to them. At the conclusion of the meeting they voted unanimously to oppose Project Chariot.

Last November representatives from Eskimo villages up and down the coast met at Point Barrow for a Conference on Native Rights, sponsored by the Association on American Indian Affairs. Project Chariot was discussed. The conference claimed that the Chariot site belongs to the Eskimo people, that the Bureau of Land Management had no right to license the AEC to do research there. It called on the Interior Department to revoke the license. Whatever their legal rights in their homeland may be, the Alaskan Eskimos are at last beginning to make themselves heard. Listen to the opening of their report:

> We the Inupiat have come together for the first time ever in all the years of our history. We had to come together in meeting from our far villages from Lower Kuskokwim to Point Barrow. We had to come from so far together for this reason. We always thought our Inupiat Paitot [aboriginal hunting rights] was safe to be passed down to our future generations as our fathers passed down to us. Our Inupiat Paitot is our land around the whole Arctic world where we the Inupiat live. . . .

The words, the very cadence, have a familiar ring. Hearing them, one's mind turns back a century and more to the days when the American Indian was fighting his long, losing battle for what he considered his aboriginal rights. Few of us can recall that story without a sense of guilt, even though we tell ourselves that it was a choice between us and them, between grass for longhorn cattle and grass for the buffalo. Today we do not covet the boundless expanse of tundra where the caribou range at will, as did once the buffalo on the great plains. The Alaskan Eskimos offer no threat to our way of life; how far must we inevitably be a threat to theirs?

"If your mountain is not in the right place," said Dr. Teller at Anchorage, "just drop us a card." It was only half a joke. Our ability to alter the earth we live on is already appalling. Few of us are in a position to judge the ultimate scientific value of an experiment like the Chariot explosion. But it *is* up to us to know what is going on in that far corner of the United States. And to realize that another scale of values is also involved: not the precise relations between depth of burst and crater characteristics, but the precise relations between unlimited power and the awesome responsibility that goes with its use.

LATE LATE

GEORGE STARBUCK

WHERE tomahawks flash in the powwow
and tommyguns deepen the hubbub
and Tombstone explodes, is the horror
I live without sleep for the love of,

whose A-bombs respond to the tom-tom,
whose halberds react to the ack-ack,
while I, as if slugged by a dumdum,
sit back and sit back and sit back

until the last gunman is drawn on,
the last desperado druv loco,
last prisoncamp commandant spat at,
and somehow, and poco a poco,

the bottles are gone from the sixpack,
the feeling is gone from the buttocks,
the darkness is gone from the background,
the box is a box is a box.

Harper's Magazine, April 1962



A Slight Case of Library Fever

or, How Not to Write a Book

MARION K. SANDERS

IF YOU want to read in the British Museum you must arrive with a recommendation from "a responsible person not a hotel or innkeeper." Though the Library of Congress is hospitable in principle, considerable practice is needed to master its complexities. The arcane cataloguing system of the Bodleian in Oxford successfully repels all but a fanatic elite. But to take your fill of the four million volumes in the New York Public Library you need merely be an adult member of the human race.

This—the most truly public of the world's great scholarly libraries—is, oddly, supported mostly by voluntary gifts. (City funds go only to the Circulating Department's branches and maintenance of the Central Building.) It is dedicated to the belief that books were meant to be used and over three million people a year do just that in the Reference Division alone.

Some of them flit in just to track down the missing component in a Double-Crostic, a cure for termites, or a reliable recipe for Baked Alaska. Such casual researchers find the library's vast resources are an agreeable amenity. On the other hand, they are the staff of life to a small army of writers, composers, professors, TV producers, dress designers, and other craftsmen.

Mother Library plays no favorites among her chillun. But one needs a firm will or better yet—an immovable deadline to profit by her bounty. In a writer with a dilatory temperament and an elastic timetable, a glut of books can lead to library fever which, in its addictive stage, is a form of vagrancy. Once you are hooked, the habit is hard to kick, for the place has an unlimited supply of the stuff. This is the report of a one-time addict now enjoying a temporary remission. I don't know, however, whether my experience was typical. Library addicts are a withdrawn lot, inner-directed as snails.

At any rate my first symptom was book gluttony—a need to be constantly surrounded by at least a dozen tomes. This is not conspicuous consumption by the library's relaxed standards. However, a mound more than two feet high is rather messy in the main reading room. It tends to topple onto your neighbor's terrain. The logistics become impossible during Christmas and Easter vacations when every chair is filled with students who also park their notebooks and mufflers on the tables and open shelves. Since you must turn in all your books when you go home, there is also the ghastly chance that another reader (or—Heaven forbid—writer) will preempt one of your treasures next day.

The solution is to set up housekeeping in the Typing Room, a hideout on the second floor. (In the prevailing permissive spirit, you gain this privilege simply by asking for it.) Here you may hoard all the books you want for four weeks on a shelf of your own along with your own typewriter. Neither telephones nor conversation mar this retreat. Even if you bump into one of your fellow inmates on the front steps, smoking or

munching a hard-boiled egg, monastic silence is the rule. So I never found out what my mute companions for six months were up to. One, I suspect, was translating the Bible into Urdu and several others looked rather fey.

My own mission was sober and practical. With the blessing of my publishers, I was doing a popular biography of Mary Wollstonecraft, the first modern woman. Although she wrote nine books, including *Vindication of the Rights of Woman,* she is remembered today only by a few aged suffragettes. Occasionally her name evokes a flicker of recognition from a recently graduated English major who has confused the original Mary W. with her daughter (also named Mary) who married Shelley and wrote *Frankenstein.* At one point I thought of calling my book *Frankenstein's Grandmother.*

A FREE RIDE ON THE "DEFINITIVE"

WRITING popular biographies used to be quite a soft living. You simply condensed a definitive Victorian *Life.* Invariably it contained more than anyone would care to know about the subject along with all his letters, diaries, and family genealogies. In his early period M. André Maurois (who has since gotten pretty definitive himself) brought this thrifty art to its peak. His *Ariel,*[1] which enjoyed a whirlwind sale in the 1920s, is—it would appear—simply a digest version of the monumental two-volume *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* by Edward Dowden, LL.D.[2] There is no evidence that M. Maurois even wasted time reading Shelley's poetry, and his lively chronicle is innocent of notes or credits.

Today, alas, the way of the popularizer is thornier. For one thing there are very few reusable Victorian *Lives* left. And modern scholars are a lot smarter. Often they write their own best-sellers. If not, they make sure no one else will get a free ride. Instead of full texts, they publish snippets of letters and diaries. Their notes are loaded with tempting clues for future researchers to pursue. They have also laid down stern rules which have been codified with frightening precision by Professor Oliver Garraty of Columbia.[3]

For instance, you are not allowed to invent thoughts or dialogue unless prefaced by "very likely," "who knows," or some other clumsy saving clause. (An exception is possible if you make a personal pilgrimage to your subject's old haunts. Your imaginings as you sit in Oliver Wendell Holmes's very own chair are considered authentic.)

Despite these shackles my material seemed manageable. For one thing, there was not too much of it, since most scholars are men who, it appears, find the lives of women either boring or unsettling. My plan was to absorb Mary's works, follow with the existing biographies (none, unfortunately, definitive), stir in a few social histories of eighteenth-century England, let simmer, and convert into racy prose spiked with a dash of Freudian second guessing.

I had, however, reckoned without the strange uxoriousness of the Dewey decimal system. (Lucy Stoners complained bitterly of this but to no avail.) For the last six months of a far from virginal life Mary Wollstonecraft was married to William Godwin. Hence she is forever catalogued as Godwin, Mary, and her literary remains are listed—along with her only legal husband's—in a file box labeled GODS TO GODWIN. Though I was not, of course, required to give equal time to William, it seemed only common courtesy to do so.

The Godwiniana are extensive. This is not just because he was a male; he was also a Circle man. That is to say he had lots of acquaintances and relatives with whom he both quarreled and corresponded unflaggingly. Of such ingredients literary historians fashion books called *X and His Circle.* (The one who keeps the most letters is X.)

Since a little historical name-dropping peps up a biography, I took off after the Godwin Circle. It was, of course, no surprise to find plenty of material on its more celebrated members—Charles James Fox, Tom Paine, William Blake, and Joseph Priestley. But it was startling—not to say alarming—to discover the rich lore available on the lesser fry. The weeks slipped by as I amassed dossiers on John Bonnycastle, Erasmus Darwin, Joseph Gerrald, Thomas Holcroft, Elizabeth Inchbald, Rev. Dr. Kippis, Richard Price, Basil Montagu, Lady Mountcashel, Mrs. Opie (née Alderson), Maria Reveley, Joseph Ritson,

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Marion K. Sanders had written a book, "The Lady and the Vote," had served as a government propagandist, and had run for Congress, at the time when her curiosity about the feminist movement lured her into the library. She is now an editor of "Harper's" and a frequent contributor.

[1] New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1926. 335 pp.
[2] London, Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1886. 1,140 pp.
[3] *The Nature of Biography.* New York, Knopf, 1957.



Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and John Horne Tooke. I got to know all of them far better than Mary Wollstonecraft ever did.

I had not yet, however, joined the Company of Scholars which is the second stage of library fever. This came about when a mysterious new title, *The Base Indian*, cropped up in GODS TO GODWIN. The library's copy was at the bindery. After some suitably stately correspondence, the author, Mr. Robert R. Hare, sent me this remarkable work which was his master's thesis at the University of Delaware. Mr. Hare is an internal-evidence expert (like, I guess, the Bacon-Shakespeare people). By this means he has proved that Mary Wollstonecraft ghost-wrote the books of her lover, Gilbert Imlay, a dashing American cad. Mr. Hare's discovery upsets the established chronology of Mary's life and makes all her biographers look quite silly in other respects.

I was charmed with this development and fully persuaded by Mr. Hare's proof. Since it seemed like cheating to lean entirely on another scholar, conscience drove me to inspect (scholars do not read) Gilbert's disputed opus myself. It turned out to be a Rare Book but it takes only five minutes to talk your way into the crypt where they are kept. It is quite a cozy spot, although the librarian in charge is a bit fussy about the fancy inlaid table top and makes you write on a place mat. I settled down for a long stay, since internal evidence is no cinch for a beginner. Mr. Hare meanwhile increased my assignment by hinting that Mary may also have written *Letters of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman*.[4] The library, naturally, has a copy in excellent condition.

Around this time, my husband, a very perceptive man, stopped asking, "How's the book going?" Instead he would say, "Have a good day in the library?" as we sat down to dinner. It was a rhetorical question, for I cannot recall a bad one.

THE BURNISHED FOOTNOTE

AS THE library becomes a way of life, worldly cares recede. There is no time for shopping and besides, you would hardly get waited on in Gimbel's—let alone Bergdorf Goodman—in the sagging tweeds worn by the fashion leaders of the Typing Room. During the day, spiritual nourishment—plus the library's distinctive dust-and-leather smell—dispel thoughts of food richer than a twenty-cent plate of soup at the nearby Automat on Sixth Avenue.

Frugal ways alter one's perspective. After a martini at lunch, for example, one cannot fully savor the beauty of a perfectly burnished footnote. But I spent happy weeks with some of the most eminent footnote writers in English letters. A towering figure among them is Mr. Zoltán Haraszti, curator of rare books at the Boston Public Library. Our paths crossed because he is custodian of John Adams' copy of Mary Wollstonecraft's book, *A Historical and Moral View of the French Revolution*. Mary was in Paris when she wrote this but was quite busy at the time having a love affair and a baby. As a result, her reporting was not terribly accurate and she never did understand what the Estates General were doing on that tennis court. Mr. Adams was a meticulous and moral man. He peppered his copy with angry rejoinders, correcting Mary's errors and disputing her rather far-out ideas on sex.

Mr. Haraszti has kindly reproduced all the Adams marginalia in his book, *John Adams and the Prophets of Progress*.[5] In his lush notes, Mr. Haraszti umpires the Adams-Wollstonecraft debate with fine impartiality (considering that he is an admitted Adams rooter). In addition, he has tracked down a whole gallery of characters

[4] London, 1791. Erroneously attributed to Rousseau.
[5] Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1952.

who may (or may not) have been Mary's friends and sources.

Naturally I followed the scent. And I wound up with some really juicy footnote material on Jacques Pierre Brissot, Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, Jean Gaspard Schweitzer, Madeleine Hess, Nicholas Bonneville, and Thomas Christie.

I am also rather proud of my work on Schnepfenthal. This was the home of Herr Doktor Christian Gotthilf Salzmann, who translated *Rights of Woman* into German. The Herr Doktor would have been no more than a name on a title page to me (Mary translated one of *his* books into English), had it not been for Miss Emma Rauschenbush-Clough. I am grateful to her too for tracing so lucidly the impact of Mary's ideas on Theodore Gottlieb von Hippel.

Because the library has a complete file of the *Publications of the Modern Language Association* (an indispensable tool of footnote writers), I have cleared up the puzzling matter of the Corpse in the Brewing Tub. I first bumped into this cadaver in *Mary Wollstonecraft, A Critical Biography*[6] by Professor Ralph M. Wardle, a master of the tantalizing footnote. It remained for Miss Elizabeth Nitchie to put the pieces together in the *PMLA*. The corpse, it seems, was none other than Joshua Waterhouse, the singular Rector of Little Stukely. He was a sloppy old party who owned only one suit; occasionally he dunked himself fully dressed in his own fishpond and did a total laundering job "with the aid of a brush copiously charged with water." He was murdered on July 3, 1827, by a discharged servant who carelessly dumped the body into a handy brewing tub. The junk found in his house afterward in no way confirmed the rumor (still rife in scholarly circles) that in his younger and cleaner days he was a beau of Mary Wollstonecraft. The most valuable research is often the kind which shows you what *not* to put in your book.

As winter wore into spring, it seemed a good idea to send my publishers a progress report. I wrote to them explaining that my canvas had broadened and enclosing a fairly detailed prospectus under the working title *Mary Wollstonecraft and Some Eighteenth-century Oddballs I Have Known*. My publishers' reaction was disappointing. They thought it was more of a University Press thing. Since University Presses seem to have a strong preference for Ph.D.s—well-ripened ones at that—I have sadly put my project on ice.

Of course I shall get back to it whenever I

[6] Lawrence, University of Kansas Press, 1951.



have seven or eight clear years ahead. Meanwhile I run the risk that someone will scoop me by finding out just how deeply Mary's friend Joel Barlow was enmeshed in the Scioto Land Speculation. You can get a running start on this investigation in the library's copy of Professor T. T. Belote's admirable paper.[7] And it grieves me to postpone my study of the works of George Ogle, a Wexford hero who was Mary's favorite poet and was also admired by Robert Burns.

Worst of all I may never find out what Blake did—or didn't—say to Paine on the night of September 12, 1792. Early biographers of both men claim Blake laid his hand on Paine's shoulder and warned him: "You must not go home, or you are a dead man." (He went instead to Calais and, in due course, to jail.) The same item appears practically verbatim in *William Blake: The Politics of Vision*,[8] by Professor Mark Schorer, a man who does not lightly bestow inverted commas. On the other hand a Princeton professor has proved at great length that the incident never took place. (The only certainty in this quagmire is that Mary Wollstonecraft was not present when the conversation did or didn't happen.)

I forget whether the new evidence is internal or circumstantial. And, regrettably, I have mislaid some of my notes and can't recall the name of the Princeton professor or the title of his book. Of course I could easily find them by dropping in at the library for a couple of hours. But I don't dare. It would be hard to resist a peek into GODS TO GODWIN and Lord knows where that might lead.

[7] *University of Cincinnati Studies*, 1907.

[8] New York, Holt, 1946.



epitaph

Alcuin of York, Abbot of St. Martin's Tours, Chaplain to Charlemagne

735–804

BUSY as you are, do not go yet. Please. Stay with me a moment.
Study these lines I wrote you when my blood beat.
Learn what life holds for men from these words set in order.
Looks go. They go. Yours will go as mine did.
What you are now, hurrying past this gravestone,
I was; and my name was known in every country.
And what I am now, you yourself must come to.
I looked for the world to be sweet with my heart like a spoiled child's.
Now frail as paper-ash and spattered with wet dust
My blind skull hangs from the spine which is all that the worms left
Of the nerves my imagination made such demands on.
Worry about your soul, not about your body,
For the will to love remains when the starved nerves stiffen.
Why clear yourself new fields? You can see as I do
How I must rest content with this pocket of clay here.
Why do you long, moist-eyed, for the day when your body
Will cuddle in silk died by snails' guts the color of sunset,
When vermin mangles tough skin as moths do soft damask?
Flowers blacken with cold when the wind turns ugly,
And the flesh on your bones will bruise when death blows the will out.
Will you do me a good turn for this song I have made you?
Will you please say, "Christ, be good to Your dead servant."
No man break into this grave God cedes me to lie in
Waiting for it to explode, that bugle beyond where the stars end,
Reveille rousing the dead, and that shout from the mustering angels:
"No matter how deep you may lie, get up from the dirt now:
Your great Judge is at hand to do right by men without number."
Alcuin was my name. I was always in love with wisdom.
Say a prayer for me that you mean, when you read this writing.

Here rests his Grace, Abbot Alcuin, who died a
happy death on the 19 May. When you have read
this through, pray for him all of you, and say
God grant him eternal rest
Amen.

Translated by William Alfred

Alcuin (Old English: Ealhwine) was born in the North of England and was buried in the basilica of the Abbey of St. Martin's at Tours. He wrote his own epitaph in Latin, and it was preserved in an anonymous biography written around 829. This translation is by William Alfred, associate professor of English at Harvard, poet and playwright.

Harper's Magazine, April 1962

NURI EREN

A second look at AMERICA

Why a distinguished diplomat disliked this country while he lived here—and changed his mind after he went back to his own country.

IN AN era when it is fashionable—if not downright obligatory—to be critical of the United States, I would like to offer a bit of praise. My bouquet comes in the form of a personal case history and it is tossed—so to speak—from afar. For only after I returned to my European home did I really begin to appreciate America.

Certainly I was not always fond of the country. During the eleven years that we spent in the States, we continually yearned for the Continental way of life, and we angrily resented the difficulties of existence in New York. Longingly we remembered the leisurely mornings of Madrid, the unwinding ease of sidewalk cafés in Paris. We dreamed of the intellectual phlegm of England, the artistic casual life of Italy, and the soporific sunniness of the Bosporus. Eight o'clock seemed too early to start the day. And the morning paper, with its sixty-eight pages, was too cumbersome even to scan. The telephone rang; the desk calendar listed endless appointments. We were driven, through the city's labyrinth of skyscrapers, to the point of exhaustion.

Then suddenly, in August 1960, we were called home by our new government. Good, we thought. Life in America had been a series of outside compulsions: to dress as others do, to eat what others eat, to read what others read. Even our moods, we now realized, had been determined by external influences. We were terrified by mass-media reports of atomic insecurity one day, and we basked complacently in news of a rising stock market on the next. To be a spoke in a wheel of perpetual motion, to have the widest range of choices and yet, coerced by status considerations, not to be able freely to choose one's friends or one's home—these seemed to be the most memorable things about life in America.

But hardly had we set foot on our cherished European soil when we were again gripped by nostalgia—this time for American ways. Curiously, it was not the material advantages of the New World that we missed, but its things of the spirit. America's material comforts are, of course, unparalleled. Foreigners may scoff at first but they soon become attached to a great variety of creature comforts. On our last days in New York we rushed from store to store, trying to gather up all the household gadgets we now felt we could not do without. As a cheese gourmet I did not relish the thought of trading the forty different kinds of cheese (domestic and imported) which I could get in New York for the few local cheeses available at home.

But, surprisingly, I have not missed the Roquefort, Camembert, or Bel Paese. Not for a moment have I stopped to mourn the supermarket or the department store, although they unquestionably carry the best of the world's goods. (My wife was amazed to find Turkish shawls, which she could no longer get in Turkey, in a Fifth Avenue store one Christmas.) In fact, I was somewhat relieved by my escape from the embarrassment of choice which is the order of daily life in America.

I was glad, too, to be free of the hard sell. Once away from the U. S., we began to realize the cumulative effect of advertisements in the newspapers or on radio and TV; the billboard on the highway; the neon lights on Main Street. Like addicts, we had been compelled to renew our daily dose of purchases, and now we were burdened with innumerable objects from America for which we had no use and no space.

But before we had a chance to rejoice in our regained freedom from material acquisitiveness, some facets of the storied Continental spirit, as contrasted with American attitudes, began to pinch. The very first days we were back in Europe, starting out for work, contentedly well groomed and well fed, I felt an inner emptiness which I could not explain. "Change of environment," I muttered to myself. But I remained unconvinced and unsettled. Then one afternoon, on my way home, I got entangled with a poodle dragging its mistress to the curb.

At once I knew the reason for my sour mornings. I had missed America's dogs. I remembered

how they would rush past me in the elevator, impatiently wagging their tails in anticipation of their constitutional. Their zest for living would touch me and I too would step out cheerfully, with a good-natured hello for the doorman. One could never avoid these encounters. Even at night, returning, say, from the theatre, I would find dogs running about, pert and gay, and I would settle down for bed under the soothing contagion of their optimism.

In Europe, a dog's friendships are exclusive—confined to its master and his family. Outside of this group, the dogs snarl, bark, bite, and sniff suspiciously at every stranger. It now occurred to me that these dogs reflected their masters' state of mind: the European's abiding belief in original sin and the black blot on every soul; his innate lack of faith in man. That very morning, I recalled, my mother had warned me to get and apply stamps myself if I wanted my letters to arrive safely. "That letter will never see the light of day," she prophesied gloomily, as I gave it to the janitor, together with money for postage.

As the weeks became months, other incidents—equally trivial by themselves, but increasingly significant as their number rose—began to affect us. The quick smile and frank exchange which had constantly warmed our hearts in America were no more. Like porcupines, in defense we put up our quills: the stern look and the curt phrase. How wrong I had been in rebuking my niece on her first visit to the Continent. "Don't leave me alone," she had begged as we boarded a bus in Gibraltar. "Everyone looks so angry."

The furrows on my brow seemed to deepen in lands where everyone suspected everyone else of trying to put one over on him. Not that the people on the Continent are any more or any less honest than Americans. Many Americans I know have, for example, bought expensive evening clothes, worn them to a wedding, and returned them for credit the next day. But such abuses fail to shake America's trust in human nature and the stores continue to accept merchandise, almost unquestioningly, for return. (Economists have shown that in the long run it pays to pamper the customer; still, the system owes its origins to the faith of man in man.) In Europe, any such malpractice would be accepted at once as confirmation of man's inherent untrustworthiness, and such a temptation to evil would be promptly removed.

My evenings revealed another difference between the Old World and the New. We have an aunt, a sweet old lady, erudite and wise in the ways of men. Night after night, she and I sat for hours discussing domestic politics. But the challenging questions I asked—in the interests of lively debate—soon put an end to our talks altogether. My aunt stopped seeing me and I learned from one of her close friends what a "subversive" I had become. I realized somewhat tardily that a European is apt to equate an attack on his politics with an attack on his person.

Nuri Eren—former Turkish Minister to the UN and now senior research associate at Princeton University—was born in Izmir. He has served his country in every phase of international relations, from tourism and trade to diplomacy.

WHY POLITICS HURT

ON THE Continent political parties aim to affect the individual's daily life in the most profound ways. Political competition challenges the existing social and economic order and when a new party comes to power it is likely to bring about vertical changes in society. In America, on the other hand, party competition is on horizontal lines. The economic and social system is accepted by practically everyone, and parties compete to serve the existing order better.

Only the American South provides an example of the kind of thing that is the stuff of daily politics abroad. Nationalization of steel, for instance (still a point of contention between the two parties in Britain), could alter the whole structure of British national economy, and no Briton can broach the subject with utter detachment—just as no Southerner can be quite calm at the prospect of desegregation. Similarly, where nationalization of railroads, or public utilities, or banking is concerned, the European feels—and is—threatened in his daily personal life. Consequently, his political discussions are often heated, defensive, and irrational.

Compared to the United States, Europe still operates as a static society. Slim, indeed, are the chances that a Saar miner or a mechanic's son at the Renault works will rise above his origins by means of his own ability and effort. But economic and social mobility are accepted goals of our era, and the European turns to political groups—as he has since the French Revolution—to bring about economic and social change.

The odd thing is that, even so, he is interested, not in the policies or principles of his parties, but in the personalities and antics of their top men. As I scanned the European papers, I found little more than gossip. At first I com-

forted myself with the thought that a good portion of the political coverage in the States was rumor too. But even in personal discussions, I found my Continental friends cynically dismissing policy and principle and dwelling instead on the doings of the politicians. While in America, I had heard a most impressive debate on civil rights in a Vermont general store, and I was always confronted with questions of policy: Is our defense establishment adequate? Should our government support education?

But where were the Continental debates on nationalization of steel and the trade balance? European parties used issues like these to confront the voters. But the voters never seemed to feel that their opinions made much difference.

This bothered me. The Continent needed to institute changes, needed to give unrestricted elbow room to men of merit and enterprise. Twentieth-century concepts of the rights of the individual called for more than lip service. By concentrating on partisanship and not on policy, Europeans were defeating their own best ends.

Suddenly I understood the significance of all those American private organizations—the citizens' unions and civic societies. The world may laugh at them, but these groups enable the individual citizen to participate effectively in national affairs, outside of his political party. They get him into the habit of concerning himself seriously with national goals and purposes, and they show him that his concern can bring about legislative action. With his political instincts thus satiated and satiable, the American can focus his attention on ideas and ideals, rather than gossip and rumor. He has a power—and a sense of power—that the European badly needs.

OPEN AND CLOSED SOULS

HOW to improve his country was not, however, the only thing on the average American's mind. While in the States, I was always irritated by his uninvited interest in me. On the way home, I dozed on the ship's deck and dreamed. Never again would a cab driver break into my thoughts with chatter of politics, baseball, or the life and loves of the city. On boat or train or bus, passengers would remain strangers to each other and I would read, doze, or look out of the window as I pleased. Thank heaven I would return to the privacy of the shuttered window and the walled garden. The American homes, with their curtains never drawn and their lights forever on, had always looked to me like an endless array of stage fronts. And I had no use for the interconnecting lawns of the suburbs; they made me think of public parks instead of private plots. I thought the Americans a decidedly immature people, pouring out their personal thoughts, giving vent to their endless curiosity, baring their homes to every passer-by—like children displaying their toys.

To my dismay, however, Europe's thickly walled suburban roads hit me with an unfriendly monotony. In the forlorn light of the street lamp, my only guide on a dark avenue of curtained windows, I realized that Europe's closed spaces reflected her enclosed souls. An American's frankness, far from being childish ebullience, expressed his satisfaction with himself and his environment. He had striven and succeeded and he took joy in his success. He was eager to share that joy with others.

Togetherness, that quality American intellectuals love to deride, should properly be called social cohesion and recognized as a principal factor in the intense humanness of American life. I remembered the little boy trapped in the well on Long Island. In lands where everyone's tragedy is his own, I could not imagine a whole nation anxiously awaiting the fate of a child, as America watched and waited for two days in 1957, until Benny Hooper at last was safe.

American togetherness showed itself best when I recalled the unending charity drives in the States. In Europe, charity is the business of a select few—less a social responsibility than a social function for those in the Blue Book. Daily solicitations from all manner of philanthropies annoyed us during our first months in the U. S. But, home again, we did not feel that a burden had been lifted. On the contrary, we felt a new void in relation to our community. The dimension we had gained through contact with poverty and disease began to fade and we retreated into our cocoons. Our universe grew smaller as our interest in our nameless fellow men disappeared.

Another aspect of American life that had irritated us at first was planning. Projecting our lives months ahead was alien to our upbringing. As a result, although we are addicted to the theatre, we waited to see "My Fair Lady" in its second year, when we could get tickets less than a week in advance. I could not understand how a people given to mobility and freedom could chain themselves to commitments for months and years to come.

In the Continental world, much to my astonishment, I looked back on this habit with a fierce longing. Here, your daily destiny depends on external forces over which you have little or no

control. An unexpected currency curb, for instance, may suddenly prohibit foreign travel. Or an overnight parliamentary reverse may result in nationalization of an industry and change the status of your whole life. Abroad, the social, political, and economic significance of planning becomes clear. I yearned for predictable tomorrows with an almost physical intensity.

Why, then, do Europeans refuse to map the future every bit as precisely as they can? I found the answer in the press. Day after day, the Continental papers—in their editorials and in their signed columns—damned the future, castigated the present, and lauded the past. Insecurity in daily life had so destroyed the Continental's faith in progress that it had turned his vision backward.

Reared in this atmosphere, I had been skeptical of American references to "our children's children." They were, I had decided, another instance of American naïveté or a convenient way for politicians to relegate their promises to the future. Or I assumed a super-assertion of the American ego, best exemplified in the foundations: the individual projecting his wealth into the future—as if the worth of money would remain constant, as if the same conditions would always apply, as if posterity would develop according to plan. To me, all this indicated a presumptuous faith in future generations and their world.

THE SACRED PIZZA

I KNOW better now. This faith in the future, this belief in progress, is a spiritual quality that permeates America's whole existence. It gives her people the vision and courage to face and to mold their world. How the drab hue of life on the Continent would change if tinged with this unshakable belief in better days to come.

I venture to add—though many Americans and still more Europeans will disagree—that despite this faith, Americans are the least jingoistic people in the world. Back in Europe, I managed to offend various friends, of appropriate nationalities, by what seemed to me the most harmless remarks: quips about a French poodle, or Italian pizza, or Turkish coffee. In matters of national status, the Continental is the emotional, irrational one. His is the snappish, reflex comeback. The American generally makes a real effort to appraise criticism and to arrive at a reasonable picture of himself.

An incident on an Istanbul bus illustrates what I mean. I was engaged, one afternoon, in the favorite pastime of city dwellers everywhere. A friend and I were competing in running down the municipal government. The streets were not properly cleaned, the garbage not properly disposed of, etc., etc., etc. We had stopped for breath when two Germans picked up the threads of our tirade. My friend caught my eye. We pricked up our ears to make sure. Then we exploded. This was one of the cleanest cities in the world. Especially compared to some in Germany. Why, we had been to Hamburg, and we could *still* smell the canal. . . . As I traveled in the U. S., I was continually goaded by my hosts to poke private and public fun at American ways. Remembering the Istanbul bus, I was always fearful of retaliation. But it never came.

With the American GIs loose on four continents, baring in pride their PX-inflated living standards to a poorer world, with the American tourist extracting every penny of influence from his mighty dollar, the United States image abroad is not one of a modest people. When I came to America, I too expected an overconfident nation, bent on the dangerous task of remaking the world in its own image. But after eleven years, trips through forty-four states, and visits with many people—including a U. S. Vice President and a New England barber—I've had to change my mind.

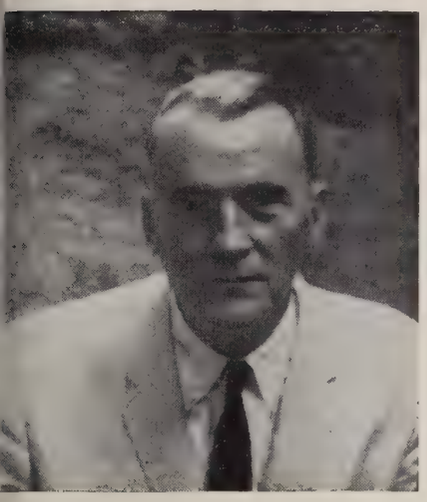
I found the American measured in his judgment of himself and his country's international role. It is hard to imagine the bedlam that would result if some of the criticism and abuse directed to the United States, by friend and foe alike, were turned on the Soviet Union. No country half as powerful as America has held her weight back so consistently during the past fifteen years.

THERE is, however, a postscript to my revaluation of America, for after a year in Europe, we were called back to the States.

I have returned, with great gusto, to my forty different cheeses, and my wife has resumed buying bargains in Belgian lace and Indian ivory. At the same time, I seem to have refocused my vision. I now perceive—and with considerable dismay—the ethics (or lack thereof) of campaign fund-raising in America, the highly personalized politics of her most important Congressional bills, and the absurd planning habits of her people. I am particularly appalled by the American faith in human nature and belief in the future. As any sensible man will readily admit, these traits are all but hopelessly naïve. . . .

Harper's Magazine, April 1962

PUBLIC & PERSONAL



WILLIAM S. WHITE

How to Tell a Real Conservative From All Those Other Conservatives

Guides to the New Toryism are sprouting all over the place—but all of them seem to measure the True Faith with different calipers.

WASHINGTON—The trumpets of something which is loosely called Conservatism are now blowing all along the Potomac. It wouldn't be accurate to say, in the Biblical phrase, that these trumpets give forth an uncertain sound. What they are giving out is such a cacophony of mixed notes that the mind reels and the senses falter.

The Conservatives—whoever they may be—don't lack strong leadership. They are being led strongly and urgently, in many different directions all at once. And they are finding that the chow they carry in their supply wagons may be one Conservative's meat but another's poison, while to a third it looks very much like a red herring.

For the Conservatives (all of the several dozen shades of them) are now going through those torments of self-identification that have so long plagued the Liberals. Personally, I'm convinced that neither term can ever be defined with any precision; but it is instructive to look at the wondrous variety of apologetics that are now being offered in the name of Conservatism.

Not within my memory has Conservatism had so many political pamphleteering voices as now. Until recently the "little" political-opinion magazines existed only on what could be called, at least vaguely, the American Left. There was *The Nation* (which seems to me to go on and on, much as it did in the days when it was Freeing Tom Mooney). There was *The New Republic*, which under the administration of Gilbert Harrison has lost the knee-jerk Liberalism of the old *New Republic* and has become, in comparison with *The Nation*, almost a Moderate. The political thundering done in such specialized opinion periodicals traditionally came almost altogether from the Left. From the Right it was muted, indeed. (The general magazines do not figure in this account.)

The pattern was fractured a few years ago by William Buckley's *National Review*, whose elegantly elegiac voice for a very far past and for an intellectually aristocratic, far-out Toryism is still unique. It is still the best-reasoned and best-bred voice, however much one may dissent from its conclusions, articulated in much the best English style among all the organs of the Right. But it has now been joined by a whole chorus of voices for the New-Old Conservatism —or, if you prefer, the Old-New Conservatism. Most of them are impossible to place exactly within the political spectrum.

For a first illustration, *New Guard* is published by Young Americans for Freedom. Certain informants within Conservatism have told me briskly that *New Guard* is "just Far Right Wing, period." I am not entirely sure. An edition of *New Guard* now before me goes bitterly after critics of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. This would normally give it full clearance, so to speak, with one variety of present-day Conservatism. But the same number of the magazine also stoutly supports the Kennedy Administration's program for wide tariff-cutting to permit our useful association with the European Common Market.

WHERE DID BYRD BACKSLIDE?

TO my mind, this latter is an instance of the very best brand of Conservatism—good, sound, moderate, and forward-looking stuff—but of course I myself am in favor of that program.

When I turned over a few more pages in *New Guard*, confusion set in again. The magazine prints a tally sheet to tell its readers how their Congressmen really rate. And what does one find? Well, to take the Congressional roster of my native state, Texas, it turns out that so sensible a Conservative (in my book) as Representative Olin Teague fails to pass his test. In fact, he winds up with a very poor 48 per cent—a mark so low, in my ancient memory of college days, that it would not permit a fellow even the dubious dis-

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PUBLIC & PERSONAL

tinction of drawing an F on his report card. Representative Bruce Alger, however, turns up with a splendid 100 per cent—a Double A-Plus. The very moderately Liberal Representative Homer Thornberry is lost in an abyss of total disgrace—Old Homer has 17 per cent. And one of the least known (and most eminently useful and responsible) men in American political life, Representative George Mahon—a respected authority in the House of Representatives on what really ought to be done with our military preparations—finishes with a far from cool 48 per cent.

To show how relative all things are in politics, certain Liberals are firmly convinced that such men as Teague and Mahon (and Thornberry, too, most of the time) are wrapped gladly and forever in the archaic embrace of something they call "The Right-wing Republican-Southern Democratic Coalition."

If one's understanding begins at this point to cloud over, he can always turn—and do no worse—to another Conservative publication. This is called *Voting Record* and is issued by Civic Affairs Associates, Inc., which describes its aim as the presentation of "not an extreme or radical view but a *responsible* Conservative attitude." Now this should be just my cup of tea, for I think of myself as a *responsible* (and also moderate, for qualification in this matter never ends) Conservative.

But I am shaken when I examine what *Voting Record* considers to be a responsibly Conservative attitude. Here, again, is a politicians' report card. It shows that the Conservatism of even Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia leaves much to be desired; he comes in with a score of .888. Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, whom I had long considered an authentic Republican Conservative, bats at only .444. Senator Lister Hill of Alabama—condemned by certain Liberals for participating in such evil Far Rightism as the Southern filibuster—can muster only a pathetic .000. Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon (quite rightly in my view) is also a zero batter; but so—and to me, idiotically—is Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington, a highly responsible and undoctrinaire politician.

The brilliant historical novelist, Zoé Oldenbourg



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AS HARVARD SEES IT

H A D enough? Not quite yet, please; for there is more to this tale of whose Conservatism is what. *Advance*, a magazine published by a group of Harvard boys, is perhaps not exactly Conservative by everybody's definition, but it would surely so be regarded by most Democrats. Its open aim is to turn out the Liberal Democratic rascals, in Congress and White House, and put in the good Republicans.

The most casual study of *Advance*, however, suggests that Harvard's Conservatism, if these able undergraduates are at all typical of it, is somewhat peculiar. For *Advance*, in a recent edition called "Revise and Dissent," suggests that the Republican Congressional leadership—which, if not "Conservative," is sure as hell not "Liberal"—doesn't know how to play a winning game and runs "a holding operation pure and simple."

Indeed, the general flavor of *Advance*, when one looks over several issues, suggests that the good guys in the GOP are mainly people like Senators Jacob K. Javits of New York and John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky. If Senator Javits is Conservative, as one commonly guesses at that enigmatic term, then Harry S. Truman is an old member of the Liberty League. Senator Cooper, on the other hand, is the kind of responsible Conservative who appeals to me—though not, of course, to *Voting Record*.

Some time ago, at a Student Conference on National Affairs at Texas A & M College which drew student

I Was Afraid of the Child Stealers



Prem Leila

Mr. Challagali, train examiner for the Indian railroad from Calcutta to Madras, reports, "I saw a little girl sleeping under a third-class bench. She could not tell me about her parents as she was only four. I feared the child stealers would sell her to the beggars who cripple the children or make them blind so that they can arouse pity as professional beggars. Her mother must have deserted her because she was too poor to feed her. She looked terribly hungry. I took her to the police, although I did not think anyone would claim her and no one did. As I had brought her, the police made me take her back. So I took the poor little half dead thing home. But it meant less food for my children and I knew I could never educate her on my meager income. I would have liked to have kept her, but took her to the Helen Clarke Children's Home."

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delegates from scores of universities here and abroad, an earnest effort was made for some days to define who and what are Conservative, Liberal, and so on. I myself took part in this search, functioning as a roundup speaker at the end. I concluded that we had got a great deal done in our seminars on public policy in general—but that we had got less than nowhere in our mission of definition.

Perhaps the truth is that most Americans have never accepted two great political realities.

(1) There is no way to promote abstractions like "Conservatism" and "Liberalism" until we quit trying to decide, in some large, grand, and all-inclusive way, just what they are or are not.

(2) It is fortunate that there *is* no way to tidy up our political living-room this way. True ideological tidiness would make the practice of politics both sterile and puerile. The conduct of public affairs would become either despotically simple or dull beyond belief. All issues would really have been decided in advance, simply by having a computing machine tot up the power balance at a given moment.

DAILY HOUSEKEEPING

ANOTHER fact not generally realized is that working politicians—whether Presidents, members of Congress, Governors, or village councilmen—are rarely much interested, at heart, in labels like "Conservative" and "Liberal." What they *are* interested in is forwarding *particular* plans and issues at particular moments. "Politics" is simply a word for the serious business of governing; it is not the tools that have significance, but rather the work—the daily housekeeping of our society—to which they are applied.

There is not, in fact, a single elected official of real power in Washington today, beginning with the President himself, who could rightly be described as either totally "Conservative" or totally "Liberal"—except in the folk language of political pedants and headline writers. For doctrinaire men rarely are elected to important office. Though some may *seem* doctrinaire, this distortion of reality is merely a result of the shorthand terminology adopted for campaign purposes.

All the same, it is always interesting to try to place political characters against the yardstick of one's own private and arbitrary judgment, with Conservatism at one end and Liberalism at the other. To my mind, the real distinction between Liberals and Conservatives is not so much a matter of issues as a matter of attitude and manner. The genuine article in each case is responsible in its actions. Like the Liberal, the Conservative does not necessarily reject government intervention in economic affairs, when really necessary. Neither believes that a balanced budget is the highest good of public policy. Both accept the necessity for public welfarism. The real difference is that the Conservative accepts regretfully the inevitable spread of big government, while the Liberal rejoices in it.

The distinction here is at once a simple and a vastly subtle thing. The Conservative so respects the right of privacy that he puts it, in his own hierarchy of values, much higher in the scale than does the Liberal. (This is one reason why he values the institution of property so much more.) The Conservative, contrary to much Liberal thinking, does not defend the past simply because it is the past; he does not necessarily defend the inviolability even of the best of the past—if this gets in the way of national survival. Finally, the Conservative's view of the unique primary value of the human personality is absolute, automatic, and not subject to qualification. To the Liberal it is, in some circumstances, subject to qualification.

The Liberal is hotly (though sometimes fitfully) compassionate toward people in the abstract and in the mass; his essential respect goes to The Common People in the collective sense. The Conservative is warmly, and unalterably, compassionate to the individual; his essential respect goes not so much to mankind as to Man. The eighteenth-century French revolutionary was Liberal. The eighteenth-century American revolutionary was, and remains, the type figure of the modern Conservative. Or so, at least, it seems to me.

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PAUL PICKREL

Appearance and Reality Revisited

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN is an American historian with a gift for taking essentially simple ideas and pursuing them through a great variety of contexts with such dexterity that they emerge as important insights. In his recent book, **The Image, or What Happened to the American Dream** (Atheneum, $5), Boorstin explores the many ways in which images have come to replace actuality in American life, how we have come to substitute what he calls pseudo-experience for real experience.

The distinction that Boorstin makes between the two kinds of experience can perhaps best be illustrated from his discussion of how Americans have turned traveling into touring. The traveler, in his terminology, is a man who subjects himself to the conditions of a strange place; he goes about in its vehicles, sleeps in its beds, struggles with its food and language, its customs and coinage, its tempo and temperament. He exposes himself to the actuality of the place and has a real experience. The tourist, on the other hand, merely transfers his accustomed style of life to a different setting; he goes, eats, sleeps, pays very much as he would at home; he emerges untouched except for a mild titillation of the fringes of his existence by the exotic. For the traveler the world is something to be coped with if possible, to be understood if possible, to be submitted to of necessity. For the tourist the world is a collection of oddities to be squinted at through the antisepticizing frame of a viewfinder. He exposes nothing to the strangeness of the place but his film; and consequently he takes nothing back with him but a collection of images fixed on fabricated retinas. He has a pseudo-experience.

Boorstin shows great ingenuity and resourcefulness in applying this distinction to wide areas of American life. He must have been collecting examples for years. They come from newspaper reporting (where pseudo-events have come to provide the staple of news because chancy real events may fail to fill the columns), from public figures (where celebrities or pseudo-heroes replace real heroes), from business (where an enterprise's public image becomes more important than its economic function), from international relations (where concern for projecting the nation's image outweighs concern for realizing its ideals)—in short, from almost any aspect of American life that comes to mind. The illustrative material is presented with great vivacity, and the argument is advanced with both wit and moral fervor. *The Image* is a very informative and entertaining and chastising book, and its central idea will almost certainly become a part of the stock-in-trade of all knowledgeable amateurs of American society, along with such notions as the affluent society and the organization man.

But as illustration follows illustration, all very amusing and lively and to the point, the reader begins to get weary. He may even suspect that Boorstin himself is approaching his subject more as a tourist than as a traveler, that in the multiplication of examples he is doing little more than assembling an album of snapshots of American society to dazzle the home folks. *The Image* stands in some danger of simply adding another image to a society which, by the book's own account, is already overwhelmed with images of itself and everything else.

What the book lacks is any sustained effort to get at either the causes or the consequences of the phenomenon it so exhaustively describes. When it comes to causes, technology is Boorstin's villain; on his title page he quotes Max Frisch's brilliant definition of technology as "the knack of so arranging the world that we don't have to experience it," and it is perfectly true that without cheap printing processes, cameras, radios, television, and all the rest, the vast stock of images that shimmer before our eyes simply wouldn't be there. But technology exists only because men wanted it badly enough to create it, and it survives only because men want what it makes available badly enough to buy it. If men prefer images to reality, technology makes them available; it does not create the preference.

As for the consequences of living in a society dominated by images or pseudo-experience, Boorstin hardly tackles the subject at all, except

for some shrewd observations on the folly of trying to "project an image" as an instrument of foreign policy. In fact, the very vocabulary of the book makes it difficult to give serious consideration to the consequences of living with images. To take a very minor example: Boorstin repeatedly refers to images as "ambiguous," by which he means that they are capable of being all things to all men, without offending anybody. But in another sense of the word, images are much less ambiguous than reality; they are much more tractable, manageable, one-dimensional than the things they stand for. Miss Rheingold is ambiguous in Boorstin's sense, because she is whatever any man who sees her picture wants a pretty girl to be; but she is not at all ambiguous in the way that real people are. Surely one trouble with living in a world of bland and one-dimensional images is that it makes us less and less capable of coping with the radical ambiguity of the real world.

At bottom, of course, Boorstin is dealing with the old old problem of appearance versus reality, the problem that has engaged the most powerful imaginations and the most venturesome intellects and the most brazen crackpots in all ages. Like them he wants us to blink our way out of Plato's cave and open our eyes to reality, but for him the task is harder than it was for his predecessors, because we have fixed up the old cave with a television set and a subscription to *Life* and a shotgun to keep the neighbors out. Like many a moralist before him, Boorstin is telling his audience that they will surely be damned if they do not surrender their placid wallowing in the sties of appearance and turn their hearts to reality, but like so many of his forerunners he becomes so entranced by the fascinating details of the sin he castigates that he hardly gets around to showing why it is a sin, much less how it fits into any scheme of salvation.

AFTER THE DEATH OF PLOT

IN novels there was once a standard way of dealing with the relation of appearances and reality—the plot—and it still survives in certain kinds of fiction, especially detective stories. In the traditional plot the great moment comes when the swollen cocoon of appearance, which has been spun larger and larger and seems to have become more and more impregnable, suddenly will not hold; it splits open, a hollow shell, a dead thing, and out steps the living reality that has been growing within it. This kind of plot has largely disappeared from serious contemporary fiction, presumably because novelists no longer find it an adequate vehicle for their vision of the relation between appearance and reality, but no generally accepted substitute has emerged to replace it, with the result that the problem of form, the job of finding a suitable shape in which to present his vision of human life, has become the central problem of the serious modern novelist.

For her long-awaited novel, **Ship of Fools** (Little, Brown, $5.95), Katherine Anne Porter has borrowed the very old narrative framework of a journey, in this case a sea voyage on a German ship sailing from Vera Cruz, Mexico, to Bremerhaven, Germany, in the late summer of 1931. Within this framework there is nothing that could be called a plot, hardly anything that could be called a story, but there is an elaborate interplay of characters.

The relation among the characters suggests the Freudian picture of the structure of the personality. At the top, in command, like the superego, is the German captain, who believes in—and tries to enforce—absolute, rigid, undeviating order. He accepts as true and divinely ordained the hierarchy of ordered appearance that German culture has provided for him. At the bottom, like the id, are the seething mass of steerage passengers, poor Cubans in flight from a depression in the sugar fields, desperately struggling to stay alive among the filth and deprivation and brutality of their existence. They are too poor to afford the consolations of appearance; they can only live out their desperation by any means at hand.

Between these two extremes are the first-class passengers, a motley international assortment of Mexicans, Americans, Swiss, Spanish, and a Swede. These are the characters that chiefly concern Miss Porter; they are, as it were, the ego, trying to mediate between the crushing demands of the captain's mad dream of absolute order and the steerage's passionate and inchoate turbulence, trying to work out some relation to reality that will be sturdy enough to resist both the life-denying schematization that prevails on the captain's bridge and the chaos teeming beneath the deck.

Through the German passengers the captain's spirit moves among the others; it can be comic, as in an old German schoolmaster's tedious persistence in his conviction that everything fits into a scheme; or it can be nasty, as in the relentless anti-Semitism of the Germans, a denial of otherness, of difference, a coldly reasoned brutality that whatever does not fit in must be lopped off. Similarly the spirit of steerage penetrates first class, through a déclassé Spanish noblewoman, a drug addict and seducer of young men, who is being deported from Cuba for political subversion, and a zarzuela troupe, equally accomplished as dancers and as pimps and prostitutes, who are being deported from Mexico (at its expense) for moral subversion.

Among the enormous cast of characters there are two who probably stand closer to Miss Porter than the others; they may even in some indirect

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way represent her at different stages of her own life. One is an American girl who is trying to find her footing in art and love, caught in a hopeless relation with a man (also aboard) who denies her freedom in both. The other is an older woman in her forties, often foolish yet keenly intelligent, sympathetic yet detached, with the gift of life but no one to give it to, a drifter in human relations as in her place of residence.

These two women are beautifully realized, which is hardly surprising because in various ways they are nearest the author. What is surprising, even after her remarkable short stories, is that Miss Porter can enter with equal ease and assurance the minds of all her characters. She ranges over the vast spectrum of personality aboard her ship of fools, and everyone she touches comes to life. Each character is locked in his own struggle; there are no "others" in the book, no bundle of eccentricities pawned off as a character, no one, whether an ailing boy or a plain girl no one asks to dance, a young officer or the ship's doctor going home to die, who is denied the terrible importance of his own life. In Boorstin's terminology, there are no mere images in the book; Miss Porter is a traveler, not a tourist.

The writing is exquisite. Miss Porter has worked for years on *Ship of Fools,* and she has brought it to a glow of perfection that is seldom achieved in contemporary fiction. There is not an awkward sentence in the 500 pages, not an observation that fails to ring true.

The book does not invite criticism; at most it invites disagreement, and for most readers disagreement, as Dr. Johnson said of second marriages, can only represent the triumph of hope over experience. Miss Porter portrays no relationship that endures in happiness, no revelation that is more than momentary. Only illusion like the captain's can last or stay in place, and unknown to him it is dangerously eroded at the base; it pays the price of something like madness for its tenacity. All is flux; in the phrase of St. Paul that serves as an epigram to the final section of *Ship of Fools:* "Here we have no continuing city."

Doubtless this is not what we want the novelist to show us, because it is not what we want life to show us. We still want the big scene where the villain who made things go wrong is identified, where the lost letter that sets all straight is discovered, where the second will comes to light and the right people get the money and the "others" who never mattered anyway are left out in their rightful habitat, the cold. Doubtless Miss Porter would like things that way too, but that is not the way she has found them, and she has persisted for many years in cultivating her vision with tremendous skill and has presented it in a work of art that is a masterpiece. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

FATHERS AND SONS

THE novel form is now so little defined that there is some doubt whether **Going Away** by Clancy Sigal (Houghton Mifflin, $5.75) is supposed to be a novel at all. The dust jacket says it is, and there is the usual notice that all the characters are fictitious; but the title page identifies the book as "a report, a memoir," and a reader may be pardoned if he has some doubts about the fictitiousness of some of the characters.

At any rate, *Going Away,* whether a novel or an autobiography, belongs to what is now a rather well defined kind of book—the story of a young man on the road. In this instance the young man has had a curious background; both his parents have been labor organizers, well over to the left. His father has disappeared and may be dead. The young man himself has had the variety of experience required of any red-blooded American writer—he has been a juvenile delinquent in Chicago, a soldier AWOL on Skid Row, a college student in California; he has worked for an experimental record company, as a cab driver, as a journalist, as a labor organizer, and last as a Hollywood agent. The book opens when he decides to leave the agency and drive back East, seeing everyone he knows along the way, and then head (perhaps) for Europe.

In his account of the drive across the United States, which takes up most of his book, Sigal illustrates Boorstin's thesis of the solipsism of

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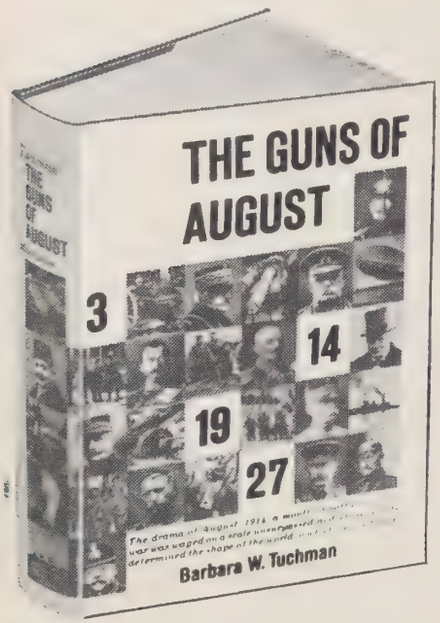
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the individual in America, but he illustrates it from the inside. The young man in *Going Away* is a tourist in his own country, not because he wants to be but because he cannot find any way—political, social, personal—for putting himself in vital relation with his times and his contemporaries.

The book is a search for such relation, or, to put it another way, a quest for inheritance. In one way it is a literal quest, for there is always the chance that the young man will rediscover his vanished father. In another way it is more metaphorical. He revisits all his old left-wing friends in the labor movement, trying to discover some vitality in the tradition of social action that his father left him, but he finds that they have given up, retired from action; most of them have become addicted to television. From time to time he hears over the radio news of the Hungarian Uprising (the year is 1956), reminding him that the great world with its call to a commitment is still out there and that he has no real connection with it. In the end nothing is resolved, though we know from Sigal's previous book, *Weekend in Dinlock* (which is earlier in date of composition and publication but later in the period of his life it covers), that he later went to England.

Sigal has great vitality as a writer. His prose has more wit and bite and intelligence than most of the on-the-road boys can get into their writing, and he is remarkably free of sentimentalizing himself or the people he encounters or the landscape he drives through. At the same time solipsism is a terrible subject to sustain in a long book. Of the dozens of people encountered in the length of *Going Away* very few indeed are memorable; the omission of fifty pages here or there would escape the notice of any reader who was not following the narrator's progress on a road map. The findings are negative: whatever the young man had hoped to discover along the way to sustain him, to give his life meaning, he knows now that for him it simply is not there. He cannot find his reality in America. If Boorstin's analysis of our society is correct, then *Going Away* is brilliantly symptomatic.

THERE are certain very crude similarities between Sigal's book and George P. Elliott's new novel, **David Knudsen** (Random House, $4.95). Elliott's book too is autobiographical in manner and loosely constructed, though it comes out as something closer to conventional expectations of a novel, and it too is concerned with a son's inheritance from his father.

The situation in Elliott's novel is very simply this: David Knudsen, the figure who provides the title, the narrator, and the central character, is the son of a distinguished physicist, professor at the University of California at Berkeley. To all appearances Professor Knudsen is a gentle, mild, quietly cultivated man, but in reality he has played a considerable part in the violence of his age, because he was a relatively important figure in the development of the atomic bomb during the second world war. He loves his son from a distance, and in his muted, dignified way tries to help him find his way in the world. Then David is drafted in the Korean War; he is stationed on a tiny island in the Pacific too near the spot where an atomic bomb is exploded, and he comes down with radiation sickness. The consequences are not pretty: David spends months in a hospital in Hawaii; on his return to California he destroys his marriage by insisting that his wife have an abortion for fear she will give birth to a monster; his father, apparently consumed with guilt over what he has done to his son and others, commits suicide.

Obviously the subject is tremendous. It would take another *King Lear* to do anything like justice to it, and like most contemporary novelists Elliott is not up to writing another *King Lear*, or anything like it. Indeed *David Knudsen* is a weak book. The prose has a soft, unfocused quality; it abounds in "thoughts" that fail to achieve profundity. Here is an example: "Rose chemists analyze the things which are roses, but who shall analyze their experience of the beauty of roses?" The sentiment is too easy, too soon satisfied with itself. The slightly archaic diction tries for an elevation that it does not achieve. The shortcomings of this one sentence, though admittedly one of the poorest in the

book, are indicative of the shortcomings of the book as a whole. It just doesn't have the power, the depth of insight, and the passion, that its great theme requires.

PETER DE VRIES' new novel, **The Blood of the Lamb** (Little, Brown, $4), like the books of Sigal and Elliott just discussed, is autobiographical in form, and it gives the reader a strong impression, like Sigal's book but unlike Elliott's, that it must be at least partly autobiographical in substance. There is a further resemblance in that it deals in some sense with a son's inheritance from his father. But the resemblance does not continue; Sigal and Elliott are both trying to find themselves as writers, something that de Vries has long since done; he has published half-a-dozen extremely clever and successful books. Now, in *The Blood of the Lamb,* he is moving away from his own cleverness. If such a distinction is possible, de Vries, having found himself as a writer in his immensely accomplished and slightly slick earlier books, is now chiefly concerned to find himself as a man.

The central question raised by *The Blood of the Lamb* is whether or not a man can live and confront the crises of his life without religious faith. The main character and narrator, Don Wanderhope, grows up among poor Dutch immigrants in Chicago who are completely dominated by Calvinist theology of the Dutch Reformed variety. In such a community, to live without faith, and without exactly the right kind of faith, is seen as literally the most dangerous thing a man can do. Wanderhope's own father makes the effort and fails. He is an absurd, neurotic man who gets the attention he craves by well-publicized religious "doubts." Just how genuine these doubts are is problematic, but either because of their weight or for other reasons, in time his mind fails.

His son is determined to do better. When his beloved older brother Louie dies quickly and almost carelessly of pneumonia, Don rejects his religious heritage, partly because of his revulsion at the unfairness of his brother's death, more profoundly, perhaps, as a rejection of his father's ridiculous religious capers and in

The Swivel Chair

People in book publishing, like their confreres in the world of the theatre, are by nature arboreal. Something of the passion that leads them to back a new book, or a new play, leads them on to predictions of critical glory for their newly-read. Out on the limb they go, happily to be joined in proper time by the reviewers. One winged phrase by the big-name, big-space aficionado can launch a thousand sales and cheer an author on to his next triumph — to say nothing of sustaining the publishers in their Delphic frenzy.



Phrases, for example, like these: "A brilliantly told story about two sisters, the emotions that bring them together and the ideas that force them apart . . . remarkably subtle . . . the mastery of technique here is just about absolute." (Charles Poore, writing in *The New York Times* about CASSANDRA AT THE WEDDING by **Dorothy Baker**)



"Nothing comparable has been attempted before . . . intensely interesting, readable and rewarding." (William G. Pollard, Executive Director of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, praises **Robert Batchelder's** THE IRREVERSIBLE DECISION in *The New York Times Book Review.)* " . . . the first novel speaking for multitudes unable today to find identification in the present circumstances of America . . . a first-hand novel by a first-rate writer," said Nelson Algren of Clancy Sigal's GOING AWAY, in *The New York Times Book Review.* " . . . told by the Earl of Birkenhead with vividness and scholarly impartiality. 'The Prof' and his Prime Minister are characters pictured in each dimension and as large as life." (This from Lewis Strauss, former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and former Secretary of Commerce, about THE PROFESSOR AND THE PRIME MINISTER by **The Earl of Birkenhead**) " . . . it is a masterpiece of succinctness and plain, clear talk about things that really matter, not only in present science, but in a future that is likely to surprise everybody," says Guy Murchie of **John Rader Platt's** THE EXCITEMENT OF SCIENCE.





" . . . very wise and beautiful, not only about her own life, but in its evocation of houses and manners and ways of living which have all but disappeared." (Katherine Gauss Jackson, reviewing **Evelyn Ames's** DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE in *Harper's)* "A likely companion piece in the continuum . . . Wendt writes for all who want an overall perspective and his book is an anthropological 'museum without walls,'" was Virginia Kirkus' prepublication limb-balancing for IT BEGAN IN BABEL by **Herbert Wendt.** " . . . this dispassionate, scholarly and eminently readable rundown on a specific and powerful campaign against reality is revealing in the light of similar trends and sympathies today," came from *The San Francisco Chronicle* for **George Wolfskill's** THE REVOLT OF THE CONSERVATIVES: A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LIBERTY LEAGUE, 1934-1940.



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imitation of the lost Louie, who at the time of his death was a medical student with advanced ideas. As the years pass Don Wanderhope seems to have triumphed over the narrowness and absurdity of the life he knew as a boy, with its rigid theological framework.

Then he confronts a second and even greater crisis: his only child, a little girl named Carol, dies protractedly of leukemia, and he must face the awful possibility that he has not succeeded any better than his father in working out a way of confronting suffering. But the child's own legacy of love sustains him in his sanity and in his humanism; through her he finds the strength to live.

Obviously *The Blood of the Lamb* is a long way from such earlier novels by de Vries as *The Tunnel of Love* and *The Mackerel Plaza*. Perhaps it is not quite far enough away; sometimes, especially in the earlier part of the book, there is an obtrusive cleverness, and the title itself is an appalling joke. But there are many passages of genuine humor, and the latter part of the book, the picture of Carol in health and in sickness, is beautifully presented.

IN **Down Here on a Visit** (Simon and Schuster, $4.75) Christopher Isherwood returns to something like the manner and subject of his justly famous *Berlin Stories*. The new book is a collection of character sketches (or perhaps they could be called short stories) linked by autobiographical passages, starting with a sketch of an Englishman in Germany in the 'twenties and ending with a longer study of an American in California and elsewhere in the 'forties and 'fifties.

Isherwood is fascinated by the capacity for many different kinds of reality in a single human being. His usual method in presenting a character is to give first a very striking picture of his appearance on a particular occasion of his life, and then to show how different the facts of his life were or could become. In dealing with a character who is all of a piece, who remains exactly what he seems to be, such as Ambrose in the present volume, Isherwood is unsuccessful; he is perhaps at his best in his account of his successive encounters with a German named Waldemar, who is a high-spirited young boy of sixteen when we first see him and passes through a series of deteriorating changes to emerge at last as a flat, timid, rather complacent East Berliner.

Isherwood is a brilliant writer, and in *Down Here on a Visit* he repeatedly shows the power of characterization that made immortals of such creatures as Mr. Norris and Miss Sally Bowles in the *Berlin Stories*. At the same time he is less willing to stand aside and let his characters operate independently of him than he once was; there is a little too much of the author in the book.

NON-FICTION

FOUR massive nineteenth-century attempts to pierce the veil of appearance and find a new reality are the subject of **The Tangled Bank** by Stanley Edgar Hyman (Atheneum, $10). Darwin, Marx, Frazer, and Freud are the figures Hyman deals with; each was a questioner of the accepted order of things; each found, or thought he found, something a good deal more violent and primitive and strange beneath the surface than had been thought to lie there.

Hyman approaches these four figures not as a specialist in any one of their fields but as a literary critic —or at least that is what he says he does in his preface. In fact he devotes a good deal of his space (and it is a lot of space—*The Tangled Bank* is a big book) to a chronological account of each writer's work. Since all were prolific writers, this in itself is a feat, and a good many readers who are no better educated than book reviewers will find these accounts the most valuable part of the work.

As a critic Hyman is primarily interested in two kinds of patterns—imagery and archetypes. This approach works beautifully on Darwin, because, on Hyman's showing, the stuff of Darwin's vision of life was woven into his very language with extraordinary beauty and complexity. With his wonderful capacity for combining the most minute observation with far-ranging speculation and for expressing it all in prose of the utmost suitability for its purpose,

Darwin left in his works a vision of the wholeness of life that is one of the greatest accomplishments of the human mind. A reader need not be entirely convinced that Darwin's work reveals the archetype of ritual tragedy which Hyman discovers there to be grateful for his sensitive and delicate analysis of the relation between Darwin's thought and his style.

With the other figures Hyman's success is more mixed. Often he points things out without doing very much with them. It is something, for instance, to have Marx's fondness for mixed metaphor brought to our attention, but it would be a good deal more to have a discussion of what such figures reveal about his mind. Again it is something to have Sir James Frazer's characteristic figures pointed out, or his literary source in Gibbon indicated, but it is odd that Hyman seems not to notice that many of the figures are highly conventional and that Frazer's prose does not greatly resemble Gibbon's. (If Gibbon had written *The Golden Bough* it would surely be the funniest book in the English language.)

The central problem in Freud's prose hardly seems to be the analysis of patterns of imagery or archetype (these were, after all, matters in which Freud was not entirely naïve). If his work provides a single central literary problem for analysis it probably lies in his great persuasiveness, his gift for engaging the reader in a dialogue and convincing him. Hyman is by no means unaware of Freud's gift for dialogue, but he does not carry his analysis of the strategy very far.

The Tangled Bank attempts too much; as literary criticism it is more suggestive than definitive, but it gives the amateur of nineteenth-century thought an introduction to four monumental figures by the means that are most readily available to most of us.

ALEX COMFORT is an English physician, biologist, and writer with Aldous Huxley's old flair for combining ideas from a variety of improbable sources into striking and provocative patterns. Comfort's new book of essays, **Darwin and the Naked Lady** (Braziller, $4), touches

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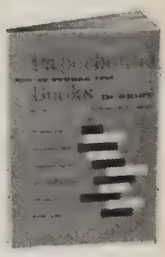
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on so many subjects that it defies brief description, but it may not be inaccurate to say that the central subject is health—the health of art and of society. Comfort believes that Darwin and Freud taken together (he sees them as complementary figures) provide a solid basis for a hard-headed biology, and that a hard-headed biology in turn provides a basis for defining what is healthy. So a good deal of the time he is exploring various kinds of soft-headedness in art and politics, soft-headedness being the neurotic flight from health into fantasy.

In a series of brilliant suggestions Comfort sketches a kind of biology of art. He believes, for instance, that the standards for judging art can have a biological basis, and that there could be a history of art based on biological principles. Baldly put, this sounds preposterous, but many of Comfort's ideas are newer in vocabulary than in sense; I am confident that he is right that we go through periods of immunity to certain kinds of art, both individually and as a society, and I am equally confident that a work of art survives, as an animal does, because it has adaptability, though the differences between a work of art and an animal remain considerable.

As a writer Comfort is something of a daring young man on a flying trapeze, and not every reader will care to follow his gyrations. But he is an extremely stimulating thinker, and few readers who follow him will fail to come away with some new ideas, if only to disagree with.

IN **The Other America** (Macmillan, $4), Michael Harrington explores the reality of poverty behind the appearance of affluence in American society. He believes that some forty to fifty million of our people are poor by any standard we recognize, and he locates them among the aged, the unwanted ethnic groups, the farmers, the voluntary poor (Bohemians), the alcoholics and other mentally incapacitated. (The only significant group omitted are the village poor; a reader could get the impression that poor people live only in very large cities or on farms.)

Harrington may not be a brilliant reporter, but he is deeply concerned and well-informed, with considerable firsthand experience of his subject and a gift for shrewd social analysis. He sees poverty in America as a self-perpetuating subculture largely disguised from most observers because, of the various things poor people need, decent clothes are the easiest for them to get. The most striking of his observations may not at first be believed, but he argues convincingly that the social reforms in America have hardly touched the really poor; the welfare state's minimum-wage laws, social-security system, and other protections that citizens are supposed to enjoy simply do not apply to them.

The Other America is entirely free from smart-aleck sociologizing. It simply and clearly calls attention to a situation that needs to be understood, and amended. A fine book.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Turn of the Wheel, by Roger Vailland.

Mr. Vailland's *The Law* won the Goncourt prize in France and was widely praised by critics elsewhere. This new novel (published first in France in 1948) is about a twenty-year-old marriage that comes to a sorry close, corrupting the innocent along the way, during a year when the couple have moved from Paris to take a year off in rural farming country. It is 1947 but the time doesn't matter. It is a sharp, dry, sometimes brilliant critique of the nature of love and passion. It's too dry and full of hate for my taste; the insights are clever but fiendishly cruel; it delights in its own immorality but not with any pagan joy; and there's very little human kindness in it except in the supporting cast. The writing is so good one hates having it wasted, the gimmicks for forwarding the plot are oddly old-fashioned (letters written to a character who never appears, letters placed, unsealed, in a book), but the descriptions of the countryside and of country scenes (early

morning duck shooting, a difficult calving) are magnificent.

Knopf, $3.50

The Man Who Died Too Soon, by George Harmon Coxe.

Jack (Flash) Casey, the newspaperman-sleuth, must by now be a familiar of all who read good detective stories. Here he is solving two murders, both involving film negatives which have just been willed to him. Will he be next? A pleasant and exciting exercise by one of the best craftsmen in the field. Knopf, $3.50

The Garden, by Kathrin Perutz.

The jacket of this young novel reports that it takes place in a "plushy Vermont college for girls . . . luxurious, permissive, and somewhat irresponsible." But on page four we learn "The campus was beautiful now. . . . The wide Massachusetts slope of grass showed formal contrast to the tiny, well-tended paths that led through the forest nearby. . . . To the left was the river, and beyond that, hills suckling hills. The harbor was hidden from us, but we could hear, as the ships approached or departed, the mournful foghorns saluting each other . . ." The Vermont navy, perhaps? . . . This is a niggling point, part of the continuous battle between author and writer of jacket copy, but it made a displaced reader out of me for awhile.

My real quarrel with the book is much deeper (I mention the book at all only because it seems to me part of a genre or a cult) and is in a way defined by John Berger, the English critic whose essays are discussed later in this column. He is discussing the limitations of an approach to criticism which assumes that your own period is finished rather than continuous: "You think as though history begins afresh with each individual. Your mind is open—but anything can enter it and so seem positive. You will admit the genius and the fool—and not know which is which." I feel that Miss Perutz' novel shows just such an unawareness of past or future, indeed even a lack of ability to distill or refine the immediate experiences she narrates to give them perspective. What she gives us is ebullient, self-intoxicated narrative reporting. The story is full of sex of all kinds as most of the young novels are these days, to the point of boredom, whether her "heroine" is describing her Lesbian ecstasies with her best "friend"—"together we ate the macaroni and cheese, forgetting it was not ambrosia as we gazed at the honey of each other's faces"—or whether they were telling each other "what it was like" to lose their virginity to a man. It is just as preposterous and artistically undisciplined as it sounds and I am afraid I find no trace of (again the jacket) "a critical intelligence behind the scenes." Happily the author is only twenty-two.

Atheneum, $3.95

NON-FICTION

The Guns of August, by Barbara W. Tuchman.

"A sudden shiver of sabers glittered in the sun as the cavalry came to attention" and the body of Edward VII, wrapped in the Royal Standard, was lifted onto "the gun carriage draped in purple, red, and white." This was the funeral of the King of England in May of 1910 and that night Viscount Esher, the King's friend and adviser and chairman of the War Committee, wrote in his diary, "There never was such a breakup. All the old buoys which have marked the channel of our lives seem to have been swept away." In such language, with such pictures, with such quotations does Mrs. Tuchman make utterly absorbing and tragically comprehensible the story of the prelude and the first month of World War I. She seems to have read everything. She reports, with direct quotes from letters and diaries, what the kings and emperors thought of one another. The Czar of Russia "was, in the Kaiser's opinion, 'only fit to live in a country house and grow turnips.'" She quotes Norman Angell writing in *The Great Illusion* in 1910 to prove that wars had now become impossible, and General von Bernhardi, Germany's chief of the Military History section of the General Staff writing at almost the same time: "France must be so completely crushed that she can never cross our path again." This was prelude. Mrs.

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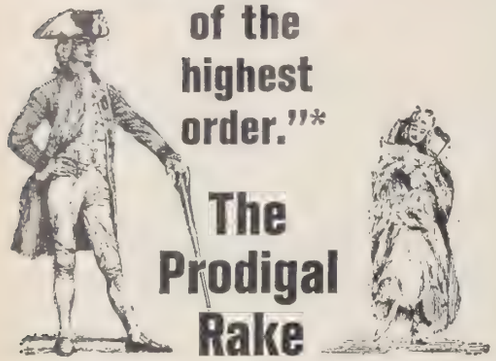
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God and the H-Bomb, edited by Donald Keys. Foreword by Steve Allen.

Last weekend I found a government pamphlet on shelters in my mailbox in the country and it occurred to me that this book might help me make up my mind what I thought about them. The list of distinguished contributors to the book includes Paul Tillich, Israel Goldstein, Martin Buber, Pope Pius XII, Robert J. McCracken, and many, many others. A question on the jacket reads: "What counsel do our spiritual leaders offer in response to mankind's greatest challenge?" I wish I could report that I found their illustrious counsel any more reassuring or less confused than that found in other circles. A great many of these statements do advocate "unilateral withdrawal from the arms race" (from "A Christian Approach to Nuclear War"), and for those who hold this conviction, carrying it through to its ultimate conclusion that this is better even if we are wiped out and Russia is not (half the human race would be saved) I have respect though I can't agree with them. But in the face of Martin Buber's brief statement I have only astonishment. It ends:

> No so-called conciliation is meant but a well-pondered compromise tha can be justified before the generation to come and an adjustment of inter ests providing for the real vital need of the people on both sides, after the well-considered deduction of those that are not vital. The limit has been reached. What do you yourselves prefer? Mutual concessions on the basi of discernment and fairness, or the unwilled suicide of mankind?

Can he have been reading the papers? One wonders if an hour's talk with Arthur Dean who has been heading our side of the nuclear talks in Geneva these many months wouldn't be in order. "Discernment and fairness"? If only it were a possible alternative.

There is evidence that the men of Church and Synagogue seem as unsure as the rest of us before the day to day decisions necessary in the face of so many unknowns. "There is no effort here to present a complete outline of a national policy consonant with the convictions expressed above" (from "A Christian Approach to Nuclear War"). "We cannot know the detailed answers to the many and difficult questions which trouble the world" (from "The Quest for Peace," a report of the Central Conference of American Rabbis—a very thoughtful document following the disclaimer quoted above). Steve Allen's introduction is lucid and heartfelt but promises rather more from the book than I feel it delivers.

Bellemeadows Press,
with Bernard Geis, $3.50

Two very fresh and provocative collections of essays by young Englishmen have just been published in this country. They are quite different from each other and both are quite, quite different from the conventional idea of the charming, discursive English essayist. One, Mr. Berger, is an art critic with most unconventional attitudes; Mr. MacInnes is a critic and defender of the popular arts and a reporter and commentator on some of the more unsavory and difficult aspects of life in England today. Each in his own way is a dedicated reformer.

England, Half-English, by Colin MacInnes.

I can best give the temper of Mr.

MacInnes' mind and interests by quoting a paragraph from his own review of the English production of Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*, which also ran on Broadway last year. In an essay called "A Taste of Reality" he praises Miss Delaney for tackling—and others for not tackling—contemporary themes.

> Consider only some themes suggested in *A Taste of Honey:* what have we learned, elsewhere, about working-class child-mothers, aging semi-professional whores, the authentic agonies of homosexual love, and the new race of English-born coloured boys? Or, to consider other contemporary themes, what really revealing things have we had about the millions of teen-agers, about the Teds, or about the multitudinous Commonwealth minorities in our midst—the Cypriots, the Maltese, and the many thousand Pakistanis? What do we know about the new men of the 1950s—the advertising intermediaries, the television witch doctors, and the show-business buccaneers? Has there been anything good about emblematic figures like the house-property dealers, the upstart travel agents, and the men behind the chain stores that sell separates to the girls and Italian suitings to the boys? And most of all—most, most of all—what do we know about 'uneducated' people, their daily lives, and their vast pop culture?

His answer to this large question is "nothing much." But if Mr. MacInnes goes on writing, we soon will. In this book are reflections on (if anything so vital and passionately involved can be called "reflections") eighteen different subjects among which are included Tommy Steele, the English Elvis Presley; pop songs and teen-agers; cartoons in the *Express*; a trip to Nigeria; the "new coloured" in Britain; and one beautiful encomium on Ella Fitzgerald: "To hear her is to be given, in the most telling and pleasurable form, that particular lift of the spirits that is the great gift of jazz, in its more positive moods, to our frowning, cross-patch age." His emphasis on joy, the "lift of the spirits" mentioned here and in so many of his pieces makes one think (perhaps mistakenly) that his life has had too little of it. From birth he has carried a burden. He is "first-cousin, twice removed, of both Stanley Baldwin and Rudyard Kipling, the great-grandson of Burne-Jones and the son of Angela Thirkell."

Random House, $4

Toward Reality: Essays in Seeing, by John Berger. Introduction by Harold Clurman.

Mr. Berger is a young English painter and art critic who is also a Marxist. Yet he is as different from Russian writers on the same subjects as can be. His criticism is not only historically and intrinsically knowledgeable, it is moving. It is even amusing. He insists (seriously) so often on his social attitude that one almost feels it is to remind himself as much as his reader where he stands. He says:

> The question I ask is: Does this work help or encourage men to know and claim their social rights? First let me explain what I do not mean by that. When I go into a gallery, I do not assess the works according to how graphically they present, for example, the plight of our old-age pensioners. Painting and sculpture are clearly not the most suitable means for putting pressure on government to nationalize the land. . . .
>
> After we have responded to a work of art, we leave it, carrying away in our consciousness something which we didn't have before. . . . What we take away with us—on the most profound level—is the memory of the artist's way of looking at the world. . . . The important point is that a valid work of art promises in some way or another the possibility of an increase, an improvement.

To see him follow this argument through Goya, Mantegna, Piero, Poussin, Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Gaugin, Picasso, to mention a very, very few (his views on Klee and Léger have been the most hotly contested by other critics) is an experience not to be forgotten, never mind the "buts." Harold Clurman, whose introduction is a fine piece of criticism in itself, helps explain Mr. Berger's attitude:

> Berger shares with the romantics "a sense of the future, an awareness of the possibility of a world other than we know." His hopefulness is an incentive to deeds. He may commiserate with contemporary hysteria but is never tempted to succumb to it. "The despair of the artist," he says, "is never total. It excepts his own work."

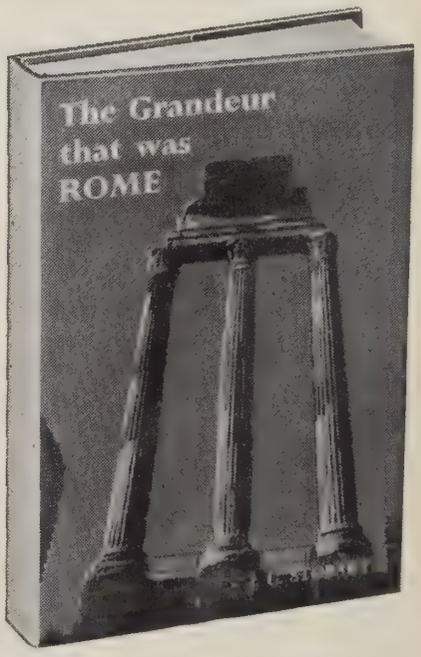
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MUSIC *in the round*

BY DISCUS

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With the **Movements for Piano and Orchestra,** Igor Stravinsky has written a piece of music that completely accepts the Webern post-serial technique. That is, the music is organized along a Webern-type of twelve-tone writing in which rhythmic as well as tonal elements are subjected to a type of manipulation stated in the opening tone row. If this description sounds complicated, it is child's play beside the music itself. Stravinsky always has had an intellectually restless mind, and in recent years he has made a thorough study of Webern's music. Up to a few years ago he had shown no particular interest in it, but now he has immersed himself in the idiom. His *Threni,* about three years ago, had incorporated parts of serial technique. The new *Movements* go all the way.

To many listeners the score may be unrecognizable Stravinsky. Gone are the perky rhythms, the dry melodies, and sparse workmanship normally associated with this composer. In the *Movements* the textures and ideas—on the first few hearings, anyway—are those of any other twelve-tone composer. The relationships are frightfully complicated, and the ear is called upon to recognize thematic transformations that are so disguised as to be virtually incomprehensible. The *Movements* is a rather short piece of music (only eight minutes), but it is as complicated as anything one is likely to hear. Stravinsky finally has done the thing no one would have thought possible: he has submerged the character of Stravinsky into an anonymous-sounding dodecaphonic score.

In this recording the composer leads the Columbia Symphony, with Charles Rosen as the pianist (Columbia ML 5672, mono; MS 6272, stereo). Also on the disc are the **Double Canon for String Quartet,** the **Epitaphium for Flute, Clarinet, and Harp,** the **Octet** and the **Histoire du Soldat.** The Octet dates from 1922, the *Histoire* from 1918, and all the other music from within the last two years. Both the Octet and *Histoire du Soldat* are, of course, among Stravinsky's more popular works and need no description. The *Epitaphium* and Double Canon are unimportant chips from Stravinsky's workshop.

Nearly all of today's advanced composers are writing in serial technique. This kind of total organization, in which an entire composition is derived from the first twelve notes, can lead to music of pulverizing dullness. But in the hands of an imaginative composer the medium can be capable of individuality and personal expression. The **Time Cycle** by Lukas Foss is an example of a score that uses serial elements in an exciting manner. In this piece Foss sets four poems, each poem referring to time, clocks, or bells (hence the title). Between each vocal setting and the next is an improvisation for piano, clarinet, percussion, and cello. The vocal settings recall the Schoenberg of *Pierrot Lunaire:* wide atonal skips, a fragmented melodic line, a pointillistic orchestration.

Free Ways: Foss and Britten

As for the interludes of improvisation, this is what has been especially interesting Foss in recent years. His idea is to have some kind of groundwork (a tone row or whatever) and then let the musicians do what they will. There is nothing new in the idea. Jazz musicians have been doing it for years, and even in Bach's day a musician had considerable leeway in realizing a figured bass. There are some suggestions of atonal jazz

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

in the improvised interludes heard during the *Time Cycle*. Conservative listeners, though, should be warned that the score is wild and dissonant. However, it is the product of a brilliant musician, and it very much expresses a contemporary attitude toward tone and life, in quite personal terms. Leonard Bernstein leads the Columbia Symphony, Adele Addison is the superb soprano soloist, and Foss himself is the pianist (Columbia ML 5680, mono; MS 6280, stereo).

A composer no less modern than Stravinsky or Foss, but one who expresses himself in a more traditional harmonic idiom, is Benjamin Britten. A disc of several of his choral works has recently been issued; it contains the **Cantata Academica, Hymn to St. Cecilia, Hymn to the Virgin,** and the **Choral Dances from Gloriana** (London Oiseau-Lyre 50206, mono; 60037, stereo). As a demonstration of how wide the twelve-tone school has penetrated, it should be noted that the Cantata is built on a twelve-note theme. But that is where any resemblance to dodecaphonism ends. Britten thinks tonally and writes tonally, and his Cantata has none of the dissonances, tensions, and superintellectual relationships heard in so much contemporary music. All of this fine composer's exuberance and flair come through, and this disc is an example of clearly written, sturdy music in the best traditions of English choral composition. Most listeners should admire it immensely. George Malcolm leads four fine soloists and the London Symphony Chorus and Orchestra.

Far-out Landmark

The most ambitious far-out recording of many months is Karl-Birger Blomdahl's **Aniara** (Columbia M2L 405, mono; M2S 902, stereo). This is, literally, a space opera, performed here by soloists of the Royal Opera in Stockholm, with the Orchestra and Chorus of the Volksoper in Vienna conducted by Werner Janssen. Special electronic effects are supplied by the Swedish Radio.

Blomdahl subtitles his opera "an epic of space flight in 2038 A.D." He is a contemporary Swedish composer (born in 1916) who may or may not read science fiction, but who certainly seems to be entranced with space flight. *Aniara* is the name of a



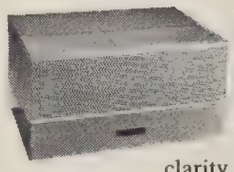
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by Edward Tatnall Canby

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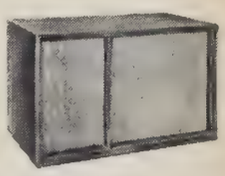
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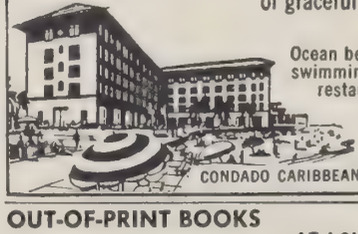
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

space ship, with eight thousand people on board. On a routine run between Earth and Mars the ship is damaged, goes off course, and heads into the galaxy. The opera tells of the reactions of the people on board. (One of them is a dancing girl named Daisi Doody.) Beneath the plot itself are all kinds of symbolism, and the opera has been described as "a tragedy of modern man and of his arrogance in the face of matter."

Aniara has made the tour of European opera houses since its première a few years ago. It has been damned by the conservatives as being too avant-garde, and damned by the avant-gardists as having too many clichés of avant-gardism and, in addition, being too conservative. But in years to come, *Aniara* may stand out as a landmark. It certainly is the first opera to use electronic music in it. Some of it is naïve, a sort of TV-horror-mystery background, and some of it is too obvious (wailing sounds suggesting the music of the spheres), but sections do have a peculiar kind of force. And it is full of new sounds. Thus, even if it is an eclectic mishmash—it even has jazz, suggestions of Swedish folk songs, and whatnot—it points the way toward a future kind of opera in which tape music will play an integral part of the orchestration. That day may be here sooner than most people think. With all of its faults, *Aniara* is interesting, curiously engaging, and, if nothing else, professionally written.

To get the full impact of this score, it must be heard in its stereo version. The engineers have provided almost complete separation, and eerie sounds pass from one speaker to the other. The hi-fi fraternity may not make head or tail of the music itself, but all hi-fiers, who know fancy recorded sound when they hear it, may end up using *Aniara* as a demonstration to show off their rigs.



JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

WILDER THAN WILDER

The Alec Wilder of legend is in at least some measure the inventor of a historic device, the jazz woodwind chamber ensemble: to be specific, the octets bearing his name. Their example, suitably modified by gains in complexity, is audible not only in the small folk-jazz combinations like Jimmy Giuffre's, but in more than a few of the quiet, low-key trios and quartets which have since been trying to attain for jazz an indoor, semi-classical respectability. Wilder was there before them.

He goes his own way. During all this time when the listeners have been groping toward a world where music neither quite jazz nor classical could exist, Wilder has gone right on composing as though the problem had never come up—as though he were a Tin Pan Alley tunesmith, as though he were writing for musicians as skilled as the New York Woodwind Quintet, as though his audience were sophisticated enough to want witty titles, as though all these things were true at once.

The results had a tendency to sound the same. He was so much the master of an intensely personal idiom that he could ripple out a pattern of knowledgeably light-hearted reeds without bothering to fuss over the achievement. There is nearly nothing in him of the cock-crowing talent that calls attention to itself, in consequence of which he may have done his work the disservice of letting modesty produce modest effects. One keeps wishing that the Wilder one loves would raise his voice above the quiet and well-bred—would, if only for a moment, lift up and blast.

Something of the sort has happened in Bob Brookmeyer's new record of Wilder music. This may be more Brookmeyer than Wilder; to couple power with preciosity was not his nature. But it must have done his nature good to hear himself enlarged, as he has been here, through the strong sinews of an able jazz performer.

7 X Wilder. The Bob Brookmeyer 4. Verve V6-8413 (stereo). **Alec Wilder Octet.** Frank Sinatra conducts music of Alec Wilder. Columbia ML 4271 (out of print). **New Music of Alec Wilder.** Mundell Lowe and his Orchestra. Riverside RLP 12-219. **The New York Woodwind Quintet Plays Alec Wilder.** Golden Crest CR 3019. **The New York Quintet Plays Alec Wilder.** Concert-Disc CS-223 (stereo).





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FOR MICHAEL JORDAN

ch'io ho veduto tutto il verno prima
il prun mostrarsi rigido e feroce,
poscia portar la rosa in su la cima . . .

Dante, *Paradiso*, xiii

ONE

Just with his body and from inside like a snake, leaning that black motorcycle side to side, cutting in and out of the slow line of cars to get there first, staring due-north through goggles towards Mount Moriah and switching coon tails in everybody's face was Wesley Beavers, and laid against his back like sleep, spraddle-legged on the sheepskin seat behind him was Rosacoke Mustian who was maybe his girl and who had given up looking into the wind and trying to nod at every sad car in the line, and when he even speeded up and passed the truck (lent for the afternoon by Mr. Isaac Alston and driven by Sammy his man, hauling one pine box and one black boy dressed in all he could borrow, set up in a ladder-back chair with flowers banked round him and a foot on the box to steady it)—when he even passed that, Rosacoke said once into his back "Don't" and rested in humiliation, not thinking but with her hands on his hips for dear life and her white blouse blown out behind her like a banner in defeat.

It was because Wesley was a motorcycle man since his discharge (or would be, come Monday) and wouldn't have brought her in a car if fire had fallen in balls on every side. He had intended taking her to the picnic that way, and when Mildred Sutton died having her baby without a husband and Rosacoke felt compelled to go to the funeral first and asked Wesley please to take her, he said he would, but he saw no reason to change to a car for a Negro funeral. Rosacoke had to get there and couldn't walk three miles in dust and couldn't risk him going on ahead so she didn't argue but pulled her skirt up over her knees for all to see and put her hat in the saddlebag and climbed on.

Riding like that she didn't see the land they passed through—nothing new or strange but what she had passed every day of her life almost, except for the very beginning and some summer days when she had left for 4-H camp at White Lake or to stay with Aunt Oma in Newport News or to set with somebody in the hospital, like Papa before he died. But the land was there, waiting.

The road passed a little way from the Mustians' porch, and if you came up their driveway and turned left, you would be at the Afton store and the paving soon, and that took you on to Warrenton where she worked. But they turned right today and the road narrowed as it went till it was only wide enough for one thing going one way—a car or a truck or a mule and wagon—and it being July, whatever passed, even the smallest foot, ground more dirt to dust that rose several times every hour of the day and occasionally—invisibly—at night and lingered awhile and at sunset hung like fog and if there was no breeze, settled back on whatever was there to receive it—Rosacoke and Mama and Rato and Milo walking to church, if it had been a first Sunday and ten years ago before Milo got his driving license—but settling mostly on Negro children aiming home in a slow line, carrying blackberries they had picked to eat (and if you stopped and said, "How much you asking for your berries?" they would be so surprised and shy and forget the price their mother told them to say if anybody stopped, and hand them over, bucket and all, for whatever you wanted to give, and all the dust you raised would be on those berries when you got home). It settled on leaves too—on dogwood and hickory and thin pine and holly and now and then a sycamore and on Mr. Isaac Alston's cherry trees that huddled around the pond he had made for the hot air to pass over, choked and tan till there would come a rain—trees he had set out as switches twelve years ago on his seventieth birthday and poured fish in the water smaller than the eye could see and claimed he would live to sit in that cool cherry shade and pull out the dim descendants of those first minnows. And he might, as the Alstons didn't die under ninety.

What Alstons *had* died were the things they came to, after trees—the recent ones, overflowed from the family graves and laid out on this side of Delight Baptist Church, looking shorter than anybody would have guessed, with people around them that never had family graves to begin with—Rosacoke's Papa (who was her grandfather and

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who by the time he died had completely forgotten Miss Pauline his wife and asked to be buried beside his mother and then forgot to tell them where his mother was) and Miss Pauline, the size of a dressed rabbit, and Rosacoke's own father who was no Baptist (who wasn't much of anything) and whose grave had sunk into the ground. The graves went towards the church, taking grass with them, and then the white sand began that had been hauled in from a creek bed. The church stood in the sand under two oak trees, wooden and bleached and square as a gunshell box, daring people not to come. The Mustians went and even Wesley Beavers, with *his* name.

But it wasn't where they were going now so they passed by, and the graves and Delight Church and the sand and the two long picnic tables turned to the woods that Milo and Rosacoke and Rato had run in as children with Mildred Sutton and any other Negroes she brought along (that had scattered now, to Baltimore mostly). The woods began by the road and went back farther than Rosacoke or even the boys had ever gone, not because they were scared but because they got tired—the woods went on that long, and every leaf of them belonged to Mr. Isaac Alston. Once Rosacoke and Mildred packed them a dinner and said to themselves, "We will walk till we come to an open field where somebody is growing something." So they walked on slowly in a straight line through the cool damp air under trees where sun never came but only this green light the mushrooms grew by. When they had walked an hour, they were breathing in air that nothing but possums and owls had breathed before, and snakes if snakes breathed. Mildred didn't like the idea but Rosacoke kept going, and Mildred came on behind, looking mostly *up*, checking on the sky to still be there and to see what snakes were studying down on them. Then they came to an open field the size of a circus ring where there were no trees but only bitter old briars and broomstraw the color of Milo's beard that was just then arriving. They sat on the edge of that to eat their biscuits and syrup and for Mildred to rest her feet, but Rosacoke thought and decided they couldn't stop here as it wasn't a field where anybody had *meant* to grow anything. (Nothing ate broomstraw but mules and mules only ate it if they thought it was something you valued.) So they stood up to go, and Mildred's mouth fell open and said "Great God A-mighty" because there was one deer behind them in the trees for quicker than it took to say if it had horns. But its eyes were black and it had looked at them. When its last sound had gone, Rosacoke said, "Don't let's go no farther" and Mildred said "All right." They were not afraid of any deer, but if those woods offered things like that, that would take the time to look at you, when you had only walked an hour, where *would* they end, and what would be growing in any field they found on the other side, and who would be tending it there? So they came out, taking their time, proving they hadn't given up for fear, and when they got to the road, Mildred spoke for the first time since calling on God to see that deer—"Rosacoke, it's time for me some supper"—and they parted. It was no more time for supper than it was for snow, but Mildred meant to get home quick and unload that deer on somebody—his streak he made through the trees and the sound of his horn feet in the old leaves and his eyes staring on through all those biscuits at what they did, and waiting.

If Rosacoke had looked up from Wesley's back at the woods, she might have remembered that day and how it was only nine years ago and here she was headed to bury that same Mildred, and was that black-eyed deer still waiting, and did *he* belong to Mr. Isaac?—that deer? But she didn't look up and she didn't remember. If you were with Wesley Beavers, what good was remembering? You couldn't tell him what you remembered. He said he lived in the present, and that meant that maybe when he went a hundred and thirty miles from home to spend three years in the U. S. Navy, lounging around in a tight uniform fixing radios and not moving a step out of Norfolk, Virginia (or so he said) except to come home a few weekends, maybe he seldom thought of her. Not the way she thought of him anyhow—wondering every night if she was his, hoping she was, even when he didn't write for weeks and then sent sassy post cards. But he had been home a civilian three days now, and tomorrow he was headed back to Norfolk to sell motorcycles with a friend of his, and she didn't know a thing she hadn't known for years—which was that he still came to get her Saturday night and took her to a place called Danceland and danced with every woman there in succession so fast he seemed to be ten Wesleys or a dozen, swarming, and then rode her home and kissed her good night for an hour, without a question or a word.

She thought that through once. It was the

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deepest thinking she could manage on a motorcycle with dust running up her legs, and she was just changing to something new—that at last Wesley had found the vehicle he was meant for (being with Wesley had always been like being on a motorcycle)—when she felt the shift of his shoulders under her cheek and his hips under her hands. The way he moved she slackened her grip for a second. It was too much like holding your eye through the lid while it turns, smooth in the socket but easy to ruin.

She looked up and they were at Mount Moriah Church where they meant to be, and Wesley was turning in, not slowing up at all but gouging a great rut in the dusty yard. He stuck out a leg and his black ankle boots plowed a little way, and that halted them under the one low tree. The coon tails relaxed but Wesley kept the motor going, racing it with twitches of his hand, listening as if he expected it to speak, till Rosacoke said in his ear, "Hush your noise, Wesley."

"Don't it sound funny to you?"

"No," she said. So he let the motor die, and in the astonished quiet where every bird had surrendered to Wesley's roar, the only sound was that truck and the cars coming on behind, rumbling like distant buffaloes, with Mildred. "Get down, Wesley. They'll all be here in a minute." Wesley swung off the seat and watched while Rosacoke got herself down. Now they were still, the heat settled back on them, and they both shook their heads under the burden. But they didn't speak. They had given up talking about it long ago. Rosacoke took out her handkerchief and wiped her face before the sweat could streak the dust. She looked in the round mirror on the handlebars and combed out her hair that had the wind in it still after the ride. With the black tree behind her, you could see the dust fly up around her head from out of her hair, and in the round mirror it outlined her with a sudden halo. Even Wesley noticed that. Then she put on her hat and said, "We didn't need to come *that* quick" and took off towards the church, sinking through the thin crust of ground with her high heels. When she had walked ten yards alone and her white shoes were tan, she turned and said, "*Come* on, Wesley. Let's don't be standing around staring when they get here."

"Well, I'm going to work on this motor awhile to make sure we can get out when we want to. I'll be in there in a little bit. You just save me a seat by the window."

She only blushed—all she ever did now when Wesley let her down (which pretty nearly kept her blushing non-stop)—and said, "Don't go playing that harp" (the harmonica was another thing he had taken up in the Navy) and climbed the steps. She stopped at the top and looked back towards the road. That way, Wesley saw her and thought how far she had come in three years to being this—tall almost as he was, maybe five-foot-nine, and her skin pale as candles laid close on her long bones, and what wind there was, twitching at her hair pulled to the back of her neck, falling down long and dry and the color of straw from under her level hat, stopping below her shoulders where your hand would have been if you had been holding her and dancing with her, close (the only way Wesley danced since his discharge). Then his eyes moved on. And every time he passed below her swinging hair—looking—he got onto women he knew in Norfolk or at the beach and how they smelled, twisting in the dark, and how their smell stayed on him now he didn't recollect their names or how they looked though he had labored in them whole nights of his life and the feel of them was on his fingers like oil, real as if they were by him now under that tree, calling him Junior with their hands working and him starting and them crying "Sweet Jesus!" to him in the night.

But suddenly a bird sang in the tree over Wesley's head, holding up its one clear voice like a deed in the scorching day, and Rosacoke looked at Wesley as if he might have done it—that song—looking clear through him and all he thought, it seemed, shaking her head at what she saw. But Wesley was twenty-two years old his last birthday, and what was so wrong, he wanted to know, with thinking all those things?—except maybe they didn't fit Rosacoke, not the way she was now, new and changed since the times three years ago when they went in to shows in Warrenton and drove nearly home and stopped and spent an hour or longer telling each other good night with the windows misted up, sitting under a tree with pecans falling on the car to make them laugh. Those other women, he had touched and claimed whenever he needed to, but how much of Rosacoke had he touched? Knowing her all that time, how much of her could he see whenever his eyes were closed? How much of her could he claim?—her standing on church steps in Sunday white, straining to see where Mildred was—how much of that could he just walk up and ask for and get?

He might have tried to find out if she hadn't turned and vanished in the dark church, not meaning to roll her hips but letting loose all the power she had there (which was enough to grind rocks) and showing, last thing, her white ankles flexing firm on her heels, and Jesus, he was back in Norfolk sure as the sun poured down. And it did—all over Wesley Beavers from head to foot which was half the trouble. So to change the subject he took out his cycle tools and tightened screws that were tighter already than God ever meant them to be.

Rosacoke remembered in the vestibule that she hadn't been here since the day she slipped off with Mildred and came to the meeting where Aunt Mannie Mayfield stood at age eighty and named the fathers of all her children, far as she could recall. Rosacoke looked round now and

the same three things to notice were there—a bell rope hanging from the steeple for anybody to pull, and a gray paper hornets' nest (built in the window by mistake during the war but deserted now far as the eye could see though nobody would tear it down for fear one hornet might be there still, getting older and meaner) and by the open door to the auditorium, a paper bag nailed to the wall with a note saying, *Kindly Leave Gum Here*. She took one deep breath—as if it was the last she would get all afternoon—and went in, and the hot air came out to meet her like a member.

It looked empty—just a choir at the back around a piano and a pulpit in front of that and on the side a stove and then hard seats enough for a hundred people though it would hold half again that many for anything special like a funeral, but it gave no signs of a funeral today. There was not a flower in sight—they were coming with Mildred in the truck—and nobody had thought to come ahead and open the windows. There were six long windows and Rosacoke picked the back one on the left to open and sit by. She went towards it up the bare aisle, and when she got to the pew, the church wasn't empty at all—there was Landon Allgood laid out asleep, the size of a dry cornstalk, breathing heavy, one arm hanging off the bench to the floor and his shirt buttoned right to the neck. He lived alone in a one-room house a little beyond the church and dug graves for white folks, and his trouble was, he took paregoric when he could get it which was mostly on Saturday and then seldom made it home. You were liable to find him anywhere Sunday morning, asleep. One Christmas before Rosacoke was born, he fell down in the public road, and whoever found him next morning had to carry him to Rocky Mount Hospital and have all his toes cut off that had frozen solid in his shoes. That was why, to this day, his shoes turned up at the ends. Rosacoke didn't know how long he had been there or whether he was ready to leave, but she knew he ought to go before the others came as he wasn't dressed for a funeral so she said "Landon." (She wasn't scared of Landon. She had gone in the store herself and bought him bottles of paregoric with his quarters when she was little and nobody would sell him another drop.) She said "Landon, wake up." But he slept on. "Landon, this is Miss Rosacoke. You get up from there."

He was ready. He opened his eyes and said, "Good morning, Miss Rosacoke" just as if he had met her in the road on the way to work.

"It's afternoon, Landon, and will you please get up and go home?"

"Yes'm," he said, sitting up, noticing he was in church and smiling, "Here I am again." Then "What you doing here, Miss Rosacoke?"

"They are burying Mildred."

"What's wrong with Mildred?"

"She died."

"Well, I do say." He got to his feet and put on his cap and tipped it to her and headed as best he could for the door by the choir that led out back. Rosacoke went on into the pew and raised the window. When Landon got to the door—he even had his hand on the knob—he turned and said, "I'm some kin to Mildred, ain't I?"

"Her uncle I guess."

"Yes'm, that's it." Then he could leave.

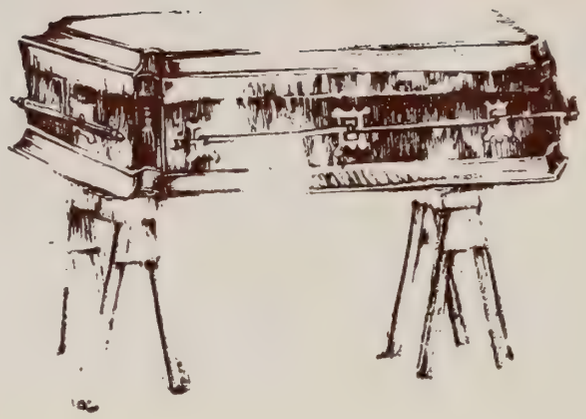
The church sat sideways to Wesley's tree and the road, and Rosacoke could stay by her window and see what happened in the yard. Landon wasn't ten feet out the back when the truck turned in, having a little trouble with the ruts Wesley made and bringing twelve cars behind it, each one paler with dust than the one before and all packed full. The cars unloaded in order and the first two women were Mildred's mother Mary and Mildred's sister Estelle who had stayed at home when all the others scattered because of her health which was poor from the night Manson Hargrove shot her at a dance, both barrels in the chest. (She lived though—shooting Estelle's bosom was like shooting a feather bed.) Then came the little boys that belonged to most anybody. They were brought to help carry the flowers, but when they swarmed out and saw Wesley, they took off towards him and stood in a tight dark ring, staring out at his cycle like the Chariot of God that could fly. But Wesley had stopped his tinkering when Mildred arrived. He answered one or two questions the boys asked—"What do it burn?" and he told them "Coal"—and then nodded good afternoon to Mary and shut up and leaned against the tree. Somebody called out, "You boys come get these flowers." They went over and took up the wreaths and brought them towards the church, and the one in front wore roses around his neck like a horse that has won and can smile.

Mary and Estelle stood by the truck, looking, and that boy kept his eyes and his foot flat on the box as if it was his and nobody was getting it. Then the other women came up, silent. One of them—Aunt Mannie Mayfield who had walked four miles to get there and was so old she didn't remember a soul now she *was* there—hugged Mary and said what seemed to be a signal, and they climbed the steps—two girls nearly lifting Aunt Mannie who could walk any distance but *up* and who would be next. But the men stayed by the truck, and when the flowers had gone, that boy leaned over and shoved the box to the end, and Sammy and three others took it (to say they had, any two could have carried it alone). They stood a minute with it on their shoulders, taking their bearings. Somebody laughed high and clear. The preacher turned to the church and all the men followed.

Rosacoke saw that and thought every minute Wesley would break loose and take his seat be-

side her. But he didn't, not even when the yard was empty, and when she heard Mary and Estelle leading the others in, she had to take her eyes off him and stand and nod to the people as they passed and call them by name—the family taking the front pew and sitting as if something pressed them and the others filling in behind, leaving Rosacoke her empty pew at the back, and all standing up—except the ones with babies—till the box was laid on two sawhorses in front of the pulpit, and a boy laid flowers on the lid over what he reckoned was Mildred's face—one design, the Bleeding Heart that Rosacoke sent at Mary's request (white carnations with roses for blood at the center, which would take some time to pay for). When that was done five women stood in various pews and walked to the choir. The piano started and stopped and for a second there was just Bessie Williams' voice slicing through the heat with six high words, calling the others to follow. It was "Precious Name, Show Me Your Face," and it was Jesus they were singing to—meaning it, looking up at the roof to hornets' nests and spiders as if it might all roll away and show them what they asked to see. But the song ended and Rev. Mingie thanked the ladies and said Mrs. Ransom had composed the obituary and would read it now. Mrs. Ransom stood where she was, smiling, and turned to face Mary and Estelle and read off the paper she held, "Miss Mildred Sutton was born in 1936 in the bed where she died. Her mother is Mary Sutton of this community, and her father was Wallace Sutton, whereabouts unknown, but who worked some years for the Highway and before that, said he fought in France and got gassed and buried alive and was never the same again. She had a brother and three sisters, and they are living in Baltimore and Philadelphia—except Estelle who is with us here—and are unable to come but have sent telegrams of their grief which will be read later. She grew up all around here and worked in cotton for Mr. Isaac Alston and went to school off and on till she started cooking for the Drakes and tending to their children that she loved like they were hers. She worked for them nearly two years, and they would surely be here today if they were not vacationing up at Willoughby Beach. Mildred aimed to go with them right to the last and then wasn't able. She stayed here and died not far from her twenty-first birthday. Her favorite tune was 'Annie Laurie' which she learned from Miss Rosacoke Mustian who is with us today, representing the white friends, and I will sing it now at her mother's request." And standing where she was, she sang it through alone, not to any tune Rosacoke had ever heard but making it on the air as she went, knowing Mildred would never object to that.

Then the preacher read the telegrams. They were all very much like the one from Alec her brother—"Thinking today of little sister and



sorry the car is broke." That seemed sufficient reason. Everybody nodded their heads and one or two said "Amen."

Rosacoke sat through that, trying to see past flapping fans to the box. Every once in awhile somebody would turn to see was she there and, seeing her, smile as though the whole afternoon would fold under if she didn't watch it with her familiar face (the way a boy three rows ahead watched her, holding her in his gaze like some new thing, untried, that might go up in smoke any minute). It was that hot inside and her mind worked slowly back through spring water and shade till she was almost in the night with Wesley, but the voice came at her faintly where she was—"Miss Rosacoke, will you kindly view the body?" It was the preacher standing by her, and she turned from the window—"Now?"

"Yes'm, she is ready." They had uncovered Mildred and they wanted Rosacoke to see her first. Mama had warned her this would happen, but there didn't seem to be a way out. She stood up, hoping the preacher would walk with her (and he did, a few feet behind), and went to the box, setting her eyes on the pulpit behind it so she wouldn't see Mildred the whole way.

They had laid Mildred in a pink nightgown that tied at the throat and had belonged to the lady she cooked for, but she had shrunk to nothing this last week as if her life was so much weight, and the gown was half empty. She never had much bosom—Estelle got most of that and when they were twelve, Rosacoke told her, "Mildred, why don't you buy some stuffing? Your bosoms look like fried eggs"—and the ones she had, swollen uselessly now, were settled on her arms that lay straight down her sides and left her hands out of sight that were her good feature. Sometime during the ride her body had twisted to the left, and her profile crushed bitterly into the pillow. Whoever took off the lid had left her alone. Rosacoke wondered if she should move her back for all to see. She looked at the preacher and nearly asked if that was what he meant her to do. But she thought and turned and walked to her seat down the middle aisle with her eyes to the ground, passing through

everybody waiting to look, feeling stronger with her part done and Mildred turned to the wall where nobody would see.

And so was Wesley turned away. He was squatting on the ground, and his shoes were sunk in the dust, but he was polishing every spoke in the wheels of that machine as if he never again intended driving it over anything but velvet rugs. The congregation lined up to view Mildred, and Rosacoke had time to think, "Tomorrow he will ride it to Norfolk and take his new job and sell motorcycles for maybe the rest of his life, but he can't leave it alone for one hour and sit by me through this service."

And he polished on with his arms moving slow as if they moved through clear thick oil. At times he would rock back on his heels to study what he had done, and his sides would move above his belt to show he was breathing deep—the only way he gave in to the heat. When he was satisfied he stood and cleaned his hands on a rag and his arms to where his sleeves were rolled. But it was grease he was wiping, not sweat. He was somebody who could shine a whole motorcycle in the month of July and not sweat, and his dark hair (still cut for the Navy, stopping high on his neck) was dry. It didn't seem natural and when he leaned against his tree and stared at the ground, he looked to Rosacoke as cool as one November day six years ago, and she thought about that day, so clear and cool—the first she saw of Wesley. He lived three miles from her, and all her life she heard about the Beavers but never saw one till that day—a Saturday—when she went out in Mr. Isaac's woods to pick up pecans off the ground. It was too early for that though—the leaves were gone but the nuts hung on, waiting for a wind, and there was no wind this day—so she was heading home with mighty little in her bucket, going slow, just calling it a walk now, when she looked ahead, and in one tall tree that the path bent round was a boy, spreading his arms between the branches and bracing his feet like he was the eagle on money. It was a pecan tree and she walked straight up under it and said, "Boy, shake me down some nuts." Not saying a word he gripped the branches tighter and rocked the fork he stood in, and nuts fell on her like hail by the hundred till she yelled out to stop or else her skull would crack. He stopped and she picked up all the pecans she could carry, thinking the whole time he would climb down and help her, but he stayed up there and when she looked at him once or twice, he wasn't even watching her—just braced on his long legs that rose in blue overalls to his low waist and his narrow chest and bare white neck and his hair that was brown and still cut for the summer, high above his ears by somebody at home, and his eyes that stared straight out at sights nobody else in Warren County was seeing unless they were up a pecan tree.

"What are you looking at?" she asked him.

"Smoke."

She looked but the sky looked clear to her. "Don't you want to share out these pecans?"—as if bushels of them weren't lying all around her.

"I don't much like them."

"Well, what are you doing up that tree then?"

"Waiting, I guess."

"Who for?"

"Just waiting."

"Who are you?"

"Wesley"—as if he was the only Wesley ever made.

"Don't you want to know who I am?"

"Who are you?"

"Rosacoke Mustian—how old are you?"

"Going on sixteen."

"That's old enough to get your driving license. My brother Milo and me slept in the same bed till he got his driving license, and then Mama said he would have to move."

He smiled at that and she saw the smile was as close to victory as she was coming that day so she said, "Thank you for shaking the tree" and went on home and didn't see him again for nearly a year, but she thought of him in the evenings long as those nuts lasted—him caring for nothing but the smoke she couldn't see, wondering if there was fire somewhere, waiting.

Through that the line went on past Mildred. Some of them—the young ones mostly—skipped by her fast as they could and took a little look and jerked away, and Jimmy Jenkins fell out in the aisle on his way to sit down because he held his eyes shut till he was past Mildred (to keep from having her to remember). A good many took their time though and were sorry her head had turned, but nobody reached in to set her straight, and when Minnie Foot held her baby up to see and he dropped his pacifier in the box, they considered that pacifier gone for good—except the baby who commenced to moan and would have cried if Minnie hadn't sat down in time and unbuttoned and nursed him off to sleep so deep he didn't hear Sarah Fitts when she saw Mildred and wailed "Sweet Jesus" at the sight, but the name went out to Wesley wherever he was (out the window and facing the church but not seeing it, not studying the funeral), and he looked up quick and smiled—maybe at Rosacoke, maybe at the whole hot church—and still smiling, straddled his cycle in a long high leap like a deer and plunged downward on the starter like that same deer striking the earth and turned loose a roar that tore through the grove and the whole afternoon like dry cloth ripped without warning and Wesley was gone.

Rosacoke saw it that way, that slowly. After her remembering she had turned from the window to watch the last ones pass Mildred and to get ready for the testimonials that would be next, but when Sarah released her "Jesus," Rosa-

coke looked out to Wesley again to see what he would do about *that,* saying to herself, "That is one something he has got to notice." So she saw it from the beginning—his leap—seeing the deer in him as he started and with him still smiling, something even stronger when he reared on his black boots with the calf of his leg thrusting backwards through his trousers to turn loose the noise. She could see that and not think once what he had done or wonder would he come back. She could even turn and watch Mary and Estelle being led to take their last look and breaking down and taking everybody in the church with them into tears except Rosacoke who had as much right as anybody, knowing Mildred so long. But she didn't cry because suddenly the sound of Wesley's cycle stopped—he had taken it up the road a quarter of a mile beyond the church and now surely he would be circling round and coming back to wait. And sure enough he began again and bore down on the church like an arrow for their hearts till every face turned to Rosacoke, wondering couldn't *she* stop his fuss, but she looked straight ahead, not seeing him when the noise got louder and loudest of all and fell away quick as it had come. That little staring boy three rows ahead slapped his leg and said out loud "Mama, he *gone.*" Wesley had passed her by. He was headed for the concrete road, she guessed, and the twenty miles to Mason's Lake and the picnic and everybody there.

"Supposing he is gone for good," she said to herself. "Supposing I never lay eyes on him again," and that made her wonder what she would have left, what there would be that she could take out and hold or pass around and say, "This is what I got from knowing somebody named Wesley Beavers."

There were these many things—a handful of paper in a drawer at home that was the letters and postal cards he had sent her. (He didn't write much and when he did, it was like getting a court order, so distant and confusing that you wondered for days what he meant by some sentence he meant nothing by and wound up wishing he hadn't written at all or wanting to call him up, long distance, wherever he was and say, "Wesley, I would like to read you this one sentence you wrote" and then read him his own words, "We went to Ocean View last Saturday and met some folks at a eating stand, and they asked us why we didn't come on and go skinny-dipping by moonlight so we did and had a pretty good time and stayed there till Monday morning early," and afterwards ask him, "Wesley, will you tell me what sort of folks you would meet at a hotdog stand, and what is *skinny-dipping* please?" But how could you just pick up the phone and pay good money to say that when all he would answer was, "What are *you* worried about?") Besides the letters there was one picture of him—a grinning one in uniform—and a poem she wrote for a What I Am Seeking in an Ideal Mate Contest (but never sent in as it got out of hand) and a sailor cap he gave her at her request. (She could have bought it for a dollar at any Army-Navy store. She wore it once when he came home, hoping he would take a few photos of her but of course he didn't, and finally she *gave* him the only likeness he had of her, all but forced it on him as a birthday present—Rosacoke Mustian from the neck up, tinted, and looking less like herself than anybody you could imagine.)

That much, then, but wasn't that much left of everybody she ever knew who was gone for good? —the rusty snuff cans that kept turning up around the yard as signs of her Papa, and even the collars of every dog she ever had, and a 1937 New Jersey license plate that hung on the back porch to this day—the one thing she knew that was left of her own blood father who found it the evening she was born, lost on the highway, and brought it home drunk as a monkey and nailed it up over the waterbucket and said, "Will everybody please recall this is the year my daughter was born"—that one thing and nothing else, not a picture, not a thread, no more than if he had been swept away by the Holy Ghost, bag and baggage, in a pillar of fire instead of drunk and taken at dusk by a pickup truck he never saw but walked straight into as if it was a place to rest.

So would there be more than that of Wesley?—anything besides that first November day and a lot of Saturday nights and this last afternoon with him vanishing in a roar and dust? It came to her—what he had said the night before when he was quiet and she asked him if, when he was in the Navy, he looked much at her picture. "Sometimes," he said. "Why?" she said and he said, "Because I would forget what you looked like" and then laughed. Thinking about it though, she reckoned he meant it, laugh and all. He had known her seven years nearly, and when he went that far from home, sometimes he forgot her face. But what was so bad about that? Rosacoke herself when she went to 4-H camp in the summers (and that was for only eight days) would lie on her cot at night, thinking, and suddenly one of them—Mama or Rato or Milo or Papa—would be walking around in her thoughts with no more face than a cheese has got. She would strain to recollect the features and even try to draw out a face in the air with her finger, but sometimes it wouldn't come till she got back home and looked. Funny how when you could remember every mole on President Roosevelt's face and see Andy Gump clear as if he had ever breathed, still you couldn't call up a face you had spent your whole life with. But it never was Wesley she forgot even when he was no more to her than the farthest Arab on burning sands.

There would be the way he looked. And

wouldn't that be with her always?—whoever she would meet, wherever she would go even in her sleep—the sight of his face up a tree amongst pecans or down from the tree six years and turned to what he was this afternoon but holding in him all the time that younger Wesley, unchanged and hard at the core, untouched and maybe untouchable but enough like an unlabeled seed, dry and rattling in her hand, to keep her wondering from now on if he might not have gone on growing—that first Wesley—and learned a way to look at people that didn't make them feel ten thousand miles away and to think about something but the U. S. Navy and motorcycles and to talk to people when they talked to him and say whatever he meant and stand still—supposing he had learned all that before it was too late, wouldn't he have made a lovely sight, and then if someday he had ever had to go, couldn't he have left something suitable behind him such as a child that would bear his funny name but have his face and be half hers and answer when she called?

It was the one thing left of Mildred (once they lidded that box again)—her child that had lived God only knew how, dark and hard in the orange crate they lined with white and laid him in, his back curved inwards and his spidery arms and legs twisting inwards to his navel as if something was winding him up with a key or as if he didn't know he was already born and had killed his mother and that there was nothing to call him but Doctor Sledge as no father came forward to tell what his real name was—hard dry little fellow with nothing to go on but half his mother's blood and maybe her looks and the way she used to talk held inside him in case he lived, waiting.

The preacher was waiting too now they had got Mary and Estelle away from Mildred and set them down again. He had intended to have the testifying next, but he could see Rosacoke was studying something besides the funeral so he went ahead and gave his remarks that were supposed to be the last thing before they shut the box—about all of us being raised from the grave including Mildred, but not a word about that live baby no more than if Mildred had died of sore throat. He watched Rosacoke the whole time to see when she would look round and be ready, but she looked on out the window through every word, even the prayer, and when he came to the end of all he could do, he had to say quietly to the back row, "Miss Rosacoke, we all know Mildred thought a heap of you, and it seem like you thought a heap of her"—a lot of people said "Amen"—"and I wonder is there any testifying you could do for her now?" His voice carried and Rosacoke looked round slow and blank as if he had called her from the edge of sleep. To help her out he went on, "If you can find anything in your heart to say, we would be mighty glad." Everybody was watching her. She nodded her head. She had meant to think out in advance what was best to say, but nothing about this afternoon had gone as she intended. She bit at her upper lip because of the heat and stood up and said, "I hadn't seen much of Mildred lately, but we always observed each other's birthday, her and me, and the other evening I thought to myself, 'It is nearly Mildred's twenty-first birthday' so I walked down to her place after supper, and nobody was there except the turkey. I didn't know till the next afternoon they had carried her away. There I was just waiting to give her a pair of stockings and wish her a long and happy life and she was already gone."

That was what she could find in her heart. She wondered if there ought not to be more, but if there was, it was covered now by other things. She sat down and before anybody could thank her, she thought what seemed to be the truth right then—"Everybody I know is gone." In the stifling air she went as cold all over as a pane of glass and took up her pocketbook and pressed her hat safe on her head and walked straight out of church—not from grief, not shedding a tear—but stopping the funeral dead while everybody watched her out of sight and Mrs. Ransom said "She is overcome" and punched Sammy her son at the end of her row and told him, "Sammy, go see what ails that child."

Sammy went and there was Rosacoke on the middle step, hanging onto her hat as if a storm was due, the sun laying her shadow backwards to the door and her just staring down the road. Not wanting to scare her by speaking, Sammy struck a match on his shoe and lit a cigarette. She looked around—just her dry eyes—and said, "Sammy, aren't you burning up in all that wool?" (He was in dark blue—the one man she had seen all day dressed like he knew what a funeral was.)

"If you needing to go somewhere, Miss Rosacoke, Sammy can take you." He said it as gentle as if it was the hospital she might need.

She hesitated as if she was thinking of a map and was on the verge of saying something distant such as—"Buffalo." "I don't reckon so, Sammy. I may have to go home and I can walk that."

"In this heat?"

"I have played baseball in worse than this and so have you," she said. Then thinking what she had done by walking out on the testifying, she said, "I don't intend to ruin Mildred's funeral any further by taking *you* away. Go on back in and tell Mary I'm sorry I can't stay, but I got to locate Wesley."

"No telling where he, Miss Rosacoke, with that machine between his legs."

"No. But I'll be saying goodbye to you, Sammy."

"Yes'm." And she walked into the yard and towards the road in her high heels that were not meant for standing in, much less walking.

Sammy finished his cigarette and saw her vanish at the first turn. He was the age of her oldest brother Milo, and this was the first day he had ever called her *Miss* Rosacoke—nothing else to call her, the way she looked, though they played many games of baseball together before Mr. Isaac hired him—her and Milo and Rato (and Mildred and Mildred's sister Baby Lou at shortstop). He had driven the truck today and carried a fourth of the box, and it was generally guessed he was the one might tell the world what the rightful name of Mildred's baby was so he went back to where they had given up waiting. Bessie Williams was singing "Come Thee Disconsolate" which by now Rosacoke couldn't hear.

She walked in the middle of the road, looking down. Wherever the dust was thick there would be the track of Wesley's cycle printed like a message to her. Seeing that, she would speed up a little and sad as she felt, smile and think, "What do I think I am—an Indian nosing out a deer?" But she would come to long stretches where the dust had blown away, and there would be nothing but the baked red ground that took no more sign of Wesley than if he had flown every now and then. The smile would fade and she would walk even faster to get to the next deep dust till her legs, from the knee down nearly, were streaked with the red and her shoes were fit for nothing but burning. She could see that but she said right out to the trees around her, "I will see him if I have to walk to Norfolk." That thought clogged through her chest and mouth till she gasped for every breath she got, and everything else was choked—Mildred, the heat, her shoes—leaving nothing but Wesley hanging up in her, not speaking a word, and her at the worst she had ever been. She couldn't cry. She couldn't speak. But she thought, "I have spent six years thinking of Wesley Beavers day and night, giving him things he didn't want, writing him letters he barely answered, and now I am trailing him like a dog and him at Mason's Lake, I know, cooling off. I will stop walking when I get home and rest in the swing, and I hope he sells motorcycles till he drops."

She was coming to Mr. Isaac's woods where the deer had been so long ago for her and Mildred, and Wesley's tracks that hadn't showed for awhile showed again—not straight but twisting over the road from ditch to ditch. She said, "If that is his idea of fun, I'm glad I'm walking," and she looked up at the woods and decided to step in and take their shade till she was cool again.

Between the road and the woods was a narrow gully from the last rain. She took off her shoes and held her hat and jumped it and landed right away in deep moss that was cool with damp from God-knew-where. She took a look in both empty directions and decided to go on barefooted so she struck inwards a little from the road, and when it was nearly out of sight, she turned and walked on parallel to the narrow dust she could see through the trees. She was still in hollering distance if anybody was to pass that needed hollering at. Working indoors all summer the way she had, her feet were tender, and she yielded to them with pouts and little hunches of her shoulders when a stick cracked under her or a rock pressed up from the ground, and the sight of an old blacksnake stopped her dead till he raised up as if to speak and she beat him to it—"Well, old brother, which way are *you* headed?" and he went looping off slow over a log and on deeper in the trees. That kept her looking at the ground from then on, but once when she stopped to breathe, there was a red cardinal staring at her from the same bent tree she and Mildred had called a horse and ridden a thousand miles. She couldn't think how a cardinal sang, but any bird will answer you once, however you sound, so she whistled three notes, and he answered just to show her the right way. She told him "Thank you" and tried it his way, but he had given all he meant to give and sat there and swelled up. "What are you looking so biggity about?" she asked him. "You look like every cardinal *I* ever saw." He headed on too for the heart of the woods—north—and if he wanted, he could make Virginia by dark. She called after him, "You better stay in North Carolina, boy. You are the official bird here." Then she wondered, "Why don't I follow him and see where *he* leaves me?" But what reason was there to take off barefooted after a bird?—unless he was aiming for the spring. The spring would be reason enough. She looked back to the road but the dust lay still. Nobody was going anywhere or coming back so she struck deeper for the spring with that bird singing before her as if his heart would burst.

The only path to the spring was two tracks the width apart of Mr. Isaac's truck wheels, left from the days when nobody but he and a few wild children knew it was there. She followed on, picking her way through glossy poison oak, and when she came to the spring (the bird wasn't there, he was halfway to Virginia), it was only a wet circle in the leaves, choked with whatever had fallen from the trees since Mr. Isaac's last stroke. (It had been his private spring that he kept clean long as he could, not for drinking purposes but to cool his feet.) Rosacoke laid down her shoes and hat and bent over and put her hands in where the leaves were wettest—slowly, hoping there wasn't a lizard around—and lifted them out till there was a basin of brown water the size of the evening sun and cold as winter ever got. Looking in it, trying to see her face, she thought of the evening they found this spring—her and her brothers and maybe five Negroes. They had chased all the way from home, hollering some game back and forth till Milo who was leading stopped and raised up his

hand like an Indian brave. They halted in a ragged line behind him, and before they could speak, they saw what he had seen—Mr. Isaac there through the darkening leaves, his trousers rolled high and pure cold water ringing round his little bird ankles and him not noticing the children at all or where the sun had got to but staring ahead, thinking. He looked up once in their direction—maybe he couldn't see—but he never spoke a word, not to say "Go on" or "Come here," and directly they all whirled round and started home, circling him wide, leaving him to whatever it was made him look like that. Afterwards, some scorching days they would come and look at the spring and think how cool it was, but seeing Mr. Isaac that once was all they needed. Not a one of them would have waded in if they had been blazing bright from the waist down. Rosacoke had drunk from it though on the day they saw the deer (she had remembered the deer), checking first to see had Mr. Isaac waded lately, then bending over and touching the water with nothing but her lips. She had told Mildred, "Come on. He ain't been here today and it's run clean," but Mildred said, "I don't care if he ain't been here in a month. I can wait. That ain't mouth water no more."

It would be mouth water now—rising up clean for nobody but Rosacoke. Everybody else had forgotten or was long past needing cool feet and drinks of water. She took her seat in the shade on ground that sun hadn't touched since the trees were bare, and she thought of washing her dusty feet. The broiling day was above her, but her feet were deep in moss, and damp was creeping through her dress. "Let the spring run clean," she thought. "I am cool enough the way I am. It will take time but time is the one thing left of *this* day, and when it is clean I can drink. Maybe some water is all I need."

And maybe while the spring ran clean, she could find the broomstraw field. Surely the deer was there and even if she failed to see him, wouldn't he still see her?—peeping through the cluttered woods with his black eyes, watching every step she took, twitching his tail in fright, and not remembering that other summer day, not connecting this changed tall girl with the other one he had seen, not wondering where the black girl was, not caring, not needing—only water, grass, the moss to lie in and the strength of his four legs to save his life. But wasn't it far to walk? Hadn't it taken them an hour to get there, and even if the deer was to kneel and eat from her hand, who would there be to cry "Great God A-mighty" the way Mildred had?—to show it was the one wonderful thing she ever saw, the one surprise. Her baby was no surprise. Rosacoke had met her in the frozen road last February when they were both working and hadn't met for some time. They agreed on how cold it was and wouldn't they be glad to see summer. That seemed all they had to say till Mildred moved to go, and her old black coat swung open—there was her chest flat under a shrunk-up pink sweater that hugged tight to the hard new belly stuck in her skirt like a coconut shell. Rosacoke asked her, "Mildred, what in the world is that?"

"Nothing but a baby," she said and smiled and shut her coat.

"Whose baby?"

"Well, several have asked me not to say."

"Is it somebody from around here?"

"Bound to be."

"And you haven't tried to throw it?"

"What I want to throw him for, Rosacoke?"

"Won't nobody marry you?"

"Some of them say they studying about it. Ain't no hurry. Just so he come with a name."

"Why on earth did you do it, Mildred?"

"I don't hardly know."

"Well, are you glad?"

"Don't look like *glad* got nothing to do with it. He coming whether I glad or not"—and said goodbye and walked away home. Rosacoke had stood in the road, shivering, to watch her out of sight. She went with her thin wrists held to her sides, not swinging, and her fine hands clenched, and when she was gone round the first bend (not looking back once), she was gone for good. Rosacoke never saw her again—not alive, not her face. Mama had said, "I don't want you going to Mildred's another time till they get a Daddy for that baby. The way she's been messing around, they're going to have trouble finding one, and there's liable to be some cutting before they do." Rosacoke had stayed away, not because of what Mama said but because that one cold afternoon was the end of whatever Mildred she had known before. Now Mildred knew things Rosacoke didn't know, things she had learned just lying still in the dark, taking her child from somebody she couldn't see, and what could you say to that new Mildred, her load growing in her every second without a name, sucking blind at her life till his time came and he tore out and killed her and left himself with nothing on earth but a black mouth to feed and the hot air to howl in?

"And here I have walked out on her burying because of Wesley Beavers and his popping machine," she said and stood up at the sound of his name. It was her first thought of Wesley since seeing that bird and it startled her. She said it again—just the name—to test herself. But the name came easy now, not with so much rising in her chest. This was the way she worked—let Wesley pull one of his tricks or go back to Norfolk from a leave and she would nearly die with grief or anger till she could think of something big enough to take her mind off how he looked, not smiling, not answering when she called. Not everything was big enough, only things that had no connection with Wesley such as people telling sad stories or going to walk where Wesley had

never been. Sometimes nothing big enough would come, and then there was nothing to do but hope each night the next day would be better, and usually it would (though she had to keep her eyes off pecan trees and not hear rain frogs beyond the creek at night or harmonica music). She would go on that way and finally be all right and free and bothered by nothing but, sometimes, the thought, "How can I say I love somebody who can leave and not worry me no more than this?"—till he came home again, bringing his face like a chain to loop around her neck.

Now with Mildred on her mind, she was free, and from sitting awhile she was cooler. She looked into the spring. It was working but it wouldn't be clear before night. "I will just rinse off my feet," she thought, "and go home and stir up some Kool-Ade and set in the swing and think of what to do for that baby to make up for how I acted today."

She pulled her dress high above her knees and sat again by the edge of the spring and not being able to see the bottom, stuck in her red feet slowly, saying, "If there's water moccasins down there, they are welcome to *these* feet." But her feet sank into cold mud, and brown clouds wreathed the shank of each white leg. She pulled her dress even higher and showed—to herself, to any passing bird—the tender blue inside her thighs that had barely seen the light all summer. Seemed a pity—even to her—having that firmness and keeping it hid (unless she went to Ocean View and showed it to every sailor on the sand). "Well, you're saving it, honey, till the right time comes," she said, breaking the silence above her where the birds had quieted—she wondered when, not noticing them so long. Then she saw the mess she was making of the spring and thought, "I'd be ashamed if I didn't know it would purify a thousand times before anybody needs it again."

But she was wrong. A dim rustling broke the quiet between her and the road, and gradually it turned to somebody's footsteps bearing down on the cracking sticks towards her. "Everybody I know is picnicking or burying," she thought, "and no stranger is catching me like this." She grabbed up her shoes and ran twenty yards to hide behind a cedar. The steps came on and she peeped out. Whoever it was hadn't appeared but there lay her hat by the spring big as a road sign and no hope of getting it now because it was a man that was coming—his shape moved on through the leaves but not his face, not yet.

It was Wesley who broke into sight, stroking through the branches like a swimmer with his head held down and his ankle boots turning in the soft ground till he was beside the spring and shaking his head to see how muddy it was. Rosacoke strained to see on him some sign of where he had been and why he was here, but all she could tell was that, wherever he had gone, he had combed his hair—a fresh part marched across his head like a chalk line—and that he was almost standing on her hat, and what would he do when he saw it? But he looked down for a long time, working his tongue in his mouth as if the next thing to do was spit in the spring and complete the mess, and Rosacoke's hat might as well have been air.

When he moved it was a step backward to leave, and Rosacoke hoped he would step on her hat—then she could speak—but he missed the hat and turned to the road. She took the last chance and stepped out and said, "Wesley, what do *you* know about this spring?"

He reached with both hands for his black belt as if guns were hanging there for such emergencies and hitched up his trousers—"I know somebody has stirred Hell out of it."

"That was me," she said. "I was just rinsing off my feet when I heard you coming—except I didn't know it was you. I figured you was picnicking by now."

He smiled and took another look at the spring and frowned. She walked towards him, holding her shoes. "I don't stir it up *every* day, Wesley. I don't strike out home in the dust every day either." She bent down for her hat—he never moved his foot an inch. "I was watching you from behind that cedar, wondering when you would notice my hat."

"I didn't know it was yours," he said.

"Good thing it wasn't a rabbit trap or you'd have lost a leg." She set it on her tangled hair. "I'll have my name painted on it real big so you won't fail to know me next time." Then she dried her feet with the palm of her hand and put on her shoes.

"You ready for this picnic?" he said.

She looked to see where the sun had got to. It was well past three o'clock. "I had given up on the picnic, Wesley. Anyhow, by the time we got there everybody would be gone."

"Suits me," he said. "There'll just be that much more water to swim in. But Milo will be there, you know, and your Mama said she would save me some chicken."

"Well, I can't go looking like the Tarbaby. You will have to stop at home and let me change my clothes."

"No need," he said. "Everybody will look like Tarbabies by the time we get there," and he took her hand and started for the road. They were nearly at the cycle, and Rosacoke had stood it long as she could—"You haven't said a word about where you tore off to or what I was doing at the spring."

"I went home to get something I forgot, and you said you was cooling off."

"I don't normally walk a mile on a July day to soak my feet."

"If you will hush up, we can ride twenty miles, and you can soak everything you've got."

"I have soaked sufficient, thank you. I have also changed clothes three times today—going on four—and I wouldn't peel off again to bathe in the River Jordan."

"Well, it's nothing but Mason's Lake we're going to, and you can sit on the bank and watch me execute a few Navy dives."

He was already on the cycle and waiting for her, but there was one more thing to ask. "Wesley, how did you know about Mr. Isaac's spring?"

"Somebody showed it to me a long time ago."

"Who?"

"One of my old girl friends." He laughed as if it wasn't so but it was—and laughed on in Rosacoke's head above the roar while she climbed on and laughed still when she laid against his back like sleep, wondering only who that old girl was till they were halfway to the lake and she changed to remembering Mildred. "They are burying Mildred Sutton now. If I had not forgot, I would be there where my duty lies—not *here* anyhow, hanging onto somebody I don't know, streaking off towards a good time, straddling all the horsepower Wesley Beavers owns."

Milo sighted them first of anybody from where he stood at the top of the tin sliding board, slicking back his hair and detaining behind him a whole line of children while he decided whether he would try it headfirst (and risk rupturing a thing or two) or just his normal way. From the top he could see where the highway bent by the lake, and when Wesley and Rosacoke made the turn and were near enough to notice him, his problem was solved—he flipped bellydown on the wet slide and hollered "Here come Rosa" and waved with one hand and held his nose with the other and shot head to toe out of sight in the muddy lake. A cannon sound rose up behind him. (He was twenty-four years old, and Sissie his wife was as pregnant as women ever got.)

Wesley had seen Milo and stopped by the water. He laughed again with his goggles turned to the spot where Milo sank and said, "I bet there ain't a scrap of skin left on either side of Milo," but behind the goggles he was skimming the whole lake to see who was floating, even while he helped Rosacoke down. She was looking too. They were looking for the same floater, and Willie Duke Aycock was nowhere in sight.

Milo surfaced and stood up in the shallow end near them, every hair on him (the color of broomstraw) curling downward to the lake like streams. He grabbed his groin and moaned, laughing, "Good thing Sissie is already served. *I'm* finished." Then he rearranged everything inside his trunks and said, "Wesley-son, I don't advise you to try no belly-sliding, else you might deprive Rosa of a lovely future."

Rosacoke said "Milo *behave!*" But she smiled and Baby Sister came out to meet them, trailing a string of little wet girls—mostly Guptons.

"You just missed the baptizing," Baby Sister said. "I have baptized every one of these children today—some of them more than once."

"I'm glad you got them before they passed on," Wesley said, walking already towards the bathhouse, taking off his shirt as he went. "They look like cholera chickens right now." The Guptons just eyed him, not understanding—yellow and nosy and slick as peeled squirrels with hard round stomachs poking through their bathing suits and tan hair roping round their eyes raw and wide from so much dipping.

"You two don't look so good yourselves," Baby Sister said and huffed off towards what was left of the Pepsi-Colas, leaving the Guptons hanging in blistering sun.

Rosacoke called after her "Where is Mama?"

"Nursing Sissie over yonder in the shade."

The shade was behind the bathhouse under a close knot of pines that was all Mr. Mason had left, bulldozing his lake, and the remainder of Delight Church's picnic was mostly spread out there—on Rosacoke's right nearest the water, Mr. Isaac Alston in the black leather chair he went everywhere in (that he had barely left since his last stroke), staring at the swimmers and waiting for Sammy to come back with the truck. His collar was undone and there was that line drawn straight through the middle of him—one side moving and one side still—and beyond him was Rosacoke's Mama on a wool blanket, fanning Milo's Sissie who was leaning back, white as fat meat, on a pine with her eyes shut and her hands folded on her belly, not expecting to live, and a little way out of the trees in a pack of their own, a number of Guptons in chalk blue, all exactly alike, set up in the sand straight from the waist as hinges, shoving gnats off their bony legs and lean as if they had never eaten all they could hold (though they had just eaten half a picnic).

Rosacoke was not swimming and Mama had already seen her so she knew there was nothing to do but head for the shade and on her way, speak greetings to Mr. Isaac. That was her duty, as he had been good to them. But bad as she felt, she couldn't face telling him who she was—whose daughter (he never knew lately until you explained and then seldom showed any thanks for your effort). She lowered her head not to see him and bore to the left and circled towards Mama, dusty as she was and blown (with the feel of wind from the ride still working in the roots of her hair), but Mama called to her from ten yards away, "How was the funeral?" so she detoured a little to speak to Marise Gupton who was Willie Duke Aycock's sister and had been in grammar school with her but looked a hundred years older from giving Macey Gupton the children Baby Sister had dipped. When she got to Marise, Marise looked up with no more pleasure



or recognition than Mr. Isaac would have showed and let her begin the talking. All she could think to say was, "Marise, have you been swimming yet?"

"I ain't swam once since my first baby," she said, and her fourth baby who was her first boy and three months old, named Frederick, cried from a wad of blankets on the ground behind her. (Macey her husband was sleeping beside him. He was Milo's age and he couldn't swim.) Marise frowned up to Rosacoke at the noise, but she reached back and took him and laid him on one shoulder. He was hid in a heavy knit suit and a cap that covered his ears (all blue to match his family), and crying so hard, he looked like a fired cook-stove.

Rosacoke said, "Don't you reckon he's *frying*, Marise?"

Marise said "No" and that seemed the end of what they could say as Marise was opening her dress with her left hand. Before she was open completely, Frederick rolled down his head and his jaws commenced working. His wet mouth was seeking her breast through blue cotton cloth. "Just *wait*," she said, a little harsh—to him, not Rosacoke. But Rosacoke waited too, not speaking, and Frederick found what he needed. Marise didn't talk either but watched her baby—number four—pulling hard at her life. In a little, still sucking with his eyes shut tight, he halfway smiled, and Marise gave him a quick little smile in return—her first of the day. Rosacoke might just as well have been in Egypt (and very nearly felt she was) so she looked on ahead and went towards Mama.

Mama said, "How come you didn't speak to Mr. Isaac?" and before she could answer, "You look like you rode in on a circular saw" and kept on fanning Sissie.

Rosacoke said, "If that's what you call a motorcycle, I *did*."

Sissie barely opened her eyes and said, "I wish somebody had took me motorcycle riding on a rocky road five months ago, and I wouldn't be this sick today."

"What's wrong with Sissie?"

"Not a thing," Mama said, "except she had already eat her Brunswick stew when Milo announced about old Mr. Gupton losing his teeth. But there was no way on earth to have told her any sooner. Mr. Gupton was the last man to stir the stew before they served it up, and he had been carrying his teeth in his shirt pocket to rest his gums. Well, everybody had commenced eating their portion except Mr. Gupton, and Milo noticed him frowning hard and feeling his pockets and looking on the ground all round the pot so Milo went over and asked him was anything wrong, and he said, 'I have mislaid my teeth.' *Mislaid!* There he had been leaning over twenty gallons of delicious stew for a solid hour, and where were his teeth *bound* to be? Well, not in the stew it turned out, but nobody knew that till some time later when one of the children found them, unbroken, over by the woodpile where he had dropped them, picking up wood. But as I say, Sissie had eat hers and collapsed at the false news long before the teeth appeared, and here she's laid ever since, me fanning her like a fool." Then Mama thought again of what she had waited all afternoon to hear—"How was the funeral?"

"Mama, it wasn't a picture show."

"I know that. I just thought somebody might have shouted."

"Maybe they did. I didn't stay to the end."

"Why not?" But Mama broke off—"Look at Wesley."

Wesley had run from the bathhouse and taken the high-dive steps three at a time and up-ended down through the air like a mistake at first, rowing with his legs and calling "Milo" as he went (for Milo to laugh), but then his legs rose back in a pause and his arms cut down before him till he was a bare white tree (the air was that clear) long enough for Rosacoke to draw one breath while he went under slow—not a sound, not a drop and what began as a joke for Milo's sake didn't end as a joke.

"He can dive all right," Mama said. "Reckon he has touched bottom by now," and at that Wesley shot up, holding a handful of bottom overhead as proof, the black mud streaming down his arm.

"If he's been on the bottom, he's eat-up with leeches," Sissie said. "I told Milo if he got a leech on him, he wasn't coming near *me*."

"Wesley is too speedy for any leech to take hold of," Mama said.

Rosacoke said "Amen" to that.

"I can't speak for the leeches," Sissie said, "but Willie Duke Aycock has took hold already." (Willie Duke had had her eyes on Wesley since the seventh grade when she grew up overnight several months before anybody else, and there she was paddling out to him and Milo now, moving into the deepest part with no more swimming ability than a window weight, so low in the water nobody could tell if she had on a stitch of clothes and churning hard to stay on top.)

"She can't keep it up long," Rosacoke said.

"Honey, she's got God's own water wings inside her brassiere," Sissie said. (And Sissie was right. Willie Duke had won a Dairy Queen Contest the summer before, and the public remarks on her victory were embarrassing to all.)

"Well, I don't notice Milo swimming away from her," Rosacoke said, at which Milo and Wesley grabbed Willie Duke and sank without a trace.

People in the lake began circling the spot where the three went down, and Rosacoke stood up where she was, shading her eyes in hopes of a sign. Mama said, "They have been under long enough," and Baby Sister was running for the lifeguard when they appeared at the shallow end, carrying Willie Duke like a sack of meal to dry land and laying her down. Then they charged back and swam the whole lake twice, length and breadth—Milo thrashing like a hay baler—before they raced up to the shade and shook water on everybody's clothes and lit two cigars Milo had in Sissie's bag.

There was a leech, yellow and slick, sucked to Wesley's leg. Nobody saw it till Sissie yelled. It was the last blow of the day for Sissie. She just folded up like a flower and lay back, swallowing loud. Mama stopped her fanning to look, and Milo of course made the first comment—"That leech is having *him* a picnic now"—and Wesley showed he wasn't too happy by stamping his foot. But Rosacoke sat up on her knees, and the leech, being almost on Wesley's hip, was level with her eyes, about the size of her little finger, holding on with both its ends and pulling hard at Wesley's life. She touched the end that was the mouth and it crouched deeper inward.

Mama said, "Don't pull it off, Rosa, or Wesley will bleed to death."

And Milo said, "If we just leave him alone, he can get enough to last till the next church outing, and Wesley will never miss it."

Wesley said, "Milo, if you are so interested in feeding animals, I'll turn him over to you just as soon as I get him off," and he took the cigar and tried to burn the leech's head, but his hand shook and he burnt his leg. "Rosa, you do it," he said and handed the cigar to her. She blew off the ashes and touched the mouth. It flapped loose and dangled a second before the tail let go, and when it hit the sand, it hunched off, not waiting, in three measuring steps towards the water before Mama got it with her shoe and buried it deep till there was no sign left but Wesley's blood still streaming. Rosacoke gave him a handkerchief to hold on the bite, and he wore it round his leg like a garter.

Then everybody could calm back down, talking a little about nothing till the talking died and Baby Sister wandered back and said she was tired

and flopped in the sand and sang the Doxology (her favorite song), and when they felt the low late sun pressing so heavy through the pines, sleep seemed the next natural thing. Milo and Wesley stretched out in their bathing suits—hair and all laid right in the sand—and Rosacoke propped against the other side of Sissie's tree, and they slept off and on (except Mama who could never bat an eye till the sun went down) until Macey Gupton yelled his three girls in, and the yell woke up Baby Sister who was hungry and said so (who was also twelve years old, with every crumb she ate turning to arms and legs). Mama tried to hush her but she woke up Wesley who was hungry too and who shook Milo's foot and said, "Milo, why don't you ask that question you was talking about in the lake?"

Milo came to and asked it. "Mama, what have you got in the way of something to eat?"

"Enough for us six," she said, "and we'll eat it when the five thousand leave." (She meant the Guptons. She couldn't fill them up.)

But it was already past five. The lake had emptied of everything but one old man (not on the picnic) asleep in his inner tube, rocking with the water while it slowed down and woke him up, and the only clue to this being a pleasure lake was the high dive quivering and the temporary-looking slide, and up in the shade the picnic was drifting away. The signal for leaving was when Mr. Isaac's Sammy came back from the funeral with his blue suit still on and drove the truck right to Mr. Isaac's feet and buttoned his collar and lifted him in and loaded on the chair and nodded his head towards Rosacoke. She nodded back and Sammy drove off, and Milo said, "That is the nigger killed Mildred Sutton."

Rosacoke said, "You can't prove that."

Milo said, "No'm, and your friend Mildred couldn't neither. If you back up into a circular saw, you can't name what tooth cuts you first."

Rosacoke swallowed hard but she didn't answer that. Nobody did. They looked off towards the Guptons for relief. The Guptons were all lying down except Marise, but they swatted gnats to show they were not asleep. What they were really doing was *lingering* to find out the Mustians' plans—every few minutes a head would rise up and peep around in case an invitation was on the way. That got Milo's goat and when Frederick cried again, Milo said loud enough for Marise to hear, "What that baby needs is a bust in the mouth!"

Wesley said, "That's what they all need."

Mama said "Hush!"

And Sissie said, "He's *had* it twice already since noon. Don't make her pull it out again."

So finally with nobody saying a word about free supper, the Guptons had to leave. Macey stood and said "Let's go eat" and waved silly to Milo and led off towards the truck. The others straggled on and when they were loaded in, Baby Sister said "O. K. Mama." Mama looked round. The Gupton truck hadn't moved but she guessed it was safe, and she pulled out the stew and chicken and a whole box of eggs (deviled before breakfast) that nobody but Milo would touch.

The Guptons still didn't move—maybe their engine was flooded—but the Mustians were deep in eating (even Sissie) when Mama looked up and said "Oh Lord." Willie Duke Aycock had appeared from the bathhouse door and was heading their way. (The Guptons of course were riding her home. Her family hadn't come.) She stopped at a little distance and spoke nice to Mama and called Rosacoke's name like an item in a sick list and asked if she could speak to Wesley a minute.

Milo said, "Go get her, son," and Wesley went out to meet her with a silly grin that Willie Duke matched as if it was their secret. And she stood right there facing the whole group and whispered to him with her tiny mouth. Her wet hair was plaited so tight it stretched her eyebrows up in surprise, and her high nose bone came beaking white through the red skin, and she had on the kind of doll-baby dress she would wear to a funeral (if it was hot enough)—the short sleeves puffing high on her strong arms and the hem striking her just above the wrinkled knees.

Rosacoke didn't speak a word. She swallowed once or twice more and then set down her supper, not wanting another bite. All she had eaten hung in her stomach like a fist. Milo said *"Sick* her, Rosa!"

"Shut up," she said and he did.

When Willie Duke stopped whispering and went to the truck and Wesley came grinning back to take up his eating, Rosacoke couldn't look at him, but she frowned to silence Milo who was swelling with curiosity before her eyes. Wesley ate on, not alluding once to Willie Duke's brazen visit, and everybody else was looking at the ground, picking at little roots and straws. Finally Milo had to speak—"How many more you got, Wesley?"

"More what?" Wesley said, knowing very well *what.*

"Women trailing you? I bet they're strung up the road from here to Norfolk right now, waiting for you to pass."

Sissie said, "Milo just wishes he had a few, Wesley," but Wesley didn't say "Yes" or "No." And Rosacoke didn't make a sound. The trouble with Wesley was, he never denied anything.

Milo said, "How do you know I ain't got a whole stable full?"

"Well, if you have, Sissie's got the key to the stable now, big boy," Sissie said and patted her belly that was the key. Mama said they all ought to be struck dumb, talking that way around Baby Sister—around *anybody.*

"We are just joking, Mama, and nobody asked you to tune in," Milo said.

"I'm *not* tuned in, thank you, sir. I was thinking about your brother and how he would have enjoyed this day." It was the first thought of Rato anybody had had for several weeks and they paused for it.

Milo said, "He's happy as a baby right where he is and getting all he can eat." (Rato had been in the Army four months, as a messenger boy. He had got tired of working for Milo—taking his orders in the field—so early in April he hitched down to Raleigh and found the place and said he had come to join. They asked him what branch did he want to be in and he said "*Calvary*." They said there hadn't been any cavalry for ten years and how about the Infantry? He asked if that was a walking-soldier, and they said "Yes" but if he didn't mind carrying messages, he could so he said "All right.")

"I wasn't worried about him eating," Mama said. "I was just regretting he missed the funeral —off there in Oklahoma carrying messages on a Sunday hot as this. Rato knew Mildred good as you all did, and I reckon her funeral was big as any he will ever get the chance to see."

"Why didn't *you* go then and write him a description?" Rosacoke said, seeing only that Mama was hoping to hear about the funeral now, not seeing that Mama was thinking of Rato too.

"Because my duty was with my own."

"Deviling eggs for Milo to choke over? Is that what you call your own? And fanning the flies off Sissie Abbott's belly? And keeping Baby Sister out of deep water? I'm glad you are sure of what's yours and what ain't." That came out of Rosacoke in a high, breaking voice she seldom used—that always scared her when it came. The skin of her face stretched back towards her ears and all the color left. And Milo winked at Wesley.

Mama said the natural thing. "I don't know what you are acting so grand about. You said yourself you didn't stay to the end."

"No, I did not and do you want to know why? Because Wesley wouldn't sit with me but stayed outside polishing his machine and in the midst of everything, cranked up and went for a ride. I thought he had left me for good and I ran out."

Milo said, "Rosa, you can't get upset everytime Wesley leaves for a minute. All us tomcats got to make our rounds."

Wesley smiled a little but Rosacoke said, "Milo, you have turned out to be one of the sorriest people I know."

"Thank you, ma'm. What about your friend Wesley here?"

"I don't know about my friend Wesley. I don't know what he is planning from one minute to the next. I don't even know my place in that line of women you say is strung from here to Norfolk."

Milo turned to Wesley—Wesley was lying on his back looking at the tree—"Wesley, what is Rosacoke's place in your string of ladies? As I am her oldest brother, I have the right to ask." Wesley lay on as if he hadn't heard. Then he rolled over suddenly, flinging sand from the back of his head, and looked hard at Rosacoke's chest, not smiling but as if there was a number on her somewhere that would tell her place in line. It took him awhile, looking at all of her except her eyes, and when he opened his mouth to speak, Rosacoke jumped up and ran for the lake in her bare feet.

Mama said, "What have you done to her, Wesley?"

"Not a thing, Mrs. Mustian. I ain't said a word. She's been acting funny all day."

"It's her battery," Milo said. "Her battery needs charging. You know how to charge up an old battery, don't you, Wesley?"

Mama ignored him and said, "That child has had a sadder day than any of you know."

"Sad over what?" Milo said.

"That funeral."

Sissie said she hadn't noticed *Mama* pouring soothing oil on anybody, and Milo said, "No use being sad about that funeral. I knew Mildred just as long as Rosa, and she didn't get nothing but what she asked for, messing around. Nothing happens to people that they don't ask for."

Mama said, "Well, I am asking you to take me home—that is the sorriest thing you have said all day, and the sun is going down. That child won't be but twenty years old and she died suffering." She took the box of supper right out of Milo's lap and shut it and said, "Baby Sister, help me fold up this blanket." There was nothing for Sissie and Milo and Wesley to do but get off the blanket and think of heading home.

Rosacoke had taken her seat on a bench by the bathhouse with her back turned, and Wesley went down that way, not saying if he meant to speak to Rosa—maybe just to change his clothes. When he had gone a little way, Mama called to him, "Wesley, are you going to ease that child?"

"Yes'm," he said. "I'll try."

"Will you bring her home then and not go scaring her with your machine?"

"Yes'm," he said. "I will." And Mama and them left without Milo even putting his trousers on—Sissie carried them over her arm—and whatever last words he wanted to yell at Wesley got stopped by the look in Mama's eye.

All Rosacoke was seeing from the bench was pine trees across the lake on a low hill and two mules eating through clover with short slow steps towards each other. Somewhere on top of the hurting, she thought up a rule. "Give two mules a hill to stand on and time to rest and like as not

by dark they will end up side by side, maybe eight inches apart from head to tail, facing different ways." It wasn't always true but thinking it filled the time till Wesley came from the shade and stood behind her and put one thick hand over her eyes and thinking he had come like a panther, asked her who it was.

"You are Wesley," she said, "but that don't tell me why you act the way you do."

"Because I am Wesley," he said and sat beside her, still in his bathing suit.

The sun was behind the pines and the mules now, shining through their trunks and legs to lay the last red light flat on the empty lake. The light would last another hour, but the heat was lifting already, and Rosacoke saw a breeze beginning in the tails of those two mules. "Here comes a breeze," she said and they both watched it. It worked across the lake—too feeble to mark the water—and played out by ruffling the hem of her dress and parting the curled hair of Wesley's legs. They were the only people left at the lake except Mr. Mason who owned it. He was on guard in the cool-drink stand as hard as if it was noon and the lake was thick with screaming people.

Wesley laid his hand above her knee. "Let's go swimming before it's night."

"What am I going to swim in?—my skin? This dirty dress is all I've got."

"You could rent one over there at the drink stand."

"I wouldn't put on a public bathing suit if I *never* touched water again. Anyway, why are you so anxious about me swimming? I thought you got a bellyful of underwater sports with Willie Duke."

"No I didn't," he said and laughed.

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't get a bellyful."

That made her thigh tighten under his hand, and she looked away to keep from answering. So Wesley stood up and waded out to where the water was deep enough to lie down and then swam backwards to the diving board with his head out just enough to keep his eyes on her. It was his finest stroke and she wasn't seeing a bit of it, but when he twisted round and rose and grabbed the ladder to the board—she saw that, him rising up by the strength of his right hand, not using his feet at all and hitching his red trunks that the water pulled at. (Even the skin below his waist was brown.)

Then he dived one lovely dive after another—not joking now for Milo's sake but serious and careful as if there was a prize to win at sunset—and she watched him (not knowing if that was what he wanted, not being able to help herself). Once she narrowed her eyes to see only him, and once while he rested a minute, she focused on the hill beyond and those two mules that only had a short green space between them now. Then Wesley split down through the green with his red suit, blurred and silent and too quick to catch.

Before he surfaced, somebody spoke to Rosacoke. "Young lady, what kin is that boy to you?" It was Mr. Mason who owned the lake. He had shut up the cool-drink stand and was there by the bench with his felt hat on, hot as it was.

"No kin," Rosacoke said. "I just came with him. We are the left-overs of Delight Church picnic." She looked back to Wesley who was pretending not to notice Mr. Mason. "He has just got out of the Navy—that boy—and looks like he's trying to recall every dive he ever learned."

"Yes ma'm, it do," Mr. Mason said, "but I wish he won't doing it on my time. I mean, I'm a preacher and I got to go home, and the law says he can't be diving when I ain't watching. He can swim a heap better than me I know—I ain't been under since I was baptized—but you all's church has paid me to lifeguard every one of you, and long as he dives, I got to guard. And I didn't charge but nineteen cents a head for all you Delight folks."

Maybe Wesley was hearing every word—he wasn't that far away—but just then he strolled off the end of the board and cut a string of flips in the air as if to show Mr. Mason *one* somebody was getting his nineteen cents' worth. That time he stayed under extra long, and when he came up way over on the mule side, Rosacoke said, "Wesley, Mr. Mason has got to go home." Wesley pinched his nostrils and waved Mr. Mason goodbye.

That seemed to please Mr. Mason. He laughed and told Rosacoke, "Lady, I'm going to leave him alone and deputize you a lifeguard. He is your personal responsibility from now on." He took off his hat and took out his watch and said, "It is six-thirty and I am preaching in a hour. What must I preach on, lady?"

"Well, if you don't know by now," she said, "I'm glad I haven't got to listen." But she smiled a little.

And he wasn't offended—"What I mean to say is, you give me your favorite text, and that's what I'll preach on."

Rosacoke said, " 'Then Jesus asked him what is thy name and he said Legion.' "

"Yes ma'm," he said, "that is a humdinger" (which wasn't the same as committing himself to use it). Then he said he felt sure they had enjoyed their day and to come back any time it was hot and he left.

So Rosacoke and Wesley were there alone with nothing else breathing even but those two mules and what few birds were hidden on the hill that sang again in the cool and whatever it was that sent up those few bubbles from the deepest bottom of the lake. There was an acre or more of water between them (Wesley was still on the mule side, up to his waist), but they saw each

other clear. They had had little separate seeings all day—his sight of her at the church that threw his mind to all those Norfolk women and her seeing him out the window, rubbing his machine or stroking through bushes to the spring or vanishing under the lake with Willie Duke Aycock in his hands—but this was the first time they had both looked, together. Wesley had his own reasons and she had hers and both of them wondered was there a reason to move on now past looking, to something else.

Wesley found a reason first. "Rosa," he called and the name spread flat on the lake and came to her loud, "have you got anything I can drink?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I am thirsty."

"Well, you are standing in several thousand gallons of spring water."

He took that as a joke and lay down and swam straight towards her over the lake that had been brown in the sun but was green with the sun gone down—the water flat green and pieces of bright plant the swimmers stirred up ragged on the surface and Wesley's arms pale green when they cut the water and his whole body for a moment green when he walked up the narrow sand and stood by the bench and looked again. She smiled, not knowing why, and turned away. Her hair had darkened like the water, and turning, it fell across her shoulder in slow water curves down the skin of her white neck to the groove along her back that was damp. He saw that. She said, "The drink stand is closed." He nodded and walked off to the bathhouse, and she figured they were going home now so she walked back to the pine shade and got her shoes that Mama had brushed and left there and went down to the motorcycle and stood. Wesley came out with nothing on but his shirt over his red trunks and no sign of trousers anywhere.

"Who stole your trousers?" she said.

He didn't answer that. He just said "Come here" and waved her to him. There was nothing to do but go, and when she got there he took her hand and started off round the lake away from the motorcycle.

"Aren't we going home?" she said. "I mean, Mr. Mason has shut it up and all—maybe we ought to go."

"Maybe I can find some drinking water up in them trees," he said.

"Wesley, there is plenty of drinking water at every service station between here and home. Why have we got to go tearing through some strange somebody's bushes? I have had a plenty of that already today."

"Hush up, Rosa," he said. She hushed and he held up the barbed wire, and she crawled under onto the hill with the mules. One yellow hair of hers caught in the wire, and Wesley took it and wrapped it round and round his finger.

"Is that mine?" she asked, stroking her head.

"It's mine now."

"Well, you can have it. The sun has bleached me out till I look like a hussy."

"What do you know about a hussy?"

"I know you don't have to go to Norfolk, Virginia to find one."

"What do you mean?"

"You know who I mean."

"If it's Willie Duke Aycock you mean—she will be in Norfolk tomorrow along with them other hussies you mentioned."

That was like a glass of ice water thrown on her, but she held back and only said, "What is she going up there for?"—thinking it was just a shopping trip to buy some of those clothes nobody but Willie Duke wore.

"She's got a job."

"Doing what?"

"Curling hair."

"What does she know about curling hair with that mess *she's* got?"

"I don't know but she's moving up, bag and baggage."

"What was she asking you about then?"

"She wanted to know would I ride her up."

Rosacoke took her hand out of his. "On that motorcycle?"

"Yes."

"Then she is crazier than I thought she was"—they were climbing the hill all this time, looking ahead to where the trees began—"Are you taking her?"

"I don't know yet."

"When will you know?"

"By the time I'm home tonight." He took her hand again to show that was all he was saying about Willie Duke and to lead her into the trees.

They walked through briars and switches of trees and poison oak (and Wesley bare to every danger from the hip down) with their eyes to the ground as if a deep well of water might open at their feet any minute. But when the trees were thick enough to make it dark and when, looking back, she couldn't see the mules, Rosacoke said, "Wesley, you and me both are going to catch poison oak which Milo would never stop laughing at, and you aren't going to find any water before night."

"Maybe it ain't water I'm looking for," he said.

"I don't notice any gold dust lying around—what are you hunting?"

There was an oak tree on Wesley's right that was bare around the roots. He took her there and sat in a little low grass. She clung to his hand but stayed on her feet and said, "Night will come and catch us here, and we will get scratched to pieces stumbling out." But the light that filtered through the trees fell on Wesley's face, and when she studied him again—him looking up at her serious as if he was George Washington and had never smiled—and when he pulled once more on her hand, she sat down

with him. A piece of her white dress settled over his brown legs and covered the pouting little mouth where the leech had been, and she asked him something she had wondered all afternoon —"How come you are so brown even under the belt of your bathing suit?"

He folded his suit back to the danger point and said "From skinny-dipping."

"You never told me what that is."

"It's swimming naked."

"Where?"

"Anywhere you can find a private beach and somebody to swim with you."

"Who do you find?"

"People ain't hard to find."

"Women you mean?"

"Ain't you asked your share of questions?" he said and lifted her hair and hid under it long enough to kiss her neck.

She drew back a little, finally sick from all the afternoon, and said, "Wesley, I am sorry and I know it maybe isn't none of my business, but I have sat in Afton on my behind for the best part of three years making up questions I needed to hear you answer, and here you are answering me like I was a doll baby that didn't need nothing but a nipple in her mouth."

He didn't speak and when she turned to him, he was just looking at his feet that were almost gone in the dark. For awhile the only noise was a whippoorwill starting up for the night, but Rosacoke watched Wesley through that silence, thinking if he looked up, she would know all she needed, but he didn't look up and she said something she had practiced over and over for a time like this—"There are some people that look you in the eyes every second they are with you like you were in a building with some windows dark and some windows lit, and they had to look in every window hard to find out where you were. Wesley, I have got more from *hitchhikers* than I have from you—just old men with cardboard



suitcases and cold tough wrists showing at the end of their sleeves, flagging down rides in the dust, shy like they didn't have the right to ask you for air to breathe, much less a ride, and I would pass them in a bus maybe, and they would look up and maybe it wasn't me they were looking at, but I'd think it was and I'd get more from them in three seconds than you have given me in three whole years."

He didn't even answer that. He hadn't seen that every question she asked was aimed for the one she couldn't ask, which was did he love her or didn't he, and if he did, what about those women Milo mentioned and he didn't deny, and if he didn't, why had he kept her going this many years and why was he riding her up and down on a brand-new motorcycle and why did he have her under this tree, maybe miles from drinking water and the night coming down?

He didn't answer but when she was quiet he commenced to show her why. For awhile he did what he generally did around her face and lips and her white neck. And she let him go till he took heart and moved to what was underneath, trying for what he had never tried before. Then with her hand she held him back and said, "Is that all you want out of me?"

"That's right much," he said. And if he had let her think a minute and look, he might have won, but he said one more thing. "If you are thinking about Mildred's trouble, you ain't got that to worry about. You'll be all right. That's why I left the funeral—to go home and get what will make it all right for me and you."

"No, Wesley," she said. Then she said, "It is nearly dark" and stood up and asked him to take her home.

"Rosa," he said, "you know I am going to Norfolk again. You *know* that don't you?"

"I know that," she said. She took a step to leave.

"—And that maybe I'm riding Willie Duke up there?"

"Wesley, you can ride Willie Duke to Africa and back if she's what you're looking for. Just make sure she don't have Mildred's trouble." So Wesley gave up and followed her out of the woods—her leading because she had on shoes and could cut the path—and when they got to the hill, it was almost night. All they could see was the mules outlined against the lake below, resting now and as close as Rosacoke guessed they would be. Wesley saw them and said "Congratulations, mules."

At the bathhouse Rosacoke kept going to the cycle, and Wesley turned in to put on his trousers. But there were no lights in there, and Rosacoke could see up at the eaves the glow he made with a match or two before he stamped his foot and came towards the cycle with his trousers and boots in his arms. She said, "Do you mean to ride home naked?"

"Hell no," he said, "but I ain't hopping around another minute in yonder where it's dark and snaky." He switched on the headlight and stood in its narrow beam and stepped out of that red suit into his trousers with nothing but a flapping shirt tail to hide him, and Rosacoke turned her face though he didn't ask her to.

Then not stopping once he took her home round twenty miles of deadly curves hard as he could, and she held him tight to save her life. When they were almost there she squeezed for him to slow down and said to stop on the road and not turn in as Mama might be in bed. He did that much—stopped where she said by a sycamore tree and turned off the noise and raised his goggles and waited for her to do the talking or the moving. She got down and took what was hers in the saddlebags, and seeing the house was all dark but one door light the moths beat on, she asked him to shine his light to the door so she could see her way. He did that too and she walked down the beam a yard or so before she turned and tried to say what needed saying. "Wesley—"

"What?" he said—but from behind the light where she couldn't see.

And what she couldn't see, she wasn't speaking to—"Have a good trip."

"All right," he said and she walked on to the house and at the porch, stood under the light and waved with her hat to show she was safe. For a minute there was no noise but rain frogs singing out behind the creek. Then the cycle roared and the light turned back to the road and he was gone.

Rosacoke wondered would she ever sleep.

WHEN he was gone three weeks and no word came, she sent this letter to him.

August 18

Dear Wesley,

How are the motorcycles? Cool I hope. And how are you? Sleeping better than us I hope. All the ponds around here have dried up and nobody in the house but Baby Sister has shut an eye for three nights now. We are treating each other like razor blades. If there doesn't come a storm soon or a breeze, I will be compelled to take a bus to some cooler spot. Such as Canada. (Is that cool?) My bedroom of course is in the eaves of the house under that black tin roof that soaks up the sun all day and turns it loose at night like this was winter and it was doing me a favor. My bed feels like a steam pressing machine by the time I crawl in. Last night by 1 a.m. I was

worn out from rolling around so I went downstairs and stretched out on the floor—under the kitchen table so Milo wouldn't step on me in the dark, going for his drinks of water. The floor wasn't any cooling board but I had managed to snooze off for a good half hour when here comes Sissie tripping down in the pitch black to get her a dish of Jello (which is what she craves). I heard her coming (I reckon they heard her for miles) and knowing how scarey she is and not wanting her to have the baby right there, I stood up to announce my presence but before I could say a word, she had the light on and her head in the ice box, spooning out Jello. Well what could I do then? I figured speaking would be the worst thing so I kept standing there by the stove, big as a road machine but trying to shrink, and Sissie was on her second dish before she turned around and saw me. That was it. She held onto the baby—don't ask me how. Cherry Jello went everywhere. Mama was there in a flash and Milo with the gun, thinking there had been an attack. Sissie calmed down right easy—for her—but not before it was sunup and the chickens who had heard the noise were clucking around the back porch in case anybody felt like feeding them. So what point was there in going to bed? None. Mama just cooked breakfast and we sat there and stared at each other like enemies. Before we had even washed dishes, the sun was hot enough to blister paint and I had to go to Warrenton and spend the day putting through telephone calls between people who talked about how hot it was. Guess what a lovely day I had. I would never have got through it if I hadn't plugged in by mistake to some Purvis man telling his fancy woman it was all off and her saying, "That's what you think!"

But the heat doesn't bother you, does it? I wonder why. Low blood, I guess. Have you ever had it tested? Being in the Navy, you must have.

I will stop now as Milo said he would walk with me to Mary Sutton's to take some clothes for Mildred's baby—not much I'm afraid, with Sissie laying claim on everything here. The baby is living. I don't know why but maybe he does. The baby, I mean. All I have talked about is me and my foolishness but nobody here has done a thing except sweat since you left. I say left—looks like you left three years ago and aren't coming back.

Goodnight Wesley. It has just now thundered in the west. Maybe it is going to rain.

Love to you from,
Rosacoke

For that, in two weeks' time, he sent her a giant post card of a baby with a sailor hat on in a baby carriage, hugging a strip-naked celluloid doll and sucking on a rubber pacifier. The caption said, *I Am A Sucker For Entertainment,* and Wesley said,

Hello Rosa, I hope you have cooled off a little bit by now. From the heat I mean. Yes we are having it hot here too but it don't keep me from sleeping when I get in the bed. That doesn't happen regular as summer is the big season on motorcycles and when I am not closing a sale I am generally out at Ocean View where I have friends and can take me a relaxing dip. That is where I am writing you this card from. I would write you a letter but I am no author. I know Milo is having a hard time waiting out Sissie's baby. Tell him Wesley said Ocean View is the place for Tired Rabbits.

—And it stopped there. He had crowded it exactly full of his big writing, and there was no room left to sign his name or say "Yours truly" or any other word that gives you away.

Rosacoke waited awhile, wondering if she had the right, and then said,

September 15

Dear Wesley,

It doesn't seem like a fair exchange—me writing letters and you writing cards—but here I am anyhow because it is Sunday and I can't think of anything else to do. I can't think of anything else but you. (You are no author but I am a poet.) Seriously Wesley, there are alot of questions playing on my mind. They have been playing there six years nearly and tonight I feel like asking them.

Wesley, I want to know are we in love? And if we are, how come you to act the way you do—tearing off to Norfolk after a motorcycle job when you could have stayed back here with your own folks, including me? And not even trying to answer me when I write but telling me about relaxing with your friends at Ocean View and not saying who—just leaving me to wonder if it's Willie Duke Aycock you're riding around or some other body I've never seen. Wesley, that is no way to treat even a dog—well it's one way but it don't make the dog too happy.

I think I have held up my end pretty well and I am wondering if it isn't time you took up your share of the load or else told me to lay mine down and get on home to Mama. So I am asking you what do you want me to do? All I am asking you to do is say. What have I ever refused you but that one thing you asked me to do last time you were here—when I was nearly wild with thinking about poor Mildred and the way I ran out on her funeral to hunt you down—and what right did you have to ask for that when you never moved your mouth one time to say "I love you" or make the smallest promise?

I know this isn't no letter for a girl to write but when you have sat in silence six whole years waiting for somebody you love to speak—and you don't know why you love them or even what you want them to say, just so it's soothing—then it

comes a time when you have to speak yourself to prove you are there. I just spoke. And I'm right here.

Goodnight to you Wesley,
from Rosacoke

His answer to that was,

September 25

Dear Rosa,

You are getting out of my depth now. We can talk about it when I come home. I hope that will be real soon as the rush season here is petering out.

I haven't got any news fit to tell.

Good luck until I see you again,
Wesley

So she waited, not writing to Wesley again (not putting thoughts to paper anyhow) and not having word from him—but working her way through six days every week and staying home evenings to watch Milo's Sissie swell tighter and to hear Mama read out Rato's cards from Oklahoma (saying he had visited one more Indian village and had his picture made with another full-dressed Chief) and sitting through church on the first Sunday morning and not telling anybody what she was waiting for. (Nobody asked. Everybody knew.) And along with the motorcycle season, the hot days petered out, and the nights came sooner like threats and struck colder and lasted longer till soon she was rising up for work in half-dark nearly (and stepping to the window in her shimmy for one long look through the yard, thinking some new sight might have sprung up in her sleep to cheer her through the day, but all that was ever there was a little broomstraw and the empty road and dogwood trees that were giving up summer day by day, crouched in the dawn with leaves already black and red like fires that were smothering slow). And the first Saturday evening in November when she was rocking easy in the front-porch swing, Milo came home and said to her, "Rosacoke, all your cares are ended. Willie Duke Aycock has got a rich boy friend, and she don't know who Wesley Beavers *is*."

Rosacoke kept rocking but she said, "What do you mean?"

"I mean it ain't been an hour since Willie Duke landed unexpected in her Daddy's pasture in a private airplane owned and piloted by a Norfolk fellow who's *compelled* to be in love—nothing but love could make a airplane land in Aycock's pasture!"

Rosacoke laughed. "How long did it take to dream that up?"

"Honest to God, Rosa, it's *so*. I won't a witness but I just seen her Mama at the store buying canned oysters for a big fry, and she said the family ain't calmed down yet, much less the cow. She said when that plane touched ground, every tit on the cow stood out like pot legs and *gave*."

But once Rosacoke believed him she didn't smile the way he hoped. She stood up and said, "I better go set the table" and walked towards the house.

Milo stopped her. "What ails you, Rosa? You got the world's most worried-looking mind. Willie ain't dropped no atom bombs. You ought to be grinning wide."

"How come?"

"Don't this mean Wesley is your private property now?"

"Ask *Wesley* that."

"*You* ask him. Wesley come home in that little airplane too." He beamed to be telling her that at last.

She turned full to the house and said, "Is that the truth?"

"It's what Mrs. Aycock said."

She didn't look at him again. She went in and set the table but didn't sit down to supper, saying she wasn't hungry but meaning she didn't want to hear them laugh at Willie Duke's flight and tell her to dress up quick before Wesley came. She did change clothes—but nothing fancy, nothing but the pale blue dress and the sweater she wore any evening when she had worked all day—and she sat back out in the swing and rocked a little with both heels dug in the white ground to keep her rocking so slow she could always see the road. What light there was came slant and low in the rising cool and touched a power line of new copper wire in separate places, making it seem to float between the poles towards both ends of the road. A dead maple leaf curled down to her lap. She ground it in her hand and wondered where it fell from (the tree she swung in being oak), and a spider lowered to her by one strand of silk, trying again to fill the air with unbroken thread, and beyond the road two crows called out unseen from the white sycamore that was bare already and straight as Wesley's diving. A distant rifle cracked and the crows shut up. "Mighty late to be hunting," she thought and counted to twelve, and one crow signaled to start again. Then the dark came in. A light went on in the house, and there was Mama at the dining-room window, ironing. (She would stand there till bedtime. Then Milo would tell her, "All right, pack up or you'll have the Ku Klux on me for working my Mama so late.") But the road stayed black and nothing came or went, not even lightning bugs. (Every lightning bug was dead. There had been the first real frost the night before.)

And it frosted Saturday night. Rosacoke knew because she didn't sleep but stared out her window every hour or so to the road till finally by the moon she could see frost creeping towards her—gathering first on weeds low down near the road, locking them white till morning and pausing awhile but starting again and pulling on

slow up the yard like hands, gripping its way from one patch of grass to the next and (nearer the house, when the grass gave out) from rocks to dead roots to the roof of Milo's car. Then it silvered that and reached for the house, and Rosacoke fell back and slept.

TWO

But Sunday was bright again and the frost was dew when she woke up, and the road was full of black children creeping towards Mount Moriah, trying their white breaths on the morning air, and carloads of white folks she knew but couldn't see, bound for Delight. Her clock said half-past ten and the house was quiet. They had gone on and left her. But when she tore downstairs to the kitchen, there was Milo dressed to the neck, eating syrup. "Oh," she said, "I thought I would have to walk this morning."

Milo tested her face to see what he should say. "Mama went on with Baby Sister. She said to let you sleep if that was how you felt."

Rosacoke looked in his shaving mirror over the stove. "I may *look* dead but I'm not."

"Well, Sissie ain't feeling good either. She's laid out upstairs so you can set with her."

"Milo, I'm *going*. Sissie will be all right and if she commences having babies, Delight Church will hear it. Just cool me some coffee and I'll get dressed right now."

So she dressed the best she could on such short notice and took a deep breath, and they headed off in a hurry (but not fast enough to ease her mind). When they flew past Mr. Isaac's, Rosacoke looked up through the thinning pecan grove to the house and—to break the quiet, to calm herself—said the first thing she thought, "Mr. Isaac's truck is still there. Reckon he's too sick for church?"

"Not if he's live," Milo said, and they went on by the pond and skidded the final curve, and there was Delight stood up in the morning sun with little fellows weaving round it in games and little clumps of men on this side near the graves, making clouds as they smoked through the last few minutes of air. From the curve Rosacoke looked towards the men, knowing she was safe and couldn't see a face from so far off, but after they pulled in the yard and every man turned to watch and one little boy screamed "Rosey-Coke!" (which was what boys called her), she couldn't look again. She looked to the graves where her father was sinking steady. But she didn't notice that. She could only see Milo searching with his eyes for anybody special in the crowd. She trembled to think what he might say any moment, and she said in the voice that scared her, "Don't tell me what you see." Then she got out alone and walked on straight to the church past all those men, seeing nothing but white sand under her feet. And nobody called her name. She went in just that fast and took her place four pews from the front on Mama's left.

"Have you eat?" Mama said.

"Yes'm," she said and turned to the pulpit and meant to look ahead for one full hour, but Baby Sister faced the people, and Mama twisted round periodically to watch every soul come in and report it. Rosacoke would nod her head at the news, but she kept looking forward till Mama couldn't stand it any longer and punched her and said "*Hot* dog!" and she had to look—because in marched Willie Duke Aycock, grinning like she wouldn't be *Aycock* long, with her new friend that she set up front for all to see (and all tried except Rosacoke who read up the hymns in advance, but he had a little head, and nothing much was visible but his Hawaiian shirt with the long open collar laid out on his round shoulders. Mama said, "He must not have counted on church when he packed"). The big surprise though was all the Aycocks strutting on behind. Mama said, "They ain't been to church since the drive-in opened." (A drive-in movie had opened across the field from their front porch, and all summer long on Saturdays they sat in the cool and watched every movement from sundown through the last newsreel, which left them too tired for church—and ashamed to come to the picnic. They didn't hear a sound of course—of the movies—but in no time after the opening, Ida their youngest had learned lip reading and could tell them every word.) By the time they had all settled in round the friend, it was going on eleven, and out the windows were the sounds of men coming unseen to join their folks, grinding cigarettes in sand and scraping their shoes on the concrete steps and having what they hoped was one last cough. When they came in the back and scattered down the rows (bringing cool air with them that raised the flesh on Rosacoke's neck), even Mama didn't turn. But Baby Sister saw them all and didn't speak a name, not even Milo's when he took his place by Mama on the aisle. Rosacoke could feel him turned towards her, but she didn't meet his eyes, thinking, "Whatever he knows I don't want to hear." Then the preacher and the choir ladies came in and sat. Everybody quieted except Mama (who said what everybody thought), "Mr. Isaac ain't here. He must be bad off," and not knowing who was

behind her and with no way left to find out, Rosacoke thought, "How will I get through this hour alone with nothing to look at but three white walls and a black pulpit and a preacher and ten choir ladies and the back of Willie Duke Aycock's neck?—not a flower or a picture in sight and nothing to think of but Wesley Beavers and whether he is ten yards away or three whole miles and why he isn't here by me."

The preacher stood up and called for the hymn, and while the hymnals were rustling, the side door opened by the choir, and Mr. Isaac's Sammy walked in with the black leather chair. He nodded to the people in general, and they nodded back in relief, and he set the chair where it belonged by the front of the Amen Corner, half to the preacher, half to the people. Then he went out and everybody waited, not standing, till he came again—Mr. Isaac in his arms like a baby with a tan suit on and a white shirt pinned at the neck with gold, holding Sammy's shoulder with his live left arm (his right arm slack in the sleeve and that leg) and his face half live and half dead, with a smile set permanent by two hard strokes on the half that turned to the people when Sammy set him gentle in the chair and knelt to arrange his little bird legs. Then Sammy stood and whispered some message in the live ear and sat down himself on a pew by the chair. And the singing began, with Baby Sister leading them all to a long "Amen," low but sure.

So she had Mr. Isaac to watch through that long hour—the still half at least to take her mind off whatever people were behind her—and she started by thinking back quick as she could to the way he scared them when they were children, not by meaning any harm but by stopping his truck in the road whenever he saw them and calling out "Come here, girl" (or "boy"—he never said names). They would creep towards him and stand back a little from the truck, making arcs on the dust with their toes till he said, "Whose girl are you?" (meaning who was their mother), and they would say "Emma Mustian's." He would say "Are you sure?" and when they nodded, hand them horehound candy out the window to eat with the blue lint of his shirt pocket stuck in it and then drive away, not smiling once. But the permanent smile was on him now, tame as something made with needle and thread, that didn't have a place in the ways she remembered him—like the day he stopped in the road and not smiling once asked Milo, "How old are you, boy?" Milo told him "Thirteen" and he said, "If you rub turpentine on your thighs, it'll make hair grow" (Milo tried it and nearly perished with the stinging) or before that even, the day they found his spring—her and Milo and Mildred and the others, coming on him sudden in the woods with his ankles in water and the look on his face showing he wasn't there behind it that made them turn and leave without waiting for candy—and the evening her Daddy was killed and Mr. Isaac came and stood on the porch and handed her Mama fifty dollars, saying, "He is far better off" (which was true) and the day he came to see her Papa in the hospital and Papa, just rambling, said, "How come you never got married?" and Mr. Isaac said "Nobody asked me" and smiled but soon fell back into looking the way that covered his heart like a shield and kept you guessing what he was thinking of—his age? (which was eighty-two now) or his health? or all the money he owned in land and trees which he didn't spend and which, since he never married, would go to Marina his sister who cooked his food but was too old herself to offer him love and care?—the only thing that loved him being Sammy his man who had grown from the lean black boy that drove him on the land in a truck to the man who carried him now in his arms.

She stopped her thinking for the second hymn. (Willie Duke's friend more than did his share of that.) Then she bowed her head for the prayer, but once the preacher was underway, thanking God for everything green but weeds, Marise Gupton's Frederick tuned up to cry from the back of the church. Rosacoke and Mama looked quick to Milo to stop him from mentioning busts in the mouth, but Marise stopped the crying and Milo just smiled and they all bowed again. The prayer went on about doctors and nurses and beds of affliction, and Rosacoke looked to Mr. Isaac. She had to. He was somebody that didn't know Wesley, except by name. His head was up and the dead right eye was open, bearing straight to the opposite wall, but Sammy was bowed like everybody round him. Towards the end of the prayer, Mr. Isaac's live hand flickered on the arm of the chair and tapped Sammy's knee one time. Sammy didn't look up (though the live side faced him) and the hand tapped again. Sammy knew and, still bowed, reached in his pocket and took out two pieces of horehound candy that would keep him happy till the end. Mr. Isaac put one in his mouth and hid the spare in his hand, and Rosacoke looked all round (except behind) to see had anybody else watched that. Everybody was bowed, including Baby Sister who took prayer serious to be so young, and Rosacoke said to herself, "I have seen it alone so maybe the day isn't wasted."

Thinking that kept her fairly calm through collection and the sermon and the final hymn—right to the last few words the preacher spoke. He looked at the people and smiled and said, "We are happy, I know, to welcome old members who are with us today from the great cities where they work, and I know we will all want to greet our visitor who descended last night from the clouds!" Then he spoke a benediction and before it was out of his mouth, Willie Duke shot her friend through the side door like something too delicate to meet. Rosacoke thought, "At least I have got out of speaking to Willie," and Mama

said to her, "Come on and speak to Mr. Isaac." (A dozen people were waiting already to shake his hand.)

Rosacoke said, "Mama, don't bother him today" and faced the people that were streaming out. Wesley wasn't there. Those visitors from the clouds were nothing but Willie Duke Aycock and her friend so Rosacoke followed Mama, and they stood their turn to greet Mr. Isaac.

He was still in his chair with Sammy behind him now, and when people spoke he didn't speak back or hold out his live hand that was clenched in his lap but bobbed his chin and let the half-smile do the rest till he saw Rosacoke. She came up in line before Mama and said, "Good morning, Mr. Isaac. I hope you are feeling all right."

He tilted his eyes to her face and studied it, still as before. Then he spoke in the voice that was left. "Whose girl are you?"

She held back a moment and said "Emma Mustian's," not sure that was what he meant, and pointed at Mama behind her. But he looked to his clenched live hand, and it opened enough for them both to see the one piece of candy that had hid there since the prayer, damp and soft. Then he clenched it again and looked back at her. No one had seen it but them—not even Sammy—so he matched, on the live side of his face, that lasting smile. Rosacoke smiled too and thinking he finally knew her, told him goodbye and went on quick out the front before Mama caught her and started commenting, and there of course all but blocking the door stood Willie Duke and her friend.

Willie said, "Rosa, come meet my aviator." Rosacoke looked at him. "Rosacoke Mustian, this is Heywood Betts, my boy friend who flew me down."

Rosacoke shook his hand and said, "How do you do."

He said, "Good morning, I'm fine but scrap metal is my work—flying's just a hobby."

Willie Duke waved at some Gupton girls in the yard—her nieces—and said (not looking at Rosacoke), "I kind of thought Wesley would be here today, not being home in so long."

Rosacoke said "Did you?" and looked round as if she had just noticed his absence.

Heywood Betts said, "Maybe he's laid up after our pasture landing."

"Shoot," Willie Duke said, "nothing don't bother Wesley, does it, Rosa?"

"Not much."

Heywood laughed. "He looked plenty bothered yesterday when you talked me out of landing at Warrenton airport."

Willie Duke said, "Nothing don't bother Wesley. He just didn't have his sweet thing to show off like I do you"—and squeezed Heywood tight.

Rosacoke looked towards the car where her people were waiting and then towards the sun. "Sure is bright," she said. "I better be getting on home. When are you all leaving?"

Willie Duke said, "Me and Heywood's definitely leaving this afternoon. But I ain't sure about Wesley. He's took Monday off so maybe he's leaving and maybe he's not."

"Well, happy landing," Rosacoke said and went to the car for the little trip home. Milo drove it fast as he could, and nobody spoke, not even when they passed Mr. Isaac's stripped cherry trees and his pond again that had shrunk in the sun but was so hard-blue it seemed you could walk on the surface like Jesus and not sink. But when they were home and climbed out slowly, Mama put her arm round Rosacoke's waist and forced their eyes to meet—"Rosa, go rest a little. You don't have to eat." That hit Rosacoke like something filthy across her mouth, and she ran out of Mama's arms to wash her hands for dinner.

And everything went all right for awhile at dinner. There was a lot of laughing about Willie Duke's man. Mama said, "*He's* rich. He didn't give a cent when the plate was passed," and Milo said, "Well, rich or poor, Willie Duke has sure took hold—and in the right place." But Rosacoke almost welcomed that. There were worse things now than Willie Duke Aycock, and it looked as if the family knew her feelings and were honoring them—even Milo—till Sissie finished all she could hold. Sissie had come down to dinner late and hadn't heard the news about church so she blurted out, "I thought you would ask Wesley to dinner, Rosa."

Rosacoke looked at her plate.

Milo said, "Hell-fire, Sissie. How are we going to ask him—by homing pigeon?"

"I'm sorry," Sissie said. "I just thought he would be at church and come home with you all—specially since your mother stayed up half the night cooking this mighty spread."

Mama said slowly, "Sissie, Wesley, as you could tell from his name if you had thought, is not a Baptist."

Milo said, "No, but he put in pretty good attendance long as he was interested in the Baptists he knew."

Mama said, "I hope he was at the Methodists' with his mother. That's where he belonged."

Rosacoke spoke for the first time. "Looks like to me all this isn't any of you all's business."

"Listen, Weeping Willow," Milo said, "if you could see the way you look—pale as ashes right this minute—you'd agree it was time somebody took a hickory stick to Wesley Beavers and made him behave."

"Well, don't let that somebody be you," Rosacoke said. "I can take care of my own business."

"Yes, and you've made a piss-poor job of it, honey. He landed here Saturday evening. You ain't seen him for what?—two months? You still ain't seen him and he's setting on his own front porch, not three miles from this oak table."

"All right," Rosacoke said, "tell me one magic word and I'll have him here, dressed for mar-

riage, in ten seconds flat if that's what you want."

"Magic ain't what you need."

"What is it then? God knows I've tried."

Sissie, not meaning harm, had started it all so she poked Milo and said "Hush up."

But Milo was rolling. "What you need is a little bit of Sissie's method." He turned to Sissie and grinned, and she shoved back her chair and left the room. He called after her, "Sissie, come tell Rosa what your uncle said was the way to get old Milo."

Sissie hollered from the living room, "Milo, I got you *honest* and my uncle didn't tell me nothing."

So Milo sang it himself—

Pull up your petticoat, pull down your drawers,
Give him one look at old Santy Claus.

Mama said, "Milo, leave my table," and Rosacoke ran up the stairs to her room.

Half the room was covered with yellow sun so the first thing she did was pull the shades, and when she had made it dark as she could, she stepped to the middle of the floor and commenced taking off her dress. She checked every button for safety and tested a seam and stepped to the high wardrobe to hang it there in the darkest corner as if she was burying it. She unstrapped her wrist watch and stepped to the mantel and laid it there (but she kept her eyes off the propped-up picture) and kicked off her shoes and, still standing, peeled down her stockings and held them against a shaded window for flaws. Then she fell on her bed and cried over Wesley for the first time in her life. But the tears gave out and the anger, and behind them there was nothing. Plain nothing. She couldn't think. As a girl, when she was sad, she would shut her eyes and cast her mind to the future, thinking what a month from then would be like or when she was old, and she tried that now. But she couldn't. She couldn't think what an *hour* from then might be or the next day (which was Monday and work), much less a month or twenty-five years. She turned on her back and stared at the yellow goat's head stained on the ceiling. Her Papa told her it came from him keeping goats in the attic that peed. But he was joking. Everybody she knew was always joking. So she said it out loud, "What must I do about Wesley Beavers? And that's no joke." It was the second time she had asked the question, and the only answer anyone had offered was Milo's jingle that clattered behind her eyes right now. Milo was the closest kin she had that was grown (Rato being grown from the neck down, only), and he had sung that to her.

To cover his song she listened to the only sound in the house that reached her room—Baby Sister on the porch, putting paper dolls through her favorite story at the top of her voice. There was a daughter-doll who worked and one evening came home to tell her mother she had lice. The mother-doll said, "My own flesh and blood and you have lice!" It was the worst thing Baby Sister knew of. Rosacoke thought she would lean out the window and tell Baby Sister to talk a little quieter please or hum a tune, but her own door opened and Mama walked in, knocking down coat hangers as she came.

Rosacoke raised up and squinted to try and show she had been asleep. "Mama, I have asked everybody to knock before they enter."

"Don't make me mad," Mama said, "before I have spoke a word. I walked up fourteen steps to talk to you."

"What about?"

"I wanted to show you this old picture I found when I was cleaning out Papa's chest." Rosacoke gave her a look that meant couldn't it wait, but Mama raised one shade a little and came and stood by the bed. Rosacoke took the stiff tan photograph. It was two boys in pitiful long low-belted summer clothes on a pier with a wrought-iron rail behind them and, beyond that, water. The oldest boy might have been ten, and he had on white knee-stockings. His hair seemed blond and covered half his forehead like a bowl. His eyes were wide and full of white, and his mouth cut through his face in one perfectly straight line. He didn't frown but he didn't smile. He just held on tight as if he had something grand to give but the camera wasn't getting it—not that day. The boy who held his hand was smaller—maybe seven—and laughing with his mouth opened wide. He had laughed till his face was blurred and the one sure thing about him was an American flag in his right hand and even that was flapping.

Rosacoke said, "Who is it of?"

"The biggest one is your Daddy."

"Well, Lord," she said and turned it over. There was her father's name and "Ocean View, July 1915." "I never saw him so clear before," she said.

Mama still stood up. "I didn't believe there was a likeness of him in the world, and then I come across this. It must have been the time your Papa took them all to water for the day. It was the one trip he ever gave them, and it ended awful because he put a five-dollar bill in his shoe in case of emergency and then walked ten miles up and down the sand. About leaving time, emergencies arose—one was your Daddy wanting a plaster of Paris statue of Mutt and Jeff—and when Papa took off his shoe for the money, it was just little soggy pieces. He had wore it out! He talked about that for thirty years."

Rosacoke kept looking at the picture. "Did you know Daddy then?"

Mama said, "Good as I ever did" and sat on the bed. "I don't mean to say we passed any time together—we was nothing but babies—but I used to see him sometime at church, and at Sunday

school picnics he generally wound up eating on us. He never did like Miss Pauline's cooking, and chicken pies was all she brought to picnics." She held out her hand for the picture. "The funny thing though is, this is how I always *recall* him (whenever I recall)—looking like this, I mean. So young and serious—not like he got to be. If he would have stayed this way, he'd be here right this minute. But Rosa, he changed. Folks all have to change, I know, but he didn't have no more will power than a flying squirrel. He didn't have nothing but the way he looked, and I never asked for nothing else, not in 1930 nohow. Then when the money got scarce as hens' back teeth and his drunks commenced coming so close they were one long drunk and he was sleeping nights wherever he dropped in fields or by the road—*I* took all that like a bluefaced fool. I never asked him once to change a thing till it was too late and he had filled me up with four big babies and himself to the brim with bootleg liquor and then walked into a pickup truck." She rubbed the picture on her dress for dust. "But like I said, I don't recall him that last way and I'm thankful."

Rosacoke said, "Who is the other boy?" (not bringing up her only recollection which was of that last way).

"I've been wondering too but I can't see his face. Maybe it was some little fellow they met that day and never saw again. Looks like he's hollering something, don't it?"

"Yes'm," she said. "Wonder what it was?"

But Mama was through with the picture. She thought it had served the purpose she meant it for, and she went to the mantel and propped it by the one of Wesley in uniform. "I'll leave it here for awhile so you can see it good. It'll be yours someday anyhow. None of the others wouldn't want it. That's why I didn't show it when I found it." Then she turned and said what she came to say. "Rosa, *he* ain't coming so why don't you get some good fresh air?"

Rosacoke faced the wall. "*He* ain't what I'm waiting for."

"Don't lie to me. What else is there but Judgment Day?"

"A heap of things, Mama." But she didn't name one. She lay in misery, wishing the Lord would strike her mother dumb, and far off a drone began and bore down nearer like some motorcycle leaning round curves to get to what it wants or like an arrow for her heart. She jumped off the bed and threw up the window and strained to see the road, but Baby Sister was dancing in the yard, pointing to the sky and screaming before the noise completely drowned her, "It's Willie, Rosacoke—make haste, it's Willie in the air!" And the shadow of Willie's fellow's plane, little as it was, swept over the yard and stirred the biggest oaks before it vanished north. When the drone passed over, Baby Sister was crying, "There's *three* folks in that plane!" And Mama said "There they go."

Rosacoke looked back to the mantel and the pictures and the mirror. "And here goes Rosacoke," she said. She put on a green winter dress and old easy shoes and didn't comb her hair that was tangled from misery. Her black Kodak was beside the photograph of her father with half a roll of summer pictures in it. She took it up and said, "I'm going to walk to Mary's. I told her I would take a picture of Mildred's baby to send to his aunts and uncles." Mama went over and spread up the bed and Rosacoke opened the door.

"You'll freeze like that," Mama said. So Rosacoke took her raincoat and a scarf like silk, and Mama said, "Walk easy down them steps. Milo and Sissie said they needed naps. You know what their naps are like—and Sissie big as a fifty-cent balloon."

Rosacoke heard that. She took off her shoes and shot past where Sissie and Milo were and on down the steps. In the downstairs hall she could hear Baby Sister through the porch door. That paper-doll mother was still mirating at her own flesh and blood having lice. Rosacoke smiled and thought, "That is the one funny thing since Heywood Betts and his Honolulu shirt." But thinking of him and Willie—and whoever else flew with them back to Norfolk—put her deep again in the misery she was running from so she stepped in her shoes and ran on—out the back and almost down the steps before she knew she was thirsty. She came up again to the porch where Milo had left the well-water he drew after dinner. She took one look at the 1937 New Jersey license her father nailed over the bucket, and she drank one dipper of water so cold every muscle in her throat gripped tight to stop her swallowing. But she swallowed and the new cold inside her seemed to ease the way she felt. She said, "I will just walk peaceful to Mary's and not think about a thing," and she started, walking quickly down the steps again and straight on ahead through four dead acres of purple cotton stalks and into a little pine woods that had one path. She walked with her head just level, not looking up where the plane had been or at anything else that would cause her to think. But Mary's was a mile from the Mustians', and a mile is right far to think about nothing.

Still she walked every step of that mile, and it was nearly four o'clock when she came to the end of the pines where Mary's was—three wood rooms and a roof, washed by the rain to no color at all, narrow and pointed sharp up from the packed white ground like a bone the sun sucked out when nothing else would grow. The only things that moved were brown smoke crawling from the chimney and a turkey that saw her at once. Rosacoke stopped and said "Mary" as the turkey was famous for temper. He gave a cocked look

with his raw red head and stepped away to let her pass. Mary hadn't answered so Rosacoke climbed the steps and said again "Mary" and opened the door. That was the big low room where Mary slept, but there was no noise, only dark and the smell of kerosene. Maybe they were all at afternoon church. Rosacoke went in, thinking she would leave a note to say she tried, but the only paper in sight was magazine pages nailed to the wall to keep out wind. Then she looked at the feather bed. In the middle of it four pillows were boxed together like a nest, and there was Mildred's baby laid on his back on thick newspapers with fists clenched tight to his ears. His head had twisted to the left, half buried in the white pillow slip. The one cotton blanket was around his feet where he had kicked it, and his dress which was all he wore had worked up high on his chest, leaving him bare to the chill of the day. Rosacoke went over to him, thinking this meant Mary was somewhere near and she should wait. When she saw the baby was deep asleep, she bent low enough to hear him breathe. His lips were shut and he breathed from all over —from the awful top of his head where the skull left off and the dark skin throbbed at anybody's mercy and from his arched belly and the navel knobbing out almost as far as what was underneath where the bud of him being a boy crouched on the loaded sack and rose and fell with the rest of him. He didn't seem cold but Rosacoke thought she should cover him. She pulled at his dress to get it down and raised the blanket gently from around his feet. It was enough to jar his sleep. He grunted high in his nose with his eyes still shut and oared with his feet at the blanket and picked at his dress with one slow hand. Rosacoke stood back—to keep him from seeing her if he woke—and prayed he wouldn't wake. His legs slowed down and the grunts, and for a minute he seemed asleep. Then he turned his head and opened his eyes on Rosacoke, and the scream he gave split out from whatever awful place he went to when he slept—describing it clear and wordless as a knife. Rosacoke thought of ways to quiet him, but they all meant picking him up—him screaming and naked again and her a stranger. He stared straight at her though, and even if he didn't see, she couldn't let him howl so again she pulled down his dress and reached under his head and back to lift him up, but he belched and thick yellow milk spewed down his neck into her hand. She jerked her hand as if it was scalded and flung the milk in clots on the floor and wiped her fingers quickly on Mary's bed. The screaming went on, but choked now and full. Rosacoke looked at the child and said, "Baby, *I* ain't what you need" and ran to the porch to try once more for Mary. This time Mary answered. "Here come Mary," she said, coming to the house from the privy, not smiling, taking her time.



Rosacoke said, "Come *on* then and help this baby."

"What you done to Mildred's baby, Miss Rosa?"

"Not a thing—but he's sick."

"He ain't sick, Miss Rosa. He just passing the time of day."

"Well, I went in to take his picture and he woke up."

"And you picked him up, didn't you, when I done just now fed him?" She still hadn't smiled.

"I was trying to hush him, Mary. Don't get mad."

"Yes'm. He throwed up his dinner, didn't he?"

"Yes."

Mary bent down for a leaf that lay on the spotless ground and studied it in her hand long enough for the turkey to creep up behind her, but she heard him and ran in his face—"Go on, sir!"—and he hobbled off. The screaming went on inside, a little tired now but steady, and Rosacoke frowned. Mary came slow up the steps, holding her straight back and said, "He throws up regular. I don't know if he can grow, not keeping hold of his nourishment no better."

"Go stop his crying, Mary."

"What you so scared of crying for? He come here crying and he be crying when I ain't here to hush him. He got his right to cry, Miss Rosa, and why ain't you used to babies by now?" Then she smiled and went in the door and said, "Come in, Miss Rosa. I'll get him clean and you take his picture."

But Rosacoke couldn't go back. She looked at the drained evening sky. "It's too dark now, I think. I better come back next Sunday."

Mary stopped in her tracks—"Yes'm, if that's what you think"—and Rosacoke went towards the pines. On the edge Mary called her back and gave her the Kodak she had left. Mary said, "They tell me Mr. Wesley got him a airplane."

"Who is *they*, Mary?"

"Estelle saw Mr. Wesley in the road last night, and he say he got him a eight-cylinder airplane to come home in and he was taking it to Norfolk this evening and to watch out for him in the sky."

"That won't Wesley's airplane, Mary. He just hitched a ride in it, and they have already gone back."

"Yes'm. How is he coming on, Miss Rosa?"

"I reckon he's fine. I ain't laid eyes on him since the funeral."

"Yes'm," Mary said, seeing how Rosacoke looked (though she held back half the misery from her face), seeing that was all she ought to say and watching Rosacoke head home again and stop and take another look at the sky.

"I'm going to see his Mama, Mary. Reckon she can tell me what I've done wrong?"

All Mary said was, "Step along fast, Miss Rosa, else night will catch you"—which the night was bound to do as the Beavers lived a good two miles further on, facing the road with their back to the woods that started at Mary's. She could walk home first and take the car and go by the road (it was three miles by the road), but that would mean explaining a lot to Mama and talking her way out of supper. If she walked on now through the woods, she could get to the Beavers as they finished eating and do her talking and call for Milo to carry her home. So she crossed Mary's yard the other way, not seeing Mary still in the door, and passed into trees that gradually shielded out the baby's crying.

She had gone more than halfway before she was no longer running from Mildred's baby, and the trees had thinned to the place where a fire had been in the early spring, charring the sparse pines and opening the ground to the sky. She stopped there and wondered what she was running *to*—as if Wesley's mother knew how Wesley felt—and she thought of turning back. What could she say that the Beavers would understand? But turning back would put her in pitch dark in a little so she said to herself, "I will just walk on and ask the Beavers real nonchalant to let me use their phone and call Milo to pick me up. If they want to talk to me then, let *them* decide what to say." She took her breath to go, and a light wind in her face brought two things out to meet her—low on the trees a hawk with his tan wings locked to ride the air for hours (if the air would hold and the ground offer things to hunt) and his black eyes surely on her where she stood and clear against the sky, his iron beak, parting and meeting as he wheeled but giving no hawk sound—only shivering pieces of what seemed music riding under him that came and went with the breeze as if it was meant for nothing but the hawk to hear, as if it was made by the day for the hawk to travel with and help his hunting—yet frail and high for a killing bird and so faint and fleeting that Rosacoke strained on her toes to hear it better and cupped her ear, but the hawk saw that and his fine-boned wings met under him in a thrust so long and slow that Rosacoke wondered if they wouldn't touch *her*—his wings—and her lips fell open to greet him, but he was leaving, taking the music with him and the wind. She turned to watch him go and wanted to speak to call him back, but her lips moved silent as his beak. You could joke with a cardinal all day long, but what did you say to something like a hawk?—nothing that a hawk would answer so she just went on, helped by the breeze that pushed from behind her now, not practicing things she could say to the Beavers nor the way she would try to look, but searching her mind to name what pieces of music the hawk carried with him and wondering what had made them. But the memory was fainter already than the music, and it hung in her mind, unfinished and alone, spreading its curious sadness over whatever troubles she had, burying them deeper than feeling and frowning, leaving her free for this short space in evening air that was warm for early November with the last light clung to the slope of her cheek where colorless down, too soft to see in the day, swirled up to her temple and the coarse yellow hair laid back on the flickering wind and her legs pumped on through weeds that were dead already from the frosts but still were green and straight—free to go on or back while she took the last few steps that put her nearly in sight of the Beavers'. Then the wind turned round once more, and the music was on it, close and whole. Now there was no going back because it was Wesley, sure as war would come, playing his Navy harmonica when she had counted on him being in Norfolk or at least headed north in Willie Duke's plane.

The Beavers' house sat back from the road at a slant and in a white dirt clearing but with trees reaching round on three sides like arms to the road. When Rosacoke came to the end of the trees, she could have seen the side of the house, but she circled just out of sight till she was almost at the road. Then she turned and there was the porch, fifty yards away, and the three steps and on the top step, Wesley's youngest brother Claude, sitting on his hands, looking to where Wesley was, hearing the music.

Wesley was on his feet at the corner of the porch nearest Rosacoke, leaning one shoulder on the last post, facing the road but looking down. From the trees Rosacoke could see three-fourths of him—the dark blue trousers he had worn all summer, the loose white shirt, his hair lighter from the sun at Ocean View—all but his face. He covered most of that with his hands that quivered tight on the harmonica till the music stopped for awhile. Then one hand opened and it started again—not songs or tunes and like nothing she had known since she was a girl and heard old Negroes blowing harps as if they remembered Africa and had been grand kings or like Milo that summer he grew up (when his beard arrived, the color of broom-straw) and went past telling her his business and every evening sat in the dusk after supper before he would leave the house, whistling out his secrets in tunes she never understood and planning back of his eyes what he would do with

the night when it fell altogether (which would be to walk three miles to see an Abbott girl who was older than him—and an orphan that lived with her uncle—and was taking him in dark tobacco barns, teaching him things too early that some folks never learn). Anyhow, it was nothing *she* had ever sung to him—something else he learned away from home, maybe in the Navy. ("But if the Navy is sad as that," she thought, "why do folks join it of their own free will?")



In all she could see—the yard, the house, his brother, him, the trees beyond—his hands were the only moving things. The wind had died completely, his brother watched him as still as she did, and Wesley himself was still as a blind man when his guide suddenly leaves him, embedded upright in the gray air like a fish in winter, frozen in the graceful act, locked in the ice and staring up with flat bitter eyes—far out as anything can be and come back. But his hands *did* move—them and the music—to show he could leave any minute if leaving was what he wanted. (How could she know what he wanted?) And his brother spoke—or moved his mouth. Like the boy in the picture with her father (him on the left, holding up like a lily the American flag, speaking silence to the wind), she couldn't make out the sound but Wesley could. He took down his hands and looked at his brother and laughed and said "No" to whatever the question was, and they talked on awhile, too quiet for her to hear but with enough laughing to make Wesley roll his head so she could see. "He just don't know," she thought. "He don't know how he looks." Then the talking stopped and Claude went in the house. Wesley hesitated a minute, knocking the harmonica on his hand and looking to the road as if Rosacoke, unseen, had made him think of leaving. "There ought to be a way," she thought. "There ought to be some way you could hold him there. Anybody who looks like that—you ought to give them anything you have. Anything you have and they want *bad* enough." So she went on towards him and thought of nothing but that.

And from the moment she broke through the trees, he watched her come, stepping long as she always did, not showing a thing he hadn't seen a thousand times before. She was watching the ground which meant she was deciding the first word to say, and that meant Wesley didn't have any cause for worry. Not meaning to play but for something to do, he raised the harmonica again, and when she got to the steps and looked up at him, he smiled from behind his hands.

"I heard you playing," she said and pointed behind her to the woods. "I have been to Mary's to take that baby's picture, but he was scared of me, and I thought I would just take a walk to here—it being so warm—and call up Milo to come get me. A half a mile back I heard you playing. But I didn't know it was you. I thought you were air-borne by now." She grinned and his answering laugh whined through the harmonica and made her say, "If you managed everything good as you manage a harp, wouldn't none of your friends ever be upset."

"I never studied it," he said, "—harp-playing, I mean. Just what I picked up in Norfolk."

"That's where I reckoned you were tonight—else I wouldn't be standing here."

"I got tomorrow off," he said.

"There were three folks in that plane going back."

"I know that," he said. "I surrendered my seat to Willie's Mama. Anyhow, I won't riding back with Heywood Betts. He drives a airplane about as good as I tap-dance. I been laid up airsick till this evening."

"Have you? Mary said Estelle saw you in the road last night."

"Yes she did," he said and tightened his lips, not as if he had made a joke but as if he had ridden that track as far as he intended and wouldn't she like to throw the switch?

"Well, can I use the phone?" she said. "I better be calling Milo so they won't think I have died."

"I can carry you home."

"Thank you but my stomach hasn't been real easy lately, and I won't trust it to a motorcycle ride tonight."

"The motorcycle is in Norfolk. You didn't think I brought it down here in a airplane, did you?"

"Do me a favor," she said. "Say *Rosacoke.*"

"Why?"

"Just say it please."

He said "Rosacoke" like an answer for a doctor that asked to see his tonsils.

"Thank you," she said. "That is my name. I bet you ain't said it since late July."

"I don't walk around talking to trees and shrubs like some folks if that's what you mean."

"That's not what I mean but never mind. You are Wesley—is that still right?"

"Unless the Law has changed it and not notified *me.*"

"I was just checking. I know such a few facts

about you and your doings that sometimes I wonder if I even know your right name."

"Yes ma'm. You can rest easy on that. It's Wesley all right and is Wesley riding you home or ain't he?—because if he is, he will have to get the keys."

"If nobody else is wanting the car, I'd thank you," she said, thinking her last chance might be coming, thinking she might find the way to give him whatever he wanted to calm him down—thinking she knew what he wanted. She would do her best but maybe Wesley didn't want anything she had, not any more. "He must give a sign first," she said to herself, and when he went for the keys, she made up what the sign would be. There were two ways Wesley could turn when they got to the road, and the way he turned would be the sign. If he went right—that was the bad road but the quickest—they would ride all the way past dead open fields and be at Rosacoke's in no time. But if he turned left—that was the long circle way that would take them first through an arched mile of trees and then past Mount Moriah and Mr. Isaac's bottomless woods where the spring was and the deer had been and, beyond, Delight Church and the pond and the Mustians'.

Wesley came out of the back yard in the tan Pontiac with no lights on and waited while she got in. It was full night but they coasted down the drive in darkness like thieves and stopped when they came to the road. Then Wesley turned on the bright lights, and the car headed left slow as if it turned itself. That was the sign and Rosacoke waited for what would come after. But they ran through the darkest mile in silence with Wesley gripping both hands to the wheel and watching the road like foreign country and Rosacoke catching little glimpses of him in the dashboard light as he passed up every chance to slow down or stop—ruts and holes and even the hidden turn-in that had been his favorite stopping place when she first knew him, where they had sat many an hour other nights (not talking much, to be sure, not needing talk then), and on past Mount Moriah, lit up and full of black singing, and when that died behind them and they commenced the first long curve of Mr. Isaac's woods, Rosacoke said, "I might as well be behind you on the motorcycle for all the talking we have done."

"What do you want to say?"

"Wesley, you are at least half of this trouble, and you said you would *talk*. In that last letter you said I was getting you out of your writing depth and hadn't we better talk when you got home."

"I don't remember everything I say in letters."

"Well, I sure to God do. I learn them by heart just trying to figure out what you mean."

"God A-mighty, Rosa, I don't mean *nothing* by them. I just say whatever—" but they had pulled round that first curve, and the headlights shot forward unblocked. Wesley said "Sweet Jesus" and Rosacoke said "Stop" because their light struck a deer the moment it flung from the woods on the right, broadside to them in the air with its hair still red for summer and the white brush of its tail high and stiff, holding in the leap for the time it took to see them coming, then heaving its head and twisting the leap back on itself to where it started in the dark—before they could speak again. But when it was gone (from their eyes, not their minds) with crashing enough for a herd, Wesley stopped where they were and said, "He is the first one I ever seen try it."

"Try what?"

"Try to get his does across the road to water, I guess. It ain't too late for that."

"Was it a buck then?"

"Didn't you see his horns?"

"I guess I did—he was so sudden." They sat on, still, a moment. Then Wesley reached for the gears, and quick as gunfire Rosacoke said, "I saw one once before way behind Mr. Isaac's spring—Mildred and me, nine years ago. It wouldn't have been this same one, would it?"

"Not hardly," he said and the car didn't move.

"What water would he be taking them to?—the spring?"

"Not hardly—that'll be clogged up—but there's creeks all back in there if you go far enough."

Those were the most peaceful words they had said since late July. Rosacoke took them as one more sign and saw a way to keep them going. "Reckon will he try to cross them over again?"

"I reckon so if he don't see no more lights for awhile. He's watching us right now from somewhere back there, waiting till we go."

"Pity we can't see them cross," she said.

"He may not try again right here, but we can wait up yonder in the tracks to the spring if you ain't in a hurry."

She knew Mama and Milo would already be standing on their heads with worry, but she said, "I can wait. All I got to do is go to work at nine o'clock in the morning."

Wesley turned off the lights and when his eyes had set to the dark, there was a little moon to show him the grown-over tracks just ahead that used to lead Mr. Isaac to his spring. He eased the car towards them and backed in to face the road. He pulled up the brake and lowered his window and leaned his arms on the top of the wheel and pressed his forehead on the glass to see the trees beyond the road and whatever they held. Rosacoke reckoned that was a temporary position—that in a minute he would move in as far as she let him. To pass the time she looked ahead too, but not the way Wesley did. He *only* waited—nothing else crossed his mind but seeing that deer and how many does he would have. Rosacoke thought, "Him and that deer are some-

thing similar. Not but a few things wait like they do. Most things are busy hunting"—she thought that last so clearly she couldn't swear to not saying it. But if she said it Wesley just waited harder. He didn't move. So she closed her eyes for the next thinking to begin, but a picture came instead—of that cool November day seven years ago and the path and the pecan tree with Wesley up it like an eagle shaking down nuts at her request, not hungry enough to want them himself—old enough though to want *her* (other boys that young had wanted her) but not even caring enough to ask her name, much less for anything better, just waiting nicely till she left him alone with what he could see from the fork he stood in, sweeping nearly all Warren County with his eyes and telling her he saw smoke to make her leave—and him so hard to leave even then with the threat of being grown hung on him like thunder. With her eyes still closed she ran through all her time with Wesley till finally she could say to herself, "Mama lived with my Daddy fifteen years and took his babies and his drunks, and now she don't recall him but as a little serious boy in a picture. That is the way I recollect Wesley—like that first November day. Every other way is like that—him waiting for something to happen to *him*, daring somebody to do something nice such as come up and touch him just so he could say, 'Why in the world did you do *that?*' and hold on tight till whoever bothered him vanished—and nothing about him since has ever surprised me. I knew from the first, young as I was, what was coming. Take a child like Mildred's—you can look at him and say if he is a pretty or ugly *child*. You can't see what he will look like when he is grown though. But that first time—wasn't Wesley standing plain as day in a clear shadow of his grown man's body that sat out around him like a boundary he had to fill? *I* saw it and young as I was, I saw there wasn't no room for Rosacoke Mustian in what *that* boy would turn out to be. So he went on filling out his boundary lines and getting the face I knew he would, and while he was getting it, he came to me all those times and I let him have me to kiss and touch, and I said to myself, 'He has changed and this is love.' But all those times I was no more to him than water to a boat—just a thing he was using to get somewhere on, to get *grown* so he could tear off to Norfolk, Virginia and the U. S. Navy and every hot hussy that would stretch out under him and tell him 'Yes' where I said 'No.' And just because of that Rosacoke went out of his mind completely. I knew from the first it would happen, but that didn't make no difference. I hoped he would change but he didn't change, and *that* didn't make no difference." She said it out loud—"Wesley, do you reckon on ever changing any?"

He didn't look round. He whispered gently as if he was asking a favor, "Rosa, no deer is going to walk in on a round-table discussion of Wesley Beavers' personality."

"Yes sir," she said but she had thought all she needed to think. She had made herself see what she had to do. So she waited—not to see the deer and his does but knowing if they crossed to water, they would be her chance to save Wesley from running off again. She waited by staring at her dark lap and her hands that lay flat and nearly unseen on her flanks.

And they crossed—the deer, a little above where the buck had showed before. She didn't see their first steps or hear them, so dainty on the packed road, till she felt Wesley's whole body stiffen forward—not by him touching her but through the springs of the seat. She looked to where his brow pressed hard on the glass and turned herself along his gaze to where she caught them the moment they sank into Mr. Isaac's woods—three deer moving careful as clock wheels so close together she couldn't see which was the buck and was leading. But they drew her on behind them. Wesley felt that too (he had seen them longer than she), and he strained so hard to see their last that she whispered, "There's safety glass between them and you, Wesley, and you are about to poke your head right through it." But when the deer were gone, Wesley gave no sign of taking the chance they offered. He only said, "Now you have seen two does getting led to water" and reached for the key to crank the motor.

Rosacoke laid her hand on his wrist. "Since it's a warm night how come we don't wait and walk in behind them and see is it the spring they are after?"

He looked at her hand, not her, and saw what she meant. "If you want to," he said, "but we ain't coming near that buck."

"If we went gentle maybe we could."

Wesley reached in the back seat for a flashlight and opened his door. He came to her side and stood while she got out. They walked a few loud steps through weeds that were dead from the frosts and then struck into the trees with hands at their sides, separate and not swinging till they walked so close their fingers brushed and their hands went together so natural you couldn't say who took whose. Then the walking was quiet because there was pine straw under their feet and darker because they were under black pines and Wesley didn't once switch on his light. It was early November and the snakes were gone. They knew the path. And they both knew where they were headed—which wasn't to the spring because when they came to the spring and Rosacoke held back on his hand (thinking she should mention deer) and whispered "Are they there?" Wesley just breathed out through his nose to show he had laughed (he was too dark to see), and Rosacoke said, "Throw your light on the spring and see is it clean," but he led her on

where the path gave way to the thickness of leaves and soft old logs that powdered beneath their feet and the deer passed out of their minds completely, and Rosacoke thought of nothing but "Where will we stop?" till a briar bush stopped them. Wesley was one step ahead when the briars took hold, and Rosacoke walked up against him. That was when the light came on (Wesley must have done it but without a sound) and showed them piece of a broomstraw field. Wesley pulled out of the bush, and the light went off without them seeing each other. They walked on hip-deep in straw another few yards before any sound was made. Rosacoke said, "Don't let's go no farther" and they stopped again. "Listen," she said.

They listened awhile. Then he said "Listen to what?"

"I thought we might hear them," she said. "It was a field like this where Mildred and me saw that other deer."

"It wasn't this field," he said.

"How come it wasn't?"

"This is my private field. Mr. Isaac don't know he owns this field. Don't *nobody* know this field but me."

"I never knew it," she said, "and I been walking these woods my whole life."

"You know it now."

She said "Yes I do" but she couldn't see it. She couldn't see at all. She thought she was facing Wesley though nothing but her seemed to breathe, and she thought they were standing on level ground. Her left hand was still in those other hard fingers, but when she offered her right hand, she only touched straw that sighed. She drew back in sudden terror and said to herself, "I don't even know this is Wesley. I have not laid eyes on his face since we left the car." So she spoke again, calm as she could—"Would you switch on the light so I can see your field?"

"You ain't aiming to take no pictures, are you?" He was facing her and he sounded like Wesley, but from that minute on, she wouldn't have sworn just who she was giving up to.

"I left my Kodak in the car," she said. "It don't work at night."

"Then if you don't need no light, I surely don't," he said and took her other hand and pulled her gentle under him to the ground. The straw lay down where they were and stood up wherever they weren't, and Rosacoke reached behind her head to grip her hands in its dryness. The last clear thought she had was, "If it was light it would all be the color of Milo's beard."

But Wesley didn't need any light. He started above her and even if the sun had poured all over him, she couldn't have seen the one thing she needed to see, which was down to where he was locked already at the center of what she had started, where he was maybe alone or, worse than that, keeping company in the dark with whatever pictures his mind threw up—of some other place he would rather be or some girl he knew that was better. But he didn't speak to tell her *where* he was. He only moved and even that was a way he never had moved in all the evenings she had known him—from inside the way he did everything but planned this time fine as any geared wheel, slow at first and smooth as your eyeball under the lid, no harder than rocking a chair and touching her only in that new place, but soon taking heart and oaring her as if he was nothing but the loveliest boat on earth and she was the sea that took him where he had to go, and then multiplying into what seemed a dozen boys swarming on her with that many hands and mouths and that many high little whines coming up to their lips that were nothing like words till the end when they came so close they broke out in one long "Yes," and what he had made, so careful, fell in like ruins on them both, and all she had left was her hands full of broomstraw and one boy again, dead-weight on her body, who whispered to her softer than ever, "I thank you, Mae" (which wasn't any part of her name) and not knowing what he had said, rolled off her and straightaway threw his flashlight on the sky. The beam rose up unstopped and she turned away to keep him from seeing the things he had done to her face—the look he had left there. But he didn't notice. All the light went up and he studied that awhile. Then he said, "Did you know this light won't never stop flying?" She didn't answer so he laid the back of his hand on some part of her that was dry as peach-skin still and said, "There ain't a thing to block it. It'll be flinging on when you and me are olden times."

But now that their moving had stopped, the chill of the night set in, and Rosacoke shuddered beneath his hand before she said, "Is that something else you learned in the Navy?"

"Yes'm," he said. "Ain't I a good learner?" And with his hand he asked again for what she had given so free before but she held him back.

"Why?" he said, thinking naturally he had the right.

"I got to go home."

"What you got at home that's half as good as what I got right here?" He pulled her hand through the dark to where he was ready.

But her hand was dead in his. She drew it away and he heard her stand. "If you aren't carrying me back, I will have to walk, but since you know these woods so good, please lend me your flashlight."

He threw the beam on her face and said "Sweet Jesus" to what he saw—which was no Rosacoke he had seen before. She looked straight down at his light, not seeing him behind it, not hiding any more. Then she opened her mouth, thinking only if she could speak, the hate on her face would break into something gentler like regret.

But all she could do was hunch her shoulders, and if Wesley in the Navy had sometimes forgot how she looked, he wouldn't forget again.

"Are you all right?" he said.

"I'm all right," she said and started for the road.

Wesley had some dressing to do before he could follow so Rosacoke walked to the edge where the briars began and waited while he caught up behind her with the light. When he was two steps away and the light spread round her feet, she moved on again, not slowing once and with every step, her front leg striding from her raincoat just beyond his light as if she couldn't bear *its* touch either. Wesley let her go that way till the path widened out where the spring should be. Then he came up beside her and said, "How about us stopping a minute to see is the deer been stirring the spring?" and he laid his arm along her back.

"You ain't studying deer," she said and ran on to the car.

Not knowing whether she would wait or walk on home, Wesley took his time. He walked to the spring and shined his light down in it. The deer hadn't passed that way, hadn't stopped anyhow. The vines were in place. The water was clear and the bottom was clean—most likely since the day of Mildred's funeral. But there was one broken stick, half in, half out. The underwater half was furred with tan sediment, and on the black half above was a single ugly moth, the color of the sediment. It was still—the moth—and Wesley knelt to touch it and see was it dead, but it took a little bothered flight and settled on the stick again. It had lasted two frosts so he let it sleep, and since he was kneeling he bent all the way and laid his mouth to the spring and drew three swallows of water. Then he stood and said to himself, "It will run on clean another two weeks. Then the leaves will take over."

He had taken his time because he thought he knew what Rosacoke's trouble was and—if she had waited—how to ease her. And when he got to the car, she had waited. She had also straightened her hair, but her face was the same so he drove that last little way in silence. Not a frog was left in the pond nor a dryfly in the trees, and the nearest noise was the singing at Mount Moriah (if they were still singing), but that was behind them now, and Rosacoke gave no sign of wanting the talk she asked for before. She watched the road. But Wesley had one thing to say which he thought was gentle and which he thought she needed, and when he turned in the Mustians' drive, he stopped under their big pecan tree and said it. "Rosa, you got to remember that the way you feel is a natural thing after what we done. It'll pass on off in a little, and you'll feel good as you ever did. I guarantee that. And if we was to do it again sometime, it wouldn't last nearly as long—you feeling sad, I mean, about what we done."

"*We* ain't done nothing, Wesley—" She might have explained if they hadn't heard the front door slam. The porch light was off but what they saw was bound to be Milo coming towards them. He stopped halfway, just looking at the car, and Rosacoke said, "I got to go. He's worried about me."

"He ain't worried now," Wesley said. "He knows this car." And Rosacoke might have believed him and sat awhile if Sissie inside hadn't just then switched on the light and stepped on the porch and stood. The light didn't reach out quite to the car, but it struck along Milo's back—him facing them with his hands at his sides, working, and his head all dark but his hair lit up.

"I'm going," she said and opened her door. She was out on the ground before he could move, and she whispered, "Now leave here fast. Milo is mad at you anyhow, and I don't want him seeing your face."

"Well, are you all right?"

"I'm all right. I was just mistaken. But so were you—my name hasn't never been Mae." And before he could open his mouth, she had walked off towards Milo, standing with the light against his hair (his hair the color it was). When she came close enough to show her face, *he* would know why she looked the way she did. He wouldn't speak of it to her or sing his advice again. He would just walk in behind her. But later in the night (in bed when he got chilly) wouldn't he roll over on Sissie his wife and tell her what he knew? Which would make four people that knew—Rosacoke herself and Wesley Beavers and Milo her brother and Sissie Abbott his wife who was big as a fifty-cent balloon.

MONDAY afternoon was clear and cold, and Wesley hitched himself to Norfolk, not seeing Rosacoke again. But that weekend he sent this letter.

November 10

Dear Rosa,

It is way past time good boys was all in the bed but I am still up so will just write a line to say I'm back on the job. (I was last week, I mean, which don't signify I'll be there tomorrow if I wake up feeling like I expect to.) Also I am writing to know wouldn't you like to come up here Thanksgiving if you get any time off? The reason I ask is I won't be coming home again before Xmas as the only time I have off is Thanksgiving and some folks I know are throwing a big party that weekend. A lot of my friends have left for good. That's what living in a Navy town means. But there is enough left to keep the

ball rolling so why don't you come on up for the holidays? You could stay at your Aunt Oma's or I could get you a room in the boarding house where I stay—that would suit me better.

What's suiting me right now though is my bed that's waiting so good night Rosa. Say hello to everybody for me. I'm sorry I didn't see Milo. What did you mean about him being mad at me? I'm hoping I'll hear from you soon and see you in a little. Hoping also you have got over your blues from last Sunday evening, I am

Yours for a good night's sleep,
Wesley

Two evenings later when Rosacoke came home from work, Baby Sister ran out to meet her. She said, "Guess where you got a letter from?" But Rosacoke didn't ask. She walked straight to the living room and spoke to Milo who was nodding but who woke up to watch her read the letter. It was propped on the mantel, but Rosacoke waited, warming her hands at the stove. When she finally looked and saw Wesley's writing, she took it and started upstairs. Baby Sister said, "You don't have to go in the freezer to read it!" (meaning there were no fires lit upstairs), but Rosacoke went and turned on the one ceiling light and lay on her bed with the letter in her hand, wishing she never had to open it, knowing —whatever it said—it would call on her for some awful answer. When she read his first line, she knew what the answer was and wrote it out then.

November 12

Dear Wesley,

No my blues are not over. What makes you think they ought to be? Everybody in the world doesn't feel the same as you. I don't think I have ever felt the same as you about anything except the weather—even then you don't sweat when it's hot—and sure thing I don't feel like spending my little Thanksgiving on a Greyhound bus bumping back and forth to Norfolk so I can tag behind you to a party full of folks I don't know and wouldn't want to know if I met them, including Mae. Anyhow Mama and Aunt Oma are not on speaking terms so I couldn't stay there and thank you very much but I won't be boarding at your place either. I have been deer-hunting once already and once was enough for me.

Sincerely,
Rosacoke

She addressed it and stood it on her own mantel by the picture of her father as a boy—where the one of Wesley had been. But she didn't seal it. Her habit was to let letters cool overnight and read them one more time in the morning. And in the morning she tore it up, not because what she said was wrong but because maybe she should wait. How could you just say "No" that way after waiting six years to say "Yes"?

She waited five days but nothing changed really—not for her, not inside—so on Saturday night she sat down in the kitchen to write again, not thinking what she would finally say or how, not knowing how she really felt, but thinking maybe things might change the way Wesley said if she just wrote the news of that bad week and put Wesley's name at the top.

November 16

Dear Wesley,

Thanking you for your letter that I'm sorry to take so long to answer but we are having a right busy week here, especially as Sissie has been having her baby on and off for the last two nights and all day today. No seriously, she started up Friday evening—yesterday. She was three days overdue yesterday. And those three days have been a real experience for all of us—the evenings anyway with nothing to do but sit and watch Milo trying to cheer up Sissie. We got through the first two evenings somehow till Milo finally said he was tired and took Sissie off to sleep (they have been sleeping downstairs in Mama's room for ten days in case of emergency) and we started last night as usual—Sissie had spent most of the day lying down but rose up at sunset to eat with us. When we got through that I volunteered to wash dishes and the others went on in the living room. I took my time in the kitchen but when I couldn't find another thing to wash, I joined them. Baby Sister was just finishing her part of the entertainment—a description of her wedding plans (age 12, just dreaming). She had got as far as the music arrangements. All the music she wants is "Kiss of Fire" and alot of Gupton children laying down pine cones in her path. I sat down and took up my knitting (I am knitting Sissie a bed jacket) which was the signal for Milo to make his remark about what a dangerous thing it was making Sissie a bed *jacket because once Sissie got down didn't we know how hard it would be ever to get her up? (The truth. Last winter she reacted to roseola like it was pellagra.) We laughed some at that, even Sissie who has been more sensitive than usual lately (setting a new world's record). Then there was a lull and everybody stared at their own lap, glad of a few minutes peace. But it didn't last. Sissie gave a little moan and lurched in her chair to show the baby had just rearranged itself. Milo said, "Is he traveling again?" (Milo knows it's a boy) and Mama said, "He must be hungry" and stood up and said she would serve the dessert now—we had all been too full after supper. So she went off and came back with cherry Jello which we have eaten right much of lately, it being what Sissie craves—lucky she craves something cheap—and while we were eating that, somebody knocked on the door. It was Macey Gupton and Arnold his brother (the bachelor with no palate*

that you may never have seen—they don't show him off much. Macey and Mama are both deacons at Delight and they are the committee to select the gift the church will give Mr. Isaac at the Christmas pageant when he retires as Chairman of the Board of Deacons and Macey had come by to say he was driving up to Raleigh on Saturday and would get the gift if they could decide what it ought to be. Milo met them at the door and invited them in like prodigal sons —so happy to see anybody *that might bring Sissie cheerful relief, much less Macey Gupton who had sat by and seen Marise have baby after baby like puppies. So they came in and took their seats. Arnold took a rocker as far out from everybody as he could get—it was like having Rato back. They had Jello and then everybody commenced asking what to get Mr. Isaac. Macey said didn't we think it ought to be something useful? There was discussion on that but nobody came up with anything that would be any real use to Mr. Isaac in his condition. Milo said, "Get him a wife. That is what he has needed all these years"— and asked Arnold if that wasn't so. Arnold just grinned and kept on rocking but Macey said he was serious and was thinking of something big like a wheel chair to replace that leather one Sammy totes. Milo said, "Hold on. What does a rolling chair cost?" Macey said, "Alot but we could collect a little from every member." Milo said, "Do you realize, Macey, that if Mr. Isaac wanted a rolling chair, he could buy a sterling* silver *one easy as you and I can buy a cigar?" Mama said that was the truth and that she thought it would just upset Mr. Isaac to spend so much on him now so late in life. Milo said, "Yes and do you know what he'd rather have than anything you could give him?—a sack of horehound candy." Everybody laughed, knowing it was true—it is what we give him every Christmas —and seeing he had hit a snag with his rolling chair, Macey changed the subject. He looked over at Sissie ramrodded in her chair (nobody had looked at her since the Guptons arrived) and said, "Well when is it going to be?" Sissie said, "It ought to been three days ago." Mama said that was just the doctor's guess—that it would come when it got ready. And Milo said, "Ready or not, he better hurry up. He's got to make room for the other nine." He asked Sissie if that wasn't so. She said it could be if* he *would do the having. Macey said children were like socks —you couldn't have too many and if you did you could have a rummage sale with the surplus—but he wondered if they hadn't started right late. Milo said, "No. I timed it beautiful. He is coming just in time for the pageant." (This year is Sissie's turn to be Mary and Milo keeps saying she can use their boy for Jesus.) But Sissie said, "Kiss my foot. You are not timing this baby and don't be a fool about Christmas. Even if I have this baby and am well enough to be Mary, I am not taking it out in the December night at age six weeks to be Baby Jesus or anybody else." Macey looked back at her and said, "*Smile, *honey. You haven't got nothing to worry about. You are built very much like Marise and Marise has babies like a Indian-lady." I had been watching Sissie through the whole discussion and I knew the end of the rope was coming soon. Well it came right then—Sissie stood up quicker than she had done anything for weeks and said, "I may be big as a house but Marise Gupton is one thing I am* not" *and then walked out and on upstairs before any of us could stop her, stairs being the last thing she should have climbed. Mama and Milo went up behind her, leaving me and Baby Sister alone with the Guptons to smooth over Sissie's performance. I said a few excusing things such as "Poor Sissie, her nerves are skinned bare with waiting" but my heart wasn't in it and naturally Macey felt uneasy at touching off the scene. He sat there pecking his teeth and listening to hear Sissie bellow and Arnold just rocked faster and faster till he rocked up nerve to say he was sleepy and how come they didn't leave? Macey looked like he wanted to— by the nearest exit—but he felt compelled to stay till somebody came down and reported on Sissie so we sat on in silence till Milo arrived to say she was resting though not speaking, which would do her good, and for everybody to sit still and we could play a little Setback. Everybody sat and Milo was getting out the card table when Mama came in. He asked her, "Has she had it?" Mama took a look at the card table and said, "No and playing cards under her isn't going to make it come easier." But Milo went on setting up the table and then looked round. I could see right away what the next problem would be. Milo said, "Arnold, can you play?" Arnold said "Yes" and Milo said, "Who is going to hold the fourth hand?" Baby Sister volunteered but Mama said, "No ma'm. Sit still." So Milo looked at me and rather than let the evening fall through any further, I said I would. Well we played. Milo and I were partners against the Guptons and I wish you could have seen us. Arnold cheated like we were playing for* lives *which of course meant they won time after time but that didn't matter. We were just helping the clock go round and when it had gone to about 9:30, I could see Milo was tired of playing. He asked Mama (who had sat there and smiled at Arnold's cheating like it was a judgment on us all) if she wasn't planning to serve something to our company? She said there wasn't a thing but more Jello though it would be a different flavor. Arnold asked if she had a few cold biscuits and some syrup but there wasn't a biscuit in the house so everybody took Jello and just as we started eating, Macey said we ought to get back to deciding on Mr. Isaac's gift. Milo said, "First let me just see does Sissie want some of this" and went to the*

foot of the steps and hollered to her. We all listened and there was no answer so Milo, instead of climbing the stairs like a human being, said louder, "Sissie, do you want to come down and eat some nice Jello with us?" From behind closed doors, Sissie said "No"—loud. Milo turned round to rejoin us but just as he stepped in the door, Sissie followed her "No" with a yell that turned into "Mama"—she mostly calls Mama Mrs. Mustian. Milo went white and said "Mama, you go." Mama said "Come on, Rosa" and I followed her, knowing I could be no help. Sissie was lying there scared to death and crying easy so as not to upset whatever would happen next. Mama sat down by her and started soothing and told me to call Dr. Sledge and tell him the waters had broke (if you know what that means). I went down to call and Milo was waiting at the steps to know was Sissie dead. I told him live *and then called Dr. Sledge and told him what Mama said. He asked me alot of questions but I couldn't answer any of them and he said in that case, he would be out as soon as he could. Milo had gone upstairs while I was on the phone and when I hung up, Macey was standing behind me. He had heard what I said and just wanted to tell me it was nothing to worry about. I said I was glad to hear it and hoped everything would be over soon, meaning that as a hint for him and Arnold to leave, but he said, "Sometimes it don't come for a day or so after this"—and walked back in the living room to wait for Milo. I knew I would be all thumbs upstairs so I followed Macey and took a seat. Macey of course wanted to discuss having babies and how Marise did it but Baby Sister was right there on the piano bench which put a damper on him. It wasn't till he gave up trying though that we all missed Arnold. He was gone from his rocker and didn't answer when Macey called his name so Macey went looking for him and came back in a little to say he was sitting out in their truck in the cold—scared and saying he wouldn't come back in. "He'll freeze solid out there," I said and Macey said, "Yes I'm fixing to take him home but I'll come right back in case you all need any help from an Old Hand." There was nothing to say but "All right." Macey was looking forward to a Setting-Up more than I was, especially as I was the one person present who had to work Saturday morning but anyhow he went on off to put Arnold to sleep and Baby Sister said why didn't she and I make some candy so we did that—fudge, and before we got it in the refrigerator, Dr. Sledge came. He examined Sissie and said exactly what Macey had said—nothing bad had happened and things had more or less started but they might not end for a day or more. He sat awhile with Sissie to ease her mind. Then he came down and we gave him some of our candy and while he was eating it, Macey returned, bringing best wishes from Marise. Dr. Sledge asked Macey what was he doing here and Macey said he had come for the Setting-Up. Dr. Sledge said, "I thought you had enough of those at your place" and he and Macey commenced expert talk about when it would come. Dr. Sledge said he had no idea it would be before morning and he would just have to leave and see a few people that were bad off. Then he asked me to step out and call Milo and when Milo came down, he repeated all that to him. Milo of course wasn't happy at him leaving but Dr. Sledge said there wasn't a thing he could do for Sissie till pains started and when they did, there would be plenty of time for him to get here. So Milo resigned himself and said, "Macey,* you'll *stay with me, won't you?" Macey said "Sure" and Dr. Sledge went up to say a few soothing things to Sissie before he left. I wish he had said a few more to Milo because the minute he walked out the door, Milo commenced twitching—and not a thing to worry about with Sissie resting easy and Mama sitting beside her, knowing all she knew about babies—but he got worse and worse till Macey said, "What we ought to do is just get Mary Sutton to come spend the night." (She has midwifed all her life and helped all of us get born.) That suited Milo fine so he and Macey took off by foot to get Mary, not saying a word to Mama or Sissie. Things were quiet the whole long time they were gone but when they came back, Mary was with them and she had brought Mildred's baby with her (Estelle not being home to keep him). She had put blankets in a cardboard box and laid him in that and when she got to our place, she set the box down near the woodstove in the kitchen and went upstairs to see Sissie. Just having Mary in the house seemed to settle Milo's nerves and he and Macey took seats in the living room and went on talking. Baby Sister and I stayed in the kitchen. By then it was nearly midnight and things being so relieved with Mary here, I was thinking mostly of how soon working time would come and Baby Sister was getting wall-eyed from lack of sleep so I told her to go on in Mama's room and stretch out there and I would join her in a little. (She was scared of going upstairs where Sissie was.) She asked me to wake her up when it came which I promised to do and then she went, leaving me in the kitchen with nothing but Mildred's baby and him doing nothing but breathing in his sleep, laid back in his box, the color of Mildred. (They are just calling him Sledge. I still haven't heard what the last name is, if any.) And sitting at the kitchen table with the room so warm and no noise but what laughing came through from Milo and Macey, I nodded off and didn't wake up till after 2 a.m. when Mary tipped in to feed Sledge. He hadn't cried. She had just waked him up and given him the bottle and he was half-done when I came to. Mary said Sissie was asleep and Milo and Macey were nodding in the living room so why didn't I go on to bed? I watched*

her put Sledge down and then I went in Mama's room with Baby Sister and slept like death till Mama shook me at 6:30. She beckoned me into the kitchen and asked me was I going to work? I said, "Not if you need me here" and she said there wouldn't be a thing I could do now that Mary was here so I told her to stretch out by Baby Sister and gather her strength (she hadn't shut her eyes all night) and then I tipped upstairs to dress, past Milo and Macey who were nodding stiff-necked in chairs, but when I came down again, Mama was frying me some breakfast. I wasn't hungry but I didn't mention it. It would have just started Mama arguing and waked up Sledge. He was sleeping sound when I left—the picture of Mildred, already the picture—and it wasn't till I left that I knew how glad I was to leave and not have to sit there all day, waiting for Sissie to go off like a dynamite cap. Well I worked hard through the morning and didn't get to call up home till lunch. Baby Sister answered and said there was no news yet and none in sight so I didn't call again but waited till I could get home and see for myself and when Mr. Coleman let me out on the road at six, I could see there was some sort of news to hear as every light in the house was burning and every chimney smoking and Dr. Sledge's car was there and when I got closer I could see the fire from one cigarette on the porch. It was Milo standing in the cold. I walked up to him and said, "What is the news?" He said, "All I know is, it started at one o'clock and hasn't got no better since." It is 9:20 p.m. as I am writing this sentence and things have gotten worse and worse with Sissie yelling closer and closer together till now I don't know when she finds time to breathe. It seems alot to ask her to bear, her being a raw nerve all her life. And it isn't easy on any of us —not now it isn't. Mama and Mary—at least they are upstairs with the doctor working but Baby Sister and I are just sitting here in the kitchen and have been since six. Nobody wanted a mouthful to eat so I have been writing on and on to you and Baby Sister has been rocking Mildred's baby and singing him songs like he was hers (I know she wishes he was and the way he lets her handle him, maybe he wishes so too) and Milo just penetrates back and forth through the house—and out in the yard when the yelling gets extra bad. (He has always said, nothing happens to people that they haven't asked *for. Well he asked for a boy but I don't guess he bargained for so much noise.) Awhile ago he asked me what would calm nerves. I told him a dose of ammonia but he took camphor and got no relief and has gone back out somewhere. I am wishing Macey was here with him (he has gone to Raleigh for Mr. Isaac's mystery-gift) because* Milo *is the one with the burden now. Mama is pouring the ether to Sissie so fast she doesn't know what is happening. I don't* guess *she does though the way she sounds through plaster walls lets everybody know she is not having fun. Even Mildred's baby can hear her. He is tuning up to cry this minute, meaning hunger, so I will stop and fix his milk. Baby Sister drops him like a hot potato when he cries.*

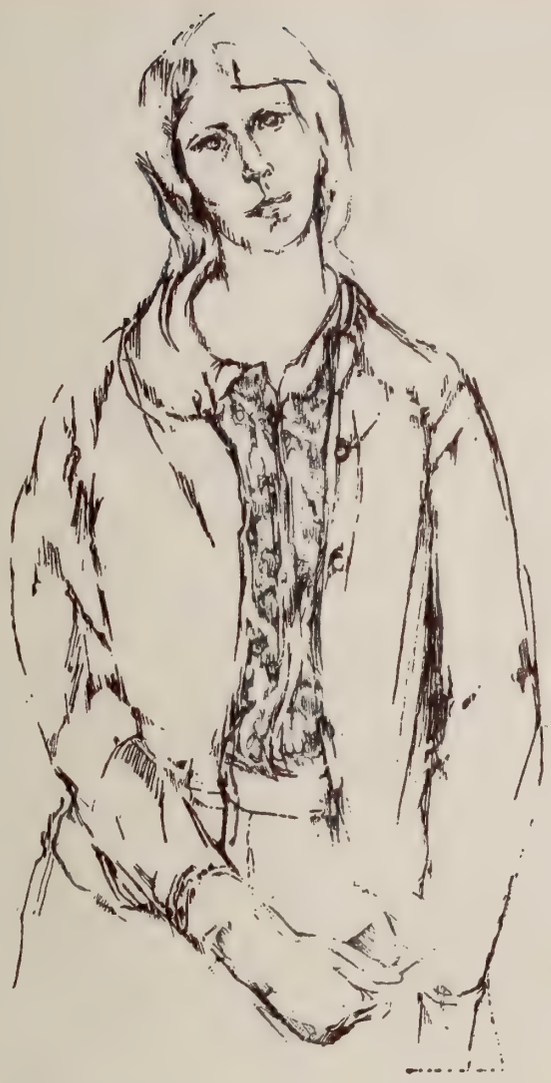
It is later now and right much has happened since I broke off. The main thing is, I was holding Sledge when Mama came down to find Milo. I hadn't seen Mama since breakfast but I knew the worst right away. I said he was outdoors so she stepped to the porch and called him. He must have come running because I could hear him panting in the hall. Mama told him, "It never even breathed" and he broke down. Then they went up to Sissie but I couldn't follow—mostly because I had Sledge still to feed. He seems to take to me now so I stuck with him. He is the picture of Mildred. But I told you that.

This means I won't be accepting your Thanksgiving invitation—not that I am needed here but I couldn't leave after this. Things will have to be quiet awhile.

Thank you Wesley, and excuse me now please,
Rosacoke

When the letter was done she felt she had stayed away long as she could, that her duty was to go upstairs and speak her regrets. She stood and smoothed her hair and rinsed her hands at the sink, but before she went she tipped to the stove to check on Sledge in his box. She reckoned he was asleep, having eaten just lately, but in case he wasn't she stopped where he wouldn't see her. And he wasn't. He was fumbling quietly with his dark hands at his eyes against the light. She stood a long time, watching, trying to picture his face as a boy's or a man's, but his features were closed on themselves like tight brown buds on a mystery-tree in spring. All she could see was Mildred that last cold day in the road, and it seemed to her she was more use here than upstairs talking to people that were each other's comfort so she took Sledge instead and sat back down and laid him in the groove of her lap, hoping she could make him smile one time and then go to sleep. She did a few quiet jokes with her face and hands to please him, but he only stared with his black eyes grave and his lips crouched cautious against her, and soon she gave up trying and commenced to sway her legs and hum low, and he twisted to the left and buried his face in her thigh and slid off to sleep. She waited. Then when it seemed safe she shifted one leg and rolled him back towards her, and he smiled at last as if in his sleep he saw better jokes than what she could offer. But that was all right. That was enough. And she sat still, hearing his steady sighing till she was nodding herself with her hands beneath his head.

Then Mary came to the door. "You done



changed your mind about Sledge, ain't you, Miss Rosa?"

"No. He has changed his mind about me."

"Yes'm, he sure is. He don't let many hold him that way. He is a *shoulder* baby." She stepped towards Rosacoke and lowered her voice —"Well, give him here and you go on upstairs. I don't want him keeping you from your folks. Miss Sissie is sleep but Mr. Milo is setting by hisself in the front bedroom."

So Rosacoke passed Sledge to Mary and was almost at the door when the question came to her. "Mary, what is that baby's name?—Mildred's baby."

Mary looked to the box. "I expect it's Ransom, Miss Rosa, but they ain't said nothing about *feeding* him."

Then Rosacoke went out and up the cold stairs, shivering. The door was shut where Sissie was, and she went on to the front room that was Papa's before he died. She knocked lightly there. Somebody made an answering sound and she opened on darkness. (Papa had never let them wire his room for light.) She said, "Who is in here?"

Milo said, "Me and this baby."

She had suspected that. She stood on in the door, seeing nothing, feeling nothing but the warmth of the room leaking past her, and finally she said, "Could I bring you a lamp or something?"

"No."

"Well, I'll be saying good night then, I guess." She stood a little longer, wondering what else she could say to a pitch-dark room. But he hadn't asked for anything else. He hadn't even said "Step in," and anyhow he was *Milo* and she hadn't been close to Milo for years, not since Sissie Abbott took hold and taught him whatever it was that changed him from a serious boy to the fool who sang her the Santa Claus jingle not two weeks ago. Then she closed the door and went to her own room across the hall. She took off her clothes in the dark and stretched out to rest. But she didn't sleep. She heard a man's footsteps leave Sissie's room and go downstairs and a car driving off. That would be Dr. Sledge. Then Mama came out and went to Milo and asked was he setting up all night? He said "Yes" and Mama said, "Son, I have got to rest. How come you don't go set in yonder with Sissie? I'll send Mary in here." Milo said, "Did Sissie tell you to ask me that?" Mama said "Yes" and he said "Get Mary first" so Mama went down and sent Mary up, and then there was the sound of Milo walking past Rosacoke's door towards Sissie Abbott. When Rosacoke had heard that she said to herself, "They will all get over this soon. Wasn't that a child they never saw alive or called by name? It was God's own will and Christmas is coming. Just *sleep*." Then she slept.

Sunday afternoon when it was time, Mama and the preacher were upstairs with Sissie who was not resigned, and Milo was shut in Papa's room. He had been there since Mary left that morning. He had seen two people all day—Mama and Macey Gupton—and he had spoken twice. (When Mama took him breakfast he said, "Get Macey and ask him will he go to Warrenton for the casket." Macey did that and after dinner when Mama had ironed him a shirt and taken in his clothes and asked was he ready, he said "In a little.") But Rosacoke was ready. She had been ready since ten o'clock when Mama came to her in the kitchen and said, "You have got to go speak to Sissie" so she went and just by opening the door, shook Sissie out of sleep. Sissie said, "You woke me up." Rosacoke said, "I am sorry for that too," and Sissie cried, not hiding her face but staring at the ceiling. Rosacoke had seen Sissie do a number of things but not cry silent so she went to the steps and called Mama. Then she went to her room and dressed in what black she had and waited for three o'clock.

At three she stepped on the porch to make a last arrangement with Macey who stood in the yard. She walked to the steps and said, "Macey,

will you carry the casket?" He said that would be an honor but was Milo ready? She said "I hope so" and Macey laid his hat on the steps and went towards the door but was stopped by the preacher coming out and Baby Sister and Milo and, behind them, Mama who would stay with Sissie. (None of Sissie's people knew. It was how she wanted it.) Milo had the casket in his arms. It looked about the size of a package you could mail.

Macey said, "Milo, let Macey tote that."

But Milo said, "Thank you, no. I will," and they went to the car. Milo and the preacher sat in back. Rosacoke and Baby Sister sat in front with Macey who would drive.

Macey said "Ready?"

Milo said "Yes" and they cranked up and rolled to the road and turned right. Just before the house passed out of sight, Rosacoke looked back, and Mama still stood in the door, her black dress against the black hall behind her, and her white arms bare, surely cold. Rosacoke turned to the road and knowing they would ride in silence, chose that sight of Mama to fill her mind through the slow half-mile to Mr. Isaac's when she looked again—at the day this time. She thought, "It is the kind of day nobody wanted"—still and gray and low but so clear the wrenched, bare cherries looked gouged on the pond with some hard point—and she wondered, "Does Mr. Isaac know of this?" But she didn't speak aloud—there was nothing he could do with the news—so they passed him too, and none of them looked at each other, and since the pines were next, Rosacoke didn't think again but watched the road. A wind began and kept up the rest of the way—nothing serious but strong enough to twist little cones of dust in gullies and when they could see Delight, to sway Landon Allgood, the one person waiting, black by the grave he had dug.

Nobody else came. Nobody else knew (except what Negroes passed on the road and stared), and there was nothing but a few words said at the grave. What could they say but his name (which was Horatio Mustian the third)? Then Milo and Macey did the lowering. Landon put on his cap and came forward to shovel, giving off sweet paregoric like his natural scent, and they all headed back for the car—the men and Baby Sister first and Rosacoke falling in last. But before she had gone ten feet, Landon said, "Miss Rosa"—she stopped and he took off his cap—"I am mighty sorry for you."

She studied him a moment, wondering what he thought he was burying. She pointed half behind her and said, "It was *Milo's* boy."

"Yes'm," Landon said and stepped back to his work, and she went on to the others and they went home. Nobody had cried and what Rosacoke had noticed most was the new red dirt Landon threw on her father to fill his sinking.

And nobody cried riding home or during the supper they ate without speaking or, after Milo went up to Sissie (to sleep on a cot by her bed), during the long evening in the front room with Mama writing Rato the news and Baby Sister acting her paper dolls through flesh-and-blood stories till finally they all turned in. So Monday, seeing no real job at home, Rosacoke went to work and sent Wesley her long letter by Special Delivery without even looking to know what it said, knowing she hadn't faced up to Wesley yet—what he had done and wanted to do—but having in the death for awhile one thing big enough to hold her mind off whatever troubles she had. And the death worked in her like a drug, not making her sad but numbing the day while she worked and the cold ride home that night.

She was late getting home Tuesday night. It had rained all morning and in the afternoon turned cold, and the roads froze too slick for speed. It was nearly six-thirty when she walked up the yard to the house, and Mama met her at the door, saying, "Where have you been? You are too late now and I wish you had never worked today. Milo has broke our hearts. Directly you left this morning he drove off. He didn't say a word about where, and he left me with every bit of Sissie to handle and me thinking all day long he had gone off somewhere drinking like your Daddy. Well, nobody here laid eyes on him till a hour ago when he come in so quiet I didn't hear him. I was cooking our supper but Baby Sister was in the front room yonder. She had come home from school and dragged out some naked baby doll and was mothering that—singing to it. He went in there and just set by the fire. In a little Baby Sister took it in her head to go upstairs and ask Sissie could she have a few clothes to dress up that naked doll. She didn't mean harm but Sissie started crying and called for me. I didn't hear her but Milo did and tore upstairs, and when he saw the trouble, he grabbed up all the baby clothes he could find and said he couldn't pass another night with them things here and was taking them to Mildred Sutton's baby. Sissie couldn't stop him so she hollered, 'Yes, take every *stitch*. They are no use to me no more. The woman you get to have your other babies can buy her own mess or let all ten run naked.' Well, I heard *that* and caught Milo at the door and told him them things was too little for Sledge but I couldn't stop him. He was gone. He is still gone and hasn't eat a mouthful this whole day, and I don't know is he drinking or not."

Rosacoke said, "Give me the flashlight and I will go find him."

"I can't let you go in the dark," Mama said. "I was just getting ready to call up Macey and ask him to go."

But Rosacoke said, "Don't call in the Guptons for any more Mustian business." So Mama gave

her the flashlight, and she went out towards Mary's. It was colder already and the sky was clouded. What moon there would be hadn't risen, but as long as she walked through open fields, she could see without light, and when she came to the black pines, she tried to walk in darkness—she knew every inch of the way and she wasn't scared—but the path was loud with frozen leaves and a briar caught at her leg so she switched on the light and walked in its yellow circle till she came out at Mary's. The only light at Mary's was shining from the kitchen where an oil lamp burned. Rosacoke flashed her beam round the yard to check for the turkey that was roosting high. Then she went to the front and knocked.

Mary came with a lamp and said, "Miss Rosa, it's *you*" and stepped on the porch and shut the door. "Miss Rosa, he is here and I think he is better now, but when he come I didn't know *what* would happen. He must have crept in while I was back in the kitchen because when I heard a noise in the front room and went to the door to see, he was *there*, just standing over Mildred's baby, staring down wild at all them clothes he had throwed on the bed. Child, I thought he was crazy, and I didn't do nothing but tip on back to the kitchen and get me a knife. I flung open that kitchen door, and I said, 'Sweet Jesus, come in here and help me.' Then I went back to do my duty, but he had eased and looked like hisself and was setting down by that baby, and when I said 'Good evening,' he just said, 'Mary, please cook me some eggs.' I said, 'Yes sir, Mr. Milo, and you come talk to me while I fix them,' and he is eating right now in the kitchen."

"Well, let me go see him."

"Yes'm, but Miss Rosa, is he *give* us all them clothes?"

"They are his to give."

"Yes'm," Mary said and led her in. The first thing the lamp struck was Sledge, lying back amongst his new clothes.

Rosacoke said, "Ain't it too cold for him, Mary?"

Mary said, "I reckon it is" but kept on towards the kitchen and opened the door. The warm air met them and Mary said, "Look, Mr. Milo, we got us some company."

Milo looked up and said "Yes" and ate another mouthful and then said "Sit down, Rosa" like the house was his.

Mary said, "Yes, Miss Rosa, let me cook your supper."

Rosacoke said no, she wouldn't eat, but she took the other chair at the table, facing Milo with only a lamp between them, and Mary left. Milo didn't speak again or look up—just ate—and Rosacoke was quiet too. But she watched him (what she could see in the warm lamplight—his forehead pale as hers though he spent every day in the weather and his eyes like hers but his hair the color that, now she noticed, was one more thing their father had left)—and with all his three days' misery, he seemed for the only time in years like the first Milo she had run after, hundreds of miles through Mr. Isaac's woods, laughing, before Sissie Abbott gave him secrets, before he got his driving license even, when his beard was just arriving and they would sleep together in the same big bed if company came and she would rest easy all night and wake before sunup and turn towards Milo beside her and wait till the first gray light carved out his face on the pillow and then woke up the birds that sang. Still, it *wasn't* that first Milo—not after these days—but something changed, and she didn't know to what nor what new secret he kept there in his misery. But she had sat long enough, and she thought she should speak. She said, "Milo, if you want me to—"

He broke her off—"I am not taking them clothes back."

"Milo," she said, "them clothes are yours to give, and I didn't walk all this way to get them back."

Milo looked up. He had finished eating. "Well, why *are* you here?"

"I just came to say that if you want me to—" But she stopped again and frowned at the opening door where Mary stood with Sledge in her arms, the image of Mildred and awake.

Mary didn't see the frown. "You all just go on talking," she said. "It's chilly in yonder so I'll feed him where it's warm if Mr. Milo don't mind."

Rosacoke looked to Milo, thinking this was more than he would bear. But Milo said "Go ahead" and watched Mary walk to the stove and begin heating milk.

Rosacoke thought, "He is better than I reckoned" and stretched out her arms and said, "Mary, let me feed him. He has taken to me lately."

Mary said "All right" and came on to hand him over, but Milo shoved back his chair and stood and laid about a dollar on the table and said, "I got to go. Rosa, are you coming with me?"

Rosacoke put down her arms. "I'm coming," she said, still looking at Sledge and Mary and seeing why Milo had to leave. Then she stood too.

In the door Milo turned—"I'm much obliged, Mary. That money is for my supper."

Mary said, "You paid for them eggs many times with that stack of clothes but we thank you, sir" and Milo left.

Rosacoke said, "Excuse me rushing, Mary."

And Mary said, "Go where you are needed."

So Rosacoke followed Milo. He was walking slow and she caught him just in the pines and switched on her light to help him see, but he

speeded up and walked six feet ahead till they came to the field of cotton stalks. From there they could see the house and the light where Sissie was. Milo stopped and turned on Rosacoke. She switched off her light, knowing he spoke best in the dark, and he said, "What were you trying to tell me?"

"—That I will lay out of work if you want company."

"That would be mighty nice," he said and took a few steps towards Sissie's light, but before she followed he stopped again and faced her. "Sissie's awake," he said.

She said "Yes" and caught her breath to say what she knew was her duty—to ease him and lead him home—but in what moon there was, he was still too nearly that first Milo so she waited.

He waited too but when he spoke he said, "Go in the house to Sissie and Mama and say Milo is out yonder but he ain't coming in unless they give their word not to speak about clothes or baby again."

She said she would—it was all she could say, all he asked for—and went to tell Mama and Sissie. Mama said, "This house is one-third his. Tell him to just come on and rest," and Sissie said, "Yes do, but the baby was one-half mine."

Rosacoke went back and signaled from the porch with her light. Milo came on and when he got to the steps, she said, "They say come in but Milo, the baby was one-half Sissie's."

"Making the other half Milo's," he said and stood in the dark, not climbing the steps. Then he said, "Did Sissie tell you to say that?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't have to, did you?"

She couldn't answer that and he walked by her up the steps and into the house. She went in a little later and heard him in Mama's room. He was meaning to sleep there without saying good night to Mama and Sissie upstairs. Rosacoke went to the door—he had shut the door—and said through it, "I'll see you in the morning, hear?"

In awhile he said "O.K."

She went up and stopped at Sissie's door and told them he was home safe and sleeping downstairs and that she wasn't working tomorrow. Then she went to her own dark room in hopes of sleep. But she lay in the cold awake, not feeling Sissie in the next room awake—seeing only Milo's face at Mary's and hearing him break down Saturday night in the hall. She heard him over and over—*Milo* who was asking only her to share his burden—and she pictured the baby (that she never saw alive or called by name) till the baby was almost hers. Then the burden bore down on her hot through the dark. She took it and cried and it smothered her to sleep.

She slept till somebody's hand woke her in the clear early morning. It was Mama bending over and whispering fast, "Get up. Milo is up already and wanting to go. He wouldn't eat with me and Baby Sister but said he would wait in the yard for you to come on and feed him." Rosacoke raised up and stared out the window. He was standing halfway to the road with his back to the house, but the day was so bright against him she could see his hands at his sides that opened and shut on themselves and, beyond him, one white sycamore straight as diving. She threw back the cover but Mama said, "Let me say one thing—Sissie don't know I am speaking to you and wouldn't want me to if she did, but I have sat by her three whole days, and I know how she feels." Rosacoke stared on at the yard. "He is your brother, I know—he is also *my* oldest boy—but that don't make him ours. He belongs to Sissie Abbott, like it or not, and what has he said to her since the funeral except 'Good night'?"

"What are you asking me?"

"I don't know what to ask you. If it was just me I wouldn't say nothing but, 'Ride with him to Atlanta, *Georgia* if he wants to, just don't let him take up drinking—he is too close kin to his Daddy for that—but Rosa, there is Sissie lying yonder—" She whispered that but she pointed to the far wall.

Rosacoke looked to the wall with sudden fear as if Sissie herself had broke through plaster and stood before them. She said, "Listen here, Mama. Milo is an adult man that is old enough to know his mind. He has called on me for help. He may *be* Sissie's but Sissie can't help him flat on her back, and anyhow I have known him a good deal longer than Sissie Abbott so what do you want me to do?—say 'No' when he needs company?"

Mama only said, "Go with him today if he wants to go but keep him off liquor, and if there comes a time—Rosa, *make* a time—say to him, 'Milo, Sissie needs you bad.' "

Rosacoke nodded to make Mama leave. Then she dressed and went down past Sissie's shut door. She called up the man she worked for and asked to have a few days off because of death. He of course said "Yes" but hoped she could come back soon. She said she would try but things were in right bad shape. That left her free for Milo to use however he needed so she went to the door and called his name. He turned where he was—just his face—and she waved him in, but he stood, his fingers still working at his sides. She waited in the cold and thought, "Mama and Sissie are upstairs listening, and now maybe he won't come after what I said last night." Then she went to the kitchen and began cooking on faith, and soon he was there, stopped in the door, looking to test her face. She knew and turned full to him—the way he looked had lasted the night—and said "Come in."

He came and sat quiet at the table while she cooked, and they ate in quiet till he said, "Did you sleep good?"

"It took awhile but yes, I managed all right."

"That's good"—he stood and went to the window—"because I was thinking we could take us a trip today, it being so bright."

"Where to?"

"Well, if we went to Raleigh, we could get Mr. Isaac's Christmas candy."

Before she could answer, Mama's footsteps passed in the hall overhead so she said, "Don't you reckon we ought to stay closer-by than Raleigh?"

He turned to her. "Look—are you sticking with me or not?"

She looked and said "Yes."

"Let's go then."

She scraped their dishes and left them in the sink and said, "I'll get my coat."

"Where from?"

"My room."

"All right, but come straight back."

She went up and got it and came down quiet past Sissie's door. Milo was waiting in the hall, and they went towards the front together. But Rosacoke stopped in the door. "Don't you reckon we ought to say where we are going?"

"You ain't expecting no Registered Mail, are you?"

"No."

"Then let's go."

They went through the yard with their backs to the house, not speaking, and just at the car they heard a knock behind them. Milo didn't wait but Rosacoke turned to the house, knowing where to look, and there was Mama in the window of Papa's old room upstairs. She hadn't raised the glass to speak and she didn't knock twice, but her knuckle rested on the pane it had struck. Rosacoke thought of the dishes she had left and opened her mouth to explain, but Milo cranked up and when Mama saw the smoke of his exhaust, she nodded so Rosacoke just gave a little wave towards the house. Then she got in and they rolled down to the road and, still quiet, headed left for the paving and the store. Milo stopped at the store. There was nobody in sight but some trucks were already there. He said, "Step in please and get the mail." She went, seeing he didn't want to answer folks' questions, and the only letter was one that had just then come from Norfolk. She took it to the car, and Milo drove off while she read to herself.

November 18

Dear Rosa,

I just got home from work and found your letter lying on my floor with them Special Delivery stamps all over it. They really had me scared for a minute! But I have recovered and want to say I was mighty sorry to hear about Milo and Sissie's bad luck. I had been looking forward to seeing their baby at Christmas as Milo told me last summer it would come in time to be in the show at Delight and him and me counted on being Wise Men with Rato if he comes home. Maybe you will think it is a little funny that I am not sending Milo a sympathy card or anything and am just writing to you but you never said what you meant that night about Milo being mad at me so I don't know where I stand and sure don't know why he was mad unless he has X-ray vision through trees at night. Anyhow I have always thought a whole lot of Milo and his foolishness and I hope whatever he was holding against me has blown over and that you will pass my sympathy on to him and Sissie. Sissie must be extra-let-down, toting it through all that hot weather so tell her too I am sorry.

I am also sorry you won't be coming for Thanksgiving with me and my friends because I reckon what you need more than anything now is a little cheering up but I see what you mean about staying home awhile till the coast is clear. When it is though and you feel the need of a change, come on up here. Just give me fair warning! And speaking of the coast being clear—I hope you aren't having any more old or new worries about our deer hunt and that the coast is all clear there too. Is it? Time enough has passed so it ought to be. I am stopping now to get this on the train.

Good night Rosa from your friend,
Wesley

She folded it carefully and thinking she would never read it again, sealed the flap with what glue was left. Then she laid it in her lap with the writing down and looked at the flat road before them. She didn't know what she had read. Her mind was like a bowl brimmed with one numbing thing—Milo's burden he had asked her to share—and what Wesley said was oil on the surface of that, waiting. But looking ahead she could feel Milo throw curious looks towards her so to stave off questions, she faced the window at her right, and if it was the letter Milo wondered about, he took her meaning and drove on quietly till he had to speak—"Do you reckon Sissie meant what she said last night?"

"I wasn't there to hear her."

He waited almost a mile to answer. "She said I could get me somebody else to take my children from now-on-out. Reckon she meant that?"

"I can't speak for Sissie," she said, still turned to the window.

"Well, thank you ma'm for trying," he said, but he left her alone with her burden, whatever it was, while he went on, watching both sides of the road for anything cheerful to mention. It took awhile to find such a thing, but when he did he took the chance and pointed past Rosacoke's face to the window—"Have you eat any pecans this year?"

She said "No," not seeing.

"I thought you was a great nut collector." He slowed down a little.

"That was in olden times."

"Well, we can get us some right now." He stopped on the shoulder of the road and said "See yonder?"

She looked gradually, at nothing strange, at things she had passed every November of her life and not seen, things that had waited—the rusty bank thrown up by the road and gullied by rain and, beyond in the sun, a prostrate field where nothing stood straight, only corn with unused ears black from frost and stalks exhausted the color of broomstraw, beat to the ground as if boys had swarmed through with sickles, hacking, and farther back, one mule still where he stood except for his breath wreathing white on the bark of a tree that rose up over him straight and forked into limbs with nuts by the hundred and twitched on the sky like nerves because a boy stood in the fork in blue overalls and rocked. Then Wesley's meaning sunk through her mind like lead.

But before she could swallow her awful gorge and speak, Milo jerked at her arm and said, "Come help me shake down some pecans."

"Milo, we better go home."

"What's the trouble?"

"Nothing. You ought to be home with Sissie."

"Sissie don't want to see me now, and Rosa, you said you was sticking with me."

She turned from the window to her lap, but the letter was there so she faced Milo suddenly—that first Milo, not changed. "I ain't studying Sissie, Milo. Take me *home*." He didn't answer that and with nowhere else to hide her face, she turned to the window again and the boy rocking yonder in the tree, and Milo took her home round miles of deadly curves not slowing once, staring only forward in mystery and anger with not one word for Rosacoke who could feel Wesley's burden grow in her every inch of the way, nameless and blind.

At home Milo stopped sudden in the road, and the tan dust from his wheels rolled past them. Rosacoke sat for a moment, facing the house but not seeing where they were, and Milo didn't move to help her out. He sat with his feet nervous on the gas and his hand on the gear-shift and his eyes forward, and when he had waited sufficient, he said "You are home."

She looked and said "I am home" but not as if being home was a comfort. Then she opened her door and left him, and before she could get through the yard to the porch, he had turned and roared off the way they came. But she didn't see him go or hear his noise. She was listening to hear some sound inside her maybe, but all she could hear was her feet in the crust of the ground and—when she went in and climbed the steps easy, hoping to pass unnoticed- the thud of her heart in her ears like wet dirt slapped with a spade.

Mama stood ready at the top by Sissie's door. "Where is Milo?"

Rosacoke looked behind her and pointed with the letter in her hand as if he was there on the steps. "Gone to Raleigh—to get Mr. Isaac some candy."

"I thought you was riding with him."

"No'm, he just took me to the post office."

"You *said* you was riding with him, didn't you?"

"Mama, *Milo* is all right. Just let me go."

"Are you sick or something?"

"I'm not feeling *good*."

"Well, do you want a aspirin?"

"I don't want nothing but quiet, thank you, ma'm," and she went to her room and shut herself in and sat on the bed and not taking off her coat, said to herself, "I have asked time off for death so I can't work today. I have got to just sit here and think." But when she had closed her eyes, she was seized by a shaking that started at the back of her neck and flushed down through her. At first she thought, "I will build me a fire," but the shaking went on and she dug both hands in her thighs and clenched her jaws and thought, "The room is not this cold," but that didn't calm her so she slackened her jaws and gave in to it and it rattled her teeth and passed on off.

When she was steady again she opened her eyes on the mantel and the picture there of her father and not having thought, took paper and pencil and wrote,

Dear Wesley,

No it is not clear—the coast you are talking about—and if you are a human being you will come here now and do your duty.

But she couldn't say more than that. She couldn't even say that and be sure, not yet. So she waited, managing in desperation to sleep through most of the day—through Mama peeping in to check and Dr. Sledge's visit to Sissie and what little cooking was done, waking three or four times and lifting the shade to stare across the road at naked trees but forcing herself unconscious again till finally at night a car turned in and woke her and she watched Milo come through the dark with candy in his hand and heard him climb to Sissie and say good evening to Sissie and Mama and sit with them, not speaking, and then in a little heard Mama step out and shut their door and Sissie say something Rosacoke couldn't hear and Milo answer her low and them talk on like that till they faded out and Rosacoke thought, "I have failed Milo and drove him back on Sissie, and they have gone to sleep"—which was somewhere *she* didn't go that night again.

Or many other nights that came after, though she took any chance to tire herself—working

through weekdays hard as she could (working Thanksgiving at her own request) and in evenings at home, washing clothes, for instance, that were clean already and ironing till everybody but Mama was asleep and she would appear in her nightgown to say "Rosacoke, that's enough," and Rosacoke would climb to lie-out one more night between cold sheets with nothing but black ceiling to look towards or if there was moon, its glare on the floor boards and the unlit tin stove and the mantel and with nothing to hear but, inside her chest like her own fierce pulse, the thoughts she could speak to nobody—not to Mama or Baby Sister or her own dark walls (for fear Sissie Abbott next door might know) or even by mail to Wesley until she was sure.

It was a month's time and a Sunday afternoon before she was sure. Milo had carried Mama and Baby Sister to Delight to make plans for the Christmas pageant, leaving only Sissie and Rosacoke at home. Rosacoke had kept up a fire in her room most of the day and stayed there, but about five o'clock she thought of Sissie downstairs alone and felt guilty and went down to her. Sissie was shut in the front room with the stove broiling high, and when Rosacoke came in she barely spoke, just went on flipping some magazine to the end. Rosacoke commenced reading too but in a little Sissie stood and went to the window and looked at the half-dark and said, "Isn't it time they was home?"

Rosacoke looked out. "I guess it is."

"Wonder what is holding them up?"

Rosacoke said "I can't imagine." (She knew very well but she wouldn't say.)

"Well, I bet they are trying to find a Mary since I backed out. Your Mama said she didn't see no way to keep from offering it to Willie Duke Aycock when she gets home from Norfolk —unless they call on Marise Gupton and she is pregnant again."

Just to speak, Rosacoke said, "*Willie* will be a sight."

But Sissie took it wrong and turned on her. "You didn't expect *me* to go through with it, did you?"

Rosacoke said "No'm, I didn't" and Sissie cried a little, quiet and turned to the window. She had cried a good deal that month, but Rosacoke still couldn't watch her so she stepped to the hall and took a coat and not saying where she was going, went out and walked down the yard. By the time she reached the road, she had forgot Sissie. She turned right and looking down and saying to herself, "Pretty soon I have got to *think*," she walked on in dust till the dark was broken by the silly hoot of guineas in trees which meant she was at Mr. Isaac's.

She faced the house and the pecan grove, hoping it would give her several minutes' thinking, and yes, there was one light coming dim through curtains from the downstairs parlor. She thought, "They are all in there with the light," and she pictured them—Mr. Isaac nodding already since Sammy had fed him, and Miss Marina queer for the winter, tuned to whatever station came strongest on the radio, and Sammy maybe waiting for word to take Mr. Isaac in his arms and put him to bed—and when she had finished with them, she walked on another little way before the glow of car lights showed beyond the bend in the road. That would be Milo and Mama so she ran off the road down a slope, and when the car had passed and dust had sifted back over her, the guineas broke in again. She looked towards their noise—she was almost at the pond —and behind the pond in trees, she could just make them out on the sky, huddled in black knots from the cold. She wondered what was after them before real night and for something to do, went on in hopes of finding the trouble. She stopped at the pond. She had not really seen it since summer drought—not close—and she walked out on the short pier, her feet on the boards sounding far. By what light was left she could only see that the pond had filled its banks with recent rain and swamped the rotten boat staked by the pier and that it was gray, but the guineas kept up their noise, and Rosacoke said to herself, "It must be a hawk that is troubling them."

Then the weight of her own trouble spewed hot up through her chest and throat into her mouth. She gripped hard against it but it prized her teeth open and forced her to say out loud at last, "What am I going to do?" No answer came so she shut her eyes and, locked and blind, brought up in a rush, "Wesley Beavers tinkered with me six long years, wanting nothing but his pleasure, and when he finally took it dishonest and collected the sight of me in a broomstraw field, giving all I had, to mix in his mind with the sight of every cheap woman that has said 'Yes' to him, what did he hand me in return but this new burden that he knows nothing about? And if he turns up home for Christmas, won't he count on having me time and again, free as water? And if I was to tell him the trouble he has put me in, wouldn't he just sneak off to Norfolk by night and rejoin the Navy and sail for—Japan—and leave me not one soul to speak to and nothing to do but bow my head and sit home with Sissie Abbott staring and Mama maybe crying out of sight and Baby Sister playing her flesh-and-blood games and Milo joking to cheer me up while I wait for this child to take its time and come, bearing Wesley's face and ways but not his name?" Then she looked to the trees across the pond and took breath and said again, "What must I do?"

Like an answer, a piece of yellow light showed

slowly in the trees near the ground, moving towards her. Against the black she couldn't see what made the light or was bringing it, but by its color and swing, she guessed it was a lantern, and nobody toting a lantern was up to mischief so she stood on and soon heard feet in the leaves. When the light had reached the far edge of the pond, whoever held it stopped for a little and then said gently across the water, "Who is that yonder on the pier?" It was Sammy Ransom's voice.

"Nobody but Rosacoke, Sammy."

"Good evening, Miss Rosa. I'll come speak to you."

He walked round the pond to where she waited and set his lantern on the pier. Its warm light struck along the barrel of the gun he held. "What you fishing for here so late?"

"Nothing much. I was just walking on the road and heard the guineas fussing and came down here to investigate."

"Yes ma'm. That's what I was just now doing myself. Miss Marina heard them in the house and sent me out here, saying it was a hawk."

"That's what I thought."

"No ma'm. Most hawks is sleep by now. I don't know what ails them fool guineas. Just old age, I reckon."

"How is Mr. Isaac, Sammy?"

"Not doing so good, Miss Rosa. Look like it's his mind now. He just rambles round inside hisself and don't know who me and Miss Marina *is* half the time."

"Do you reckon he can go to Delight next Sunday for the pageant?"

"Yes ma'm. If he live."

"Well, they are planning to give him a present."

"Yes ma'm. What sort of present?"

"A rolling chair, I believe."

"He don't need no rolling chair long as Sammy's around."

"I know that but Macey Gupton was the buyer."

"Yes ma'm. Well, we'll be there to get it if the Lord be willing." Then he thought to say, "Are you in the show this time, Miss Rosa?"

"No, not me."

"I remembers you from last year. Reckon will Mr. Wesley be in it again?"

"I don't know, Sammy. I don't even know if he is coming home."

"Don't you? Miss Rosa, I thought it was nearabout time for you all to get married."

"No."

"Well, when is your plans for?"

"There are not any plans."

"Lord, Miss Rosa, I thought you had a *good* hold on him."

She waited in silence for the answer to give him, trusting it would come directly. But no answer came. She could not know yet how his one word *hold* had struck her mind dumb or what it would show her, in time. She could only say to herself, "I have known Sammy Ransom all my life—he has played baseball on our team—so I know he meant me no harm by that."

And to save her from speaking at all, a door slammed up at the house. They looked and there stood Miss Marina in the back-porch light, facing them. She could not see the lantern, but she beckoned now and then with her arm, and Sammy said, "Miss Rosa, I would ride you home. but you see they need me yonder." Rosacoke nodded and he took the lantern and said "Good night" and started for the house. She watched him go five yards, his right side in warm light and the shotgun dark on the left, and she thought for the first time in her life, "I cannot walk home in this dark" so she called out "Sammy—" not knowing what she would ask though for months she had had one thing to ask him.

He turned in his tracks, "Ma'm?"

But she asked what she needed most now. "I was wondering could you spare me that lantern just to get home with?"

"Oh yes'm. You take it."

She went on to him and took it and said, "I am much obliged to you" and headed for the road and home with the lantern in her clenched right hand, swinging close to her side, casting light upwards to her face sometimes and her eyes that didn't really see the road but were staring inward at what Sammy Ransom had showed her (not knowing what he did)—a Sunday evening in early November and her having been led on past a hawk by the curious sound to stop in trees at the edge of a clearing and look across a gap through falling night to Wesley Beavers, locked alone with his own wishes in the music he made on a harp with his mouth and moving hands that caused her to say to herself, "There ought to be some way you could hold him there" and then go forward to try a way.

At home she set the lantern on the porch and went by the kitchen where they all were eating to write this letter in her room—

December 15

Dear Wesley,

I guess you will be wondering when you see this how come I have waited so long and am turning up now so close to Christmas. The reason is, you asked me something I didn't know a sure answer to but now I do. The coast or whatever you want to call it is not clear and I thought you better know that before your Christmas vacation begins in case you want to change your plans some way. (I haven't heard anybody speak of your plans for coming. You say other things in your letters but you don't say you will come.) I mean,

maybe you won't want to come here now. Well what I want you to know is, I have thought this all out and I am not glad but I can't blame you if you don't show up, as it is me I hold responsible, and what I have done, I reckon I can live with. That is the news from

Rosacoke

—which she couldn't mail. She waited.

THREE

The Sunday morning before Christmas (Christmas being Wednesday that year), Milo left Mama and Rosacoke cooking dinner and Sissie lying down upstairs and drove to Warrenton to meet Rato who had set out by bus from Fort Sill, Oklahoma two days previous and had ridden upright through four states, barely closing his eyes, to get home—not because after nine months away he wanted so much to see his people or to leave camp awhile and certainly not to be in a Baptist pageant but in order to pass out the gifts he had bought with his own money and to show the family in person his Expert Marksman badge and the uniform he meant to wear for the next thirty years if the U.S. Army would let him.

When Milo was gone Mama set Baby Sister as the lookout. She squatted at the dining-room window and stared to the road through the dull cold day till an hour had passed and dinner was ready on the stove. Then a car came in sight with two people in it and turned towards the house. Baby Sister hollered "Here is Rato!" and threw herself out the door to meet him. Mama left the kitchen just as fast, not putting on a coat, and they got to him halfway down the yard. He had never been much on kissing, but he let Mama touch him on the cheek and gave Baby Sister his free hand to pull towards the door where Rosacoke stood (the other hand held his duffle bag). When he was almost at her, he set down the bag and pulled his hand out of Baby Sister's and stopped—not looking Rosacoke in the eye but grinning from under his overseas cap (the only clothes on him not wrinkled like paper from the ride).

Rosacoke didn't speak at first or smile. She was studying Rato with something like fear, and thinking back. He had come between her and Milo in age, and Mama had named him Horatio Junior for his father before she could see what was plain soon enough—that the mind he got would never make any sort of man. He had grown up mostly of his own accord, running sometimes with Milo and her and Negroes and taking what candy Mr. Isaac offered but seldom laughing and never being close to a soul or asking a favor. Still, he had *been* there all her life until last April. He had sat by her on cold school buses till he turned fourteen and stopped school completely and she met Wesley Beavers, and after that he had spent every Saturday night looking on from the porch at her and Wesley in the yard saying goodbye slowly. He had gone with her to the Raleigh hospital that week they sat with Papa before he died. And always, if he was nothing else, he had been one thing she could count on not to change, which was what she looked now to know—covering his face with her eyes (long yellow face rocked forward on his neck). But nine months of Army had taught him nothing new—thirty more years wouldn't either—and he had her father's name. So she held out her hand and smiled and said, "Merry Christmas, Rato. You have put on weight."

He said "Army food" and gave her his cool fingers to hold a little.

They all stepped into the hall and Rato stood again, not knowing where to set his bag. He never had a permanent room in the house but penetrated back and forth, stretching out wherever there was nobody else, and now Mama said, "Son, while me and Rosa's getting up dinner, you go to Papa's old room and put on your own clothes."

He looked at his wrinkles. "Thank you, no'm. These ain't mine but they are all I got."

Milo said, "What in the Hell you got that bag stuffed with then?—a woman?"

Baby Sister said, "Looks like Santa Claus to me."

Rato said, "That's what it is."

And Mama said, "Well, eat like you are but some of us will have to press that uniform before tonight," and she and Rosacoke went to lay out the food. Milo went upstairs to tell Sissie he was home, and Rato dropped his bag again and dangled in the hall with Baby Sister staring at him speechless. Mama called "Ready." Then Sissie crept down ahead of Milo. She spoke Rato's name and he spoke hers and said, "I have eat just peanuts since Friday" and stepped to the table before the others.

At the table Mama called on Rato for grace. There was considerable time while he searched for words, and Rosacoke thought, "That is mistake number one. After eight months away he's forgot," and Mama opened her mouth to say it herself when Rato shot out, "Lord, I thank you for dinner."

They waited awhile for "Amen" but it never came so they looked up gradually and unfolded

napkins and commenced passing bowls. They knew there was no point asking Rato about his trip or the Army—he had never made a satisfying answer in his life—but Mama couldn't pass up his grace without comment. "You all must not have much religious activities at camp, do you, son?"

Rato was red from his effort. He said "No'm," taking biscuits to butter.

And at first that seemed to stop other questions, but Milo thought and saw his chance—"What about them talks on women the chaplain gives?" Rato grinned at his plate and chewed and Milo kept on. "I certainly hope you have been attending *them*." Rato still didn't speak though Mama was watching him. Milo said "Have you, Rato?"

Sissie for a change raised eyebrows over the table to Rosacoke, meaning, "*Brother* is closer kin than *husband*. *You* stop him," and Rosacoke said "All right, Milo."

Mama said "Yes, stop" but she was curious now, and when there had been quiet eating for a little, she said, "Are they some kind of marriage talks, son?"

"I don't know'm. I ain't heard one."

Milo said, "Well, you have missed a golden opportunity, I'm sure."

"*I* don't know," Mama said. "Some folks don't want to get married, do they, son?"

Rato nodded. "I'm one of *them*."

And Mama had to make a new start. "Son, do you all have a chaplain just for the Baptists or does everybody get the same one?"

"I ain't seen a Baptist since April. Just Catholics."

"Well, you will see some tonight."

"How come?"

"Because we are retiring Mr. Isaac from the Deacons tonight."

"Is he still alive?"

Milo said "Sort of."

Baby Sister said, "We are also having the pageant and you are in it."

"No I ain't." (Every year since he grew too big for a Shepherd, he had begun by refusing his part.)

Milo said, "Yes you are. Me and you's Wise Men."

Sissie said, "Who is the third?" and when Milo and Mama stared at her, she saw her mistake and bolted a mouthful of food for the first time that day.

But her question hung above them plain as the swinging light so Rosacoke laid her hands on the table. She pushed back her chair and stood and took the empty biscuit plate. Only Rato looked at her but she looked at Sissie and said, "The third one is Wesley if he comes in time." Then she went to the kitchen and staved there longer than it generally takes for biscuits.

When she was gone Mama said soft to Milo "Is he come?"

"He's here. I seen him at the store just now when we passed."

"Well, I called up his mother yesterday to see was he coming for the pageant. She said she just didn't know his plans so I told her we would practice this afternoon and to tell Wesley if he come. Has Willie Duke come?"

"Oh yes. That scrap-iron fool flew her in last night."

Rato said, "Is *she* in the show?"

"Looks that way," Mama said but with Sissie there she didn't name Willie Duke's part.

Rato of course didn't know what they meant, talking low, but he had finished eating, and as Rosacoke stepped back through the door, he looked to her and said "When is Christmas?"

She smiled and said "Wednesday" and sat down.

"How come you ask?" Mama said.

But Rato was on his feet and out to the hall and back with his duffle bag. He stooped to open it. "Because I have brought you all presents from the PX. Everything is real cheap there."

Mama said, "That's fine, son. But wait till Wednesday."

He just said "No'm" and brought out six boxes. They were all very much the same size and in white paper with no name tags, but Rato weighed each box in his hand, trying to know them by touch. Finally he passed one to Baby Sister, and while the others watched his sorting, she opened it. At first it seemed like a red plastic sack, but she found a valve and blew, and directly it was a toy elephant with black eyes that rolled behind celluloid. She thought to herself it was a very strange gift for a twelve-year-old, but all she said was "Thank you, Rato."

He said "That's O. K." and stayed on the floor, but everybody else turned to Baby Sister, stuck with her blown-up elephant, wondering where to set it. Mama laughed a little and the others followed, even Sissie, so Rato looked to see why. When he saw the toy he jumped to Baby Sister's chair and grabbed it from her. "This here ain't yours," he said. "It's a baby toy" and he put it to his burning face and bit off the valve with his teeth. The elephant shriveled to a sack again, and Rato stuffed it deep out of sight. Then he rocked on his heels and studied the five boxes left. "Listen," he said, "I bought this stuff way before Thanksgiving so I don't know what is what." That was as much as he had said at one time ever in his life, and he started refilling his bag. The others tried but they couldn't help staring at Sissie. Sissie for a change held up. But that was the end of eating. Mama stood and said, "That's all right, son. Take your time. Christmas will be here too soon as it is. You and Milo just go in the front room and set. By the time me and Rosa wash dishes, we will have to get on to Delight and practice."

Rato said "Who is *we?*"

"You all that's in the pageant and me that's managing it."

Rato said, "Are you in it, Rosa?"

"No. I had my chance last year, remember?"

He said "Yes" and dinner broke up. Sissie went back upstairs to continue resting. Milo and Rato went to the front room to wait for Mama —Baby Sister followed in case Milo told jokes— and Rosacoke and Mama washed dishes.

In the kitchen when the last dish was dried, Rosacoke hung two wet towels on a line by the window and stood, looking sideways to the empty road, her face the color of the day. Mama saw her and knew she had put off speaking long as she could, that she had to find a way now to offer blind help. But Rosa was Rosa (her strangest child). She would have to study out what to say so she wiped round the sink and washed her hands and slipped on the narrow gold ring she always removed before working. When that was done Rosacoke was still locked at the glass. Mama walked up behind and not touching her, said, "Rosa, you have barely laughed since summer ended. I don't know why exactly but even if you *are* my own flesh and blood, I ain't going to ask the trouble. I just want to say, if you got any business that needs telling—well, I am your Mama." She stopped to take breath but Rosacoke didn't turn. "And another thing, if there is some person in that pageant you don't want to see, just stay here tonight. I will understand." (She didn't understand. She hadn't guessed what the real burden was.) Rosacoke stayed facing the road and Mama walked to the door to leave. At the door she tried again. "Did you hear me, Rosa?" Rosacoke nodded one time and Mama went out.

But all Rosacoke had heard was the last, which worked in her mind as she saw Milo lead the others to the car and drive off to Delight. After they vanished she said to herself, "Even if I do feel like crawling underground, I will not sit here tonight and moan with Sissie Abbott. Mr. Isaac may die any day. He has been good to us, and I mean to pay my respects with everybody else, including Wesley Beavers." She had halfway turned to get her church dress and iron it when she caught in the side of her eye a cloud of dust at the far curve of the road. She had to look. It was nothing but Macey Gupton's truck headed for the practice (he was Joseph and was hauling Mr. Isaac's gift-chair on the back, held down by his wormy daughters that were Angels), but when it was gone Rosacoke couldn't leave the window. She had to stand and take the sight of whatever cars passed by.

And the awful car she expected came soon enough—the Beavers' tan Pontiac moving fast as if it was late, twitching to dodge great rocks and with one person in it who suddenly knew where he was and slowed at the Mustian drive almost to a stop but not seeing any sign of life to call him in (*some* reason of his own), rolled on by scratching his wheels. Rosacoke pressed her face to the cold pane and watched to the end. Then she could think, "That is all the proof I need," and the thought, being what she had waited to know, came almost like relief. She had not seen a face or enough to swear who was driving but she knew. She also knew she could not attend any evening service—Mr. Isaac dying or not. But what she *could* do came to her next. "I will walk over now and take him his candy and tell Sammy I can't be there tonight."

She went to Mama's room and found the candy where Milo had left it. She wrapped it like Rato's things in tissue paper. Then she climbed the stairs to comb her hair and get her coat—she had dressed that morning for Rato's arrival. On the way down she stopped by Sissie's door and spoke through it. "Are you all right?" Sissie said she was. "Well, I am just going to step to Mr. Isaac's—hear?—and give him our candy." Sissie said not to mind her so Rosacoke went on.

She went the back way—off the road through a half-mile of bare woods. Near as they were, she didn't really know these woods (Milo had warned her long ago—to keep her from always trailing him—that somewhere in here was a place named Snake's Mouth where all snakes for miles got born, and the story had served his purpose till she was too old to explore), and looking down she walked through pine straw and waiting briars fast as she could, not because she was scared but because after watching the tan car fade, she didn't mean to stay in silence longer than she could help, even if Sammy Ransom was the only thing to talk to. Still, it took much longer than she hoped, and when she broke out of trees at last on the edge of the grove with the naked road on her left and Mr. Isaac's before her, she all but ran the hundred yards to the porch, and the pounding of her feet on dead earth flushed waves of screaming guineas into pecan limbs. The porch was not much help. The soft boards gave under her weight like carpet. The only thing moving was a dirty rocking chair, and the truck was nowhere in sight. She gripped the package and pulled with her chest for breath. Then she said, "Sweet Jesus, let *somebody* be here" and knocked.

And Sammy came, clean in blue work clothes, looking glad to see her. He stopped on the sill with the screen door between them. "How are you, Miss Rosa?"

She couldn't speak at first but she blinked her eyes and smiled. "Kicking, but not high, Sammy."

"You look a little pale, sure enough. I hope

you improves by Christmas. Can I help you, please ma'm?"

She showed him the package in her hand. "Sammy, I won't be going to Delight this evening to honor Mr. Isaac with the rest. I got to stay home with Milo's Sissie so I brought him his candy. It's from all of us though."

"He be glad to see that, Miss Rosa. He and Miss Marina eat up all they had last Friday, and I ain't been able to leave him to get no more. But he don't understand that and yesterday evening after I got him in the bed, I left him for just ten minutes, and he worked hisself to the edge and commenced rummaging in his table drawer till he found one of them little cakes of hotel soap that he got twenty years ago—in Richmond, I reckon—and Miss Rosa, he *eat* about half of it before I come back and saw lather foaming round his mouth. (He is mixed up, you see—thinking about nothing but hisself all day.) But it didn't seem to hurt him none so I just wiped him off and didn't tell him no better. Yes ma'm, he be glad of this and so is Sammy." But he stood on in the door, blocking her way.

So she had to ask. "Well, if he is all right now, reckon could I speak to him a minute?"

Sammy smiled and lowered his voice and peeped behind him. "Yes ma'm. I was just holding off to let Miss Marina hide. She don't see folks in the winter." Then he stepped back and Rosacoke passed.

She had been in the house maybe forty-five minutes of her life, but she knew right away it was all the same, the way it had been every Christmas-visit since she could remember—the dark low hall, broad floor boards stretching to the back (bare and polished from the little walking since Miss Marina threw out the rugs, saying "Moth hotels!"), green curtains drawn across the four room doors (Miss Marina hiding back of one), the rose love seat and the tired, preserving air that held it all from one year to the next, unchanged and clean and stifling as a July night. The one new thing was hung by the parlor door—a calendar for the present year (with a picture of a new Buick car and the sea behind), turned to December with each day circled through the twenty-first. Sammy saw Rosacoke notice that—"Miss Marina is counting off the days to Christmas"—and led her to the far door on the left, saying, "Stand here, please ma'm, while I get him fixed. I got him in the bed, resting up for this evening."

She thought, "I have never been in this room. It is the last place on earth Mr. Isaac in his right mind would ask me," and she said, "Sammy, don't bother him now. *You* give him this."

"Oh no'm. He be glad of company. It's the only thing he glad of now. He might not know you though," and he went through the curtain, but Rosacoke could hear every sound. Sammy said, "Set up, Mr. Isaac. I got you a guest," and there was heaving of the bed as he propped the old man on pillows. Mr. Isaac bore it quiet as a sack of seed, but when Sammy had finished and headed for the door to get Rosacoke, Mr. Isaac tapped on wood and Sammy went back. Rosacoke could hear him hawking at his throat and finally his whisper, "Brush my hair" so Sammy poured water to damp his head and brushed him and said "Now you ready" and called Rosacoke.

She stepped through and saw first thing on the opposite wall three pictures of people—the only one she knew being Franklin D. Roosevelt, torn off *Life* magazine, tacked up, crisp and curled and happy, over a bureau that lacked a mirror and had nothing on it but dust from the road and a tortoise-shell hairbrush. The rest of the room was just that bare—her eyes passed over a low washstand with a pitcher and bowl and the black leather chair and one wide window and a long rusty wall till she found Mr. Isaac in bed way round on her left, too far to see his pictures. She went three steps towards him, and Sammy said, "This is your friend Rosacoke, Mr. Isaac."

She was not his friend. She had never been more to him than one of Emma Mustian's dusty children in the road—the one that had grown up bringing him every Christmas the horehound candy her Mama bought to offer in partial thanks for the fifty dollars he gave when the children's Daddy was killed—but facing him now she knew she was right to come. He filled her mind already with something but bitter dread—set up on white pillows in a white flannel nightshirt with spotted hands flat on white sheets and still, for all Sammy's pains, looking dirty because his face had yellowed too deep to fade now and the hair above was streaked like old piano keys.

She went the rest of the way and held out the package. He looked at her offering hand and at her—the dead smile on the right side of his face but both sides blank as paper—and to Sammy beside her. Sammy said, "Take your present and thank Miss Rosa." He turned to his own hands before him and stared as though he would move them invisibly, by sight. Then his live hand commenced a flutter on the sheet like a learning bird in hopes of flight and reached out slowly to Rosacoke.

When his fingers had the package, she said, "Merry Christmas, Mr. Isaac. I hope you have many more."

But he didn't speak and his face didn't show even recognition. He carried his hand back halfway and held it at seeing distance, studying what he had. Sammy spoke though—"You want me to open it for you?"—and before Mr. Isaac could nod, took it and tore off the paper. "Look here, Mr. Isaac, you got you some horehound again. Ain't you glad?" The old man looked at the candy and then to Rosacoke for a long try at remembering, but if he knew her or why she had brought him this or was thankful, he gave no sign. Sammy said, "I told you, Miss Rosa" and

broke the bag and laid two sticks of candy in Mr. Isaac's hand. The hand shut on them like a trap. Sammy said, "Miss Rosa, take a chair" and fetched her one with a horsehair bottom and set it near the bed.

She had no reason to stay (no reason she could mention), but what else could she do?—walk back through those woods again? or up the road where whoever passed could see her alone? and pull herself upstairs and feed her stove and sit on the bed with Sissie sealed in next door, needing comfort? and feel, one mile down the road, everybody she knew at Delight (Milo and Wesley and Macey quizzing Rato about women and joking with Landon Allgood—drunk but trying to sweep—and Baby Sister bossing Guptons and Mama pleading every two minutes, "You all *please* behave")? So she said, "Well, I *will* stay awhile" and pulled back the chair and sat and turned to Sammy, hoping he would talk.

He said, "You say you got to set with Miss Sissie this evening—how is she, Miss Rosa?"

"Dr. Sledge says she is all right—her *body*. It will take her some time yet to stop grieving though."

"Yes ma'm. It was a boy, won't it?"

"Yes."

"What was his name?"

"Rato."

"Named after Mr. Rato?"

"Rato was our Daddy's name."

"Yes ma'm."

Rosacoke turned to Mr. Isaac then, thinking he might help her change the subject, but he was only watching his shut hand and Sammy began again. "Well, I hope she gets her a new one soon."

"Sissie you mean?" but she didn't face Sammy.

"Yes ma'm."

"I don't know if she could stand it again."

"Yes ma'm. Don't look like folks been having much luck this year, does it?—Mildred Sutton, she died, and now Miss Sissie's boy." He waited but Rosacoke still didn't turn. "Is you seen Mildred's baby, Miss Rosa?"

"Yes."

"Don't he take after Mildred? I seen him last week. Estelle had him at Mount Moriah, and I seen him just from a distance. First time."

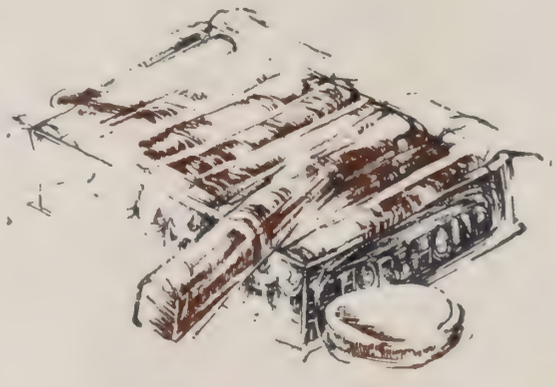
Rosacoke had looked for comfort from Sammy, but with what he said her heart was wild again, and she had tensed her legs to stand and leave when Mr. Isaac came to life. He turned far as he could and tried to whisper to Sammy, "Who is her Mama?"

Sammy said, "Miss Emma Mustian. This is Rosacoke." And Mr. Isaac nodded. He didn't look at her or smile, just opened his hand and carried one stick of candy to his mouth.

Rosacoke had stayed to see that, and once it was done Sammy said, "Will you set here, Miss Rosa, while I go fix his medicine?"

She could only say "Yes" and Sammy went. Mr. Isaac watched him go and as his steps died out towards the kitchen, stared at the curtain, wondering maybe was that the last of Sammy. Rosacoke wanted to set him at ease, but he didn't look at her. He went back to his hand and took the next stick of candy and crammed the room with the noise of eating as if he was grinding teeth to powder. Rosacoke had to stop him. She said, "Mr. Isaac, I hear you are going to church this evening." But he didn't stop. He chewed to the end and swallowed, and she thought he hadn't heard. Then he turned on her—his eyes—and he started, "I—I can't die. If you was to shoot me, I wouldn't die. So I don't pray." He pointed to a spot on the bare floor between them—"I—I—I don't pray no more than that dog does yonder."

There was not any dog. There hadn't been a dog for fifteen years. There was only—out the wide window—high black trees stuck up on the far edge of the pond where woods began (where the deer was and the spring and the broomstraw field) and nearer, crawling cherries and water, hard on the surface but swarmed with cold slow-blooded fish, locking the rotten boat by the rotting pier, and there was no sound of Sammy coming so Rosacoke got to her feet and walked to the wall and the pictures. She had saved them to look at if she needed—the ones she had not recognized, tintypes in round walnut frames on each side of Roosevelt, a lady about her age and a man about fifty. At first sight she knew the lady. It was Mr. Isaac's mother (Miss Marina, even crazy, was her image), and the man was his father—stern and bald, screwed to the chair he sat in, one empty sleeve pinned up at his shoulder. He had given an arm in the War. (Mr. Isaac had told her years ago when he met her one day in the road and asked for the hundredth time who was her Mama. She had said "Emma Mustian" and then asked who was his Daddy. He had told her, "Dead—died at ninety and his last words were, 'I do not understand.' But Cas was his name. He fought at Vicksburg and lost his arm and didn't eat nothing for forty days till him and his men caught rats." She had said, "No wonder he died" and had gone on home, Mr. Isaac laughing behind her.) Recollecting that was a help and she turned to the bed. "Mr. Isaac, is this your Daddy here?"



His hand was on his yellow hair—just smoothing—and he kept that up as he strained his eyes to the wall and said, "Papa told me I would be bald as him but I ain't."

That helped a little too. (He was right. He had never lost a strand—except what was in his brush—and the sight of it now brought her the memory of when Milo was ten and came in one morning from the store with what Mama sent for, plus a nickel. Mama asked where he got it, and he said, "I was coming out the store, and Mr. Isaac was setting on the steps in the shade, and he said to me, 'Boy, I will give you a nickel to scratch my head.' ") And when that had run through her mind like spring water, she felt she could sit again for as long as Sammy was gone and she was needed. She went to the chair, stepping careful not to jar what little calm she had made, and when she sat, knocking came from the front of the house. At first she wondered was it Miss Marina and had Sammy heard. But his footsteps passed from the kitchen to the front and opened the door. For all the quiet she still couldn't hear who was there or what Sammy mumbled till he spoke up at last—"Step on in. She's watching Mr. Isaac for me"—and led somebody towards her. She didn't face the door or stand. She faced Mr. Isaac and when Sammy drew back the curtain, cold air struck her neck and Wesley spoke her name. Her legs thrust up and twisted her round to see where he stood, his face like a weapon against her.

With the breath she had she said, "Why have you trailed me here?"

Sammy brought him on by the arm, and Rosacoke backed till the bed stopped her. Nothing was between them but the dead air her chest refused. Wesley said, "Your Mama sent me home to get you, and Sissie said you was here. You see, Willie Duke has eloped by air with Heywood Betts to Daytona Beach, and you got to be in the show tonight so come on with me to practice." He smiled and Sammy Ransom smiled behind him.

Rosacoke would have run—she had already whimpered, cornered and wild, in the roof of her mouth—but something touched her coat from behind, and she flung backwards to see what it was. It was Mr. Isaac. He had slid to the edge and reached for the candy and knocked the broken bag against her back with his liverish hand and was smiling on both sides of his face, his old teeth parted, the stink of his age leaking through them. There was nowhere better to turn so Rosacoke stared on and shuddered. Then he lifted the candy towards her and whispered, "Give this to the children."

She frowned hard and Sammy came forward—"What children, Mr. Isaac? This is *your* Christmas present"—and took the candy from him.

But Mr. Isaac pointed to Rosacoke, "That is for the *children*," and Rosacoke ran past Sammy and Wesley with their grins, through the curtain, past Miss Marina hiding, to the door and the porch, towards the road, headed God-knew-where, but away from Wesley Beavers who didn't *know* and who wouldn't care—hair and coat like old flags behind, legs pumping noise from her belly through her nose to drown his nearing steps (low sick whines like nothing she had made in her life, that her teeth couldn't stanch).

Her breath lasted halfway to the road, and terror took her another few yards before Wesley came close enough to touch her shoulder lightly. That touch—asking, not clutching—sent tiredness through her like a killing shock. She ran beyond his hand. Then she stopped. He was somewhere behind her. She didn't know how far. She didn't care. She just had to rest. Her head slumped towards the ground as if she would never look up, and hair fell over her face. Then he touched her again. She was too numb to feel anything but weight so his right hand stayed on her shoulder as he came round in front and rocked her chin towards him. (He had never done such a thing in daylight before.) Her skin was paler than usual, and her eyes wouldn't meet him though they were dry as sand. But those were the only signs—why should he understand those? He said, "Sweet Jesus, what ails you, Rosa?"

She drew her chin back towards the ground. "Nothing you can cure." Her voice was like a croupy child's.

"Tell me what's your trouble."

"If you don't know by now—"

"I don't know nothing except you are acting mighty strange for Christmas." He slid his hand down her arm and took her cold fingers—she let them go like something not hers—and said, "Come on now, Rosa. We got to go practice. Everybody is waiting. We'll have a *good* time."

She shook her head, meaning No, and shut her eyes.

"Rosa, Willie Duke has eloped and you got to take her part, else your Mama's show will fold up."

Her eyes stayed shut. "Marise can do it."

He laughed. "Then you ain't seen Marise lately."

She shook her head again but her eyes opened.

"Marise can't be in no Christmas show *this* year. She is swole-up with baby-number-five the size of that house yonder." He pointed to Mr. Isaac's and Rosacoke turned her head to see. Sammy Ransom stood on the porch. He had run that far with Wesley and waited to know if he was needed. Wesley hollered, "It's all right, Sammy." Sammy smiled and waved and went in.

Rosacoke said "No it ain't," not meaning to speak, feeling it slip up her throat.

"What ain't?" Wesley said and reached to take her other hand.

But she stepped back. Her hands twitched a time or two, and to calm them she smoothed one side of her hair. Then both arms went straight at her sides and the fingers clenched. "Marise

Gupton ain't the only one working on a baby." Her voice was almost natural, just tired.

"Who are you speaking of?"

"I am speaking of me."

He didn't come to her so they stood a long minute like that, stiller than they had ever been, four feet of day between them. Wesley was downhill from her and lower, facing the yellow house (the pecans, the guineas, Miss Marina peeping) but seeing only Rosacoke in his head—the way she had looked that November evening by flashlight in broomstraw, the way she looked now, almost the same, just tireder. But Rosacoke stared past his head (his hair grown dark and long for winter) and stopped her eyes on the road that was empty. She said one thought to herself as a test—"Wonder have many other women told him this?"—and she waited for the hurt but it didn't come. Her mind was empty as the road. She was numb to Wesley Beavers for the first time in eight years, numb as a sleeping leg.

But Wesley was not, not now if he had ever been. He said slow and careful, "Understand what I say—you don't know nobody but me, do you, Rosa?"

She said "No," not looking.

He took a long deep breath and let it out. "Well, come on then. We got to go practice." His car was up by the house, and he wandered towards it, not taking her hand as he went. He had to think and he was trying, the only way he knew—by draining his eyes and his mind of everything and waiting till an answer rose to the surface. He had gone ten yards before he knew he was walking alone so he stopped and twisted one foot in dirt. Rosacoke heard that and turned her head a little. He said "Rosa?" and started again for the car. And she came on behind. It would be somewhere to rest.

They rode without speaking, separate. Wesley's hands hung from the top of the wheel, and his forehead leaned almost to the glass—his eyes flat and blind—not to see Rosacoke till he knew how to speak whatever he decided. Rosacoke's hands were palm-up, dead, on knees that had gapped apart to let her eyes bore through to the floor. So both of them failed to notice the one thing that might have helped—rare as lightning in late December, a high white heron in the pond shallows, down for the night on its late way south, neck for a moment curved lovely as an axe handle to follow their passing, then thrust in water for the food it had lacked since morning. But in no time the church had swung into view and still Wesley didn't know. He glanced at Rosacoke—she hadn't seen where they were—and drove on a ways with the woods around them, to wait for what he must do and the words to speak it in.

Then the words came to him, and he pulled off the road. Rosacoke thought she was there and reached for the door handle, but he had stopped by the tracks that led to Mr. Isaac's spring. Far as she could see, only briars and frozen weeds stretched into thickening pines, and Wesley's eyes were pressed against her face, waiting for something from her. He said, "Rosa, how come you ain't told me sooner?" His voice was almost happy. It was the beginning of his offer.

But she said, "Take me to Delfght please."

"We got to talk some, Rosa."

She said, "I don't owe you two words," but still he looked and gave no signs of moving. So she made one try to save herself the walk—"Am I riding to Delight or have I got to go by foot?"

He would have to finish what he had begun, but he saw she could not listen now. He knew she was tired and that seemed reason enough. Anyhow, he had never begged anybody for anything, and he didn't know how to start at age twenty-two. He said, "You are on your way" and faced the rear window and turned in Mr. Isaac's old tracks and drove her back slowly, guessing she only needed time to calm herself and listen. He stopped fifty yards from the church by Milo's car near the graves. Rosacoke looked up again—at creek sand now, like snow, and the square white building—and she thought, "How in the world can I troop in yonder, smiling, and practice this part for tonight, knowing all I know?"

In her wait Wesley reckoned he saw another chance. He said, "Rosa, why ain't you told me before now?"

She faced her window. "What good would that have done?"

"It would have saved wear and tear on your nerves. You look right peaked." He sounded as if he was smiling—"And if I had had warning, I could have spoke to Heywood Betts, and we could have flew off with him and Willie to Daytona Beach for Christmas!"

She said, "I have not been sleeping much. Don't joke with me."

He said "I ain't" and when she moved to get out, he laid a hand on her wrist and looked to the church to see was anybody watching. "Listen here. We will drive to South Carolina tonight when the show is over. To Dillon. That's where everybody goes—you ain't got to wait for a license there. Then we can head on to Myrtle Beach if it ain't too cold and collect a few shells and get back here on Christmas Eve. O.K.?"

She left his hand in place, thinking it meant nothing now, but she said, "I am not *everybody*. I am just the cause of this baby. It is mine and I am having it on my own."

"Not a *hundred* per cent yours, it ain't. Not if what you say about knowing nobody but me is *so*."

"It's so."

"Then we got to go to Dillon this evening." It was that simple to him.

She shook her head and gave him the first rea-

son that came—"It would break Mama's heart."

"It'll break a heap louder if her first live grand-baby comes here lacking a name."

"Hers ain't all that will break."

"No, I reckon not. I ain't exactly glad it happened this way myself, but it don't upset my plans too much. I mean, I have paid up my debts. Every penny I make from here on out is mine. We can live. Anyhow, we done this together and—"

She knew she could not bear the end of that, whatever it would be. They hadn't done *nothing* together. She stepped to the ground and went on towards the church. Wesley watched her go three yards. Then he got out himself, intending to catch up beside her, but the sound of him coming quickened her walk so he followed at the distance she chose—not understanding, hoping he just had to wait.

And she would have gone in ahead as she meant to if halfway across the grove, she hadn't heard the choir door open, rusty, at the side and seen Landon Allgood tip down the steps and head across her path, weaving enough to show his condition and dressed for summer but with both arms full of holly—thorned leaves and berries that shined at her clean through the grove like cardinals hunched against Landon from the weather. She wondered, "What does he need with holly like that?" (It was plain he was taking off some of Mama's best decorations. Greens like that only grew deep in Mr. Isaac's woods, and the youngest boys had spent all yesterday gathering them.) But she had no idea of asking, and she stepped along faster not to meet him. He hadn't noticed her and she thought she was safe till Wesley called out from behind, "You look like a holly bush, Landon," and Landon stopped to lift his cap but seeing his arms were loaded, smiled and came on. Rosacoke told herself, "There is no way not to speak now—him this near and Christmas on Wednesday" so she stopped too, and Wesley reached her the same time as Landon. She said "Good afternoon, Landon," trying to answer his grin and overlook the holly.

But Wesley said, "Where are you taking all them greens?" He was grinning like Landon. He took this meeting as a sign.

"They is just some little Christmas greens for Mary, Mr. Wesley." (Mary Sutton was his sister.) "She say she would give me my dinner if I find her some Christmas greens."

"Well, you sure found some grand ones, didn't you?"

"Yes sir, I did. I don't know who she decorating for except that baby, and it don't know holly from horses' harness."

"I don't reckon so. How old is it, Landon?" He didn't need to know. It was just the next thing to say.

"I don't know, sir. It won't walking last Tuesday though."

Rosacoke had to speak. "His name is Sledge and he come in late July."

"Was it that long ago?" Wesley said, glad she had offered *something*, and she nodded, looking off.

Landon said, "What you asking me, Mr. Wesley?" He had not kept up.

But to stop Wesley's answer Rosacoke said, "I got to go practice, Landon. Let me just give you this." She felt for her purse but it was at home.

Wesley said, "What you hunting, Rosa?"

She didn't say, so Landon told him. "Sometimes she give me a dollar for my medicine I needs."

"—But I haven't got it now," she said. "I am sorry. Come by the house on Wednesday."

That was all right with Landon, but Wesley said "Here's your dollar" and reached for his money.

Rosacoke said, "*I'll* give it to him Wednesday."

"You maybe won't be here Wednesday."

"Where am I going," she said.

He smiled, not seeing she had not asked a question, and Landon looked back and forth between them, confused. But Wesley had already pulled out two old dollars. He stuffed them in Landon's pocket. "That'll cure a heap of toothaches," he said.

"Many-a-one," Landon said, bowing deep on his holly. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, Miss Rosa." Then as if it was his gift for them, he nodded to the side. Rosacoke knew where to look. "I been spreading new dirt on Mr. Rato where he sinking."

And there through the grove was her father under raw new dirt, changed to dirt himself after thirteen years, who had changed one time before —from the boy her Mama recollected, in white knee-stockings so solemn on a pier at Ocean View, to the drunk who killed himself one Saturday evening by mistake (like everything else he did) and left behind a tan photograph and four blood children (Milo with his hair, and Rato Junior with his silly name but no mind, and her with one or two awful memories, and Baby Sister working in Mama when he died)—and was sinking now by his Papa and Mama and his first grand-baby that would also have had his name if it had breathed, and someday might have passed it on. She said "Thank you, Landon" and in the church the piano started (that hadn't been tuned in memory), seeping through the walls as if from underwater, too faint to call a tune.

Landon said, "I wish you all a happy Christmas and many more to come" and started for the road and Mary's, and Rosacoke started for the church. But Wesley held her—his hand on her shoulder, not so gentle now. "You know I am serious, don't you?" She didn't pull away but she made no sign and she didn't look. "Well, I am. And you got all evening to think it over. Tell me tonight." He lifted his hand and she walked

on but he didn't follow. He stood where she left him, waiting to know would she look back one time at least, wondering what had turned her against him, yet seeing how little her picture had changed since summer—her high legs lifting her on over sand like snow crust, working from her hips like stainless rods, steady and lovely (even now, toting their new burden) as if she was walking towards a prize.

She got to the steps and climbed and at the top, in the door, turned and not knowing why, not thinking, looked back the way she had come —to the car and the graves and her sorry father, then a little careful, still testing, to Wesley Beavers for the first time since Mr. Isaac's, looking down on him and thinking, the moment she met his eyes, "I am free"—a way she had seldom felt since the November day eight years ago when he rained down pecans at her request, the way she had felt for maybe ten minutes that other November evening when she struck out for Mary's—after the hawk passed over and the music —as if her life was hers, till the wind turned and the music came back and pulled her through briars and roots to the Beavers' clearing where she could see Wesley on the porch, leaning on a post over his brother, his hair still light from the beach, his white sleeves rolled above dark hands that shaped the music, and his face not smiling no more than the hawk—sealed off with his private pictures, not seeing her, needing nothing he didn't have, but happy. Now everything



was different. The distance between them—the space—was half what it was that evening. Now Wesley was flat on his feet with his arms pinned to his sides. His wrists had faded white and showed from the sleeves of his sailor jacket (he had grown some in the Navy), and his face was offered up towards her like a plate—with nothing on it she wanted, not any more. She told herself, "Well, I held him. I tried and I held him. I caused him this bad afternoon, and maybe I have ruined his Christmas and I am sorry. But I reckon he has learned one thing he never would have guessed on his own—that it is very lonely, donating things to people that they don't need or even want—and he will be all right in awhile. He has paid up his debts. He can live. He hasn't got to take no share of this load I brought on myself. I am free from him. God knows I am free." She thought it was her right to think that, and if he had come on then when a final No seemed simple as breathing, she would have said it and saved him waiting till night. But the piano, that had strummed on alone under what she thought, crept into the first of a tune, and all at once there was a girl's voice, riding out pure as spring water. Rosacoke knew it and went in towards it, and Wesley followed in a little. It was Baby Sister. She was practicing "Joy to the World."

And she sang it that evening after they retired Mr. Isaac and gave him his chair and Sammy wiped his eyes and set him in it by the Amen Corner and Mama at the back switched off the lights and the pageant members took their stations unseen and most of the coughing calmed into waiting breath and the preacher recited in the dark, "And there were in the same country Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.' "

She started it back in the Sunday school rooms out of sight, and the first words didn't carry, but she came on closer till soon every sound was cutting the pitch-black air like a new plow point, reaching some eighty people. Then she moved into sight—to join her song—through a door up front at the side, trailing behind her a swarm of humming girls, mostly Guptons, in cheesecloth veils with trembling candles that were all the light in the church. They were meant to be Messenger Angels, and Baby Sister's song was meant for the Shepherds, and when she was at the pulpit and the girls closed in around her, there they were—Moulton Ayscue and John Arthur Bobbitt and Bracey Overby, stretched on the floor in flannel bathrobes with peeled sticks beside them. At the touch of light they sprang up afraid and crouched with quivering arms while she finished—

Let every heart
Prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing.

Then the preacher went on. "And it came to pass as the Angels were gone away from them into heaven, the Shepherds said one to another"—and Bracey said, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

But Baby Sister's girls were the light. They couldn't go away so they led the Shepherds slowly to the choir where Macey Gupton stood as Joseph and Rosacoke sat as Mary and Frederick Gupton, eight months old, rested in a basket set on legs, as Baby Jesus. The Shepherds stopped in front of him, and Mama at the back switched on the overhead star and the Angels circled behind. When the flames had steadied in their hands, a ring of light crept past Rosacoke and Frederick till it reached the two front pews and the Amen Corner where Mr. Isaac was. The Shepherds knelt in the center of that ring. Each one laid a hand on the manger that rocked with the weight, and John Arthur Bobbitt began to nod his head. On his third nod the Shepherds sang ragged and thin,

Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head.

They had been warned at practice to sing low enough and not scare the baby, and the way they started there seemed no danger, but still Rosacoke leaned over to see how he was. His head was turned away and a fist was against his ear—that was all she could see—but he seemed asleep, seemed safe, so she looked beyond the boys and followed the weakening light to its edge, and there was Mr. Isaac, ten yards away, dim. (Sammy was somewhere dark beside him.)

He had had a long full day—a full week, eating that cake of soap—and even in the dimness she could see his face was not calm yet. His face was *all* she could see, and silver spokes in the wheels of his chair, but she looked on awhile till she reckoned she saw other things, things she needed to see just then—that his eyes were set towards her, looking a way she had not seen before, not the blank look of his strokes or the old shielded way but unsatisfied, wondering, as if he might turn any minute and jerk Sammy's sleeve and try to whisper, "I do not understand" and point at her. She said to herself, "I ought to beg his pardon—acting so wild this afternoon, confusing him like this. What I will do is, go back to see him Christmas day if it's fair and tell him, 'Mr. Isaac, I have come to beg your pardon for my actions last Sunday. You have always been good to

us, and I've felt mighty bad, running out on you like that, so I know you will understand when I say I am not myself these days. I am toting more load than is easy alone, if you know what I mean.' " She kept on staring and she wondered, "What will he say to that? When my Daddy was killed he drove to the house after dark and sent in for Mama and waited on the porch till she came and gave her fifty dollars, saying, 'Emma, he is far better off.' "

He waited through her thinking, still as he was that time they found his spring and him cooling in it—her and Milo and Rato and Mildred Sutton. The candlelight trembled on his face—the Guptons were fidgeting—but she knew his look hadn't changed, that he did not understand, and looking inward till she couldn't see him at all, she told herself, "I can't just beg his pardon and not say *why* I acted wild. So what on earth can I do?—stand by his stale bed and point out his side window past the pond and say loud enough for him to hear (and Miss Marina up the hall), 'What I mean, Mr. Isaac is, one evening early last month I followed some deer in your woods. I thought they were headed for the spring but they weren't, and then I came to a broomstraw field you may not have seen and laid down under a boy I know that was with me. I have known him quite awhile—eight years last month. (I met him when we was just children in your woods, where there's a pecan tree that the path bends round.) Anyhow, that night I offered this boy what I reckoned he needed to hold him. I looked on it as giving. But it wasn't like no kind of giving *I* ever saw. I just laid back still in the dark—I couldn't see him—and he did what he had to do, and I was the one got caught with what *he* gave. His burden is swelling up in me right this minute without no name but Mustian. Oh, I *held* the boy. But I don't want him now. All this time I have lived on the hope he would change some day before it was too late and come home and calm down and learn how to talk to me and maybe even listen, and we would have a long life together—him and me—and be happy sometimes and get us children that would look like him and have his name and answer when we called. I just hoped that. But he hasn't changed. He said he would ride me to Dillon tonight and take me to Norfolk after Christmas to spend my life shut up in a rented room while he sells motorcycles to fools—me waiting out my baby sick as a dog, eating Post Toasties and strong pork liver which would be all he could afford and pressing his shirts and staring out a window in my spare time at concrete roads and folks that look like they hate each other. He offered me that. But that isn't *changing*—not the way I hoped—so what I have done, I will sit home and pay for. I am not glad, you understand, but I ain't asking him to share what trouble I brought on myself.' "

Then Mr. Isaac moved and Rosacoke saw him again. His head turned from her and bowed and his lips parted, whispering to the dark where Sammy was, and since it fulfilled her thought, she halfway expected his hand to point her way, but Sammy's hand stretched out—just his hand—and covered Mr. Isaac's for a second. Then the live fingers flicked to his mouth, and he faced her again and ground his jaws one time, looking almost satisfied. He was cracking candy under the music, and when he had swallowed, Sammy leaned forward out of the dark to wipe his chin with a handkerchief. Rosacoke saw first thing that Sammy was wearing the blue wool suit he had worn to Mildred's funeral, and with his face held there before her, she strained to draw out some sign that would prove his part in Mildred's baby, but he finished his wiping too soon and gave a quick look towards her and smiled with his eyes to show he knew before leaning back.

And Rosacoke knew she could not speak a word of what she had thought, not to Mr. Isaac. Saying it to him would mean telling Sammy—Sammy in the dark with all he knew—and anyhow what good was that news to him?—age eighty-two, claiming he couldn't die but dead already in half his body, the other half shielded as always, hoping to live on to ninety and equal his father, and not understanding, after all this time not knowing half *she* knew. So she thought, "He don't even know me. He has not known me all these years—not my name. He can't know me now in this costume, and I reckon he is far better off."

The Shepherds were coming to the middle of their song. Nearer the goal, their hands gripped tighter on the basket, and their voices washed strong over Frederick to Rosacoke and brought her back—

The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.

She had not thought of Frederick since the Shepherds began, and a chill of fright twitched at the roots of her hair. She said to herself, "I have not done my duty," and slowly, testing, her eyes worked down. But Macey behind her had shifted, and his great shadow hid the baby. She reckoned he was safe though, and she looked out straight before her over the Shepherds to the back of the church. Mama was supposed to be there, waiting to turn on lights at the end, but the back was dark as the night outside, and she narrowed her eyes to find her. What she found was four black figures against the wall—one that was Mama and three together in robes that were Milo and Rato and Wesley Beavers. When the Shepherds finished, the Wise Men would come.

And the Shepherds were curving onwards—

Be near us, Lord Jesus.
We ask Thee to stay
Close by us forever
And love us, we pray—

so for somewhere to look, hoping to rest her mind on something calm, Rosacoke bent forward over the basket. She could not see till her face was nearly at the rim. But Frederick had been seeing her. With the Shepherds singing at his left and his Daddy standing over him and his three blood sisters giving off the light, still he had set his eyes on her. She couldn't know why or for how long, but she was glad a little, and at first he seemed peaceful as if he knew who he saw, as if in all his secret thoughts there was anyhow no fear—serious but peaceful, wrapped loose in a Gupton-blue blanket with bare arms free and only his fingers moving as if a slow breeze lifted them one by one. He didn't seem cold but Rosacoke thought she could cover him better, and she put out a hand. He watched it come and when it touched, his eyes coiled against her and his fingers clamped and his lips spread to a slow black hole. Rosacoke drew back her hand and her face and thought in a rush, "Now I must wait while he makes up his mind to cry or be calm." The Shepherds saw him too, threatening to break up their song, and they lowered their voices in hope—

Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care—

but Frederick gave no hope of blessing. He hung fire before their eyes, every muscle in his body cocked against Rosacoke but *waiting* as if he would give her this last chance to offer what he needed before he called on the church at large. She could see that but she couldn't move. She didn't know a thing to offer, and she said to herself, "I certainly don't have much luck with babies." Then she looked up again—to the dim front pew where she reckoned Marise would be—and her eyes asked desperate for help. Marise was there all right, settled around her hard new belly, tireder already than Mr. Isaac and staring at her family performing—the ones standing up, Macey and the girls. She couldn't see Frederick in his basket, but he had nursed her dry an hour before and swallowed ten drops of paregoric so her mind was at ease about him, and she didn't even notice Rosacoke.

The Shepherds crept on to the end—

And take us to heaven
To dwell with Thee there.

Then they lifted their hands off the manger that rocked again and they stood, and Frederick turned to them, suddenly seeming calmer. But the Shepherds were finished. They were leaving. They ducked their heads to Frederick as a bow and filed to the rear of the choir and picked up candles from the chair and took fire from the Angels, adding that much to the light. When they were gone Frederick lay on through the quiet, still turned to the side, and he lay through the preacher's voice, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came Wise Men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him' . . . and lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was," and when the Wise Men began their song, the distant voices seemed to calm him more than anything had—

We three Kings of Orient are.
Bearing gifts we traverse afar . . .

His fingers went loose again and his stiff legs bent a little, but he didn't look back to Rosacoke, and that was for the best because at those first words, the cords of her chest took hold of her heart and a frown spread from her eyes. She was seeing the far dark wall. They were still at the back in darkness—the three men. They would sing one verse together. Then they would light their candles and come forward separate, offering separate verses. But before they moved, dim as they were, the sight of them deepened Rosacoke's frown, and when Mama struck a match and held it to a candle, then Rosacoke was worse. But that first candle was Rato's—it lit only *his* face—and as he began his verse and his march, she felt a little ease. He couldn't sing—nobody expected him to—but he knew his words, and he moaned them in time to his long, shaking steps, looking down as he came.

Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again—
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

That much brought him almost to the choir, and the dark two at the back sent him on as they joined in the chorus—

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect light.

He came till his toes knocked hard on the first step of the choir, and looking only down, he bowed low enough to set a brass bowl on the floor by the basket. It represented gold, his gift. Then he unbent upwards and stepped to one side and rocked his face onto Rosacoke. She met his great yellow eyes and thought it was the first time in clear memory he had *faced* her so she smoothed her frown the best she could and tried to match his simple unrecognizing graveness. Then she waited while he searched her face, wondering, "Why is he staring at me like this? Have I changed that much since supper?" And

feeling as she did—so low—she reckoned that was right. Maybe nobody knew her at all. Maybe nobody in all those dark pews saw what she thought they were seeing. Maybe what they saw was changed too far to know—not by a blue cambric costume but by what she had done that night seven weeks ago, by what she was *making* that grew in her body this instant not ten inches from her heart, twisted on itself in the dark, using her blood for its own. Maybe that face was showing through hers for all to see—shapeless, blind, nameless face. Needing some kind of answer she looked to Mr. Isaac. But if he knew her the secret would die with him. *Sammy* knew. Sammy saw both faces, surely—her old first face and this new one, working under it—but Sammy was out of sight. And Guptons, Aycocks, Smileys, Riggans, Overbys, Mama and Milo and Wesley himself, and Frederick if he would turn back and face her—what were they all seeing, what did they *know* from the way she looked? And supposing she stood up now right under that star and testified, "I am Rosacoke Mustian and the reason I look so changed tonight is because I am working on a baby that I made by mistake and am feeding right now with my blood against my better wishes—but a baby I am meaning to *have* and give my Daddy's name to if it lives and is a boy, one I will try to raise happy, and I'd thank you for helping me any way you can"—what would they say to that? They would not believe her at first, and in time, when they did, they would turn their heads and never speak a word, much less offer help, and Mama's heart would break. She looked up at Rato again. His eyes were still on her so—silent, with her lips—she said "Hello, Rato" and tried to smile, but the smile didn't come and Rato didn't answer, just looked down again as if what he had seen would last him a long time yet.

The only thing like an answer came from the back. Mama struck another match and lit up Milo and he started forwards. *He* was singing though he didn't know the meaning of half he sang, didn't care—

Frankincense to offer have I.
Incense owns a Deity nigh—

and he walked so fast he reached the choir with two lines to sing—

Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.

Then all three began the chorus, and Milo bowed to give his gift. What he laid by the basket was nothing to him but a cheap jewel box he had won on a gas-station punchboard six years before (he had never smelled incense in his life), and Macey, that he looked at first when he rose, was nothing but Macey-dressed-funny and the same for Rato and Shepherds and Angels and his sister Rosa and, at first, even Frederick. As he grinned at them all (he crossed his eyes at Baby Sister), they could see he was making up jokes to tell when the show was over—all except Rosacoke. She didn't see him, not at first, not his face. She had not really faced Milo since the nineteenth of November, the morning she promised to stick with him, when they struck out for Raleigh and she got Wesley's letter and read it and when she understood—stopped by that dead field and that pecan tree—went back on her word and told Milo to take her home, leaving him his whole burden. So she looked down at Frederick when the chorus began, but Frederick was studying Milo or maybe the fire in his hand, and as he looked Milo must have made some crazy face—Frederick oared with both legs and though he didn't smile, he held up a hand. Rosacoke could see—anybody could have seen—that the hand was for Milo, and still singing, Milo put out his free hand, and Frederick took one dark finger and closed on it and drew it towards his mouth. Rosacoke had to look up then, and what she saw was almost that first Milo, the one who could tear her heart, and the look that grew on him was awful to her—not a frown but the way he had looked that night in Mary's kitchen—and she had to change it. She had to draw Frederick's attention to herself. She reached in the basket and commenced arranging the blanket, and Frederick turned her way as she hoped, letting go of Milo's finger. That was all she intended but Frederick meant more, and when she took back her hands, he whimpered once—not loud—and huddled in readiness. Rosacoke didn't move. She braced herself for what would come next, but behind her Macey had seen everything. He bent to her ear—"Rosa, pick him up. He's fixing to yell." She heard him (everybody heard him for yards and stiffened) but she didn't move. She shook her head and said just with her lips, "Frederick, *I* ain't what you need"—and to herself, recalling the last time she said such a thing, "I guess I can't run this time." The chorus stopped. Milo stepped aside and Rosacoke looked to the back.

And she couldn't—couldn't run. Mama struck the last match and held it out. The candle caught fire and Wesley Beavers had a sudden face that he was bringing on, a black bandanna hiding his hair, a black robe crossed at his neck—

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom.

The frown cut deeper into her eyes, and Frederick whimpered stronger than before. She thought, "Take a-hold, Rosacoke. You are *free*," and she tried to turn to Frederick, but Wesley, coming slow, was six steps away, and what she saw held her locked—just his face borne forward on a candle through eighty people towards her, swarmed with warning of the ruins and lives he would make—

Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Her head rolled back and her lips fell open as if she would greet some killing bird, but anybody watching—her Mama and Milo, even Marise Gupton, even Rato—saw her suck one breath in pain.

Then Wesley was at the basket, looking down, his verse finished. He stooped to place his gift (a covered butter dish) and stood for the chorus, and as it began he looked over Frederick to Rosacoke—offering his face, his real gift, the only gift he always gave, without even knowing, but it pressed against her now through six feet of air like a knife held waiting on her skin—his eyes which had seen her that awful way in the broomstraw field (her secret and then her hate), which had seen other women (God knew how many) laid back like her but giving him things she could not even guess, and under the bandanna his ears that had heard those women say "Yes," and then his mouth that had never moved once to make the word "love," not to her anyhow. He was not frowning but he was not glad—she could see that plain—just waiting. He had trapped himself and then done what he saw as his duty—*offered* his duty—and now he waited for her. Before she could shake her head and set him free, a voice cut up through the chorus. It was Frederick at last and Macey who could only see Rosacoke's shivering back, bent to whisper, "Hand him here. I'm his Daddy, Rosa."

She was at her worst. She knew it. And she found the strength to try that—to try handing Frederick on—not because it would save the show but to save herself from running or screaming. Somehow she got both hands in the basket and under Frederick, and she leaned to take his weight. The minute he was in the air, his crying stopped. Rosacoke knew she could not lay him back, not yet, and she knew how strange it would look if she gave him to Macey now so she brought him on to the groove of her lap. He was too long to lie there straight, but his legs jackknifed till he fit, and his head weighed back in her hands. He probed once easy with his feet at her belly, but he seemed content and Rosacoke said to herself, "Look at Frederick. Think about Frederick." And she thought, slow, to fill time, "You are named Frederick Gupton. You are Marise Gupton's fourth baby, and I think you are eight months old which means you were born last April. You are long for your age, seems like, but most of your length is in your neck. You sure got the Gupton neck—long as most folks' leg—and your *eyes* are your Daddy's and your flapping ears. But you got Marise's black hair, poor thing—straight as walking canes. You look about as much like Baby Jesus as Rato does."

But he wasn't studying her. He was using her hands as something to roll his head on, limber as an owl, and take his bearings, and Rosacoke let him look but she didn't follow his eyes. It was hard enough, watching him switch that face onto various ones, quick as a whip and solemn, and waiting till it came her turn. For some time though he stayed on the Wise Men. They were singing their last to the star—

Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect light—

and when they were done, Baby Sister and her Angels stepped closer forward and began "Silent Night," very loud. But they didn't interest Frederick and after they sang two lines, he looked to Rosacoke and put up his arms to her and strained his head off her knees till he flushed bright red. At first she thought, "Frederick, I ain't who you think I am" (meaning she was not Marise). But his hands stayed up, twitching, and his head still strained so Rosacoke bent down and touched her cheek to his—his was warmer—and when she rose she could smell something strange. Trying to name it she only saw Landon Allgood in her mind, laid out at Mount Moriah in late July or digging a grave five weeks ago or just now heading for Mary's to eat, with half Mama's holly as payment, and Christmas coming which would be the anniversary of his toes. She bent again, not as far. Then she knew what it was—Frederick was the source. He was fragrant with paregoric—his breath—and by all rights he never should have waked (even now his eyes were tired). But his hands were reaching. He meant her to take him up—there was no doubting that and Rosacoke recalled Mary saying how Sledge was a *shoulder* baby so she gave in to Frederick and lifted him to her shoulder, thinking, "He can face his Daddy now and feel at home and sleep, I hope." But he didn't stay there ten seconds. The Angels still didn't hold him, not even their lights, and his head rolled down to her chest, heavy on his neck as five pounds of seed. She thought, "Thank the Lord. He is sleepy" and raised his head with her hand. He was not too sleepy to show he didn't want that. His head came down again—wandered slower this time— so Rosacoke left him to take his will, and looking over people to the back where her Mama was dark, she canceled her sight and fixed her mind on Frederick's weight (that grew every second) and his heat that crept through blanket and costume into her cold side, and soon she was far from him and then farther—from herself and Delight Baptist Church and everybody in it, her mind roaming empty and freer than it had been since the first time she saw the deer in broad daylight at the edge of the broomstraw ring, half hid in trees but watching, waiting (till Mildred said "Great God A-mighty"), then going, loud in the leaves.

It didn't last much longer than the deer—her

blank roaming. The Angels paused at the end of their first verse, and as they took breath the new sound Frederick made brought her back. He had worked his head to her chest, and he was chewing the cloth just over her heart—not wild or fast or sharp (he had three teeth) but wet and steady as if he had all night, had years of time and the trust of food someday and could gnaw his way through granite rock, not to speak of cambric and her white skin, to get what he reckoned was his. Her chest shrank inwards from his mouth. She pushed his head away as if his spit could scald, and she thought, "I am not who he *thinks I* am." But before she could shift him to a safe position, she had to look up and halfway play her part in the show. The Angels had come to—

Darkness flies, all is light.
Shepherds hear the Angels sing—

and that was a sign for the Shepherds to move. They stepped from behind the Angels and Macey and down the two choir steps, and they knelt again at the basket, not touching it this time. They were the reason Rosacoke looked up. It was her part to nod at them and try to smile. She did nod, accepting their praise for the baby, and she tried to smile to show she knew each one—Moulton Ayscue, John Arthur Bobbitt, Bracey Overby—had known them all their lives, but they didn't return her acquaintance, didn't smile, only bobbed their chins and turned to Frederick, where he was.

He was back at her chest, one hand pressing hard enough to flush out his blood and his open mouth laid on the peak of her breast. But his jaws were moving slower and his eyes were shut. Rosacoke saw him, where he wanted to be, and waited a little and then gave in—"If that's all it takes to help you rest, go ahead."

He went ahead, lowering himself deeper into sleep with every pull of his jaws—every pull weaker than the last—his breaths coming farther and farther apart, strained like sighs through his nose, and his eyelids heavy enough to stay down for hours. Rosacoke wondered was he dreaming yet—at first his shut face offered no sign. She asked herself, "Reckon what does he dream when he dreams?" and while the Angels finished a verse, she studied him and tried to guess. "Maybe he dreams about getting born last April in Marise and Macey's iron bed, coming out easy as an Indian baby but howling till they got him washed and turned him loose on Marise's breast. Or maybe he can see further back than April"—she counted back in her mind—"maybe he recalls being made one evening in late July when it had been hot all day and the night was no help, and Macey was twisting in the bed, wringing wet, and then there come up a cooling storm, and when it passed and the rain frogs commenced outside, he felt relief and touched Marise and came down on her in the dark, and she took what he gave for her fourth burden, without even seeing him."

When she finished that, Frederick's jaws had stopped, and his fingers had eased against her. She lowered the hand that held his Gupton neck—to cradle him better. His head settled in her arms as if she was his natural rest, and his whole face rolled towards her. Rolling, he flared out his ears even further and pressed out his hair stiff on her sleeve, and she thought again, "If Baby Jesus looked like you—poor Mary," but then she noticed his life, where it beat hid and awful in each bare temple and—visible, blue—in the hot veins of his eyelids and his standing ears, filling him sure as an unlabeled seed with all he would be, the ruins he would make and the lives. "Wonder could he dream about that?" she thought, "—about growing up and someday (standing in a field or up a pecan tree) seeing a girl that he felt for and testing till he knew it was love and speaking his offer and taking her home and then one evening, making on her some child that would have his name and signs of him and the girl all in its face—maybe even signs of Marise and Macey? Wonder could he be dreaming that right now?"

But he offered no answer and the Angels came to—

See the eastern Wise Men bring
Gifts and homage to our King—

and the Wise Men stepped back to kneel with the Shepherds. Rosacoke's part was to look up and nod to them but she couldn't. She looked on at Frederick and went on guessing, to calm herself—"Wonder is he dreaming about *me,* and does he know who I am?" But that was no calming thought, no help. "He don't know me from Adam. Of course he don't. He has not laid eyes on me since late July at Mason's Lake when I was not myself, grieving for Mildred. If he has thought about me for three seconds even, he thinks I am just Marise that can drop my babies like a mangy hound and flip out my bosoms in public to stop them yelling." She looked up to her right, needing somebody to *know* her and nod their acquaintance, but all she met was Mr. Isaac awake in his chair, still not understanding, and Sammy dark beside him and at the back her Mama dark as the night outside, and in the front pew Marise staring tired across her to Macey, and Rato and Milo her own blood brothers, five feet away, not facing her—not one soul to own they knew her.

She looked to Wesley. There was nowhere else to look. He was kneeling tall back of John Arthur Bobbitt with his face and his eyes on her, having offered his duty and with nothing to do but wait for her answer so he could plan his life, still not frowning but not glad, smiling no more than her father when he was a boy before he changed, in a tan photograph on a pier by

the ocean with another boy blurred beside him. She stayed facing him. He held her like a chain. Then she drew one breath, hard, and said what she suddenly knew—to herself—what he had showed her, "Wesley knows me. After all Wesley knows me." And she knew that was her answer, for all it meant, the answer she would have to give when the pageant was over and Wesley drove her home and stopped in the yard and made his offer again—"Are we riding to Dillon tonight?"—because it was her duty, for all it would mean.

But also it was her wish. She saw that too. She faced that now and she spoke it as a trial to her mind—her answer. But once she had said it, even silent, it boiled up in her like cold spring water through leaves, rising low from her belly till it filled her chest and throat and spilled up into her mouth and beat against her teeth. She had to speak it or drown, and who could she speak to but Frederick Gupton in her arms asleep? She bent again and touched his ear with her lips and said it to him, barely whispered it—"Yes"—and wished him, silent, a long happy life. When she rose his face was still towards her, breathing out Landon every breath. He seemed the safest thing still, seemed shut for the night, so while they sang the last verse around her (Baby Sister climbing through the rest pure as day), she looked on at him, and under her eyes his lips commenced to move, just the corners at first, slow as if they were pulled like tides by the moon, as if he might wake to end some dream, but his eyes didn't open, didn't flicker, and his lips pulled on till at last he had made what was almost a smile, for his own reasons and for no more than three seconds but as if, even in his sleep, he knew of love.



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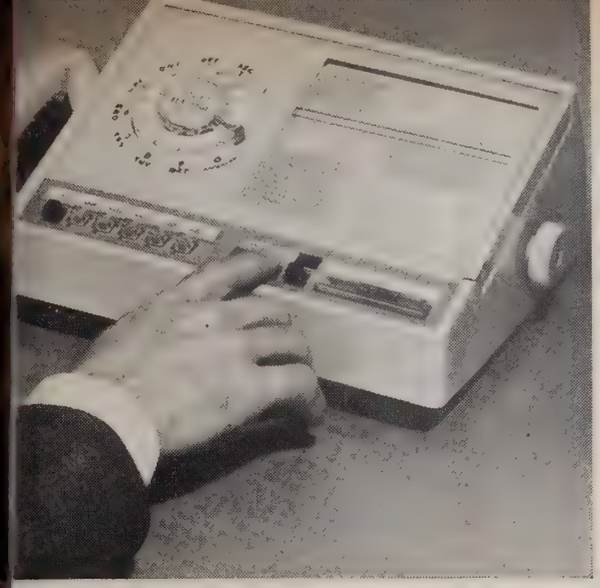
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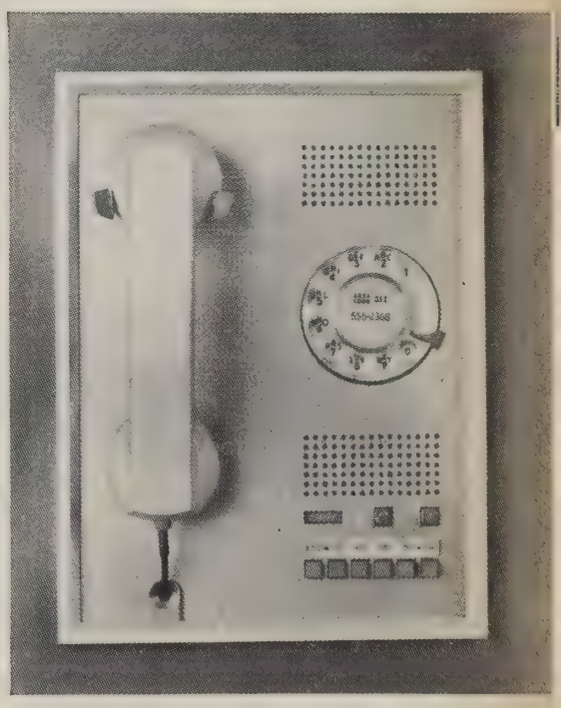
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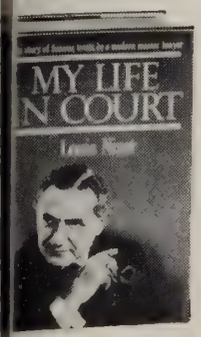
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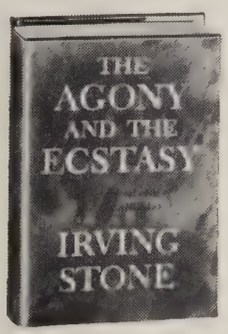
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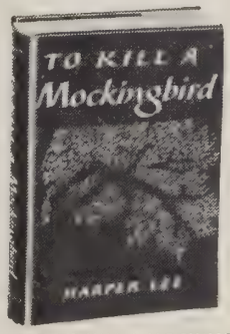
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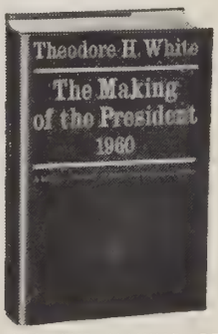
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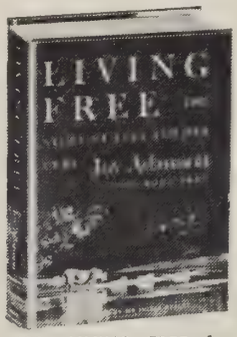
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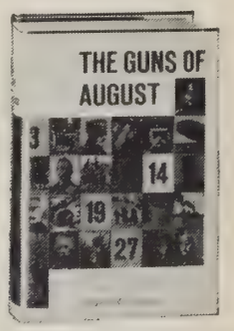
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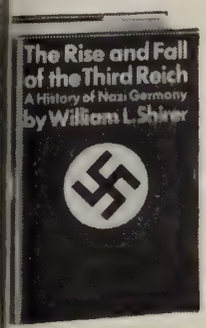
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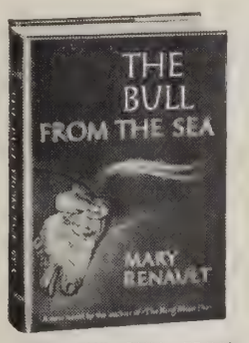
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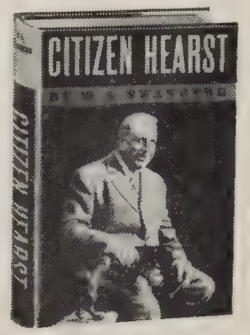
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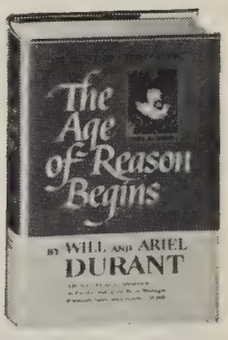
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LETTERS

Racket over Dope

TO THE EDITORS:

Several months ago I was interviewed by Benjamin DeMott, who admitted at that time that he knew absolutely nothing about the narcotic problem. He has given it a "once-over-lightly" with ostentation of seeming profound wisdom. After reading his article ["The Great Narcotics Muddle," March], I am convinced he did not increase the orbit of his knowledge of drug addiction. His attempt to place the matter before the public in proper perspective has resulted in utter distortion. I hope the professor, who is a nice egghead, will not accuse me of abusing him. The next time please send a writer with more depth and understanding.

H. J. ANSLINGER
Commissioner of Narcotics
Bureau of Narcotics
Washington, D. C.

"The Great Narcotics Muddle" presents, I think, the best available picture of the mentality and methods of the Bureau of Narcotics. However, the following minor comments, objections, and corrections ought to be noted:

1. The episode in the Bureau's campaign to prevent publication of the AMA-ABA report which attracted most attention from the Washington newspapers was not mentioned. It involved a visit to the Indiana University campus by narcotic agent Edward Cass of Indianapolis on April 4, 1961.

2. The British system, which seems to frighten Mr. DeMott a little, consists essentially of permitting addicts to be taken care of by private physicians, a practice not only followed in most Western nations but one which is also successfully used in this country with respect to some middle- and upper-class addicts.

3. The clinic idea evidently favored by DeMott is not being used anywhere.

4. Neither of these two programs implies ". . . a free supply of narcotics . . . in our city slums."

5. Dr. Schur's position is not correctly represented by the single sentence of his that is quoted.

6. The fact that our slums generate addiction while those of Europe do not, probably simply reflects greater availability of illicit supplies in the U. S. rather than any imponderable, hypothetical "cultural susceptibility." Should the "susceptibility" actually exist here, that would make it more, rather th less imperative to deal intelligently wi the problem.

ALFRED R. LINDESMI
Prof. of Sociolo
Indiana Universi
Bloomington, In

As Attorney General of the State New York, I conducted the investigati into the narcotic problem. My repo made to the legislature in 1952 and 19 are matters of public record. . . . Bla ing a public official, a department, or person doesn't solve the problem. I kno Commissioner Anslinger, for I worke and served with him when I was . . Principal Adviser to the U. S. Delegatio to the United Nations Narcotics Con mission in 1954. He is an able an dedicated public servant, who has don much to reduce the flow of narcoti into this country. . . .

NATHANIEL L. GOLDSTE
New York, N. Y

PROF. DEMOTT REPLIES:

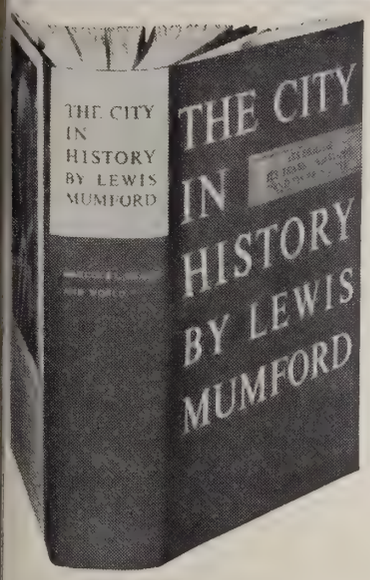
Although I had read many documen in dispraise of the Narcotics Bureau an its policies before I met its chief, I ap proached the issues and the man with a open mind, and said as much on th occasion of the meeting. Commissione Anslinger's eagerness to turn that re mark into an admission of total ign rance is of a piece with his response t the reports of the Joint Committe of the American Medical Associatio and the American Bar Association. Th latter reports, which served as the basi of my article, raised issues that deserv to be faced, and were themselves th product of years of investigation an reflection. A gesture of easy disdai directed at a visiting reporter can hardl be regarded as a responsible effort t face them. For these reasons, and be cause I believe truly "able" public serv ants are willing to meet criticism directly, rather than with innuendo, cannot fully accept Mr. Goldstein' characterization of Mr. Anslinger.

In connection with Dr. Lindesmith' second point, it needs to be remembere that the addiction problem in the U. S is, in the main, not a middle- and upper class problem. And I would reasser that, for the reasons given in my article it is unlikely that "cultural suscepti bility" is an airy fancy. But Dr. Linde smith's criticism is useful and I thank him for sending it.

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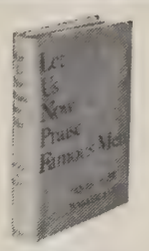
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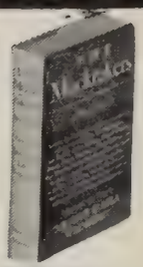
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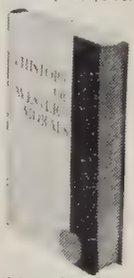
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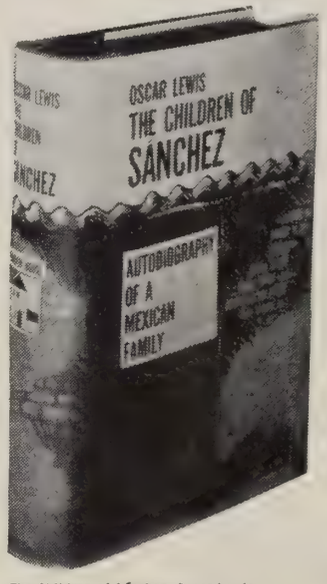
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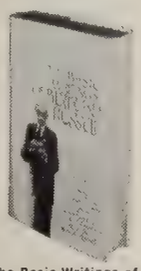
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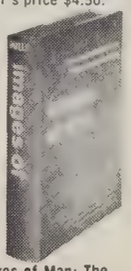
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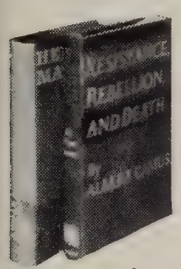
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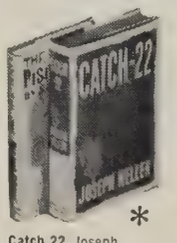
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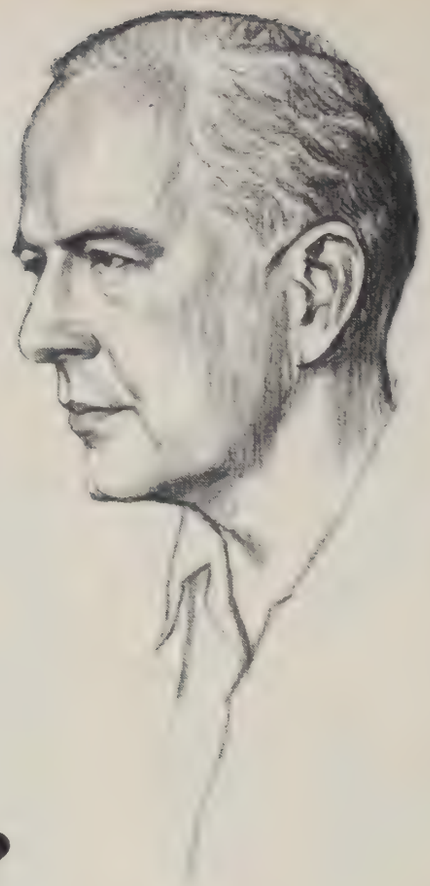
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LETTERS

Creative Plumber

TO THE EDITORS:

I am puzzled by Felicia Lamport's satire, "The Plumber" [March]. . . . In other days when the skill, the craft, and the art of the mechanic were held in higher regard, such levity could be absorbed in humor, but in these times it must bring a tear. The era of the Great Shoddy has been with us since the days of de Tocqueville, but to extend it to the realm of the spirit is treason against humanity. When the highest motivations of our most truly creative people, the artisans, become so ignored that they can be humiliated for mere entertainment, there is little left of individual virtue and human dignity. . . .

JAMES L. COOK JR.
Master Plumber
Pullman, Wash.

Felicia Lamport's article was a satire on actors' memoirs, not on plumbers.
THE EDITORS

Foreign Policy Focus

TO THE EDITORS:

I should like to express my appreciation for William S. White's "Public & Personal" articles, especially for "Which Friends Come First?" [March]. He frankly states he is a Conservative, but his opinions are fairly expressed, lacking in tone so much of the appeal to mere emotions found in most arguments of both Far Right and Far Left. . . .

MABEL LEGER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Much of W. S. White's "Which Friends Come First?" is taken up with an attack on unnamed lower level functionaries in the White House and the Department of State who deal with African affairs. I know a good many of the men in this group and have not found among them the "obsession with anticolonialism" nor indifference to the Western Alliance of which he speaks. On the whole they are moderate, balanced, and, in my judgment, sometimes overly sensitive to the European implications of our African actions.

In analyzing the dangers to the Western Alliance, Mr. White speaks exclusively of anticolonialism and U. S. policies toward the UN and Africa. This is a rather limited view. For example, he says, ". . . a sensible order of priorities cannot permit us forever to go against the interests of our old Western Allies, in obedience to African wishes." Is Mr. White arguing that a retreat from anticolonialism is the best way to overcome the disunity that now plagues the West-



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ern Alliance? But take the case of France. For the past several years we have stood sympathetically and loyally with our French ally on Algeria. The cost has been to brand ourselves effectively in the eyes of most of mankind as a full collaborator in a repressive and brutal colonial undertaking. But French conduct in NATO during the same period has not been a gain in terms of Alliance unity. Are differences over anticolonialism at the root of Western disunity, as Mr. White implies, or are other issues which Mr. White has omitted to mention, such as nuclear sharing, far more important?

Neither is it self-evident that a shift in U. S. policy on Angola would necessarily strengthen the Alliance. Our full identification with the Portuguese position might well weaken the Alliance, particularly in Scandinavia and with Labour in Britain, the Socialists in France, segments of both parties in Western Germany, and major elements of the Christian Democrats and the Sarragat Socialists in Italy.

Mr. White quite unintentionally, I believe, has by the exaggeration of his fears led himself into the trap of the "Firster Fallacy," which consists in thinking that U. S. objectives toward the Western Alliance and the emergent areas are antithetical and that we can and should choose between them. Mr. White calls himself a Western Alliance Firster. Others may call themselves Africa Firsters. All of them are just as wrong as those who in an earlier day called themselves America Firsters.

WALDEMAR A. NIELSEN
Pres., African-American Institute
New York, N. Y.

Romney for President?

TO THE EDITORS:

The residents of Michigan have been subjected to everything about George Romney from how he looks in pajamas to . . . his soul-searching methods. . . . It is frightening that . . . a solid magazine such as yours would tout for President [in "George Romney: The Brightest Horse in the Stable," "Easy Chair," John Fischer, March] a man who has little experience except in business, has no touch with foreign affairs, and who is, in John Fischer's words, a "political innocent." To be a good President or Governor a person needs to be more than a "conscientious citizen"! If George Romney is the "brightest horse" the Republicans can find, they deserve to lose the race again.

FAE WEISS
Oak Park, Mich.

THE AUTHOR COMMENTS:

The words "political innocent" were not mine, but were quoted from Romney's opponents. The article noted that in fact Romney is politically sophisticated, has had more than ten years' experience in Washington, and for part of that time worked on a particularly complex problem in foreign affairs.

JOHN FISCHER
New York, N. Y.

Art for Some

TO THE EDITORS:

I'd like to offer high praise of Leo Steinberg's "Contemporary Art and the Plight of Its Public" [March]. He writes for a lay audience without being patronizing. His humility gives us a reassuring feeling that nobody, himself included, knows the final truth of these matters. . . .

KATHERINE K. DAVIS
De Land, Fla.

The drawings found on the walls of caves of prehistoric people convey more, despite the crudity of outline, than all the modernistic slapdashery of art now being displayed. . . .

IRENE LIZOTTE
Paterson, N. J.

Debate on the Deaf

TO THE EDITORS:

"A Better Way to Teach Deaf Children"—a beautiful commentary on our beautiful language, the Signs! The adult deaf of the U. S., indeed, the world, thank you for printing Virginia Kenny's magnificent article [March].

Since 1880 this Association, which is an organization of, by, and for the deaf, has been concerned with and fighting for full utilization of the sign language and finger spelling in educating the deaf child. It has been a rather muted struggle, for deaf children have continued to be bridled in their efforts to learn, by being forbidden the use of signs and even finger spelling, despite our efforts. It is a shame that a method of teaching (oralism) has been made an end rather than a means of gaining an education. It is even more unfortunate when one realizes that our children are being exploited in this manner and that loving, but misinformed, parents are condoning it. . . .

B. B. BURNES, Pres.
National Association of the Deaf
Berkeley, Calif.

The problem of education of the deaf is a highly specialized and technical one which cannot be settled by any one writer. Virginia Kenny's article fails to depict accurately either the oral method or the sign or manual alphabet method.

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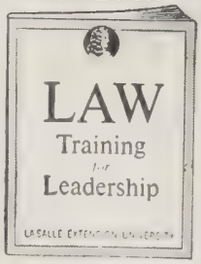
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make us believe in the oral method is that it gives a child every possible chance to use the organ of hearing and vocal apparatus. This right is God-given.

Consider Miss Kenny's description of children wearing earphones, looking "like airplane pilots." There is nothing artificial or humorous about thousands of children wearing earphones. They are trying to listen to the first sound that might break through their defective hearing mechanism, and this does happen because such children may have residual or latent hearing that needs constant amplification to be awakened. . . . One of the greatest rewards of teaching the deaf is to see a child's face light up with surprise and joy, on first hearing sounds. . . .

NATHAN P. HARRIS
Principal
Horace Mann School for the Deaf
Roxbury, Mass.

Some 15,000 deaf children in the United States are taught in schools where the language of signs and the manual alphabet are used to some degree in their education and where it is a recognized means of communication outside of the classroom. Most of the day schools and private schools, where some 9,000 children are taught, hold rigidly to the oral system. The 15,000 children are also taught speech and lip reading—in fact that is one of the main means of communication in the classroom—but it isn't used exclusively in communication with these children, and I am sure the latter is what Miss Kenny is concerned about.

Gallaudet College is the only college for the deaf in the world. Our students and teachers use the "simultaneous" method of communication in the classroom, which is a combination of speech, lip reading, the manual alphabet, and the language of signs. By this method our teachers are able to carry on classroom lectures and discussions with the same facility as in a college for hearing students.

LEONARD M. ELSTAD
Pres., Gallaudet College
Washington, D. C.

Miss Kenny has decided that the goal of integrating the deaf into the normal hearing society is unattainable. . . . It isn't her position in the War of Methods that causes my greatest concern. . . . That Billy was allowed to say "Shut up!" to his teacher—or that having said it was not punished—is the issue of real concern. That Rosemary was permitted to enjoy a temper tantrum at the Christmas program rehearsal suggests an attitude detrimental to the child.

We don't want our daughter to think she holds some special license for insolence, just because she's handicapped. We do want her to have at least a chance to transcend her handicap, not just learn to live with it. (I almost forgot to mention that she is deaf, with an 87 decibel loss in her better ear.) . . . Our daughter, just turned eight, goes to our regular public school with hearing children and is now in second grade. It is not easy. . . . When she grows up maybe she will still prefer the company of other deaf people and "live somewhere outside the hearing world with no desire to enter," but it won't be because she has been educated for that career by sign language and finger spelling. . . .

MARJORIE H. KOWALSKY
Minneapolis, Minn.

As a totally deaf person . . . I was trained by the oral method, without which I could never have graduated from college, done graduate work, or have my present job, which requires constant communication with hearing people in a highly competitive field—public relations. My oral training is probably the most precious gift I have received from school. And I can say the same for many successful deaf friends. In addition, I learned the sign language . . . But why did I go to all that trouble of learning signs, when oralism has served me so well? So that I can communicate naturally and effectively with *all* my deaf contemporaries. . . . The pure oralists and the pure manualists would do well to join forces instead of constantly bickering.

MARTIN L. A. STERNBERG
Dir. of Public Information
Living Science Laboratories
New Hyde Park, N. Y.

I admire Miss Kenny's perspicuity and courage. There is a tremendous emotional appeal in wanting all deaf children to comprehend lip reading and . . . to develop speech which is intelligible to all. . . . Some parents permit their deaf child to sit in public-school classes even though there is little or no progress because they feel enrollment in a school for the deaf is a stigma. Deaf children often sense this attitude and feel they are not accepted by their parents because they are "deaf." Miss Kenny's article is full of information and stimulating thought for parents of deaf children. . . .

WILLIAM J. MCCLURE, Pres.
Conference of Executives
of American Schools for the Deaf
Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Kenny's . . . article would lead readers to believe that signs and finger spelling are forbidden in nearly all schools and classes for the deaf in this country, and that her "better method" is

Children Deserve Better Treatment From Us

Our Oftentimes Flagrant Disregard For Teaching Good Eating Habits Costs Dearly

It is very unfortunate that too often in the United States ve let our concern about how we should manage our bundance of food blind us to the fact that millions upon illions of our people are malnourished—not necessarily *nder*-nourished but, rather, *poorly* nourished.

Repeated studies of the nutritional status of the American people have pointed out that many of us simply have not earned how to eat sanely and sensibly to help maintain good health. Obesity is estimated to be a problem for one out of every five of us. Among our children, teen-age girls frequently are very badly nourished because of false ideas and fads they follow instead of learning sound health habits which could help them achieve their goals.

While many parents spend frustrating hours teaching their children proper table manners, often we completely overlook the fact that the lack of good eating habits among our children is one of the key factors which contributes to the generally low state of physical fitness among us. Physical exercise and adequate rest are also very important to fitness, of course, but the young person's body must be built and it must be maintained with the right kinds and amounts of food.

Basic Eating Patterns Are Learned At Home

Parents cannot shun their responsibility in teaching their children how to eat properly—in terms of selecting the kinds and quantities of food that are needed. Most of our basic life-long eating patterns are established in our earliest years at the family dinner table. Our children learn much from our example. If parents eat sensibly, then it is much more likely that our children will eat sensibly.

Also, we should not overlook any early tendency toward using food to help alleviate the pains of psychological distress. The child who turns to stuffing food into his stomach whenever problems overwhelm him is learning a pattern that will be extremely difficult to change in later years. Obesity is likely to add to the child's distress and become a problem throughout his life. Parents have an obligation to try to avoid this very unhappy situation in which food substitutes for psychological needs.

Children, as parents so rapidly learn, do go through stages, especially when they reach the teen years and when they are girls. Appearance is usually tremendously important. Having "vitality" and energy enough to keep up with the crowd are also urgent needs. It is very fortunate that we adults have done such a poor job in teaching our children that good health habits will give them the maximum amount of help in achieving exactly what they want —good appearance, vitality, energy.

The Youngsters Too Often Turn To Harmful Fad Ideas

Teen-age girls, especially, will turn to many different fads, unaware that sound nutrition through sane eating habits, adequate exercise, and sufficient rest will do more to help their appearance and to give them vim and vigor than any other things they might do. As a matter of fact, these unfortunate youngsters too frequently learn much later than they should that the fad diets and other "easy" approaches to beauty and vitality work against achieving their goals.

Nutrition scientists have done a highly competent job thus far in determining the kinds and amounts of foods we need for adequate nutrition. Daily Food Guides—based on servings from four major food groups :(1) milk and other dairy products; (2) meats, poultry, and fish; (3) fruits and vegetables; (4) cereals and grains—are readily available to all families who certainly ought to be using these guides as regularly as any other aid to building and maintaining the family's health and happiness. The guides suggest simple yet tasty eating patterns. We dairy farmers will be happy to send one to you if you don't have one at present.

Following sensible eating patterns—which vary by age and amount of physical activity—is not difficult. Eating a well balanced diet can be just as interesting and enjoyable as eating meals that contribute to obesity or other illness or lack of vigor. There is an abundance of highly nutritious and tasty foods available to the American people. Now we must concentrate on teaching ourselves and our children how to select from these foods the kind of diets that will keep us healthy.

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a unique, even revolutionary idea. This is far from being true, and in the past this "better method" was nearly universal. . . . The "bars are down" against the use of sign language in many schools, but there is no evidence whatsoever to support her supposition that schools using signs turn out better educated or better adjusted deaf boys and girls.

DR. GEORGE T. PRATT, Pres.
Alexander Graham Bell Assoc.
for the Deaf, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

Freedom of speech and of the press are precious privileges. Those exercising these rights must also recognize their responsibility for contributing to the common good. The editors of *Harper's* and Miss Virginia Kenny have done a great disservice to both the parents of deaf children and to the deaf themselves.

Largely through the efforts of devoted parents, the lot of the deaf has been dramatically upgraded from the status of utter neglect that prevailed in our society as recently as 150 years ago to the present condition of first-class citizenship enjoyed by the deaf as a group today. A major factor in this upgrading process has been the attention given to the importance of the deaf acquiring not only an effective educational and vocational preparation for participation in a productive way in our hearing society, but also developing the ability to communicate effectively with their hearing peers. If I were the parent of a deaf child I would reject violently Miss Kenny's suggestion that "deaf-mutism" is all that the future holds for my child. If I were a deaf adult I would deeply resent Miss Kenny's low-rating of the ability of the deaf to achieve when she said that "only 2 or 3 per cent learn to speak and read lips well enough to take a place in hearing society." . . . Regardless of their speech and lip-reading skill, essentially all the deaf in America today can succeed in the hearing world in a wide range of occupations.

Miss Kenny's article is devastatingly pessimistic . . . I kept searching for her recommended program for upgrading the education of the deaf. I could find none, other than the suggestion that the sign language should be used in the educational program and that hearing people should learn to sign and finger-spell. Practically no educator of the deaf in America today advocates the use of signs as an educational communication medium in schools for the deaf. Some recommend and employ the manual alphabet under certain conditions, but not conventional signs.

The suggestion that the communication problems of the deaf could be very easily resolved if all hearing people would learn the manual alphabet and some simple signs is quite naïve. This would simplify the lives of all concerned with educating the deaf, but how does one accomplish this?

Miss Kenny does not seem to have a clear understanding of the role of the sign language in the lives of the deaf. Most educators of the deaf acknowledge this to be a most gratifying means of communication for the adult deaf and the one that is used by most of them in communicating with each other. . . . Deaf children have but one opportunity to acquire facility in oral communication and that is during the years they are in school. Any dilution of this oral climate through the extensive use of signs reduces their chances of acquiring these skills. I wish Miss Kenny could have been present at a social gathering of successful deaf adults held in New York recently which I had the great privilege of attending. She could have observed directly the effective use of both manual- and oral-communication means interchangeably by well-educated, successful deaf citizens. Many of the graduates of the school with which I have been associated for 31 years and which is recognized as a leading "oral" school, were present. All were able to communicate with their deaf friends through signs and finger spelling if they wished, although many conversed with each other orally at all times. . . . All were able to convey their ideas to me through understandable speech and interpreted what I had to say through lip reading.

These are the successful deaf. Their ability to speak, even though imperfectly, and their ability to understand through lip reading what others are saying, is an added facet for successful living they would not have acquired if a negative and defeatist attitude toward this difficult education task, similar to that fostered by Miss Kenny, had been held by their teachers.

To all of these devoted teachers who persist against great odds, to the parents of deaf children everywhere who dare to hope, and to the deaf themselves who strive mightily to achieve, a salute to their courage.

CLARENCE D. O'CONNOR
Superintendent
Lexington School for the Deaf
New York, N. Y.

Harper's *has received a flood of mail on Miss Kenny's article. Within three weeks of publication date, letters had come from 22 states and from England, from 45 experts on teaching the deaf, from parents and deaf people. Opinion was almost evenly divided for and against her point of view. We regret that we are able to publish only a small, representative sampling of comments.*

THE EDITORS

Sixty Ivory Towers Forty Feet Underground

By JOHN FISCHER

THE Air Force is now planning an experiment in underground education of quite remarkable interest. It probably will get going this fall under the hills near Great Falls, Montana. In spite of certain comic undertones, it will be a hair-raisingly serious business.

In Montana's remote semi-wilderness, the Air Force is digging 150 deep holes. Each will be lined with steel and concrete, and covered with a sliding lid four feet thick. Inside will be placed a Minuteman missile, tipped with an atomic warhead. Every one of these missiles will be "programmed"—that is, aimed at a specific target in enemy territory some five or six thousand miles away. After it is tucked into its silo, everybody can leave. The Minuteman needs no crew. Except for occasional routine inspection, its solid fuel needs no maintenance. It can just sit there in the dark, for months or years, waiting for somebody to push a button.

To these buttons some of the sharpest minds in government have devoted years of prayerful thought. If a button were pushed by accident, there goes Moscow (or Leningrad or Kiev), and here comes the war which would wipe out maybe most of the human race; so there can be no accidents. Moreover, the buttons must be as invulnerable as human ingenuity can make them. For if the Russians should attack, these Montana silos and the devices which control them presumably would be their prime target.

Consequently the firing mechanisms and the men in charge must be capable of surviving the nearby explosion of several multimegaton nuclear warheads. They must be utterly reliable. And they must be alert and ready to act at any instant—for years and years on end.

How to guarantee that alertness—under conditions of constant tension, almost unthinkable responsibility, unpleasant living conditions, and numbing boredom—turned out to be one of the toughest problems of all.

Here is the answer the Air Force finally hit upon.

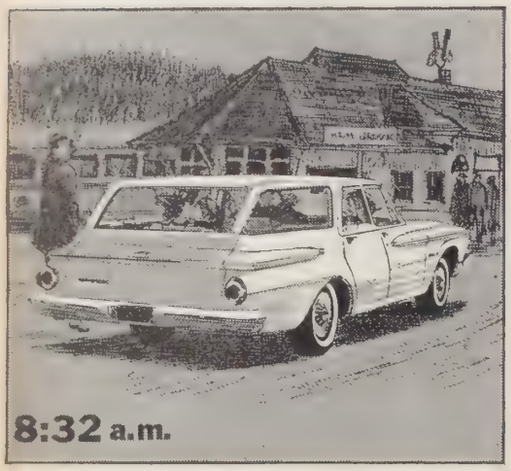
It is building fifteen control capsules—little rooms, about twenty feet long and twelve feet wide, buried beneath forty feet of earth. Their walls of four-foot reinforced concrete will have special cushioning devices to absorb the shock of anything but a direct hit. Their entrance hatchways also will be covered with a thick slab of steel and concrete. Each will have its own independent supplies of food, water, electric power, and oxygen (since a nuclear explosion and the resulting firestorm probably would burn up all the oxygen in the immediate atmosphere). The occupants could, if need be, get along for weeks without any contact with the outside world.

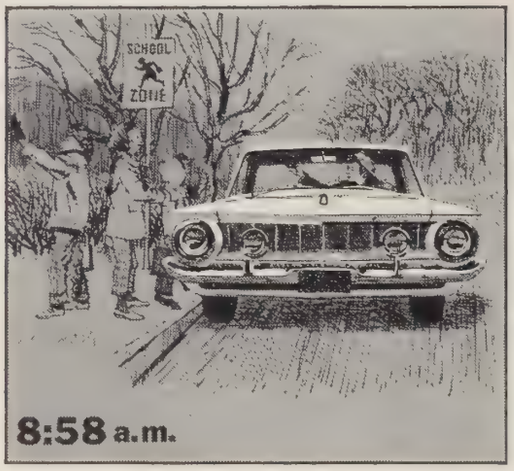
Two men will inhabit each capsule—separated by a bulletproof glass screen. They can see each other, talk through an intercom system, even play chess with separate boards; but neither can touch the other.

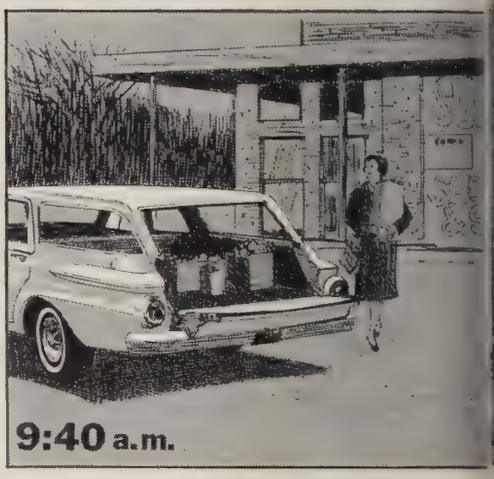
Their furnishings will include bunks, chairs, bookcases, and elaborate radio equipment, linking them to Malmstrom Air Force Base at Great Falls, to headquarters of the Strategic Air Command in Nebraska, and finally to Washington. In addition they will have a pair of electronic consoles, with an array of switches, dials, and little lights; and through these they will control, jointly, ten Minuteman missiles buried many miles away. If anything goes wrong with a missile—from a short circuit to a leak in its silo—a light will flicker on the console, and the controllers will call up a maintenance crew from Malmstrom. And if the ultimate order ever comes from the White House, through these consoles the controllers can put their missiles into flight, singly or all ten at once.

(*Continued on page 16.*)

If your wife does a lot of driving,







If you think your wife is interested only in the color and finish of the upholstery, or how well the rear-view mirror works when she wants to put on her lipstick, she's already laughing at you as she reads this over your shoulder.

Why don't both of you read on and see why the 1962 cars from Chrysler Corporation make so much sense for both sexes.

Wait till you see how they park

For 1962, Chrysler Corporation has re-engineered its cars so that a 98-lb. woman can park them in close quarters without the usual fret and fuss.

The secret is what our engineers call fat-free performance. Virtually every pound of these cars is *live weight*. There's less weight on the front wheels and less resistance to turns. This, plus a shorter turning radius, gives you a lot more turn for a lot less effort.

Chrysler Corporation's full-time power steering (often referred to as the best in the business) is one option you'll both like. In addition, Plymouth and Dodge have a new low-friction steering gear as standard equipment that gives you the easiest tur you can get this side of power steering

You know who's boss when you're driving them

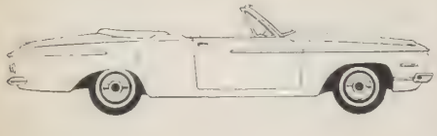
These new cars respond with a sure footed "snap" that makes 'em a joy t drive, especially in traffic.

Acceleration is up as much as 10%, an that makes quite a difference when you'r pulling away from a stop sign or tryin to pass a slow truck on a busy street.

And the surprising thing is that whil acceleration is up, gas consumption i down. Gas mileage is improved as muc as 7%. The reason, again, is live weight No excess tonnage for the engines to lu around, and no power waste.

Practical things that appeal to women

Your wife really will like the upholstery but not just because it's handsome. Th fabrics are unusually easy to care for an remarkably tough. There's an extra over lap at the seams, and a woman will tel you that this is a good way of preservin



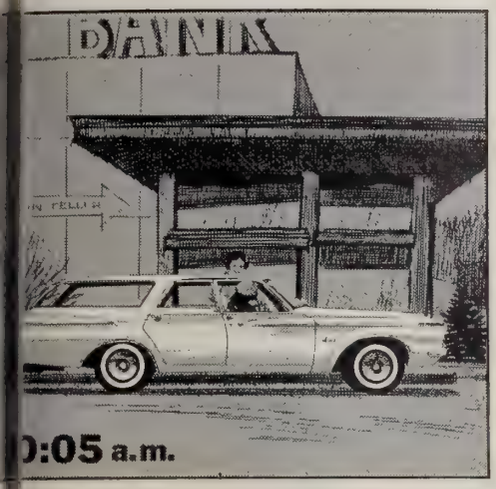
PLYMOUTH — "Greatest Plymouth ever built," and the '62 Plymouth owners agree. You get a lot more action on a lot less gas. 2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, convertibles, wagons, bucket seats.

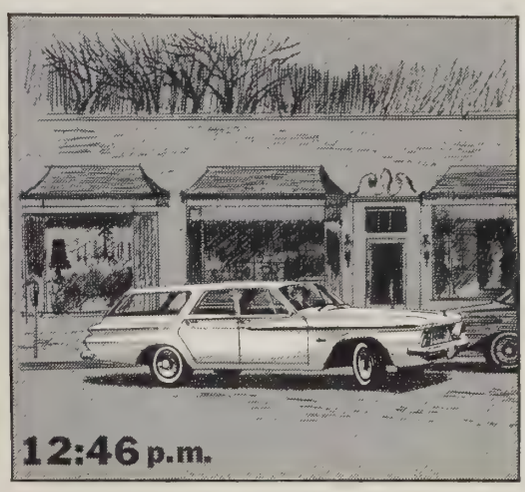


DODGE DART — Now sized in the middle of the big and little, Dart gives you Dodge dependability with a new dash of daring. 2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, convertibles, wagons, bucket seats.

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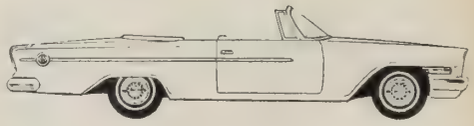
Ve think she'll also like the automatic nsmission with the pushbuttons at *left* of the wheel—away from the dren's reach.

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nd now it's time to visit your Chrysler, dge or Plymouth dealer and *look* at cars. Both of you.



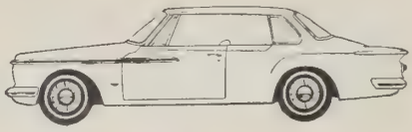
IMPERIAL—This is the most luxurious car we make, and no one in the country makes one plushier. The hand-finished leathers and broadcloths are expensive and they look it. It is America's most carefully built car. 2- and 4-dr. hardtops, convertible.



CHRYSLER—This is the big car that first made Chrysler engineering famous. This year, the Chrysler 300 (above) is available in a new series priced just above the Newport. 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, convertibles, wagons, bucket seats.



ANCER—A lively compact that can ruise at turnpike speeds, but uses as sparingly, as a compact should. xclusive Torsion-Aire Ride irons out he bumps. 2- and 4-door sedans, 2- oor hardtop, wagons, bucket seats.



VALIANT—This is the compact that won a styling award from the Society of Illustrators. Nobody beats Valiant for looks, or value. 2- and 4-door sedans, 2-door hardtop, wagons, bucket seats.



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But neither can do so by himself. Each of them, acting independently, will have to carry out a series of operations, including the insertion of a special key in a switch. Hence the bullet-proof wall between them. If by some remote chance one of the controllers should go out of his mind and decide to touch off Armageddon all by himself, he could do no harm. He could not force the other man to throw his switch, nor could he kill his partner and seize the second key.*

All this is only the beginning of the precautions which are intended to make this cluster of weapons both foolproof and invulnerable. Each of the fifteen control capsules will communicate with its missiles not by cable—which would be both expensive and fragile—but by a special kind of radio circuit, which cannot be jammed or invaded by false signals from outside. If a capsule is knocked out by a direct hit, the handling of its ten Minutemen can be taken over by another control team. Because they are scattered so widely—each silo is at least six miles away from its closest neighbor—it would take hundreds of enemy missiles to cripple them all. And if an "unauthorized person"—that is, a potential spy or saboteur—approaches any of these installations, his presence will be announced to the security troops by three different types of warning devices.

The Great Falls complex is only the first of four. Similar installations of 150 missiles each will soon be under construction in South Dakota, North Dakota, and Missouri. Together they will have a total of sixty control capsules which will have to be manned around the clock, for an unguessable number of years.

HOW can we get the right kind of men, and enough of them, to man these lonesome underground dungeons? And how do we keep them from going stir-crazy with strain and boredom?

These questions were much on the minds of the Air Force generals I met a few weeks ago at Maxwell Field, the Force's think center, on the outskirts of Montgomery, Alabama. Here, where bomber crews were trained during World War II, the Air Force has brought together its War College, Warfare Systems School, Command and Staff College, Research Institute, and a few other educational institutions. Together they make up the Air University, where bright officers are sent, at various stages of their careers, to prepare themselves for higher commands. Here, too, some of the best brains in the service are at work on long-range plans.

I had the good fortune to spend four days at the Air University as a member of its Board of Visitors—a civilian group which descends once a year to look over the operation, ask questions, and report to Washington. The capsule manning-and-morale problem was only one of several items in the works at the time, but I found it especially interesting because it reveals so much about the changes now under way in the character of the Air Force.

Twenty years ago the flying officers I knew in World War II would have had a quick and easy answer for any such morale problem: Just give the boys plenty of pin-up girls, jazz records, and comic books, plus an occasional pep-talk and frequent leave in the nearest town with a good bar. Today a suggestion of this kind would ruin an officer's career.

The solution actually recommended by the Air University people is to keep the capsule crewmen busy studying for a postgraduate degree in aerospace engineering. Young officers, carefully chosen both for stability of character and intellectual promise, will be assigned to such duty for a three-year stretch. During their days off, they will attend classes and laboratories at Malmstrom; while they are underground, they can do their homework—glancing up from their math texts now and then to check the lights on the consoles. By the time they emerge for good, they will be ready to take a master's degree, qualifying them for new assignments in jobs ranging from solid-state electronics to space navigation. Optional courses, ranging from international affairs to economics, may be offered eventually.

"Capsule duty won't be regarded as a hardship," one of the planners explained. "In fact it will be a wonderful opportunity. Where could anybody find a better place for quiet, uninterrupted study?"

Then he made a wry little joke about the airman of the future—reporting to his combat post forty feet underground, armed with a book bag and whistling "The Wild Blue Yonder."*

THE Air Force traditionally was the most anti-intellectual of the military services. It is now trying hard to become the intellectual leader.

The reasons for the original anti-intellectual tradition are plain enough. In the early days it

* An alternate plan would require joint action by four men in two separate capsules before a missile could be launched.

* Another colonel suggested that the service's official song should be changed to "Join the Air Force and See the Earth."



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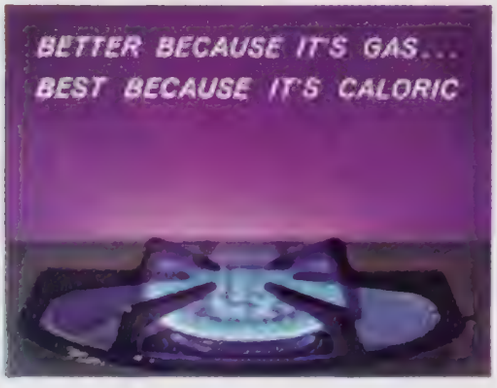


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ıttracted a bunch of raunchy, rebel-ious kids—the sort who can't live without noise, excitement, and fast action. As one old-timer put it, "You had to be a little crazy to climb into one of the canvas-and-piano-wire contraptions we flew in those days." (Today the same kind of youngster has to settle for a motor-cycle and a black leather jacket.)

They weren't thoughtful types; and the Army didn't encourage them to do much thinking. The prewar brass candidly regarded fliers as irresponsible upstarts, who had no place in the councils concerned with strategy and military policy. When General Billy Mitchell made a nuisance of himself with his new-fangled ideas about aerial bombardment, he promptly got slapped with a court martial. All the Army expected from its airmen, in those days, was raw courage and quick reflexes.

Their environment didn't help much either. Most of the early air bases were located in the South, where the weather is good for flying the year round, but where the intellectual climate is not invariably stimulating. (Even today the men at the Air University depend for their daily news on the Montgomery, Alabama, papers—which still are petulantly defending the Confederacy, and cover events in the outside world with notable myopia.) Naturally, too, many air cadets married Southern girls. As we all know, the Southern belle has a great many dazzling qualities; but a dedication to the life of the mind is not usually one of them.

THE end product of all this was the fly boy of World War II. He wore a floppy hat and a swashbuckling manner; flaunted his appetite for liquor, women, and adventure; regarded ground troops, the Navy, and all military theorists as hopeless fogies; and bragged that the fliers could settle the war all by themselves, if the other services would just get out of the way.

This breed is now as obsolete as the Mustang fighter, and nearly as scarce. Many died in World War II and Korea. Others were ruthlessly weeded out by compulsory retirement. A few grew up. For example, Major General Cecil E. Combs—who wears enough combat ribbons to upholster a sofa and who once fought his way across the Pacific and Southeast Asia with the rambunctious General Brereton—now looks and talks like the president of a major university. Which, in a sense, he is: he runs the Air Force Institute of Technology at Wright-Patterson Field, Ohio, and the new capsule education program probably will fall under his direction. At an age when most men would be thinking about retirement, he is now engaged in an exploration of the more exotic ranges of higher mathematics.

For the Air Force is putting an almost ferocious emphasis on higher education. Its immediate goal is to make sure that every one of its 120,000 officers has at least a B.A. or B.S. degree. At the moment about half of them do not—and these are being "encouraged" to complete their college work through extension courses and special arrangements with civilian colleges. (When the commandant of one unit reported proudly that some 80 per cent of his eligible officers had volunteered for such work in their spare time, General Curtis LeMay, the Air Force Chief of Staff, grunted: "Let me have the names of those who didn't." Next morning the volunteer list was 100 per cent.)*

In the future, moreover, nobody will get a commission unless he has a college degree—from the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs or (more commonly) from an ordinary university. To this end, the old, compulsory Reserve Officers Training Corps program—loathed by generations of students—will be abolished (if Congress consents) and replaced with a new, voluntary two-year program. It is being carefully designed to attract bright college boys to the Air Force as a permanent career, and to prepare them for a commission soon after graduation. Enlisted men who aspire to a commission also are given an opportunity to complete their college work while in the service.

And this is only the beginning. In the years just ahead, the Air Force

* In some cases this pressure seems a little excessive. What is the point in harassing an elderly colonel to do such undergraduate work, when he is close to retirement anyhow, and has no prospect of further promotion?

COMING IN

Harper's
magazine

NEXT MONTH

THE ASSEMBLY LINE:
AN INSIDE VIEW

What auto workers really think about their jobs, their bosses, and their union. By a Detroit factory hand, now turned Ph.D.

. . . *Patricia Cayo Sexton*

THE INTERVIEW

President Kennedy answers some questions for one of America's most sharp-witted cartoonists.

. . . *Jules Feiffer*

PAUL LOVES LIBBY

An unusual story by the author of *Goodbye, Columbus.*

. . . *Philip Roth*

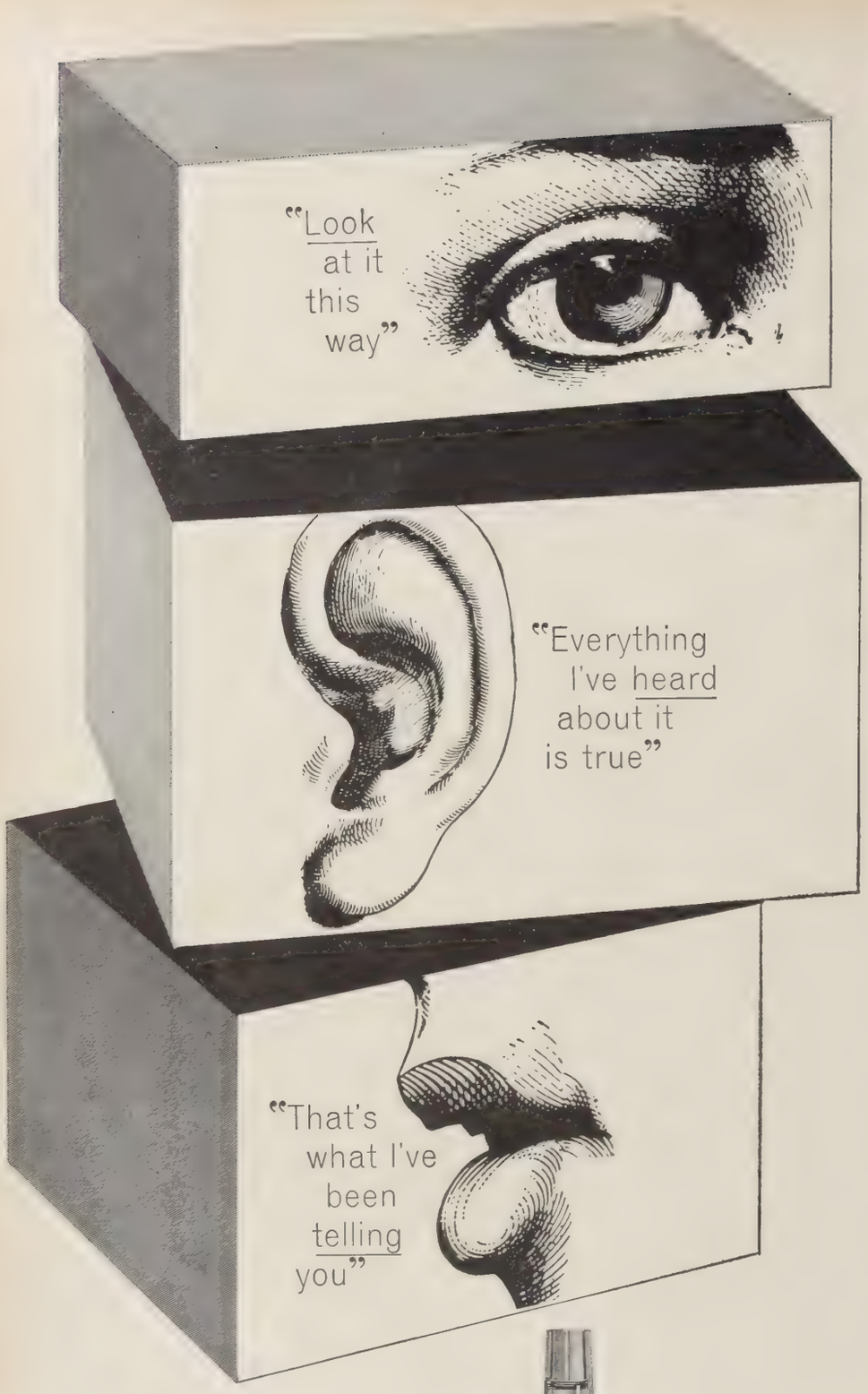
THE THREAT OF
EUROPEAN NATIONALISM

Why only America can keep Europe from drifting into a new kind of nationalism more dangerous than the old.

By Peter F. Drucker

TIPS FOR AUTO TRAVELERS
IN EUROPE

By Eric Larrabee



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estimates, it will need 23,00 officers with a science degree and more than 700 Ph.D.s. So far it is only about halfway to these targets. Consequently continuing postgraduate education will be a must for anybody who expects to get very far in this service. The ambitious officer can look forward to a lifetime of unremitting scholarship.

THE main reason for this sudden pursuit of intellect is, of course, the new mission of the Air Force. It can't hope to explore outer space, or to operate complex satellite and missile systems, with people who learned to fly with the seat of their pants; for these jobs, it needs the sharpest scientists the country can produce.

Moreover, in the last few years the service has found itself embarrassed by its lack of another kind of intellectual: the military theorist. In comparison with the Army and Navy, it is short of articulate advocates to argue its case with Congress, in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and before the public. While it now thinks of itself as the dominant service, in terms of striking power and responsibility, it is still far from dominant in the shaping of the country's military policy.

One explanation is that the Air Force has always lagged in the development of something that military people call "doctrine"—the kind of thinking that is not concerned with the nuts-and-bolts of weaponry, but with the underlying theory of military power. What is its ultimate purpose? When and where and under what circumstances can it be best applied in the national interest—and where should it be withheld? To answer this kind of question, the Navy produced an Admiral Mahan, and the Army in recent years has turned out a series of brilliant theorists, including such men as Maxwell Taylor and James Gavin. So far, the Air Force has produced nobody to match them; but it is now determined to close this gap.

Maybe it is not altogether fantasy to suspect that such a man may emerge someday from one of those sixty underground ivory towers, bearing the fruits of three years of concentrated thought.

AFTER HOURS



THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TAGUS

By William Sansom

The newest of William Sansom's any novels is "The Last Hours of andra Lee." An Englishman who has ved in and written about many Euro- ean countries, Mr. Sansom writes here f what he found in "a staggering and eautiful capital."

STROLLING one day down the Chiado, I turned in among ne mirrors and dark leather of the rasileira. . . .

And where are we?

A cork merchant, an exiled roy- ty, a sardine canner, or an aging by left over from the last world war ould have a better chance of know- ng than most. The Chiado is the ost fashionable part of a major uropean capital, and the Brasileira ne of its older cafés; and if you will ep up past the Royal British Club nd the Misericórdia to a small arky eminence, where purple bou- ainvillaea hangs about like choco- te-box ribbon and a whole red-roof ea lies revealed below, you will have good working view of where you re, for this is a hilly place, vaguely Roman or San Franciscan, and many are the different points of view of- fered, high sites everywhere, as if for once you were visiting a strange city by the comfortable and elucidatory means of helicopter.

So now the whole key becomes clear. Lisbon, lovely liquid Lisbon, winy and marine, grandiose yet dis- creet, is seen to be built in the form of a very long trough set between two parallel hillsides. To the south- ern end lies a blue waterfront, the Tagus estuary, with a magnificent and much-photographed three-sided baroque square spreading its invita- tion to the water. Behind this, the formal classic streets of the com- mercial quarter (the Baixa) built after the earthquake of 1755. Next along the trough comes the bubbling sky-signed central square called Rossio. And thence the wide tree- lined Avenida da Liberdade ending in the rising turf of the Edward VII Park. Thus in one long line—ships and water, offices and commerce, a neon-lit navel, a great shoppy show avenue, and finally the upper restful nirvana of a fine green park: all streaming with a two-way traffic minimized from above like one of the ceaseless two-way streams of dwarf ants which decorate many a Portuguese pavement.

To either side rise hillsides over- grown with rose-yellow houses, cas- tles, churches, trees—two extensive switchback areas beloved of tilted yellow trams and taxis that speed up and down the horrific gradients like the cars of a Giant Racer, but without rails, without hope. Land- marks decorate these two escarp- ments—on one side the buff crenela- tions of the great castle of São Jorge; and beneath it the embattlements of the Cathedral looking like a smaller castle; and the towers of baroque churches. On the Chiado side, the bare Gothic ribs of the lovely four- teenth-century Carmo church, and lower down the curious metal ribs of a huge *fin-de-siècle* outdoor elevator worked in Moorish-Gothic girdering, hallmark of a hill town and here used for uplifting the busy Baixa worker to the chic level of the Chiado.

Such eminences stick out from the arrested waves of terra-cotta roofs and biscuit-colored walls of houses, houses, houses—you are never so aware of the amount of houses in a flat town. Here they are strung up like goods for show in a shop—a few painted bluish or pale green, but mostly the yellowish and the rose- touched, so that altogether Lisbon is the color of a tea rose, mellow yellow warmed with pink. Yet in one corner of the eye there will al- ways be the sea-like Tagus, green or gray but mostly blue, with its Dutch- looking brown-sailed barges, its great white liners; or exotic green giants with black funnels; or long thin tankers lying about like silver fountain pens. For at a distance such ships do simply lie about. You can- not see them move. Nor do they seem to be drawn on invisible strings. They simply, magically, change places. With smoke about their masts like a hive of bees.

Round-faced, dark-skinned, mild and gentle people about. Smiles more than laughter. A bit of a Celtic dream somewhere—but no Spanish fire. Generally, a feeling of order and quiet common sense, a tough stolidity, and great kindness to foreigners. Your saddish-eyed equable passer-by will walk a couple

of streets with you to point out personally the address you want. And for a woman out alone, there is not the persistent pestering so irritating in many other southern countries—if one may except a certain virile Lusitanian, double-eyed and -dyed and well-mustached, who one day approached my wife with the disarming salute: "'ello, Pussykins!"

THE weather can be hotter than the gentlemen. But it is an Atlantic city, and thus usually washed with clean air, winds, occasional rain, and strange, magnificent sea fogs. This weather may contain one reason for the apparently mild temper of the people. And there may also be, I think, a natural quietude or thoughtful sensitivity in any people living along the shores of a western sea, who thus are visited every evening by the end of the world, the sun sinking into the sea—a vision tempered always by its suggestion of the beginning of a dream world, as the westering golden sky and the last sea-sailing rocks throw out their apocalyptic hint of new worlds beyond. Thus what might be simple sadness becomes also a yearning. The Portuguese, we know, have been very good at discovering New Worlds. And there is in the Portuguese character an emotion called *saudade:* it is, very roughly, like what we all too roughly call "nostalgia." It is like the more satisfying side of melancholy. It seems to be a yearning not exactly for times or for places past, or for anything exactly known: yet it is very strong, and has even been exported to Brazil. No one can say *why* such an emotion should exist: and if it has anything to do with a western sea, then Brazil faces the wrong way—unless the green of the jungle is a strong enough substitute to recreate a *saudade* already strong in expatriate genes.

The lightly sad, melodiously troubled songs called *fados* are allied to this *saudade,* and are a particular of Lisbon (though some also come from the university town of Coimbra). When I first heard these songs, I did not know they were Lisbon-Portuguese, and they were filed in my perception as "island songs": songs suggesting the farewell to visiting ships, the swelling of waves, an aerial good-by-ness—with the hopeless, hopeful tone of other seaboard music such as Hawaiian, Balearic, and some Caribbean island songs. One theory is that the *fado* (Portuguese for "fate") is a wedding of a former fashionable Lisbon ballad form with the Brazilian Negro *lundum*; and that it arrived back in the early nineteenth century with the court from Brazil, sung by gypsies who supplied a very slight Arab howl to the songs. Anyhow, the *fados* are unique in their compelling sour-sweetness; and they are still being freshly composed today in their best tradition, an unusual survival in a jazz-influenced world. They can be heard, with guitar and lute-like accompaniment, any night in a number of small restaurants devoted to them.

Meanwhile Lisbon will offer you fried fish cakes with your wine; and a famous light and inexpensive white wine, *vinho verde,* like champagne felicitously fired with Alka-Seltzer bubbles; and richly costumed bullfights, largely conducted in a knightly fashion from horseback, and without killing; and very good seafood; and a commuters' floral electric railway which drops you off for a bathe at any number of near beaches, or at the aristo-bourgeois resort of Estoril, or the old fishing town of Cascais. And there is a long list for the sight-seer—a fine museum of old golden coaches; the Tower of Belém and the Monastery of Jerónimos; the winding streets of the Alfama district, the oldest; the beautiful eighteenth-century pink-and-cream pleasure palace of Queluz, so smeared with lichens that it looks like a colored pencil drawing of a palace with the pencil marks left in; and so on and on—but what, like the music of the *fado,* is in essence left in the memory, and unique?

Certainly, two architectural phenomena which constantly strike the eye, whether you are or are not architecturally observant. They are the Portuguese form of the decorative tiles called *azulejos;* and the florid and rope-like stone carving known as Manueline Gothic. The tiles are most often blue and white, and may cover the whole face of a building or much of the interior of a church. *Azulejo* comes from an Arab word meaning "smooth," and, like other Arab building devices, the function of the tiles is to be and to look cool. And they are everywhere, cooling the pool of a fountain, cooling the dado of a dining-room, cooling even a faïenced street name. Cool dairies, cool lavatories come first to casual mind; but once you get used to them, the beautiful stands out from the pretty as in any other form of art.

The same with the Manueline Gothic style—named from King Manuel I and flowering from the late fifteenth century and after. Executed in white stone, the carving embodies with rich delicacy the "rope motif" of the sailing ships of the great Portuguese navigators, together with all their findings in the new tropics and in the seas that bore them thither. It is like thick silk lace, compared with the starched lacy linen of the Gothic North. It is at its finest in such masterpieces as Jerónimos, at its worst in some minor churches, where it takes on the wooden knotted effect of rough rustic furniture. But it is everywhere; even, in grotesquely grand imitation, on the façade of the big railway station on the Rossio—which is of course now a period piece and rattles with charm.

THE famous black and white patterned pavements of Portugal are far more difficult to see. They are, in fact, everywhere too. But Lisbon like any other city has its dust, and dust grays out the sharp and definite black; and in such places of grand parade as the Praça do Comércio the mosaic now sleeps unseen under massed parked cars.

Yet, though gray round its commercial quarters, this is a comparatively clean southern city, with frequent water carts and a controlled, nonlittering population. It is also a southern city almost without outside cafés, with the exception of the tree-lined Avenida da Liberdade. Its pavements are too narrow for cafés, often only wide enough for two persons to pass. But this also means that the general run of building is on the compact side, and not given to the huge extravaganzas of a Barcelona, a Marseilles. The memory brings away a feeling of a reasonable, logically proportioned place, whose eccentricity lies in smaller touches like the tiles, and in the nature of the hills upon which it stands.

AFTER HOURS

In broader terms, Lisbon is one of the most fantastically placed cities of Europe. Within a radius of some thirty miles, nature plays some of its most breathless tricks. Across the Tagus to the south, the Arrábida Mountains erect themselves straight up from the vast alluvial plain and inner lagoons of the Sado River. One moment on the very, very endless flat; the next up, up into the heatherland high, extraordinarily high above an endless view of marsh and sea and sand. Not, I suppose, very high as mountains go, but the surrounding flatness makes it seem so; an immediate cartographer's view, a dreamlike change, one of the strangest in all Europe. A white monastic village hangs on the mountainside. A Roman town lies buried in a distant tongue of sand mapped in the lagoon beneath. But these mysteries are nothing to the curious conditional change from flatland to aerial mountain top.

THE same thing, gentler and greener, occurs to the west of Lisbon, at Sintra. As Cintra, this used to be one of the show spots of the Continent, a place for kings and poets—it even received the final accolade, the use of its magical name for cafés and restaurants in foreign countries far away. It is still a show place. But its notoriety, like that of many a fine old spa, has declined because you cannot do anything there: at Sintra you can neither swim nor ski, gamble nor shop. The place, littered with palaces old and new, from Moorish to Victorian, is an exotic green garden rising mountain-high above the coastal plain. It attracts more mist and rain than elsewhere, and loves it. Ferns as big as trees, elegant horse carriages, narrow roads banked with flowering foliage, fine old villas thrusting their turrets from the green—it is a place for living slowly while the heart beats fast at excessive views over the brown farm-diced fields below, the sea, and the distant capital. To own a *quinta*, or villa-farm, in the Sintra foothills is an approach to Xanadu, and this is a Xanadu only about half an hour by electric train from the rose-yellow hum of the parent city, the ancient Olisipo, Felicitas Julia of the Romans, Lashbuna of the Arabs, Lisbon of today.



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Gertrude Stein — at home in Paris in March of 1930.



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NEW ENGLAND LIFE

Harper's MAGAZINE

THE KENNEDYS MOVE IN ON DIXIE

LOUIS E. LOMAX

How the two brothers are planning to change the whole political climate of the South, by opening the ballot boxes to hundreds of thousands of Negroes.

ALTHOUGH the public is scarcely aware of it, the Kennedy Administration is now deeply involved in an unprecedented campaign to get hundreds of thousands of Southern Negroes to vote for the first time in their lives.

If successful, this plan will also advance those very civil rights which some of the President's critics accuse him of neglecting—in such fields as schools, housing, and jobs. And, not least important, it will help rivet the Negroes' loyalty to the Democratic party for a long while to come.

The campaign in the South, which is now quietly moving into its second year, is actually a pincers movement: One jaw consists of the Justice Department's legal action in cases of infringement of voting rights. The other is a mass drive to teach Negroes to register—and vote—a drive to be led by the major Negro civil rights organizations and to be financed by substantial grants from private foundations in the North.

The depth of the Kennedys' involvement in the campaign for Negroes' voting rights may come as a surprise to some civil rights enthusiasts. Early in his Administration the President let it be known that he considered disfranchisement the crux of the Southern Negro's affliction. To start its attack, the Justice Department filed fourteen new cases charging racial discrimination by various county registrars in five states of the Deep South; and by December 1961 it was making investigations in sixty-one other counties. These cases were pacesetters—pleadings which, when they are settled, will admit thousands of Negroes to the polls. And to protect these potential Negro voters, the Justice Department has successfully prosecuted two suits which affirmed the government's right to act swiftly, and on its own initiative, in behalf of Negro voters facing economic or physical reprisals.

The private civil rights organizations began to get into the act during the spring of 1961. Negro leaders were approached individually by white liberals who assured them that money could be raised if the various civil rights organizations would work together. The chief spokesman was the prominent New York lawyer, Lloyd Garrison. Listening to the proposal, several Negro leaders became convinced that the sponsors were unofficial emissaries from the White House. After several rounds of individual talks, when a consensus seemed to be reached, the Negro leaders

were invited to a joint meeting where Mr. Garrison made the presentation; the core of his argument was that voter registration is the place where the most substantial Negro gains can be made with bold government support. This, of course, is the Kennedy Administration's position, and the reasoning supporting it is cold political fact:

(1) Voter registration is the area where the Justice Department has the most power; it can move swiftly, and, if need be, on its own motion. (This power was guaranteed by the civil rights bill passed in 1957.)

(2) Voter registration is the one civil rights item white supremacists cannot afford to oppose publicly, for the right to vote is basic to the American system of government.

(3) Negroes have the most difficulty in areas where their numerical strength poses a political threat. If these Negroes voted, they could help to elect better local officials. This, in the Administration view, would be the critical step toward general civil rights advancement.

(4) A major increase in the number of Southern Negro voters would not only change things at home but would change the complexion of Congress; Southern reactionaries would either mend their ways or run the risk of being voted out of office. Then, and only then, could the Administration get its liberal legislation, including civil rights, through Congress.

(5) Finally, the program is the Administration's most convincing answer to those critics who charge that the President is falling down on his 1960 pledges.

The civil rights leaders with whom this program was discussed were Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, Thurgood Marshall of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Whitney Young, the new executive director of the Urban League, Edward King of the Student Non-violent Co-ordinating Committee, Dr. Martin Luther King of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, James Farmer of CORE, and Leslie Dunbar of the Southern Regional Council. Some suspected that the move was an attempt to siphon off support for the sit-ins and freedom rides, and this fear increased when Attorney General Robert Kennedy called for a "cooling off" period last May lest innocent persons be hurt during the Montgomery to Jackson bus ride.* But friends of the President pointed out that the

* This is the Administration's explanation. However, many liberals, including the author, felt that the Attorney General sought a slack-off of the freedom rides lest mob demonstrations embarrass the President, who was then on an overseas mission.

Louis E. Lomax's first book, "The Reluctant African," won the Anisfield-Wolf Award for 1961, and his recent television documentary, "Walk in My Shoes" (he was its co-producer for ABC), won the Thomas A. Edison Award. His new book will be "The Negro Revolt"—to be published by Harper & Brothers in June.

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voter registration program would, in fact, aid these efforts by making it possible for the money then being spent for voter registration to be diverted to other purposes such as mass demonstrations at restaurants and bus terminals.

The next hurdle—disagreement among the Negro leadership groups on just who would do what, who would get how much, and how they would arrange to stay out of each other's hair—was overcome by a proposal that the Southern Regional Council act as administrator for the money. This is an organization based in the South that relies upon moral suasion and accurate research to bring on racial harmony; consequently it is not involved in the fierce competition that has enveloped Negro leadership organizations since the sit-ins.

Much to the surprise of all concerned, the Urban League was the first to agree to the plan. (The Urban League, which considered itself a "social agency," has been in partial eclipse for the past several years because it refused to enter into any kind of controversial activity. Its "new image" is due to the appointment of Whitney Young, a militant liberal and former Dean of the School of Social Work at Atlanta University, as executive secretary.)

After the Urban League came the Congress on Racial Equality (CORE), Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the student organizations, and, after a long delay that almost wrecked the program, the NAACP. (The NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund could not participate because it is restricted under tax regulations to legal activities.)

The Taconic Foundation, a Delaware corporation with offices in New York, has promised a grant of a quarter-million dollars for the educational purposes of the drive; the Field Foundation, $75,000; and others may come in soon. (The Taconic Foundation, started in 1958, is headed by Stephen R. Currier; Lloyd Garrison is its attorney.) The mechanics of the program are complex, but in essence they boil down to this: The Southern Regional Council will act as general supervisor, but the grant will go to the

Voter Education Program, a newly formed agency with offices a few feet down the hall from the Southern Regional Council on Forsyth Street in Atlanta. A Negro lawyer, Wiley Branton of Pine Bluff, Arkansas (the man who made headlines as attorney for the nine Negro students in Little Rock), has moved to Atlanta to head the project.

So the stage is set for President Kennedy to fight the civil rights battle of his preference on grounds of his own choosing. Although the Justice Department has appeared as a friend of the court in behalf of the freedom riders and sit-in demonstrators, the Administration does not feel these things are of basic importance. Five hundred Negroes going to jail for the right to sit in a Jackson, Mississippi, airport restaurant is more than a dramatic gesture, and the Administration is willing to help them. But this is not the script it likes best.

A SCRIPT FOR JACKSON

A MORE significant civil rights drama—if I may take the liberty of a fantasy—would open with five thousand Negroes singing and praying as they march toward the voter registration office in Jackson, Mississippi. Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, James Farmer, and Whitney Young would march, pray, and sing with them, as they round the bend from "colored town" and head down Jackson's main street toward City Hall. At the registration office, we see the white officials peeping horrified out of the windows, slamming shut the door, and hanging up a sign reading "Closed until further notice, which won't be no time soon."

As the curtain descends, the Negro marchers kneel; one prays while the multitude sing softly, "Like a tree planted by the waters, I shall not be moved."

My script of Act II calls for Attorney General Robert Kennedy to speed to City Hall by limousine from the Jackson airport, to persuade the white officials into their senses by argument and federal injunction, and to deputize his Assistant Attorney General for civil rights, Burke Marshall, to restrain the more extreme local segregationists (such as the Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens Council). As the curtain descends, the Negroes are parading to the polls.

Act II is rather hard to stage, but Act III is a simple dialogue between two Southern Senators on Capitol Hill:

First Senator: "By God, niggers are voting in my state."

Second Senator: "Hell, they are a-voting in mine too; and furthermore, they ain't niggers, they are colored citizens."

The fantasy is mine, but it by no means exaggerates the results which the Kennedy Administration hopes to attain. I believe the hope is a practical one, for this reason: If the present pincers movement were an entirely outside affair, I am sure it would fail. It happens, however, to coincide with spontaneous local political action by Negroes in the South. Brave and resourceful men and women are already planting essential grass-roots support.

For example, this is what is actually going on in Mississippi:

For the first time since Reconstruction, two Negroes are making a serious bid for Congressional seats. One of them is Reverend R. L. T. Smith of Jackson, who seeks to defeat the incumbent, arch-segregationist John Bell Williams; the other is Reverend Theodore Trammell, of Clarksdale.* Trammell's district is, by population, predominantly Negro, yet it includes such counties as Walthall and Tallahatchie where no Negroes have voted since the turn of the century. It also includes Coahoma County (Clarksdale) where race relations are excellent, by Mississippi standards. The Reverend Smith's district was almost 50 per cent Negro when he announced. It has since been enlarged to include the "white" suburbs of Jackson, thus reducing the Negro voter potential to about 35 per cent.

When the Reverends Smith and Trammell announced their candidacies—Trammell is Methodist, Smith is Baptist—their prospects were so slim as to make the attempt almost bizarre. This is why:

- To vote in Mississippi one must prove he has paid his poll tax—two dollars in Smith's district, three dollars in Trammell's—two years in a row unless he has just reached the voting eligibility age of twenty-one, in which case he must present one poll-tax receipt and an exemption certificate. (Four other Southern states—Alabama, Arkansas, Texas, and Virginia—have poll taxes.)
- After he pays his poll tax, he must pass a "literacy test" consisting of an examination of twenty-one questions, one of which requires that the potential voter interpret any section or all of the thirty-page Mississippi constitution.
- Although Mississippi has almost a million Negroes only 60,000 are registered voters.

* As this article went to press, news came that the Reverend Trammell died of a heart attack on March 17. No one was immediately named to take up his candidacy.

• The Mississippi Negro intellectuals who could organize a Negro voter registration program are sidelined because the bulk of them work for the state as schoolteachers and would risk their jobs by getting involved.

• The Negro masses in Mississippi, as they do everywhere, work for white people. And, according to the legend, they are afraid to register and vote.

• Even putting aside the social and psychological factors, Negro candidates are doomed until Congress passes legislation regulating poll taxes and literacy tests. Yet, like the bumblebee who flies in ignorance of the laws of aerodynamics which say his wingspread is too short, Smith and Trammell have taken to the stump in the bayous, with amazing results.

By early March, they had raised a $25,000 campaign kitty, some of it from "private" white audiences who invited them to speak. Reverend Smith has bought time on one of Jackson's TV stations and stated his campaign platform. The other station refused and he is now asking the Federal Communications Commission to force it to sell him time. Neither candidate has been pressured. Both told me they have received crank calls but neither took them seriously. Both said that federal legal actions to protect voting rights have shaken white Mississippians into some hesitancy about their usual capers at the voting booth, for fear, in Reverend Smith's words, "that the Justice Department will come down upon them as the plagues of God did upon the Egyptians."

Nevertheless, the odds are still against the Reverends Smith and Trammell. Their first goal is to get on the ballot for the "white" Democratic primary now scheduled for early June. But the Negro candidates' battle plan is chiefly to draw enough primary votes to force a runoff.

Another Mississippi Negro working effectively to educate Negroes for registration is Dr. Arline Young, a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania who is now a professor of zoology at Jackson State College. She has put her job on the chopping block by organizing voter registration schools in Jackson, but so far she has neither been threatened by state officials nor been rebuked by the Negro president of the state-supported college.

On the day Dr. Young talked to me she had to cut the conversation short. Four of her voter registration pupils—all Negro women over forty—had attempted to register but were turned back when the registrar politely explained, "We ran out of registration forms and had to order new ones. They have just come in but the ink on them is not dry yet." Dr. Young was on her way to the registration office with the four women and was confident that "the ink will be dry by the time I get there."

Alabama Negroes are also on the move. Two Birmingham Negroes are assured of seats on the 144-member Jefferson County Democratic party steering committee, as the result of a federal district court ruling on March 23 that they must be allowed to run in the "white" primary. Eight other Negroes are running against white candidates for steering committee seats—five of them from predominantly Negro districts.

JUSTICE KEEPS TRACK

THESE courageous few, acting on their own, and with only silent and scattered support from local white sympathizers, have set modest goals. But their action, as seen from Washington, is much more important than electing one or two good Congressmen—refreshing as that outcome might be. The Department of Justice is not blind in this field; it is gathering information on the potential Negro vote throughout the South and it has practical plans to make that vote a reality. The following statistics suggest the political scope of the Negro registration drive. (The percentages refer to adults of voting age, Negro or white.)

Negroes comprise 40 per cent of the voting potential in seven of Alabama's nine Congressional Districts.

Among Mississippi's six Congressional Districts, Negroes are 50 per cent in four districts; 32 per cent in one; 23 per cent in one.

South Carolina has six Congressional Districts: Negroes are more than 40 per cent in two of them, 35 per cent in two others, and more than 20 per cent in the remaining two.

Negroes are 33 per cent of the potential voters in six of Georgia's ten Congressional Districts.

They are at least 25 per cent in all eight of Louisiana's Congressional Districts, and are more than 40 per cent in one.

When these Congressional District figures are broken down to city and county levels, the balance, in favor of Negroes, is even more impressive. Mississippi, for example, has eighty-two counties: among adults, Negroes predominate in eighteen of these counties; five counties are about evenly balanced. Marengo County, Alabama, is a striking—though not unique—case of Negro voter potential: it has 8,000 voting-age Negroes, 7,000 adult white people. But 5,000 white adults

are registered voters as against only 139 Negroes.

So, throughout the Deep South, the story runs. And it is the theory of the Kennedy Administration that once these Negroes gain the franchise they can change conditions at home and in Washington. But how will the scheme which looks so good on paper and in statistics work out in practice?

"It's already working," Assistant Attorney General Marshall told me. "We have been working closely with the Negroes in Macon County [Alabama] and Fayette and Haywood Counties [Tennessee] and changes are already in the making. We have gone to court to see to it that these Negroes are allowed to register without reprisals. We won and they are registering."

I reminded Burke Marshall that Negroes in the South hesitate to run the risk of voting when the choice is between two equally abusive white candidates. "We expect our voter registration efforts not only to produce better white candidates for Negroes to choose from," he replied, "but we fully expect to have Negro candidates emerge."

Only time can say how all this will work out, but the Administration is fully convinced that it is on the right track. What it fears most at this juncture—and, I think, correctly—is that the Negro leadership organizations, either because of bickering among themselves or lack of contact with the Negro masses, will fail to draw out large numbers of potential Negro voters. For this reason the voter registration grant by the foundations is not limited to the established Negro organizations. Any group interested in voter education may apply, and I predict that if the established organizations seem to be falling short, a number of local organizations—such as the Montgomery, Alabama, and Albany, Georgia, movements—will obtain grants from the Voter Education Program for its specific purposes. Two promising groups are the citizens in Clarksdale, Mississippi, who have put several thousand Negroes on the registration books in the last twelve months and the Co-ordinating Voters Committee in Jackson, Mississippi, which Dr. Young heads. These are grass-roots movements and they seem to be closer to the Kennedy view than the overstructured Negro leadership organizations are. For example, I interviewed Attorney General Robert Kennedy and Dr. Arline Young. Here is what each one said:

Dr. Young: "We have three problems down here: Many Negroes are lethargic about voting but the appearance of two Negroes as Congressional candidates has done a good deal to help eliminate that. The other two problems we face are the poll tax and the literacy tests. We can raise the money and help Negroes pay the poll tax but the literacy test is beyond us. Many of the students who come to my voter registration schools fail the registration test because they cannot interpret the Mississippi State Constitution to suit the white officials. If we could just get rid of that literacy test we could really do wonders down here."

Attorney General Robert Kennedy: "I can say to you that we are quite determined about getting Congressional action that will eliminate the poll tax and literacy test as prerequisites for voting. We have already moved through the courts to strike down the literacy test in Louisiana. Our position is known, and we plan to make a major effort on Capitol Hill for legislation in this area." (The Department is also preparing a case on the literacy test in Mississippi.)

This January Majority Leader Mike Mansfield introduced in the Senate a bill drafted in his office and in the Justice Department that would standardize voting literacy tests. Based upon the report of the President's Commission on Civil Rights, the bill would admit any citizen who has completed sixth grade, in English or Spanish, to the polls. Minority Leader Everett Dirksen cut short a speaking tour in Illinois and returned to Washington to act as co-sponsor of the bill. The measure went before the Senate Judiciary Committee headed by Mississippi Senator James Eastland—the unfortunate fate of most civil rights bills. However Mansfield has served notice that he will move to bring the bill out of committee if the group has not acted by May first. The Administration also wants action abolishing poll taxes in elections of federal officials, and Senator Spessard Holland is sponsoring a Constitutional amendment for that purpose. This is a slow method, requiring both Congressional passage and ratification by the states, but this spring it seemed to have a chance, for it passed in the Senate. (The Administration's literacy bill, however, appeared likely to founder on debate of the issue of constitutionality.)

THE PRESIDENT'S SCORE

WHATEVER the merits and success of the President's voting scheme, the Administration will continue to be under attack from Negro leaders for failure to take certain Executive actions and support a variety of civil

rights bills. The criticism of the President will become a national issue when the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights (a committee composed of the heads of all civil rights organizations, Negro and Jewish) stages a march on Washington late this spring to protest against what they call "a retreat from the civil rights plank in the 1960 Democratic platform."

The Negro leaders want the President to go all out for legislation that would establish a Permanent Fair Employment Practice Committee; they want an act of Congress making school desegregation the law of the land; they want the restoration of Part III of the 1957 Civil Rights bill. (This section of the bill was deleted because of Southern opposition; it would empower the Attorney General to move on all civil rights issues, and to move on his own motion. This would remove the onus from embattled Southern Negroes, many of whom are afraid to file complaints against white persons who abuse them.)

In terms of Executive action, the Negro leaders want mainly (1) an order striking down segregation in federally aided housing and (2) enforcement of an existing order calling for the end of discrimination by private companies handling government contracts.

These are the same demands the civil rights leaders made of the President early in the summer of 1961. The President gave them a cordial audience at that time; he told them he understood that the very nature of their jobs made it necessary that they keep him under continuing pressure. But his reply to their demands was "No, not now." Then the President went on to state his conviction that voter registration was the better civil rights course for him to follow.

Despite the mounting criticism from liberals, the President's civil rights position has not shifted. Mr. Kennedy is even more certain now than he was last year that by election time—1962 and 1964—he will have more sway with the liberal voters, including Negroes, than his critics will. There are several reasons for confidence:

First, Kennedy has appointed more Negroes to top federal jobs than any President in history. The Assistant White House Press Officer is a Negro; so is an Assistant Secretary of State and an Assistant Secretary of Labor. The nation's housing boss not only is a Negro but is a former chairman of the executive board of the NAACP. This Administration has appointed two Negroes as United States Attorneys, the first in history, and has broken precedent again by naming two Negroes to federal district judgeships. The number of Negro attorneys in the Department of Justice—chosen solely for quality, not for color—has increased fivefold, from ten to fifty, since Mr. Kennedy took office and his brother took over the Justice Department.

All this didn't "just grow." The Deans of fifty law schools are now on the scout for promising Negro students, at the request of the Administration. For the first time in history, the Department of Justice will have a number of Negro law applicants on file for jobs.

Second, Southern rural Negroes are now leaving the South and so are voting with their feet. Upwards of a million Negroes went North in the decade of the 'fifties. Less than 20 per cent of the nation's nineteen million Negroes now live in rural areas, and, as of 1960, over 50 per cent were living outside the Southeastern states.

This Negro migration—the greatest going on anywhere in the world—works for the Kennedy Administration. Once Negroes move to urban areas, even in the South, they have less difficulty at the polls and, on the whole, vote Democratic (68 per cent of the Negro voters voted for Mr. Kennedy in 1960 as against only 49 per cent of the white voters). Also, the Negro voter—job discrimination being what it is—embraces a political philosophy which meshes precisely with the legislative program Kennedy is attempting to get through Congress over the opposition of Southern reactionaries and conservative Republicans. Needless to say, urban and non-Southern Negroes will be deeply impressed by the Kennedy voter registration drive once it gets under way. The plan will not make much of a dent upon the South for another year or two, but the publicity that is sure to arise from the registration of thousands of Southern Negroes will cause their Northern brothers to vote Democratic in larger numbers than ever.

Third, there is not a Republican on the horizon who can match the Administration's civil rights record. Governor Rockefeller has an emotional appeal to many middle-class Negroes who have graduated from Negro colleges supported by Rockefeller money, but his civil rights record in New York has been without luster. Hence his denunciation of Kennedy's "record of broken promises" is relatively ineffective. Richard Nixon has yet to explain why he didn't try to get Martin Luther King out of jail on the eve of the 1960 elections (Kennedy did intervene, and, according to his biographers, the phone call in Dr. King's behalf swayed the nation's Negro voters and, thus, the election). Senator Barry Goldwater has openly advised his party to forget

about the Negro vote. That means that Negroes will forget about him should he get the GOP nomination. And if the Republicans hitch their wagon to George Romney's rising political star they are indeed in for a shock. For Romney, now a candidate for the Michigan GOP gubernatorial nomination, is an elder in the Mormon Church and must somehow explain to Negro voters how he can embrace a faith that bars Negroes from its priesthood.

"A STROKE OF THE PEN"

NO doubt, John F. Kennedy stands well with the Negro voters. Even so the President must answer to the people and to his own sense of commitment, as his biographer James MacGregor Burns calls it, for his failure to issue the much discussed Executive order ending discrimination in federally aided housing. Mr. Kennedy himself helped heat the coals that are now being heaped upon his head when in 1960 he said the Republicans were insincere about civil rights because they refused to issue such an order. "This," said the then Senator Kennedy, "the President [Mr. Eisenhower] could do with a stroke of his pen." The order has been on Mr. Kennedy's desk for over a year now, and he has yet to make that critical stroke with his pen.

"The argument is not over *if* we are going to issue the order," Louis E. Martin of the Democratic National Committee, and a Negro, told me, "the question is *when* we are going to do it."

Behind this delay lies a typical Kennedy operation. The Administration had hoped to have the confirmation of Dr. Robert C. Weaver, a Negro, as head of the proposed new Urban Affairs Department signed and delivered before the order was issued. (This would allow the South time to swallow one pill before another was offered.) When the agency was defeated in Congress this February, the question of a Negro in the Cabinet was no longer a factor affecting the housing order. (However, the Weaver affair did win the President additional favor with Negro voters; every major Negro newspaper praised the President for the attempt.) The Administration's stated reason for the delay, as of now, is to give the Administration time to do some house cleaning in the housing bureau itself.

"We would rather face the voters in 1962 and have the liberals say we didn't issue the order," one of the President's advisers told me, "than to say we issued it and couldn't make our own people carry it out." To protect themselves against just this, the Administration has organized a number of pressure moves, mostly political and in both the South and the North, to propel reluctant local housing officials in the right direction once the order is given. Undoubtedly, also, the Administration is giving prior consideration to passage of its tariff legislation.

As for the order itself, it will be issued—possibly by summer, almost certainly by the November elections. It will probably contain a Kennedy twist: a provision to strike down discrimination in the unions supplying workers on such housing. (The construction crafts unions are still lily-white even in the North.) Thus the order, as now envisioned, will not only open all federally aided housing to Negroes but will provide some of them with jobs so that they can pay their rent.

Clearly, then, much of the liberal criticism of the President can be reduced to a matter of timing. As the full implications of the Kennedy drive to register Negro voters in the South and other civil rights moves become clear, the question to be argued will be why he took so long. And once again it will be Mr. Kennedy's own words by which he will be weighed. He was a candidate on September 9, 1960, in Los Angeles, when he said: The President "cannot wait for others to act. He himself must draft the programs, transmit them to Congress and fight for their enactment, taking his case to the people if the Congress is slow."

This the President has not done. His delay, I am convinced, is a necessary concomitant of political mechanics: the awesome task of moving Congress (a Congress where he has no real majority backing), of rallying private support, of changing, legally, the political and economic situation of the Negroes in the South and wherever they are discriminated against. He got into the Presidency by political maneuvering—the only way he could have got there—and he cannot afford an absolutely moralistic attitude on any single issue, particularly one so explosive as civil rights. It is true: he has not kept all of his promises by time clock. But he has a strong defense—part of which is the massive and necessarily slow voter registration drive.

There are, of course, some men who would have elected a different course than that decided upon by President Kennedy. Like Isaiah, they would thunder for all to hear and, they hope, tremble. But in practical terms—the things men eat, vote, and pay rent by—would these moralists accomplish as much as the complex and burdened man from Boston is now achieving?

Frankly, I doubt it.

Harper's Magazine, May 1962

SYLVIA WRIGHT

HOW TO WORK A GUEST

Does the threat of weekend guests make you frantic? Despondent? Tired? Here is a prescription for hospitality that is guaranteed to make your guests happy and your weekend possible . . . if highly improbable.

IN NOVELS, guests come for long weekends, and each one has a bedroom, with fireplace, to himself, in the west wing. Sometimes the guests retire to these bedrooms and read or write letters or whole novels. Sometimes their hostess does not know where they are for hours at a time.

(Actually, Sir Walter, the guest, is not in his bedroom. He has gone down to the bottom of the garden to see if there is behind the rose arbor a footprint of a size six shoe—Ah-ha! Yes! Could it be Lady Gwendolyn's?)

When the dinner bell rings, the guests come downstairs in evening clothes, and over the roast, and later over the port and the brandy, they spin stories about their curious adventures (at Victoria Station, a veiled lady, pursued by a squat man with pointed eyebrows, entered Sir Walter's cab, and addressed him in Hindi, while gesturing with a size six shoe). All this entertains the hosts, who live in the country, and do not have much to amuse them except the Hunt Ball.

For a long time, this has been my idea of the real-and-proper guest-and-host relationship. I know it is a British concept, but there is nothing around here gutty enough to have taken so firm a hold on my preconceptions.

Nothing around here is anything like this. The essential fact about guests around here is that they are into everything. This is not their fault.

No sooner are they into the house than they are into the icebox, because they arrived with a battered package of pumpkin-colored processed cheese, which the baby has to have on a trip because she gets hungry. What is left must be put away for the trip home.

It is certain that, during the weekend, another guest will be into the icebox looking for ice, and will eat the baby's cheese, thinking that it is something that no one else could possibly want.

Sir Walter would not eat the baby's cheese. When he or Lady Gwendolyn need something of that sort, Witherspoon, the butler, brings it on a tray.

Nor are Sir W. and Lady G. into the linen closet, since they are not allergic to feather pillows and looking for a sneeze-proof one. Sir W. and Lady G. are not into the cellar looking for more wood for the fire, and they don't come upstairs again asking for the pliers because they banged a log against an odd pipe, which is now dripping, but they can fix it. (Aside from a pencil, pliers are the most difficult thing to find in this house.) Sir W. and Lady G. are not into the medicine cabinet either, looking for Vitamin B, aspirin, sunburn lotion, citronella, or antihistamines, because they caught cold in the cellar; nor into the tool chest, looking for the pliers, and finding the lost flounder rig, and then quickly back to the medicine cabinet for Mercurochrome and Band-Aid.

Furthermore, Sir Walter and Lady Gwendolyn do not need things, even extra sweaters. They come with trunks containing enough sweaters so that they can burn the one with the blood stains —leaving traces, of course. If a guest of mine had a blood-stained sweater, he or she would be into the laundry looking for Woolite. Modern guests never come with enough sweaters to be able to afford to leave traces.

Perforce into everything, perforce modern guests are polite and helpful. This appears a simple statement, but its sociological implications are far-reaching, so much so that such behavior is no longer called being polite and helpful: it is called adjusting to the group.

As time goes on, more and more people learn to adjust to the group. Eventually, everyone is adjusting. Then everyone can no longer adjust

to the group—instead, everyone must adjust to the group adjusting.

What does this mean to you as a hostess? It means that when you ask, "Will you have a martini or whiskey on the rocks?" the guest asks, "What is everyone else having?" If this sort of thing is not kept under control, everyone will adjust himself out of a drink.

In the old days politeness had a cut-off point—Witherspoon, the butler. The inadequate latter-day part-time substitute has got to be you—the hostess. The modern hostess must keep her guests from getting hoist by their own politeness.

All over the house into everything are people without aspirin, pliers, extra sweaters, or cut-off points for politeness. They look okay. But they require much more attention than Sir Walter or Lady Gwendolyn.

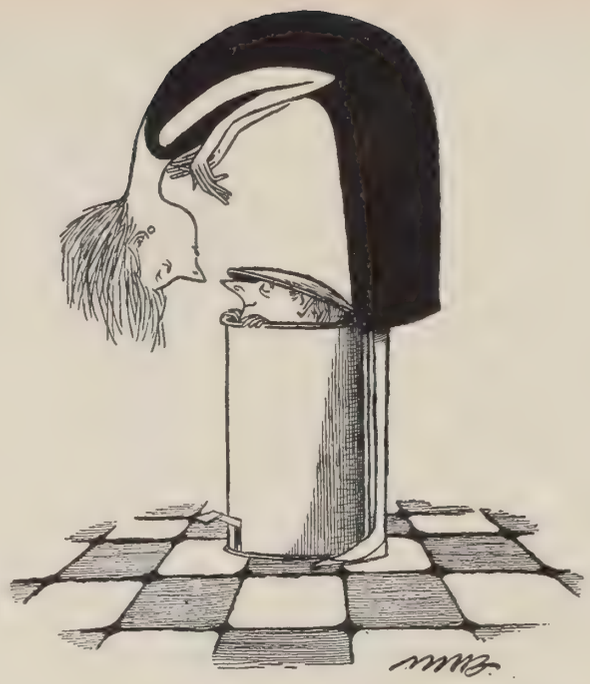
They must be put to work. First, because it is more comfortable for them if they are, and second, because if they aren't, who else is going to do it?

Modern hospitality needs to be redefined, and when it is (I am about to do it), I am sure we can create an atmosphere as elegant and interesting as Sir Walter's. Though different, of course.

Only an inconsiderate and inelegant hostess insists that a guest dry and put away the dishes on the polite grounds that this job is more palatable than washing. The guest does not know where anything goes, and will become harassed while trying to find out. It is much more hospitable to let the guest wash.

Little aids, planned ahead of time, help enormously. The washing guest should be supplied with a battery of devices, including those you do not like or use yourself, particularly a wide variety of things to get black spots off pans: steel wool, copper mesh balls, sponge pads with one hard side, brushes, wire brushes, and so on. You cannot have too many. There is sure to be a guest who asks for something you haven't thought of—half a potato and a little salt, for instance.

A guest facing a black spot on the bottom of a pan is on the spot and more perfectionist than



The essential fact about guests around here is that they are into everything.

he or she would be at home. It is tempting to the hostess tacitly to pretend—that is, not deny—that the pot only just acquired those spots.

This is unsporting. Even if it reflects on her housekeeping (it does), the elegant hostess will face up to it and say immediately, "Those spots don't come off." This has the advantage of being honest, and also challenging. The guest will scrub like crazy.

THERE are two kinds of work around a house, visible and invisible. Visible work is painting a room, making slip covers, rearranging furniture. Invisible work is noticed only when it has not been done, and includes cleaning, defrosting the icebox, taking out trash and garbage, cleaning the garbage can, etc. (Did you ever hear anyone say, "What a delightfully clean garbage can you have!") Getting meals, depending on your motivation, is fish, flesh, or good red herring.

It is wise to remember that all guests' jobs should be visible. After all, they're guests. Ask a guest to prune a privet bush which needs to be severely cut back. This will keep him out of doors in the nice fresh air and out of your way while you look for the pliers and the baby's cheese. Do not choose a delicate bush which needs only judicious pruning. Sir Walter, being accustomed to directing the pruning on his acres in Scotland, would enjoy such a job. But guests today are not so widely informed. It is nicer for them to hack about and see results.

Sylvia Wright has written many articles for this magazine—from "The Death of Lady Mondegreen" to "Dear Fiduciary Trust Company." California-born and a Bryn Mawr graduate, she edited her father's utopian novel, "Islandia," and went overseas in wartime as a propaganda specialist for the government. She is now married to an architect and has had considerable experience on the hostess side of guests.



Do not choose a delicate bush which needs only judicious pruning.

Watch out, however, for the Tom Sawyer syndrome: if another guest wishes to prune too, he must be given a bush of his own. So, if you have only one bush, keep it to yourself.

If you will put your mind to it, and, in addition, make a careful study of recent published material on personality structure, you may do something truly creative in fitting chore to guest. The guest who uses words like "gear" and "tackle," who carries a Swiss army knife on picnics, and tells you your hammer is not well balanced (this is not the guest who broke the pipe), should be asked to sharpen all the kitchen knives. He loathes people who don't respect tools, so it would be politic to present the job as one you know is important, but somehow haven't gotten around to. He will use a steel and he will do a fine job. Be sure to tell all the other guests (particularly the one who broke the pipe) to watch out.

Another guest, from a comfortable, well-kept home, who was given a good education directed by a firm mother who was bigger than he was, will very much enjoy taking a load of stuff to the dump. Under no circumstances should he be asked to do any carpentry. It is he who broke the pipe.

Painters and little girls should be asked to collect and arrange flowers for the table. All little girls come back with little teeny-weeny bouquets of wild flowers with two-inch stems, and you should have a supply of liqueur glasses for them to arrange them in. Painters, particularly female, are likely to return with one dried milkweed pod, one piece of driftwood, and a rusted, twisted section of gutter pipe. Don't try to help find the perfect vase—this is time-consuming. Let her wander around and choose her own receptacle. Little boys are excellent for watching the lobsters in the laundry tub, bringing them fresh sea water in a bucket, and seeing that they stay lively, and it is always possible for you quietly to remove the four snails and three clams they have added before you cook the lobsters. The claw that just came off by itself should simply go in and be cooked with the rest. Architects may be asked to move the piano—they will, anyway—and are nice for setting the table, particularly in twos, when they do surprising and creative things—arranging different lengths of candles in an old potty, for instance. Engineers and writers may chop nuts or carrots, engineers because they are thorough by nature and writers because they get mad when doing jobs like this, so the results are thorough. Businessmen frequently *are* tired, but if you leave some wood and a saw in a conspicuous space, they will not be able to stop themselves from casually producing a few logs.

Now, you are likely to encounter, and should guard against, an interesting psychological phenomenon: a guest who has shined a pot, pruned a bush, sharpened a knife, becomes identified with pot, bush, or knife, and may become upset if another guest touches the object or messes it up. This condition, a form of transference, can become so intense that the guest who cleaned the pot will try actively to prevent another guest from using it to heat the baby's glop in, which will be taken by the second guest as a reflection on the baby. A guest who has helped clean the bathroom will become vocally critical even of the host or hostess when they get water on the floor. With guests, it is only a step from "What can I do?" to "Why do you do it that way?" The hostess must try to ignore this sort of behavior, and take comfort in the fact that it represents an increase of confidence on the part of the helpful guest, who began the visit in a state of dependence. And try hiding the shiny pot.

AS THE reader will have gathered, if he did not know it already, the helpfulness of today's guests goes hand in hand with helplessness. Helplessness and dependence represent fatigue of the adjustment mechanism, or, as the case may be, of the helpfulness mechanism. This, of course, occurs because the guest is into everything without knowing where it is.

This is a situation one is not trained to. Sir Walter never becomes dependent, because he never has to figure out where the clean dishes go. He is persistently self-sufficient and puts on sneakers in the middle of the night and climbs around among the chimneys on the roof to determine, by a study of the dust, whether Witherspoon has been dropping notes down Lady Gwendolyn's chimney. Today's guests forgot to bring their sneakers, and seldom separate themselves from the group long enough to indulge in this sort of thing. Somehow today's guest has a tendency to hover, particularly at six o'clock if the host happens to knock one ice cube against another.

Sir Walter never hovers. If his hostess is going off in the surrey to visit cottagers in the village, does Sir Walter want to go along, too? Certainly not. He goes into the library and discovers an old manuscript which reveals that it is really Lady Gwendolyn, on the sinister side, who inherits the property.

You are going off in the station wagon to see if they have cottage pudding in the supermarket.* All your guests will wish to go, too, because they must buy Kleenex, cigarettes, a sun hat, or hay-fever remedies, and because guests today love excursions. Besides, every guest feels right at home in every supermarket. It is not like a house where he is visiting.

This means that the guest reads your shopping list over your shoulder so as to be able to help you by collecting some of the items.

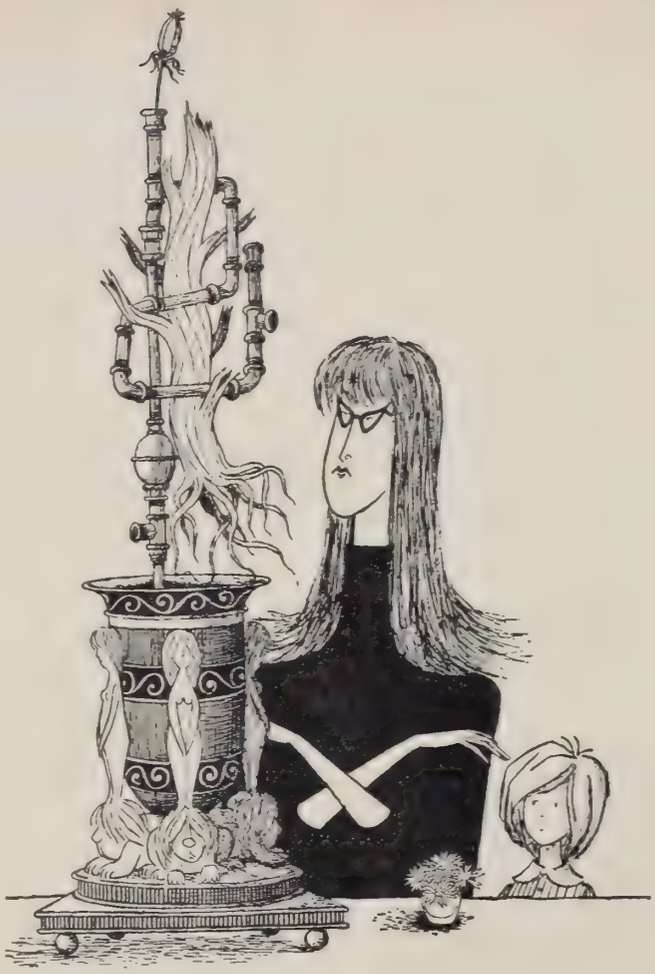
One is always told that the best way to make a shopping list is to organize it with items together on the list that are together in the shop. I don't do this, because it is easier for me to visualize what I wish to eat than to visualize the supermarket. So I make a good old-fashioned soup-to-nuts list, starting with oranges for breakfast and ending with dessert for dinner. This means that in the supermarket I move more slowly than someone who organizes her list by aisles, and am in a most vulnerable position to be helped by a helpful guest.

So when the helpful guest hovers, I say "Milk" in a positive tone. It is hard to go wrong on milk.

Besides being helpful, guests are very quick and lively, and, in no time at all, are back with a container of 900 Cwick Calowies, to ask if I have tried this one, because they say it tastes better. So I think hard and say "Beer."

One should never say vague things to a guest

* Whatever happened to cottage pudding?



Little girls come back with teeny-weeny bouquets. Painters (female) return with one dried milkweed pod, one piece of driftwood, and a rusted, twisted section of gutter pipe. . . . Let her choose her own receptacle.

like "beer" or "sausage." I used to think one could not go wrong with beer, until I found that one guest, on collecting her favorite brand, was promptly told by another guest who was adjusting to a group elsewhere, that she, guest number two, was not going to drink a beer made by those people who supported McCarthy. All this so confused me that the next time I went to the supermarket, I asked for McCarthy beer.

I am thinking of a large Polish sausage, to go with the sauerkraut I have already prepared. But the guest turns up with a little can containing some little Vienna sausages, and she is glowing with enthusiasm about a remarkable dish you can make with just Vienna sausages and water chestnuts, and do they have water chestnuts here? It is tempting to tell her to go and look, because it might give me time to finish my list.

This is what will happen if I do. Here we have a suppressed, or unadjusted, chef. If she finds the water chestnuts, she will be happily

concocting for the rest of the day, and I will be helping—who can find turmeric (just a pinch) in someone else's kitchen even when they can find water chestnuts in a country supermarket? The recipe is complicated*—each water chestnut must be stuck with a clove—and there are ingredients I don't have on hand which my guest assumed anyone would, so off we go to the supermarket again.

I must point out that this is one sort of amusement Sir Walter does not know, because Witherspoon never lets him into the kitchen.

Though you may be seething with doubt during the preparation, every single bit of this dish will be eaten up. The leftovers from the weekend will be things you cooked yourself, like sauerkraut.

This kind of thing can also happen without a guest ever getting into the supermarket. Once I entertained an unadjusted chef who had only to look at the damp debris of a lobster dinner for a gleam to appear in his eye. All the next day he was poring over and manipulating a heap of lobster shells in a large kettle, adding various items he discovered on shelves or in the icebox, tasting, seasoning, spilling on the floor, and gazing. Other guests went walking, swimming, supermarketing; sharpened knives, pruned bushes. A storm came up. It went away. He was pot-bound.

It is surprising how many ingredients shell bisque will absorb; how very long it can take to make; and how many martinis everyone including the cook consumes while it is being made.

What does the modern hostess do in this situation? She must keep her head, bring out the quail eggs and the Cognac 'n' Caraway Cheese the guests brought, settle down, and quietly delegate the trip to the liquor store when the gin runs out. If she does not act as if things were out of hand, no one else will have a right to.

. . . Yet this does not explain why the dance took place on the front lawn, and ended with the ceremony of crowning the privet bush, during which the shell-bisque guest, wearing an old bedspread, carried a sofa cushion with a croquet ball on it, which he said was the orb, and the pruning guest, dressed in a curtain, bore, on another cushion, a crown made out of two copper mesh balls, which appeared to have been torn apart. Earlier there had been some conversation—I don't remember it very clearly—about how in India girls are married to trees, so the ceremony may have been intended as a wedding with the privet. Otherwise I can't explain why the guest who is allergic to feather pillows appeared completely draped in an old mosquito netting she found in the linen closet, and, what is more surprising, never sneezed once. The baby, who should have been in bed long ago—as a matter of fact the baby *had* been in bed—was brought to see the bonfire, and yelled with glee. Did I mention the bonfire? You see, when they went to the liquor store, the dump guest found an old rubber tire. I don't seem to remember who suggested it, but we burned the tire right next to the ocean, and someone threw in several English detective stories, including *The Case of the Butler's Sneakers* which I had always meant to read again.

I cannot imagine Sir Walter at any of the ceremonies which took place (one of the others involved pouring libations with an exotic, if somewhat thin, lobster soup someone had concocted). Sir Walter acts older than the guests around here, and always does things for a reason. He would not burn a rubber tire just because rubber tires burn well. If he had been there, Sir Walter might even have suggested putting some lobster in the lobster soup, which would certainly have offended the cook and spoiled the group's adjustment.

So you can see that it *is* possible to handle—to maintain an atmosphere of—to create, in our confused modern age—what was it that we were creating?

It was, of course, Sir Walter who committed the murder. Witherspoon was an agent of Scotland Yard, and Lady Gwendolyn was a red herring—I mean she was already dead all along. Sir Walter planted the footprint and pretended to be looking for it.

As for the baby's cheese, I took it myself. I have my methods of communicating with the baby, and she said I could. I sneaked a little into the shell bisque, which did need thickening, and the baby and I split the remaining slice and a half, because we were pretty hungry. It was certainly not I who gave the baby half a martini. However, we had a very interesting conversation—something about how to hide behind the rungs of a chair. Entertaining is really very entertaining, and I gave the baby the pliers to play with because she seemed to want them in return for the cheese.

Unquestionably, the pliers are on the beach, and the next time I have some helpful guests who are good at finding things, I shall ask them in an elegant modern way to go down and look.

Harper's Magazine, May 1962

* And hypothetical, so don't make it. But it begins to sound rather good, so if you do, let me know what it's like.

RICHARD B. McADOO

SABBATICALS FOR BUSINESSMEN

The law of diminishing returns also applies to weary executives. A humane plan by which big business can get better mileage from hard-pressed brainpower.

I FEEL,'' said my friend Peter Matthews, "like the gooney bird." This fanciful creature of our school days flew in ever-decreasing concentric circles at an ever-increasing speed until it swallowed itself up.

Meeting Peter at a cocktail party, or during one of the community drives he frequently heads, you would not notice the resemblance. He seems to be heading straight forward—probably to a top-management job in the corporation where he is a bright junior executive. He apparently gets satisfaction from hard work—he spends two-thirds of his evenings on business matters. He earns a comfortable salary and has no money worries.

But he is a troubled man, uneasy that his life is being impoverished by the demands of his job. "Nearly everything I do from one week to the next is an obligation," he said. "At this rate I'm going to be dried up in another ten years. And the company will have produced for itself another executive drone."

Peter is not a tragic nor even a pathetic figure. But his fate—and that of many hundreds of men like him—represents a wasted human resource, a waste that is costly to American business as well as to himself.

Big business attracts many of our brightest young college graduates. It prefers those with a broad background and lively interest in liberal and humane studies; but it sends them into a long, narrowing career tunnel which will steadily stifle the excitements of their youth.

The business executive is no longer the overstuffed beneficiary of the workingman's relentless toil. Compared to the forty-hour-a-week wage earner, the modern executive spends an average of fifty-five hours a week at the office, on homework, and in business entertaining.* Add to this the hours consumed in business travel and in mulling over the problems of the next day and the conflicts of the past one. Still more time is exacted by the activities that go with an executive position, such as working for a local charity or helping to manage an industry association. It is a rare, newsworthy case when a banker finds time to become an authority on mushrooms, or a corporation president gets to refine his bird photography; usually the executive discovers that the time available to pursue his heart's delight has shrunk to the vanishing point.

Irwin Miller, Chairman of the Cummins Engine Company and Fellow of the Yale Corporation, has pointed out in *Fortune* that the typical successful businessmen "will probably have read their last poem when they leave college. There will be no creation of art that will move them to tears. There will be no shocking condition in the world or tragic event that can cause consuming anger in them or raise genuine righteous indignation. . . . Their capacity to feel will be slowly extinguished, and only the appetites will remain.

"Does it seem odd that painting and poetry and music and suffering and great causes and dedication to religion are essential to the making

* "Executive Leisure," *Harvard Business Review*, July-August 1959. Of the 5,000 men who responded to the survey conducted by the Harvard Business School and the Twentieth Century Fund, 73 per cent expressed the wish to have more time for nonbusiness activities; and among the possible ways to spend more free time the largest number of votes, 82 per cent, was cast for self-improvement, good reading, and further education.

of an effective Organization Man? Well, they are, for without them he is a half-man, half happy, half bored, half effective. . . ."

I don't believe most firms want half-effective executives. Nor does a business career need so to dehydrate bright young minds. But to alter the pattern calls for a basic remedy. The one I prescribe is a system of sabbatical leaves.

SINGLE EXPOSURE TO ART

A GESTURE in this direction has been made by the management training courses and seminars that have flourished since World War II in university business schools. These declare the advantages of stimulating personal growth, and give the employee a short break from his regular work routine. At his company's expense the promising young executive can there widen his acquaintance with other up-and-coming managers and catch up on current administrative theory.

A much bolder step has been taken by the various programs of liberal education for executives. The Bell Telephone Company, for example, in 1954 joined forces with the University of Pennsylvania to establish a ten-month course of liberal studies. The curriculum included a study of Oriental history and art, a course in American civilization, extensive study of such works as *Sister Carrie*, *Main Street*, *The Lonely Crowd*, *Pisan Cantos*, and *Ulysses*, and a block of reserved seats at the Philadelphia Orchestra. (E. Digby Baltzell reported on the experiment in *Harper's*, March 1955.)

AT&T later initiated comparable courses, eight weeks each, at Dartmouth, Williams, and Northwestern. Clark University in Worcester organized a three-month residential program devoted to "liberal and humanistic studies." At the Aspen Institute in Colorado top executives are given the opportunity for two weeks in the summer to "reverse the trend toward inbreeding in our thinking." Their seminars range from Sophocles, Plato, and the Bible through Machiavelli to Sigmund Freud, Marx, Engels, and A. A. Berle. The participants are also encouraged to tune up the body with sauna steam baths, massage, and volleyball; for an extra $300 the executive can bring along his wife to enjoy the cultural opportunities at Aspen and even audit the men's sessions.

The organized courses, worthy as they are, offer only a limited, single exposure. Few men repeat a course. AT&T has now closed down some of its company schooling programs because all the eligible students have been through the course. The Aspen Institute declares in its prospectus that two weeks is only time enough to bring a man to the threshold of fundamental issues.

Though I suppose that Peter Matthews would willingly accept a free ticket to one of these schools, he digested as a college boy most of the books on their reading lists; and he keeps in good shape playing squash and tennis. What smolders in him are some intellectual curiosities of his own. Now that management speaks of itself as a profession, it could accord its members the professional dignity of exercising their own interests instead of being sent to a prescribed course.

A sabbatical program would be a quite different matter.* By definition—and in academic theory—the sabbatical is a leave granted every seventh year, allowing the scholar to refresh and expand his capacities for teaching. The term derives from the ancient custom of the Jews by which, once every seven years, the fields of the Israelites were allowed to remain fallow. The man on sabbatical is free to teach elsewhere during this period or delve into a subject very different from his primary discipline. He may retreat to a cabin in the woods, while the school or college is raising money from its alumni to cover an operating deficit; still the sabbatical appears valuable enough to both the man and the institution to warrant paying him. It may provide half-pay for an entire year, or full pay for a half-year; a few colleges furnish a teacher his full salary during a whole year's leave. The sabbatical may be granted irregularly, less often than every seventh year, depending on the needs and resources of the institution.

For the practical purposes of a management

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* Since I first began to revolve this idea I have found mention of it in writings of two other men: August Heckscher of the Twentieth Century Fund (now at the White House part-time as consultant on culture) and Eugene Jennings of Michigan State University. Maybe it occurred coincidentally to each of us, like the theory of evolution with Darwin and Wallace. I gladly yield the laurel for originality to the others and hurry on to the ramifications of the idea as one that may solve more problems than it raises.



program, the custom could be loosely construed to provide a leave, not every seventh, but every eleventh year. In practice it might operate this way:

The young man of promise, after a couple of postgraduate years—military service, graduate study, or cheerfully rolling stone—settles down to his first job in earnest at the age of twenty-four. By effective work and a demonstrated capacity for growth, he earns his first sabbatical at the age of thirty-five. Now, most likely, he has children in elementary school. If he chooses to move part way around the world and put the children in a local school in Piraeus or Bombay, they will have a fourteen-karat course in social studies—similar to the experience of children whose fathers are working abroad for government or business. However, for his children this will be a less drastic, because temporary, uprooting, and for him it will be an experience he can share daily with them, being master of his own time. His wife, while bearing the brunt of household dislocation, may enjoy at the least a change of sink. He has the vitality of youth to throw into this year of free choice; if he has some doubts as to whether he is tied to the wrong job, he has scope at this point to weigh alternatives, while he is still young enough to make a ready change. This is a risk the company must take; in the long run the firm will benefit from replacing a man who is half-hearted about his work.

Let us assume, though, that he comes back to the company; he brings with him—what? A better knowledge of himself, maybe. A decision on his aim and commitment at this watershed point of his career. An experience beyond the hard core of his business world. A new perspective on his work and his colleagues. None of these can be accounted for on the company's balance sheet but any one of them will add to its assets of managerial talent.

At forty-six, when the second sabbatical comes due, the executive is riveted to his main line of responsibility. A few years back, when he had to get new glasses and correct his stomach profile in the mirror, he had also to accept the fact that the work he had chosen would be most of what he had to show finally for his threescore years and ten. Now he is making ready for his span of maximum contribution to the business. With half his mind he will be turning over questions of company policy as he writes a book or digs in Mesopotamia. The children are in high school or in college. His wife is refocusing the ambitions for some career of her own which got lost in the helter-skelter of name tapes, measles, and car pools.

With the home stretch ahead, at fifty-seven, the businessman sees the free year in a new hue—indeed two. The personnel department has begun to assemble the papers that tactfully suggest the advantages of planning ahead for retirement. His leave offers a fresh trial flight into the management of his own time, separated from the daily regimen of the office. If the preparations for this were well made eleven and twenty-two years ago, the prospects of retirement may even have allure.

Simultaneously the now-senior executive can test how the organization runs without him. He should have already charted a plan of succession. If he finds that the key men of his choice do not manage successfully, he has time to reshuffle the team.

GETTING DOWN TO CASES

THE floor is now thrown open to questions and answers.

How does he eat during a sabbatical?

In the limited programs now in practice, the corporation pays an employee his full salary while he is attending an executive-training course in addition to covering the tuition. The cost to the Bell Telephone Company for each employee attending the ten-month course at the University of Pennsylvania could hardly have been less than $25,000, including salary, living expenses, and tuition. For the company paying a 52 per cent tax on profits, each of these dollars costs only 48 cents. The corporation that paid a man two-thirds of his regular salary would be parting with proportionately less than the school or college that provides only half-pay to the teacher on leave.

What return would the business get on this investment?

Its return would take one of two forms, possibly both. First, the man who had stood well apart from day-to-day pressures could capitalize on the twenty-twenty vision of hindsight. He would be in much the same position as the person who sees how he would handle a task better if he just had the chance to do it over again. In this situation he would have the second chance.

Second, the difference between an organized program of academic studies and a leave to be used at personal discretion is somewhat akin to the difference between applied and pure research. The former may yield specific limited results in acquainting the business student with established theory or practice. The latter may generate an idea opening an entirely new horizon for the organization.

What if a leave comes due for a key man at a critical turn in company operations?

Apply the same sort of adjustment that is made in vacation schedules, balancing the interests of the business and of the individual as conveniently as possible. The company might ask an executive to defer a sabbatical for a year, and still another year, to deal with emergencies; but if the company repeatedly changes a program to suit its convenience, the system becomes a farce and had better be abandoned.

When two men are competing for a position, should one whose sabbatical comes up be required to take it on schedule?

A man might be given the option of deferring his leave for a year, after which it would be forfeit. If the premises for granting a sabbatical are sound—and the man makes good use of the time—it should strengthen his qualifications to compete. A half-year or year away from the office ought not to prejudice his position any more than attendance at an executive-development program does.

To whom should it be granted?

To the self-starting leader, the one who can be counted on to carry increasing responsibility within the corporation. He is the best bet to use his free year constructively. In the jockeying for status which is a part of corporate life, the sabbatical would be a more adult symbol of prestige than a corner office or a blazer with the company seal on the breast pocket.

I would include the executive secretary among the candidates, too. Her hours can run as long as the boss's, and she often does more thinking for him than she gets credit for.

How would the program apply to a middle-aged man transferring from another firm?

He should be made eligible for a leave after ten years, regardless of the age at which he joined the company. However, the sabbatical might well serve to reduce the turnover of executives who jump to other offers out of restlessness.

What guarantee should the corporation expect that a man will use his leave productively?

None. It might prove fruitful for both the individual and the company if he were invited to submit a plan for his sabbatical. The choice should be his. The benefits I have attributed to the sabbatical presuppose an ideal use of leisure; not merely freedom *from* one discipline but freedom *to* work on different lines. If the man on leave takes a merely playful view of his free time, it may still have value to the business. In his experimental laboratory for stimulating creativity, William J. J. Gordon has identified a close correlation between problem-solving and the ability to be detached, to play. A factor in releasing creative capacity, he reports in his recent book, *Synectics*, is a radical change in perspective "to make the strange familiar and to make the familiar strange." Working with industrial teams Gordon has found that men need to experience a temporary disorder to break through an organizational legacy of frozen words and viewpoints. By absorbing the irrelevant, as children do, they recover a wider angle of vision. So the innocent newcomer frequently sees how to revolutionize a process that had seemed incapable of improvement. Such a new perspective is hardly gained by a vacation of three or four weeks.

And what if a sabbatical program achieves none of the purposes suggested so far?

Then admit its simplest virtue, which may be its most subtle one: a little more fun all around. If this gets crowded out of the process of building ever-greater prosperity, the end result will be stale and unprofitable, and the professional manager sitting on top of his competence will be a sorry figure.

There seems to be no other culture that demands, as ours does, such concentration of the educated mind on business. Medical evidence on the effects of an unbalanced diet of work already stretches from here to the Mayo Clinic. In the doctors' stead let a poet, John Ciardi, have the last word:

"An ulcer, gentlemen, is an unkissed imagination taking its revenge for having been jilted. It is an unwritten poem, a neglected music, an unpainted watercolor, an undanced dance."

Harper's Magazine, May 1962

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

LOVE OR MARRIAGE?

Is the American concept of romantic love as the only true basis for a happy marriage an illusion? A psychoanalyst examines a cherished belief and presents some unsettling evidence that will raise more than a few eyebrows.

IF someone asks, "Why do people marry?" he meets indignation or astonishment. The question seems absurd if not immoral: the desirability of marriage is regarded as unquestionable. Divorce, on the other hand, strikes us as a problem worthy of serious and therapeutic attention. Yet marriage precedes divorce as a rule, and frequently causes it.

What explains marriage? People divorce often but they marry still more often. Lately they also marry—and divorce, of course—younger than they used to, particularly in the middle classes (most statistics understate the change by averaging all classes). And the young have a disproportionate share of divorces. However, their hasty exertions to get out of wedlock puzzle me less than their eagerness to rush into it in the first place.

A hundred years ago there was every reason to marry young—though middle-class people seldom did. The unmarried state had heavy disadvantages for both sexes. Custom did not permit girls to be educated, to work, or to have social, let alone sexual, freedom. Men were free but since women were not, they had only prostitutes for partners. (When enforced, the double standard is certainly self-defeating.) And, though less restricted than girls shackled to their families, single men often led a grim and uncomfortable life. A wife was nearly indispensable, if only to darn socks, sew, cook, clean, take care of her man. Altogether, both sexes needed marriage far more than now—no TV, cars, dates, drip-dry shirts, cleaners, canned foods—and not much hospital care, insurance, or social security. The family was all-important.

Marriage is no longer quite so indispensable a convenience; yet we find people marrying more than ever, and earlier. To be sure, prosperity makes marriage more possible. But why are the young exploiting the possibility so sedulously? Has the yearning for love become more urgent and widespread?

What has happened is that the physical conveniences which reduced the material usefulness of marriage have also loosened the bonds of family life. Many other bonds that sustained us psychologically were weakened as they were extended: beliefs became vague; associations impersonal, discontinuous, and casual. Our contacts are many, our relationships few: our lives, externally crowded, often are internally isolated; we remain but tenuously linked to each other and our ties come easily undone. One feels lonely surrounded by crowds and machines in an unbounded, abstract world that has become morally unintelligible; and we have so much time now to feel lonely in. Thus one longs, perhaps more acutely than in the past, for somebody to be tangibly, individually, and definitely one's own, body and soul.

This is the promise of marriage. Movies, songs, TV, romance magazines, all intensify the belief that love alone makes life worthwhile, is perpetual, conquers the world's evils, and is fulfilled and certified by marriage. "Science" hastens to confirm as much. Doesn't popular psychology, brandishing the banner of Freud with more enthusiasm than knowledge, tell us, in effect, that any male who stays single is selfish or homosexual or mother-dominated and generally neurotic? and any unmarried female frustrated (or worse, not frustrated) and neurotic? A "normal" person, we are told, must love and thereupon marry. Thus love and marriage are identified with each other and with normality, three thousand years of experience notwithstanding. The yearning for love, attended by anxiety to prove oneself well-adjusted and normal, turns into eagerness to get married.

The young may justly say that they merely practice what their parents preached. For, indeed, the idea that "love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage" has been drummed into their heads, so much that it finally has come to seem entirely natural. Yet, nothing could be less so. Love has long delighted and distressed mankind, and marriage has comforted us steadily and well. Both, however, are denatured—paradoxically enough, by their stanchest supporters—when they are expected to "go together." For love is a very unruly horse, far more apt to run away and overturn the carriage than to draw it. That is why, in the past, people seldom thought of harnessing marriage to love. They felt that each has its own motive power: one primed for a lifelong journey; the other for an ardent improvisation, a voyage of discovery.

MORE THAN A FRENZY?

THOUGH by no means weaker, the marital bond is quite different from the bond of love. If you like, it is a different bond of love —less taut, perhaps, and more durable. By confusing these two related but in many ways dissimilar bonds, we stand to lose the virtues and gain the vices of both: the spontaneous passion of love and the deliberate permanence of marriage are equally endangered as we try to live up to an ideal which bogs down one and unhinges the other.

Marriage is an immemorial institution which, in some form, exists everywhere. Its main purpose always was to unite and to continue the families of bride and groom and to further their economic and social position. The families, therefore, were the main interested parties. Often marriages were arranged (and sometimes they took place) before the future husbands or wives were old enough to talk. Even when they were grown up, they felt, as did their parents, that the major purpose of marriage was to continue the family, to produce children. Certainly women hoped for kind and vigorous providers and men for faithful mothers and good housekeepers; both undoubtedly hoped for affection, too; but love did not strike either of them as indispensable and certainly not as sufficient for marriage.

Unlike marriage, love has only recently come to be generally accepted as something more than a frenzied state of pleasure and pain. It is a welcome innovation—but easily ruined by marriage; which in turn has a hard time surviving confusion with love. Marriage counselors usually recognize this last point, but people in love seldom consult them. Perhaps their limited clientele colors the views of too many marriage counselors: instead of acknowledging that love and marriage are different but equally genuine relationships, they depict love as a kind of dependable wheel horse that can be harnessed to the carriage of married life. For them, any other kind of love must be an "immature" or "neurotic" fantasy, something to be condemned as Hollywood-inspired, "unrealistic" romanticism. It is as though a man opposed to horse racing—for good reasons perhaps—were to argue that race horses are not real, that all real horses are draft horses. Thus marriage counselors often insist that the only "real" and "true" love is "mature" —it is the comfortable workaday relation Mommy and Daddy have. The children find it hard to believe that there is nothing more to it.

They are quite right. And they have on their side the great literature of the world, and philosophers from Plato to Santayana. What is wrong with Hollywood romance surely is not that it is romantic, but that its romances are shoddy clichés. And since Hollywood shuns the true dimensions of conflict, love in the movies is usually confirmed by marriage and marriage by love, in accordance with wishful fantasy, though not with truth.

Was the love Tristan bore Isolde "mature" or "neurotic"? They loved each other before and after Isolde was married—to King Mark. It never occurred to them to marry each other; they even cut short an extramarital idyll together in the forest. (And Tristan too, while protesting love for Isolde, got married to some other girl.) Dante saw, but never actually met, Beatrice until he reached the nether world, which is the place for permanent romance. Of course, he was a married man.

It is foolish to pretend that the passionate romantic longing doesn't exist or is "neurotic," *i.e.*, shouldn't exist; it is as foolish to pretend that romantic love can be made part of a cozy domesticity. The truth is simple enough, though it can make life awfully complicated: there are two things, love and affection (or marital love), not one; they do not usually pull together as a

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team; they tend to draw us in different directions, if they are present at the same time. God nowhere promised to make this a simple world.

In the West, love came to be socially approved around the twelfth century. It became a fashionable subject of discussion then, and even of disputation, in formal "courts of love" convoked to argue its merits and to elaborate its true characteristics. Poets and singers created the models and images of love. They still do—though mass production has perhaps affected the quality; what else makes the teen-age crooners idols to their followers and what else do they croon about? In medieval times, as now, manuals were written, codifying the behavior recommended to lovers. With a difference though. Today's manuals are produced not by men of letters, but by doctors and therapists, as though love, sex, and marriage were diseases or therapeutic problems—which they promptly become if one reads too many of these guidebooks (any one is one too many). Today's manuals bear titles like "Married Love" (unmarried lovers can manage without help, I guess); but regardless of title, they concentrate on sex. In handbooks on dating they tell how to avoid it; in handbooks on marriage, how to go about it. The authors are sure that happiness depends on the sexual mechanics they blueprint. Yet, one doesn't make love better by reading a book any more than one learns to dance, or ride a bicycle, by reading about it.

THE USE OF "TECHNIQUE"

THE sexual engineering (or cook-book) approach is profitable only for the writer: in an enduring relationship, physical gratification is an effect and not a cause. If a person does not acquire sexual skill from experience, he is not ready for it. Wherever basic inhibitions exist, no book can remove them. Where they do not, no book is necessary. I have seen many an unhappy relationship in my psychoanalytic practice, but none ever in which sexual technique or the lack of it was more than a symptom and an effect. The mechanical approach never helps.

The troubadours usually took sex and marriage for granted and dealt with love—the newest and still the most surprising and fascinating of all relationships. And also the most unstable. They conceived love as a longing, a tension between desire and fulfillment. This feeling, of course, had been known before they celebrated it. Plato described love as a desire for something one does not have, implying that it is a longing, not a fulfillment. But in ancient Greece, love was regarded diffidently, as rather undesirable, an intoxication, a bewitchment, a divine punishment—usually for neglecting sex. The troubadours thought differently, although, unlike many moderns, they did not deny that love is a passion, something one suffers.* But they thought it a sweet suffering to be cultivated, and they celebrated it in song and story.

The troubadours clearly distinguished love and sex. Love was to them a yearning for a psychic gratification which the lover feels only the beloved can give; sex, an impersonal desire anybody possessing certain fairly common characteristics can gratify by physical actions. Unlike love, sex can thrive without an intense personal relationship and may erode it if it exists. Indeed, the Romans sometimes wondered if love would not blunt and tame their sexual pleasures, whereas the troubadours fretted lest sex abate the fervor of love's longing. They never fully resolved the contest between love and sex; nor has anyone else. (To define it away is, of course, not to solve it.)

We try to cope with this contest by fusing love and sex. (Every high-school student is taught that the two go together.) This, as Freud pointed out, does not always succeed and may moderate both, but, as he also implied, it is the best we can hope for. In the words of William Butler Yeats, "Desire dies because every touch consumes the myth and yet, a myth that cannot be consumed becomes a specter. . . ."

Romantics, who want love's desiring to be conclusive, though endless, often linked it to death: if nothing further can happen and rival its significance, if one dies before it does, love indeed is the end. But this is ending the game as much as winning it—certainly an ambiguous move. The religious too perpetuate longing by placing the beloved altogether out of physical reach. The "bride of Christ" who retires to a convent longs for her Redeemer—and she will continue to yearn, as long as she lives, for union with a God at once human and divine, incarnating life and love everlasting. In its highest sense, love is a reaching for divine perfection, an act of creation. And always, it is a longing.

Since love is longing, experts in the Middle

* . . . I am in love
And that is my shame.
What hurts the soul
My soul adores.
No better than a beast
Upon all fours.

So says W.B. Yeats. About eight centuries earlier, Chrestien de Troyes expressed the same sentiment.

Ages held that one could not love someone who could not be longed for—for instance, one's wife. Hence, the Comtesse de Champagne told her court in 1174: "Love cannot extend its rights over two married persons." If one were to marry one's love, one would exchange the sweet torment of desire, the yearning, for that which fulfills it. Thus the tension of hope would be replaced by the comfort of certainty. He who longs to long, who wants the tension of desire, surely should not marry. In former times, of course, he married—the better to love someone else's wife.

When sexual objects are easily and guiltlessly accessible, in a society that does not object to promiscuity, romantic love seldom prospers. For example, in imperial Rome it was rare and in Tahiti unknown. And love is unlikely to arouse the heart of someone brought up in a harem, where the idea of uniqueness has a hard time. Love flowers best in a monogamous environment morally opposed to unrestrained sex, and interested in cultivating individual experience. In such an environment, longing may be valued for itself. Thus, love as we know it is a Christian legacy, though Christianity in the main repudiates romantic love where the object is worldly, and accepts passion only when transcendent, when God is the object—or when muted into affection: marital love.

SHIFTING THE OBJECT

LET me hazard a Freudian guess about the genesis of the longing we call love. It continues and reproduces the child's first feeling for his parent—the original source of unconditioned and unconditional love. But what is recreated is the child's image, the idealized mother or father, young and uniquely beautiful, and not the empirical parent others see. The unconsummated love for this ideal parent (and it could be someone else important in the child's experience) remains as an intense longing. Yet any fulfillment now must also become a disappointment—a substitute, cheating the longing that wants to long. Nonetheless most of us marry and replace the ideal with an imperfect reality. We repudiate our longing or we keep it but shift its object. If we don't, we may resent our partners for helping us "consume the myth," and leaving us shorn of longing—which is what Don Giovanni found so intolerable, and what saddens many a faithful husband.

Sexual gratification, of course, diminishes sexual desire for the time being. But it does more. It changes love. The longing may become gratitude; the desire tenderness; love may become affectionate companionship—"After such knowledge, what forgiveness?" Depending on character and circumstance, love may also be replaced by indifference or hostility.

One thing is certain though: if the relationship is stabilized, love is replaced by other emotions. (Marriage thus has often been recommended as the cure for love. But it does not always work.) The only way to keep love is to try to keep up—or re-establish—the distance between lovers that was inevitably shortened by intimacy and possession, and thus, possibly, regain desire and longing. Lovers sometimes do so by quarreling. And some personalities are remote enough, or inexhaustible enough, to be longed for even when possessed. But this has disadvantages as well. And the deliberate and artificial devices counseled by romance magazines and marriage manuals ("surprise your husband . . .") —even when they do not originate with the love of pretense—are unlikely to yield more than the pretense of love.

The sexual act itself may serve as a vehicle for numberless feelings: lust, vanity, and self-assertion, doubt and curiosity, possessiveness, anxiety, hostility, anger, or indifferent release from boredom. Yet, though seldom the only motive, and often absent altogether, love nowadays is given as the one natural and moral reason which authorizes and even ordains sexual relations. What we have done is draw a moral conclusion from a rule of popular psychology: that "it is gratifying, and therefore healthy and natural, to make love when you love, and frustrating, and therefore unhealthy and unnatural, not to; we must follow nature; but sex without love is unnatural and therefore immoral."

Now, as a psychological rule, this is surely wrong; it can be as healthy to frustrate as it is to gratify one's desires. Sometimes gratification is very unhealthy; sometimes frustration is. Nor can psychological health be accepted as morally decisive. Sanity, sanitation, and morality are all desirable, but they are not identical; our wanting all of them is the problem, not the solution. It may be quite "healthy" to run away with your neighbor's wife, but not, therefore, right. And there is nothing unhealthy about wishing to kill someone who has injured you—but this does not morally justify doing so. Finally, to say "we must follow nature" is always specious: we follow nature in whatever we do—we can't ever do what nature does not let us do.

Why then identify nature only with the nonintellectual, the sensual, or the emotional possibilities? On this view, it would be unnatural to read: literacy is a gift of nature only if we include the intellect and training in nature's realm. If we do, it makes no sense to call a rule unnatural merely because it restrains an urge: the urge is no more natural than the restraint.

The combination of love and sex is no more natural than the separation. Thus, what one decides about restraining or indulging an emotion, or a sexual urge, rests on religious, social, or personal values, none of which can claim to be more natural than any other.

Not that some indulgences and some inhibitions may not be healthier than others. But one cannot flatly say which are good or bad for every man. It depends on their origins and effects in the personalities involved. Without knowing these, more cannot be said—except, perhaps, that we should try not to use others, or even ourselves, merely as a means—at least not habitually and in personal relations. Sex, unalloyed, sometimes leads to this original sin which our moral tradition condemns. Psychologically, too, the continued use of persons merely as instruments ultimately frustrates both the user and the used. This caution, though it justifies no positive action, may help perceive problems; it does not solve them; no general rule can.

HOW LONG DOES IT LAST?

WHAT about marriage? In our society, couples usually invite the families to their weddings, although the decision to marry is made exclusively by bride and groom. However, a license must be obtained and the marriage registered; and it can be dissolved only by a court of law. Religious ceremonies state the meaning of marriage clearly. The couple are asked to promise "forsaking all others, [to] keep thee only unto her [him], so long as ye both shall live." The vow does not say, "as long as ye both shall want to," because marriage is a promise to continue even when one no longer wishes to. If marriage were to end when love does, it would be redundant: why solemnly ask two people to promise to be with each other for as long as they want to be with each other?

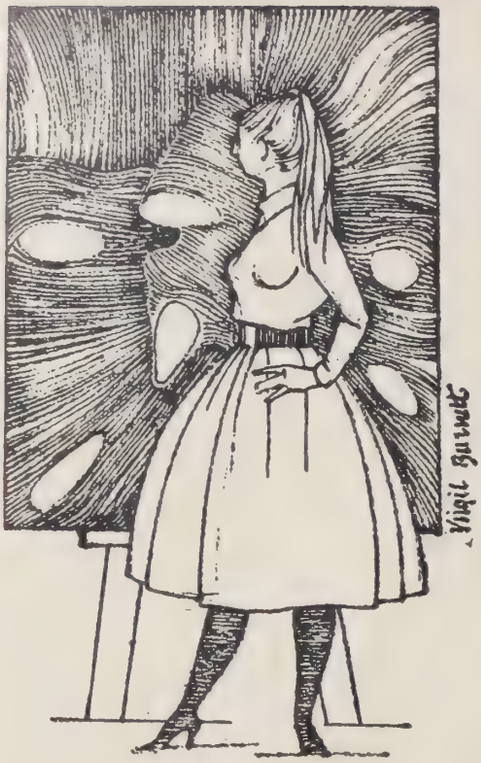
Marriage was to cement the family by tying people together "till death do us part" in the face of the fickleness of their emotions. The authority of state and church was to see to it that they kept a promise voluntarily made, but binding, and that could not be unmade. Whether it sprang from love did not matter. Marriage differed from a love affair inasmuch as it continued regardless of love. Cupid shoots his arrows without rhyme or reason. But marriage is a deliberate rational act, a public institution making the family independent of Cupid's whims. Once enlisted, the volunteers couldn't quit, even when they didn't like it any longer. That was the point.

The idea that marriage must be synchronous with love or even affection nullifies it altogether. (That affection should coincide with marriage is, of course, desirable, though it does not always happen.) We would have to reword the marriage vow. Instead of saying, "till death do us part," we might say, "till we get bored with each other"; and, instead of "forsaking all others," "till someone better comes along." Clearly, if the couple intend to stay "married" only as long as they want to, they only pretend to be married: they are having an affair with legal trimmings. To marry is to vow fidelity regardless of any future feeling, to vow the most earnest attempt to avoid contrary feelings altogether, but, at any rate, not to give in to them.

Perhaps this sounds grim. But it needn't be if one marries for affection more than for love. For affection, marital love may grow with knowledge and intimacy and shared experience. Thus marriage itself, when accepted as something other than a love affair, may foster affection. Affection differs from love as fulfillment differs from desire. Further, love longs for what desire and imagination make uniquely and perfectly lovable. Possession erodes it. Affection, however, —which is love of a different, of a perhaps more moral and less aesthetic kind—cares deeply also for what is unlovable without transforming it into beauty. It cares for the unvarnished person, not the splendid image. Time can strengthen it. But the husband who wants to remain a splendid image must provide a swan to draw him away, or find a wife who can restrain her curiosity about his real person—something that Lohengrin did not succeed in doing. Whereas love stresses the unique form perfection takes in the lover's mind, affection stresses the uniqueness of the actual person.

One may grow from the other. But not when this other is expected to remain unchanged. And affection probably grows more easily if not preceded by enchantment. For the disenchantment which often follows may turn husband and wife against each other, and send them looking elsewhere for re-enchantment—which distance lends so easily. Indeed, nothing else does.

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VIRGIL BURNETT

POLAND'S EMBATTLED PAINTERS

When an American artist visited the studios of the avant-garde in Warsaw and asked: 'Can you tell me what your paintings mean?" he got some surprising answers.

SOON after I arrived in Warsaw I was taken to the *vernissage* which was my first encounter with the art world in Eastern Europe. I had come to Poland to look at pictures, and like most travelers I had a taste for the exotic that made me hope for pictures odd and foreign. During long hours on a hard bench outside the Polish visa office in Paris, and even longer hours on a trans-European train, I had speculated on the curiosities of Socialist art. For six weeks I had looked forward to paintings, probably no better than those which I was accustomed to seeing in France, but at least different, fresh, popular, and Slavic.

Outside the Kryzwe Kolo gallery, I was met by my guide, a local painter to whom I had been introduced by embassy friends. Madame Z had studied in Paris so we were able to communicate in French. She wore a taut, black jersey, a linsey-woolsey skirt, black tights, and black pumps with stiletto heels. Her hair was piled high and let tumble in a coil from the crown of her head. She was, as lady painters so often are, attractive and a little ridiculous. After a brisk handshake and an exchange of *bon soirs* distorted by her Eastern and my Western accents, we climbed a flight of stairs to Kryzwe Kolo, the "Crooked Circle."

My curiosity about Marxist painting with its Socialist Realist tradition was frustrated from the beginning. The gallery proved to be one of those blank, white, low-ceilinged halls which serve everywhere as artists' showrooms: it was hung with the uninspired efforts of Warsaw's leading young *tachiste*. I tried for Madame Z's sake not to look disappointed. She smiled as she watched me look glumly around the familiar assembly of shaggy, corduroyed art lovers, and said: *"C'est presque Montparnasse, n'est-ce pas?"*

It did seem like Montparnasse—and Greenwich Village and North Beach and all the other artists' haunts that I had known. As we made our circuit of the gallery, Madame Z told me about her work, her exhibitions in Poland and in Western Europe, her dream of revisiting France as an established painter. Already the Museum of Modern Art in Paris had purchased a canvas, she said, and the Museum of Modern Art in New York was interested in another. Her current project, a large picture for an international show, she described mutely by passing her hand through the air. I asked what her pictures were like; she blinked away a brief reverie and

drew from a pocket a small gray card on which was engraved:

Zofia Z, artysta malarz
Warszawa, Al. Jerozolimskie, 74
Tel. 8-42-48

She invited me to come and see for myself.

A friend of Madame Z's called her from the door. She said she must speak to him and excused herself. Before she left, however, she put me in the care of an architectural student named Pawel who began immediately to question me about my impressions of Polish architecture. We discussed the restorations in the Old Town, and agreed that they were admirable archaeologically but painfully frigid. This careful reconstruction of palaces and churches, I remarked, seemed a surprisingly romantic gesture to come from a Communist state—certainly it did not suit Western preconceptions about Socialist building.

Pawel looked at me suspiciously. "It is not communism that rebuilds the Old Town," he said. "It is Poland."

"But surely they are the same today."

"I am a Pole," Pawel announced, gravely demonstrating my error, "but I am not a Communist."

For a moment I thought the conversation was going to shift from art to politics but Pawel turned back to our original topic.

"To see Polish architecture today you must leave Warsaw. Allow me to conduct you to Wilanov. It is a very fine palace and is untouched by the war."

I saw nothing to prevent the excursion and we agreed to go Friday morning. As I was copying his directions to a meeting place, Madame Z punched me between the shoulders; Pawel backed away into the crowd.

"Un autre ami," she announced. "A very good sculptor." She held a young man by the hand. He was small, dark, and dressed in a ski sweater, broad corduroys, and bowling shoes. "This is Tadeusz S," she continued; "he speaks no English and no French, but he wants you to see his studio."

I complained that this would be difficult since we would have no means of communication. I had underestimated my hostess. Madame Z gestured to a tall, near-sighted man hovering nearby. *"Voila l'interprète,"* she said simply. I began to see that I was going to have little time to myself in Warsaw.

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A DANGEROUS QUESTION

TWO days later I set off to take advantage of the first of my "Crooked Circle" invitations. Madame Z lived on Jerusalem Street, a thoroughfare in the modern section of the city. No attempt has been made to restore the street's prewar charm; half-built, confident, and tasteless, it might cross any booming town. Between department stores and office buildings decorated with neon lights were dark shadows where scaffolding grows from clumps of temporary sheds. Jerusalem Street, especially in the afternoon twilight when crowds are thickest, is a favorite haunt of beggars, reminders of the centuries of suffering that have made the Man of Sorrows a favorite image in Polish churches.

I reached Madame Z's studio by taking an elevator that stopped on alternate floors to the top of a new apartment building. She opened her door as soon as I had rung.

"My garret!" she laughed. "It isn't Paris but it serves."

I expressed my admiration as I returned her firm handshake. I had been brought into a large room, furnished with an easel, a table, two raffia chairs, and a cot. A bank of windows gave me a splendid view of Warsaw. From this high point the totality of the city's destruction was disturbingly apparent. Most of the ruined buildings had been pulled down but several hulks, perhaps awaiting restoration, were propped in place by scaffolds. Here and there new buildings, ugly housing developments with nothing to recommend them but utility, sprouted from grassless vacant lots. The largest building in sight was the Palace of Culture, a postwar gift from the Soviet Union. It rose to skyscraper height from a vast parade ground, dominating the city by its scale if not by its beauty. Only as I studied the twilit city did the shell of a baroque palace appear; then, in the distance, the rebuilt Old Town arranged itself around the base of the restored cathedral.

When I turned back to Madame Z, she had placed one of the chairs before the easel and stood waiting with a stack of canvases. The first painting was put in position before me. It was an abstraction deftly brushed, spattered, and troweled in darkly luminous colors. The conventions of modern painting, presumably learned in Paris, were wholly at her command.

"Enclosed," Madame Z's voice startled me as I studied a large square in which a central area of blue was menaced by a complex of looming shapes. "The title of the painting is 'Enclosed,' " she explained.

The next picture was divided horizontally into six sections. The upper five stripes were painted in dark tones and oppressive textures: sand, burlap, scraps of wrinkled paper had been worked into these areas. At the bottom a layer of pale green had been washed so lightly on the canvas that it failed to cover evenly.

"I call this one 'Pressure from Above,' " she said.

The titles turned the pictures into allegories it seemed. I could not resist asking a question dangerous in any studio: "Can you tell me in words what your pictures mean?"

"Perhaps, but I shall not. You will understand if you stay long in Warsaw."

We turned through thirty or more canvases without discussion. Madame Z announced the titles as she put each new canvas in place: "Force and Violence" . . . "Destructive Power" . . . "Isolation." . . . When the last painting stood with its face to the wall with the others, I sat for a moment looking at its back. An exhibition card from a Paris Salon was attached to the chassis; in the space where the title should have been, Madame Z had written "Numéro 14, 1960." I stepped back to the canvases and saw that none of them bore a title. "The numbers," explained Madame Z, "are for foreigners. And for Poles. The titles are for me."

Evidently she did not wish to discuss her pictures further. She moved on immediately to another subject: "Now tell me about your studio. Is it as nice as this? My monthly rent only comes to the price of a good meal in a restaurant, you know."

I began to describe my place near Paris. She pressed for details, so I sketched a floor plan, mentioned my view, and went on to gossip about other French studios I knew. She seemed astonished that so many artists owned their own workshops and I began to feel that I had described the life of the artist in the West too brilliantly. I tried to fill in the picture with tales of the unpleasant work that many of us accept in order to support ourselves. Then we fell to talking about the effects of financial insecurity on creativity. In Poland, Madame Z said, artists find it easy to exhibit but almost impossible to sell, so most make their livings by teaching or taking commercial work. It all sounded very familiar.

It was growing dark outside and I rose to leave. Madame Z looked back at her pictures; a corner of "Enclosed" was visible among them. "If I should come to France," she said thoughtfully, "will you help me find a studio to buy?"

I promised to do my best.

Early the next day I kept my rendezvous with Pawel, the student of architecture. We started off across the city changing often from bus to trolley and trolley to bus. When I offered to pay my fare my companion frowned, and for an uneasy hour of public transportation I traveled as his guest. At the edge of the city Pawel pointed out a workers' neighborhood where tiny fenced garden plots separated hobo jungle shanties. It was in this sort of housing, he said, that he and most of Warsaw had lived after the war. Reconstruction, however, had made it possible for many families to return to the city itself, leaving these cardboard communities to the very poor. We climbed down at last in a muddy square at the end of the line. Except for a bundled woman in a bleak kiosk serving beer to a small band of workers, the place was deserted. An aimless wall behind which nothing grew or stood, ran fifty yards toward the horizon and broke off. The desolation silenced us; then Pawel spoke: "We go there, toward those trees."



We entered an English garden and my companion began to tell me of the history of this place which seemed to have great meaning for him. His monologue crackled with Slavic consonants as resident noble families were introduced: Potocki, Lubomirski, Czartoryski, Bra-

nicki, Sobieski. Curiously enough he failed to mention the name of the architect. The palace gates became visible through the trees. We approached them diagonally, crossed a shallow moat, and passed between trophied pillars. Stone bears mimed ferocity on either hand, and before us opened a great court, framed on three sides by a building which in spite of its classical intent produced a fantastic, almost whimsical effect. As we strolled along the building's flank, a uniformed guard blinked out from behind a half-closed shutter. The palace, a museum since the war, was not open to the public.

We descended a worn baroque staircase and followed a path beside the river, sad in the pale November light. During our walk through the grounds Pawel had been rallying his words in English: "When I have finished my studies I shall go to America. I shall win a scholarship, and once I am there I shall stay. I shall go mad if I stay in Poland."

"Why will you go mad?" I asked. "Surely there is work for an architect here with an entire city to rebuild. What would be so terrible for you?"

"My family is an old one," he answered without looking at me, "and was important before the war. We have branches in Sweden and Germany. My father had a title—fortunately he is dead."

We paused before a shabby pagoda around which heaps of dead leaves were piled for burning.

"I am poor now," Pawel said, "like everyone in Poland."

I had learned since the evening at Kryzywe Kolo that Pawel lived in comparative comfort in a good neighborhood. His clothes were less worn than my own; he had a pretty fiancée, and a reputation for giving rather elaborate parties.

"You would be poor in America, too, at least at first," I said.

"I shall never be allowed to be anything in Poland. They will not forgive my name."

Forgive it, I wondered, or recognize it? "It is true," I said to test him, "that in America one Polish name seems much like another. No one can pronounce them. Many immigrants change their names to make it easier to get on."

He turned his harsh profile, the actor's muscle in his cheek tightened and he said coldly, "Look at Wilanov from here."

At the end of a long, irregular aisle of beech trees stood the palace in all its radiant oddity. "Sobieski," he said, "brought a band of captive Turks here after his victory before Vienna, and built a village for them on the grounds. There are still some Turkish names in the neighborhood."

Our visit had clearly ended and we turned back to the trolley line. The ride back to the city was almost wordless. In the center of Warsaw we entered a large bookshop in search of photographs of Wilanov. The memory of a luncheon appointment made me nervous about the time, and since I had no watch I turned to Pawel to ask the hour. He stared at me but made no answer. I mistook his silence for failure to understand my question.

"Please, Pawel," I repeated, "what time is it?"

"I heard you," he answered frowning. He took my arm and pushed me brusquely into the street. He stepped a few paces away and spoke to a worker standing on the curb. He returned and announced fiercely that it was three minutes before one. That I should learn that he had no wrist watch was painful to him, but that I should ask him to demonstrate his poverty in a shop where he was known was a catastrophe. He had asked the humiliating question of a man whom he would be unlikely to meet again, but the situation was beyond repair. He nodded at a queue across the street.

"That is your bus. I go another way."

I thanked him and held out my hand. He took it for an instant and disappeared at once around a corner.

I did not hear from him again.

AN EMBARRASSING LIKENESS

THE following week I was taken by the translator Mr. K to see Tadeusz S, the sculptor. "Do you know this place?" he said as we descended from our cab. (He spoke a precise English which he had learned from listening to London broadcasts.) I did not. We were in a barren neighborhood, where there were sidewalks but no paved streets and no lawns. Blocks of drab new apartments stood gracelessly about, exposing laundry on their balconies.

"This was the Ghetto," Mr. K explained in his soft voice. "There is a monument over there. Not many Jews are left in Warsaw. I am one of them. My parents hid me during the occupation in a monastery where they had a friend."

He paused before one of the clusters of concrete houses. We entered a court and stood before a studio two stories tall. As Mr. K pushed open the door, Tadeusz greeted us from a balcony inside. I looked around the studio; it might have been the storage shed on a construction site.

Bags of cement, black iron rods, cables, timbers, boxes of colored sand, tackle, and tools of every sort filled the room. Tadeusz seemed to be moving the new concrete buildings of the Ghetto indoors to give them anthropomorphic forms. In a corner stood a series of simplified figures in concrete, some of them singly, others in groups with interlocking limbs. Mr. K said, "The groups are called 'Lovers I,' 'Lovers II,' and 'Lovers III.' Tadeusz wants you to know that these are early works. He finds it advisable now to abandon this figurative style. His current work, he feels, demands a less obvious mode of expression."

I remembered Madame Z. "Less obvious? Are you speaking of style or content?"

Mr. K spoke with Tadeusz and then translated: "He says that the problems of style are constant regardless of content. He has begun to work in the abstract manner because he must disguise his new subjects. They are political, you see, and sometimes critical of the regime. He feels that Polish artists today are like the painters of early Christianity; they are forced to work underground like the catacomb painters, showing their work only to friends, or if they choose to exhibit, they must show work that is obscure and which can be understood only by interpreting symbols. The government is suspicious, of course, but it is difficult to attack artists who are not openly political in their subjects. The censors may condemn the whole abstract movement but that makes Poland seem backward and embarrassingly like Nazi Germany in the 'thirties."

I looked at a large piece nearby, a tall ferroconcrete grid like the portcullis of a castle.

"It is called 'Composition,' but the press in Italy where it was exhibited last year chose to call it 'The Iron Curtain.'" Both Tadeusz and Mr. K laughed.

Several other sculptures were shown to me. The work was not technically remarkable, but there was always a blunt vigor and in the recent pieces something like narrative. One was an iron cage that seemed to wait for an occupant. Another was a large construction that combined the early concrete figures with the grid of 'Composition,' enmeshing the human forms in a strange clipped hedge of black metal.

A silence followed the private exhibition and I remembered that I was in what had been the Ghetto. "Is Tadeusz also a Jew?" I asked.

Mr. K laughed again. "Oh no, he is Polish; that is to say, he is Catholic."

The sculptor tugged at his arm and asked about the turn in the conversation. They spoke together and Mr. K said: "He says he is not a very good Catholic except when he is very angry with the government. Even I," said Mr. K, "sometimes join a pilgrimage to a miraculous icon when I am angry, very angry. But try to understand. We are not complaining. We remember first the occupation, then the uprising, then the 1956 revolution. We believe the situation is improving and we both love Warsaw. We would not want to live anywhere else."

"Would you like to visit the United States?" I asked.

"Tadeusz would like to spend a year in Paris," he answered thoughtfully, "and I should like to go to London so that I might hear the BBC without static, but America . . . ?" He looked at me kindly, "I think it is too far from Poland."

"NO ONE KNOWS . . ."

I VISITED more studios during my stay and saw many exhibitions. I did succeed in finding practitioners of the traditional Marxist Realist style; many of them were highly accomplished. Most of the familiar "avant-garde" styles have their representatives, too. Doubtless many of the artists in this second group are Communists as dedicated as their more conservative (artistically speaking) colleagues. In many cases, however, I detected in the abstract and surrealist works symbols which strongly suggested political dissent. I could not always be sure of my interpretations of the symbols of course—in this I suspect that I have something in common with the government censors.

On my return to France I had letters from several artists with whom I had become friendly, but during the spring, responses to my notes dwindled and finally ceased. At first I attributed this silence to distance and the usual failure of correspondence between people who see one another seldom. But in June I received a letter from an Embassy friend who wrote:

> Warsaw is showing its best aspect just now, lovely hot weather with a shower once a week to keep the dust down, flowers and greenery, spring vegetables and strawberries. We are feeling rather isolated, however, and are having difficulty seeing our Polish friends. The situation seems to have tightened in the last four months. . . . A lot of Poles have been hauled in by the Secret Police and questioned about foreign contacts. We have been unable to reach Madame Z by telephone or post. R went to the studio once but she wouldn't let him in and told him she couldn't see him again. It would probably be better if you didn't write to her or to any of the others for the time being. They will get in touch with you when they can. No one knows what all this means. . . .

Harper's Magazine, May 1962

A Story by

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

THE LATE MR. SHADE

A Foreword to His Last Work

Pale Fire, a poem in heroic couplets, of nine hundred ninety nine lines, divided into four cantos, was composed by John Francis Shade (born July 5, 1898, died July 21, 1959) during the last twenty days of his life, at his residence in New Wye, Appalachia, U. S. A. The manuscript, mostly a Fair Copy, from which the present text has been faithfully printed, consists of eighty medium-sized index cards, on each of which Shade reserved the pink upper line for headings (canto number, date) and used the fourteen light-blue lines for writing out with a fine nib in a minute, tidy, remarkably clear hand, the text of his poem, skipping a line to indicate double space, and always using a fresh card to begin a new canto.

The short (166 lines) Canto One, with all those amusing birds and parhelia, occupies thirteen cards. Canto Two, your favorite, and that shocking tour de force, Canto Three, are identical in length (334 lines) and cover twenty-seven cards each. Canto Four reverts to One in length and occupies again thirteen cards, of which the last four used on the day of his death give a Corrected Draft instead of a Fair Copy.

A methodical man, John Shade usually copied out his daily quota of completed lines at midnight but even if he recopied them again later, as I suspect he sometimes did, he marked his card or cards not with the date of his final adjustments, but with that of his Corrected Draft or first Fair Copy. I mean, he preserved the date of actual creation rather than that of second or third thoughts. There is a very loud amusement park right in front of my present lodgings.

We possess in result a complete calendar of his work. Canto One was begun in the small hours of July 2 and completed on July 4. He started the next canto on his birthday and finished it on July 11. Another week was devoted to Canto Three. Canto Four was begun on July 19, and as already noted, the last third of its text (lines 949-999) is supplied by a Corrected Draft. This is extremely rough in appearance, teeming with devastating erasures and cataclysmic insertions, and does not follow the lines of the card as rigidly as the Fair Copy does. Actually, it turns out to be beautifully accurate when you once make the plunge and compel yourself to open your eyes in the limpid depths under its confused surface. It contains not one gappy line, not one doubtful reading. This fact would be sufficient to show that the imputations made (on July 24, 1959) in a newspaper interview with one of our professed Shadeans—who affirmed *without having seen the manuscript of the poem* that it "consists of disjointed drafts none of which yields a definite text"—is a malicious invention on the part of those who would wish not so much to deplore the state in which a great poet's work was interrupted by death as to asperse the competence, and perhaps honesty, of its present editor and commentator.

Another pronouncement publicly made by Prof. Hurley and his clique refers to a structural matter. I quote from the same interview: "None can say how long John Shade planned his poem to be, but it is not improbable that what he left represents only a small fraction of the composition he saw in a glass, darkly." Nonsense again! Aside from the veritable clarion of internal evidence ringing throughout Canto Four, there exists Sybil Shade's affirmation (in a document dated July 25, 1959) that her husband "never intended to go beyond four parts." For him the third canto was the penultimate one, and thus I myself have heard him speak of it, in the course of a sunset ramble, when, as if thinking aloud, he reviewed the day's work and gesticulated in pardonable self-approbation while his discreet companion kept trying in vain to adapt the swing of a long-limbed gait to the disheveled old poet's jerky shuffle. Nay, I shall even assert (as our shadows still walk without us) that there remained to be written only *one* line of the poem (namely verse 1000) which would have been identical to line 1 and would have completed the symmetry of the structure, with its two identical central parts, solid and ample, forming

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together with the shorter flanks twin wings of five hundred verses each, and damn that music. Knowing Shade's combinational turn of mind and subtle sense of harmonic balance, I cannot imagine that he intended to deform the faces of his crystal by meddling with its predictable growth. And if all this were not enough—and it is, it is enough—I have had the dramatic occasion of hearing my poor friend's own voice proclaim on the evening of July 21 the end, almost the end, of his labors. (See my note to line 999.)

This batch of eighty cards was held by a rubber band which now I religiously put back after examining for the last time their precious contents. Another, much thinner, set of a dozen cards, clipped together and enclosed in the same manila envelope as the main batch, bears some additional couplets running their brief and sometimes smudgy course among a chaos of first drafts. As a rule, Shade destroyed drafts the moment he ceased to need them: well do I recall seeing him from my porch, on a brilliant morning, burning a whole stack of them in the pale fire of the incinerator before which he stood with bent head like an official mourner among the wind-borne black butterflies of that backyard auto-da-fé. But he saved those twelve cards because of the unused felicities shining among the dross of used draftings. Perhaps, he vaguely expected to replace certain passages in the Fair Copy with some of the lovely rejections in his files, or, more probably, a sneaking fondness for this or that vignette, suppressed out of architectonic considerations, or because it had annoyed Mrs. S., urged him to put off its disposal till the time when the marble finality of an immaculate typescript would have confirmed it or made the most delightful variant seem cumbersome and impure. And perhaps, let me add in all modesty, he intended to ask my advice after reading his poem to me as I know he planned to do.

IN MY NOTES to the poem the reader will find these cancelled readings. Their places are indicated, or at least suggested by the draftings of established lines in their immediate neighborhood. In a sense, many of them are more valuable artistically and historically than some of the best passages in the final text. I must now explain how *Pale Fire* came to be edited by me.

Immediately after my dear friend's death I prevailed on his distraught widow to forelay and defeat the commercial passions and academic intrigues that were bound to come swirling

"Pale Fire"—to be published at the end of May—will be Vladimir Nabokov's first novel since "Lolita" and his fifth to appear in English. Born in Russia, Mr. Nabokov lived in France and Germany after the Revolution, and then came to the United States where he taught at Harvard, Wellesley, and Cornell. He has now abandoned teaching and recently has been living in Switzerland. He has translated a definitive edition of Pushkin's "Eugene Onegin" for the Bollingen Foundation, and has written the screen treatment of "Lolita."

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around her husband's manuscript (transferred by me to a safe spot even before his body had reached the grave) by signing an agreement to the effect that he had turned over the manuscript to me; that I would have it published without delay, with my commentary, by a firm of my choice; that all profits, except the publisher's percentage, would accrue to her; and that on publication day the manuscript would be handed over to the Library of Congress for permanent preservation. I defy any serious critic to find this contract unfair. Nevertheless, it has been called (by Shade's former lawyer) "a fantastic farrago of evil," while another person (his former literary agent) has wondered with a sneer if Mrs. Shade's tremulous signature might not have been penned "in some peculiar kind of red ink." Such hearts, such brains, would be unable to comprehend that one's attachment to a masterpiece may be utterly overwhelming, especially when it is the underside of the weave that entrances the beholder, and only begetter, whose own past intercoils there with the fate of the innocent author.

As mentioned, I think, in my last note to the poem, the depth charge of Shade's death blasted such secrets and caused so many dead fish to float up, that I was forced to leave New Wye soon after my last interview with the jailed killer. The writing of the commentary had to be postponed until I could find a new incognito in quieter surroundings, but practical matters concerning the poem had to be settled at once. I took a plane to New York, had the manuscript photographed, came to terms with one of Shade's publishers, and was on the point of clinching the deal when, quite casually, in the midst of a vast sunset (we sat in a cell of walnut and glass fifty stories above the progression of scarabs), my interlocutor observed: "You'll be happy to know, Dr. Kinbote, that Prof. So-and-so (one of the members of the Shade committee) has consented to act as our adviser in editing the stuff."

Now "happy" is something extremely subjective. One of our sillier Zemblan proverbs says:

the lost glove is happy. Promptly I refastened the catch of my briefcase and betook myself to another publisher.

Imagine a soft, clumsy giant; imagine a historical personage whose knowledge of money is limited to the abstract billions of a national debt; imagine an exiled prince who is unaware of the Golconda in his cuff links! This is to say—oh, hyperbolically—that I am the most impractical fellow in the world. Between such a person and an old fox in the book-publishing business, relations are at first touchingly carefree and chummy, with expansive banterings and all sorts of amiable tokens. I have no reason to suppose that anything will ever happen to prevent this initial relationship with good old Frank, my present publisher, from remaining a permanent fixture.

Frank has acknowledged the safe return of the galleys I had been sent here and has asked me to mention in my preface—and this I willingly do—that I alone am responsible for any mistakes in my commentary. Insert before a professional. A professional proofreader has carefully rechecked the printed text of the poem against the phototype of the manuscript, and has found a few trivial misprints I had missed; that has been all in the way of outside assistance. Needless to say how much I had been looking forward to Sybil Shade's providing me with abundant biographical data; unfortunately she left New Wye even before I did, and is dwelling now with relatives in Quebec. We might have had, of course, a most fruitful correspondence, but the Shadeans were not to be shaken off. They headed for Canada in droves to pounce on the poor lady as soon as I had lost contact with her and her changeful moods. Instead of answering a month-old letter from my cave in Cedarn, listing some of my most desperate queries, such as the real name of "Jim Coates" etc., she suddenly shot me a wire, requesting me to accept Prof. H. (!) and Prof. C. (!!) as co-editors of her husband's poem. How deeply this surprised and pained me! Naturally, it precluded collaboration with my friend's misguided widow.

AND HE WAS a very dear friend indeed! The calendar says I had known him only for a few months but there exist friendships which develop their own inner duration, their own eons of transparent time, independent of rotating, malicious music. Never shall I forget how elated I was upon learning, as mentioned in a note my reader shall find, that the suburban house (rented for my use from Judge Goldsworth who had gone on his Sabbatical to England) into which I moved on February 5, 1959, stood next to that of the celebrated American poet whose verses I had tried to put into Zemblan two decades earlier! Apart from this glamorous neighborhood, the Goldsworthian chateau, as I was soon to discover, had little to recommend it. The heating system was a farce, depending as it did on registers in the floor wherefrom the tepid exhalations of a throbbing and groaning basement furnace were transmitted to the rooms with the faintness of a moribund's last breath. By occluding the apertures upstairs I attempted to give more energy to the register in the living room but its climate proved to be incurably vitiated by there being nothing between it and the arctic regions save a sleazy frontdoor without a vestige of vestibule—either because the house had been built in midsummer by a naïve settler who could not imagine the kind of winter New Wye had in store for him, or because old-time gentility required that a chance caller at the open door could satisfy himself from the threshold that nothing unseemly was going on in the parlor.

February and March in Zembla (the two last of the four "white-nosed months," as we call them) used to be pretty rough too, but even a peasant's room there presented a solid of uniform warmth—not a reticulation of deadly drafts. It is true that as usually happens to newcomers, I was told I had chosen the worst winter in years—and this at the latitude of Palermo. On one of my first mornings there, as I was preparing to leave for college in the powerful red car I had just acquired, I noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Shade, neither of whom I had yet met socially (I was to learn later that they assumed I wished to be left alone), were having trouble with their old Packard in the slippery driveway where it emitted whines of agony but could not extricate one tortured rearwheel out of a concave inferno of ice. John Shade busied himself clumsily with a bucket from which, with the gestures of a sower, he distributed handfuls of brown sand over the blue glaze. He wore snowboots, his vicuna collar was up, his abundant gray hair looked berimed in the sun. I knew he had been ill a few months before, and thinking to offer my neighbors a ride to the campus in my powerful machine, I hurried out towards them. A lane curving around the slight eminence on which my rented castle stood separated it from my neighbors' driveway, and I was about to cross that lane when I lost my footing and sat down on the surprisingly hard snow. My fall acted as a chemical reagent on the Shades' sedan which forthwith budged and al-

most ran over me as it swung into the lane with John at the wheel strenuously grimacing and Sybil fiercely talking to him. I am not sure either saw me.

A few days later, however, namely on Monday February 16, I was introduced to the old poet at lunch time in the faculty club. "At last presented credentials," as noted, a little ironically, in my agenda. I was invited to join him and four or five other eminent professors at his usual table, under an enlarged photograph of Wordsmith College as it was, stunned and shabby, on a remarkably gloomy summer day in 1903. His laconic suggestion that I "try the pork" amused me. I am a strict vegetarian, and I like to cook my own meals. Consuming something that had been handled by a fellow creature was, I explained to the rubicund convives, as repulsive to me as eating any creature, and that would include—lowering my voice—the pulpous pony-tailed girl student who served us and licked her pencil. Moreover, I had already finished the fruit brought with me in my briefcase, so I would content myself, I said, with a bottle of good college ale. My free and simple demeanor set everybody at ease. The usual questions were fired at me about eggnogs and milkshakes being or not being acceptable to one of my persuasion. Shade said that with him it was the other way around: he must make a definite effort to partake of a vegetable. Beginning a salad was to him like stepping into sea water on a chilly day, and he had always to brace himself in order to attack the fortress of an apple. I was not yet used to the rather fatiguing jesting and teasing that goes on among American intellectuals of the inbreeding academic type and so abstained from telling John Shade in front of all those grinning old males how much I admired his work lest a serious discussion of literature degenerate into more facetiation. Instead I asked him about one of my newly acquired students who also attended his course, a moody, delicate, rather wonderful boy; but with a resolute shake of his hoary forelock the old poet answered that he had ceased long ago to memorize faces and names of students and that the only person in his poetry class whom he could visualize was an extra-mural lady on crutches. "Come, come," said Professor Hurley, "do you mean, John, you really don't have a mental or visceral picture of that stunning blonde in black leotard who haunts Lit. 202?" Shade, all his wrinkles beaming, benignly tapped Hurley on the wrist to make him stop. Another tormentor inquired if it was true that I had installed two ping-pong tables in my basement. I asked, was it a crime? No, he said, but why two? "Is *that* a crime?" I countered, and they all laughed.

Despite a wobbly heart (see line 735), a slight limp, and a certain curious contortion in his method of progress, Shade had an inordinate liking for long walks, but the snow bothered him, and he preferred, in winter, to have his wife call for him after classes with the car. A few days later, as I was about to leave Parthenocissus Hall—or Main Hall (or now Shade Hall, alas), I saw him waiting outside for Mrs. Shade to fetch him. I stood beside him for a minute, on the steps of the pillared porch, while pulling my gloves on, finger by finger, and looking away, as if waiting to review a regiment: "That was a thorough job," commented the poet. He consulted his wrist watch. A snowflake settled upon it. "Crystal to crystal," said Shade. I offered to take him home in my powerful Kramler. "Wives, Mr. Shade, are forgetful." He cocked his shaggy head to look at the library clock. Across the bleak expanse of snow-covered turf two radiant lads in colorful winter clothes passed, laughing and sliding. Shade glanced at his watch again and, with a shrug, accepted my offer.

I wanted to know if he did not mind being taken the longer way, with a stop at Community Center where I wanted to buy some chocolate-coated cookies and a little caviar. He said it was fine with him. From the inside of the supermarket, through the plate-glass window, I saw the old chap pop into a liquor store. When I returned with my purchases, he was back in the car, reading a tabloid newspaper which I had thought no poet would deign to touch. A comfortable burp told me he had a flask of brandy concealed about his warmly coated person. As we turned into the driveway of his house, we saw Sybil pulling up in front of it. I got out with courteous vivacity. She said: "Since my husband does not believe in introducing people, let us do it ourselves: You are Dr. Kinbote, aren't you? And I am Sybil Shade." Then she addressed her husband saying he might have waited in his office another minute: she had honked and called, and walked all the way up, et cetera. I turned to go, not wishing to listen to a marital scene, but she called me back: "Have a drink with us," she said, "or rather with me, because John is forbidden to touch alcohol." I explained I could not stay long as I was about to have a kind of little seminar at home followed by some table tennis, with two charming identical twins and another boy, another boy.

Henceforth I began seeing more and more of

my celebrated neighbor. The view from one of my windows kept providing me with first-rate entertainment, especially when I was on the wait for some tardy guest. From the second story of my house the Shades' living-room window remained clearly visible so long as the branches of the deciduous trees between us were still bare, and almost every evening I could see the poet's slippered foot gently rocking. One inferred from it that he was sitting with a book in a low chair but one never managed to glimpse more than that foot and its shadow moving up and down to the secret rhythm of mental absorption, in the concentrated lamp light. Always at the same time the brown morocco slipper would drop from the wool-socked foot which continued to oscillate, with, however, a slight slackening of pace. One knew that bedtime was closing in with all its terrors; that in a few minutes the toe would prod and worry the slipper, and then disappear with it from my golden field of vision traversed by the black bendlet of a branch. And sometimes Sybil Shade would trip by with the velocity and swinging arms of one flouncing out in a fit of temper, and would return a little later, at a much slower gait, having, as it were, pardoned her husband for his friendship with an eccentric neighbor; but the riddle of her behavior was entirely solved one night when by dialing their number and watching their window at the same time I magically induced her to go through the hasty and quite innocent motions that had puzzled me.

ALAS, my peace of mind was soon to be shattered. The thick venom of envy began squirting at me as soon as academic suburbia realized that John Shade valued my society above that of all other people. Your snicker, my dear Mrs. C., did not escape our notice as I was helping the tired old poet to find his galoshes after that dreary get-together party at your house. One day I happened to enter the English Literature office in quest of a magazine with the picture of the Royal Palace in Onhava, which I wanted my friend to see, when I overheard a young instructor in a green velvet jacket, whom I shall mercifully call Gerald Emerald, carelessly saying in answer to something the secretary had asked: "I guess Mr. Shade has already left with the Great Beaver." Of course, I am quite tall, and my brown beard is of a rather rich tint and texture; the silly cognomen evidently applied to me, but was not worth noticing, and after calmly taking the magazine from a pamphlet-cluttered table, I contented myself on my way out with pulling Gerald Emerald's bow-tie loose with a deft jerk of my fingers as I passed by him. There was also the morning when Dr. Nattochdag, head of the department to which I was attached, begged me in a formal voice to be seated, then closed the door, and having regained, with a downcast frown, his swivel chair, urged me "to be more careful." In what sense, careful? A boy had complained to his adviser. Complained of what, good Lord? That I had criticized a literature course he attended ("a ridiculous survey of ridiculous works, conducted by a ridiculous mediocrity"). Laughing in sheer relief, I embraced my good Netochka, telling him I would never be naughty again. I take this opportunity to salute him. He always behaved with such exquisite courtesy towards me that I sometimes wondered if he did not suspect what Shade suspected, and what only three people (two trustees and the president of the college) definitely knew.

Oh, there were many such incidents. In a skit performed by a group of drama students I was pictured as a pompous woman hater with a German accent, constantly quoting Housman and nibbling raw carrots; and a week before Shade's death, a certain ferocious lady at whose club I had refused to speak on the subject of "The Hally Vally" (as she put it, confusing Odin's hall with the title of a Finnish epic), said to me in the middle of a grocery store, "You are a remarkably disagreeable person. I fail to see how John and Sybil can stand you," and, exasperated by my polite smile, she added: "What's more, you are insane."

But let me not pursue the tabulation of nonsense. Whatever was thought, whatever was said, I had my full reward in John's friendship. This friendship was the more precious for its tenderness being intentionally concealed, especially when we were not alone, by that gruffness which stems from what can be termed the dignity of the heart. His whole being constituted a mask. John Shade's physical appearance was so little in keeping with the harmonies hiving in the man, that one felt inclined to dismiss it as a coarse disguise or passing fashion; for if the fashions of the Romantic Age subtilized a poet's manliness by baring his attractive neck, pruning his profile and reflecting a mountain lake in his oval gaze, present-day bards, owing perhaps to better opportunities of aging, look like gorillas or vultures. My sublime neighbor's face had something about it that might have appealed to the eye had it been only leonine or only Iroquoian; but unfortunately, by combining the two it merely reminded one of a fleshy Hogar-

thian tippler of indeterminate sex. His misshapen body, that gray mop of abundant hair, the yellow nails of his pudgy fingers, the bags under his lusterless eyes, were only intelligible if regarded as the waste products eliminated from his intrinsic being by the same forces of perfection which purified and chiselled his verse. He was his own cancellation.

I have one favorite photograph of him. In this color snapshot taken by a onetime friend of mine, on a brilliant spring day, Shade is seen leaning on a sturdy cane that had belonged to his aunt Maud (see line 86). I am wearing a white windbreaker acquired in a local sports shop and a pair of lilac slacks hailing from Cannes. My left hand is half raised—not to pat Shade on the shoulder as seems to be the intention, but to remove my sunglasses which however it never reached in *that* life, the life of the picture; and the library book under my right arm is a treatise on certain Zemblan calisthenics in which I proposed to interest that young roomer of mine who snapped the picture. A week later he was to betray my trust by taking sordid advantage of my absence on a trip to Washington whence I returned to find he had been entertaining a fiery-haired whore from Exton who had left her combings and reek in all three bathrooms. Naturally, we separated at once, and through a chink in the window curtains I saw bad Bob standing rather pathetically, with his crewcut, and shabby valise, and the skis I had given him, all forlorn on the roadside, waiting for a fellow student to drive him away for ever. I can forgive everything save treason.

We never discussed, John Shade and I, any of my personal misfortunes. Our close friendship was on that higher, exclusively intellectual level where one can rest from emotional troubles, not share them. My admiration for him was for me a sort of alpine cure. I experienced a grand sense of wonder whenever I looked at him, especially in the presence of other people, inferior people. This wonder was enhanced by my awareness of their not feeling what I felt, of their not seeing what I saw, of their taking Shade for granted, instead of drenching every nerve, so to speak, in the romance of his presence. Here he is, I would say to myself, that is his head, containing a brain of a different brand than that of the synthetic jellies preserved in the skulls around him. He is looking from the terrace (of Prof. C.'s house, on that March evening) at the distant lake. I am looking at him. I am witnessing a unique physiological phenomenon: John Shade perceiving and transforming the world, taking it in and taking it apart, re-combining its elements in the very process of storing them up so as to produce at some unspecified date an organic miracle, a fusion of image and music, a line of verse. And I experienced the same thrill as when in my early boyhood I once watched across the tea table in my uncle's castle a conjurer who had just given a fantastic performance and was now quietly consuming a vanilla ice. I stared at his powdered cheeks, at the magical flower in his buttonhole where it had passed through a succession of different colors and had now become fixed as a white carnation, and especially at his marvelous fluid-looking fingers which could if he chose make his spoon dissolve into a sunbeam by twiddling it, or turn his plate into a dove by tossing it up in the air.

Shade's poem is, indeed, that sudden flourish of magic: my gray-haired friend, my beloved old conjurer put a pack of index cards into his hat—and shook out a poem.

To this poem we now must turn. My foreword has been, I trust, not too skimpy. Other notes, arranged in a running commentary, will certainly satisfy the most voracious reader. Although those notes, in conformity with custom, come after the poem, the reader is advised to consult them first and then study the poem with their help, rereading them of course as he goes through its text, and perhaps, after having done with the poem, consulting them a third time so as to complete the picture. I find it wise in such cases as this to eliminate the bother of back and forth leafings by either cutting out and clipping together the pages with the text of the thing, or, even more simply, purchasing two copies of the same work which can then be placed in adjacent positions on a comfortable table—not like the shaky little affair on which my typewriter is precariously enthroned now, in this wretched motor lodge, with that carrousel inside and outside my head, miles away from New Wye. Let me state that without my notes Shade's text simply has no human reality at all since the human reality of such a poem as his (being too skittish and reticent for an autobiographical work), with the omission of many pithy lines carelessly rejected by him, has to depend entirely on the reality of its author and his surroundings, attachments and so forth, a reality that only my notes can provide. To this statement my dear poet would probably not have subscribed, but, for better or worse, it is the commentator who has the last word.

Charles Kinbote
Oct. 19, 1959 Cedarn, Utana

Harper's Magazine, May 1962

PHILIP M. STERN

A Cure for Political Fund-raising

Because we have never yet tried the most sensible way to pay for campaigns, most candidates wind up broke . . . or beholden to a few big contributors.

IN September 1948, Paul Douglas, an impecunious professor running for the United States Senate, returned to Chicago, after an exhausting sixteen-hour-a-day downstate swing, to find himself suddenly accused of Communist sympathies and without a dollar in the campaign treasury. "We were broke," he recalls. "No money for handbills or radio or mailings—no way to answer the attacks. Emily and I mortgaged everything we had—all our stocks, even our cottage on the Dunes of Lake Michigan, and we raised just enough to keep going."

John Fitzgerald Kennedy is no impecunious professor; he did not have to mortgage anything to contribute $60,000 of his own (as he has acknowledged) to his preconvention campaign. Yet two weeks after his election, despite the myriad problems confronting him, the new President-elect asked that work be started on "a proposal to have the federal government pay for the cost of Presidential elections so that we [can] discontinue having the candidates going around with their hats in their hands."

Just how such a proposal might work will be discussed in specific terms shortly. My ideas may or may not coincide with the findings of Mr. Kennedy's bipartisan Commission on Campaign Costs.* But whatever the means, there is widespread agreement that some method must be found to relieve parties and candidates of their dependence on large campaign contributors.

It is common knowledge that the labor movement is a vital and major supporter of Democrats while Republicans lean heavily on the captains and lieutenants of industry, and that party policies inevitably bear the imprint. Less familiar but perhaps more influential is the ever-present possibility that large sums will be poured into campaigns *against* an incumbent or a candidate for elective office. This blunts his zeal for championing the public interest or the consumer (on such crucial issues as oil-depletion allowances, the protection of forest lands, or medical care for the aged) at the expense of offending affluent pressure groups or individuals.

As government grows, so do the stakes in influencing public policy. It has been alleged, for instance—and vehemently denied by Ohio's late Senator Bender—that the Teamsters' Union raised a $40,000 war chest for him to enlist his help in quashing an anti-Teamster Senate probe. More recently, a government attorney has charged that a $100,000 bribe was paid to Mr. Bender after he became an Interior Department official in an effort to spike a stock investigation. While political contributions rarely involve such a specific *quid pro quo*, charges like these suggest the stakes involved.

The opportunities for pressure by contribution are increasing, for political spending is rising far more rapidly than small-gift fund-raising. Indeed the overwhelming majority of Americans make no political contributions and few are even asked for any. Federal election laws, with their unrealistic spending limits and gaping loopholes, are systematically circumvented or violated. Most of the reforms that have been discussed recently

* This Commission, appointed last October 4 and due to report to the President shortly, is headed by Professor Alexander Heard of the University of North Carolina, author of *The Costs of Democracy* and a leading authority on campaign financing. Other Commission members are Professor V. O. Key of Harvard; former Secretary of the Navy Dan Kimball (whose Aerojet Corporation has attempted a systematic solicitation of its employees for political contributions to both parties); Johns Hopkins Professor (and former Eisenhower aide) Malcolm Moos; former FCC Chairman Paul Porter; Democratic National Committeeman (and former state chairman) Neil Staebler of Michigan; Walter Thayer, in 1960 the National Finance Chairman of Volunteers for Nixon-Lodge; former Republican Congressman John Vorys of Ohio; and James Worthy, formerly an Assistant Commerce Secretary and an active Republican fund-raiser in Illinois.

are attempts to alter the campaign-spending ceilings rather than find a sound answer to the root problem—the politician's desperate need for ever larger campaign funds that he can get only from large contributors.

To be sure, money is rarely as decisive as candidates think it is in the heat of a campaign. But the importance *they* attach to it is the reality. To appreciate the searing effect of "campaign poverty" you must live through a hotly contested campaign as a candidate or at his side—perhaps passing the hat in Oklahoma on Harry Truman's 1948 campaign train to keep the train going the next day; or pacing a hotel room a few hours before a scheduled Stevenson nationwide telecast in 1956 and saying, as his campaign manager Jim Finnegan did, "unless I get the rest of the money in the next few hours, the most eloquent voice in the Western world won't be heard tonight"; or watching Hubert Humphrey in the 1960 West Virginia Presidential primary write a check he could ill afford to pay for a television show while a staff secretary drew her own personal checks to get rid of the most persistent creditors without bothering her boss.

It has been said that money "never stopped a landslide, but it's won a lot of close elections." But at midpoint in a campaign no one knows for sure whether a landslide or a photo finish is in prospect. Midway through the 1960 campaign, for instance, a top Kennedy aide told me his man would surely win in a walk. At the other extreme, most experts with hindsight now think that the Republicans spent far more than was needed to re-elect Eisenhower in 1956. "But I'd have done just what they did," says Democratic National Chairman John Bailey. "Who's going to take a chance?"

It is in the nature of every candidate to convince himself: (a) that his opponent is outspending him two (or three or seven) to one and (b) that if he could *only* get that extra few thousand, he would certainly win. In these circumstances, legal limits on campaign spending are about as effective as Prohibition.

And the potential ceiling keeps going up. An estimated $175 million was spent on national, state, and local campaigns in 1960 compared to $140 million in 1952. A major item was TV spending, which was up 50 per cent over 1956 despite the free time given for the Great Debates. Chartered jets are also more expensive than DC-7s, and other campaign costs keep mounting. But inflation is not the sole villain; competition plays a part. In state after state, as one side raises the ante, the opposition scrambles to keep pace. For example, the Republicans privately acknowledge having poured $250,000 into the North Dakota senatorial election in 1960. And the Democrats—who won—managed to scrape up close to $100,000, in a state where a $40,000 campaign was unheard of five years ago. Total spending in the 1961 New York City mayoralty campaign is estimated at around $3 million. The newly elected governor of Florida has told a friend that $800,000 was spent in his two primary contests. And in a recent Border State gubernatorial primary, the campaign strategy board did not bat an eye over a $980,000 budget. "When y'all gonna need this money?" one member asked calmly. Another suggested adding $150,000 to the budget for election-day expenses.

Clearly, sums like these do not come from small contributions. In fact such gifts met less than 15 per cent of the Republican and Democratic national campaign expenditures in 1960.

This situation seems unlikely to change unless American political attitudes change drastically. As one cynical politician put it, "People don't care about giving to their parties and the parties don't care about raising money from the people." After the 1960 election Dr. Gallup found that a scant 9 per cent of the people surveyed had made any political contribution and only 15 per cent had even been asked to give.

Would the others have given if asked? Only 17 per cent said yes, 12 per cent weren't sure. And 53 per cent said no because—among other reasons—"Too much is wasted . . . no benefit to me from donating a small amount . . . there are enough people with money to finance it . . . campaigns are much too long and expensive."

Yet churches, charities, and professional organizations consistently raise large sums from small contributions. The National Education Association, for instance, collected over $9 million from its 800,000 teacher-members for a magnificent new building in Washington, and garners $8 million every year in $10 dues. In sad contrast, our two major political parties each have more than 34 million adherents—of whom fewer than 50,000 can be prevailed on to put up $10 apiece to help operate their national head-

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Philip M. Stern recently completed a tour of duty as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs. From 1952 to 1956 he was research director for the Democratic National Committee, and then helped found the "Northern Virginia Sun." Earlier he served on the staffs of Senators Henry M. Jackson and Paul Douglas and of Presidential Candidate Adlai E. Stevenson.

quarters. The National Rifle Association and the American Potash Institute have their own buildings in Washington, but Democratic and Republican national headquarters are just names on office-building directories. One reason for the difference is in the approach to fund-raising. The NEA has a staff of seventy-five and automatic equipment to keep its membership records and collect dues systematically, while at the two national parties fewer than a half-dozen people work regularly on money-raising.

CAMPAIGN CLIFF-HANGERS

IT IS perhaps not surprising that the national committees' effort to reach small contributors is halfhearted. With millions to be raised—and quickly—the national party treasurer knows a single phone call can produce as much as $10,000. Tapping small contributors is slow, expensive, and less productive in dollars. Besides, local, state, congressional, gubernatorial, and senatorial candidates are all competing for the $5, $10, and $25 contributions. And even if by prodigious effort (or a miracle) small gifts to the national party were doubled, they would still only cover a third of the total needed.

Thus the field is left to the large contributors, who fill it with remarkable completeness. In 1952, one-fourth of all campaign funds came from six-tenths of one per cent of the contributors; one-half of the total from five per cent of the givers. In 1960, the Democrats got 59 per cent of their funds from contributors of $500 and over, the Republicans 57 per cent. In 1956, the officers and directors of the 225 largest corporations contributed $1,920,322, the members of twelve wealthy families a total of $1,147,635. Labor unions spent $2.3 million in 1960, virtually all of it going to Democratic candidates.

The parties' dependence on large givers does not end on election day. After the 1960 campaign, the Democratic deficit was a record $4 million and the Republicans were $700,000 in the red. A winning party, of course, suddenly finds itself with a startling number of new (or forgetful) friends, but few whose attachment is wholly ideological. For the defeated party, a deficit is more burdensome, which gives large contributors a special opportunity to ingratiate themselves. Both parties feel a particular gratitude toward their more patient creditors—usually the telegraph and telephone companies, the airlines and, formerly, the railroads. All these companies are vitally affected by government regulations and policies and willingly carry past-due political bills mounting into the tens and sometimes hundreds of thousands.

Since newspapers and broadcasters demand cash in advance for political advertisements or broadcasts, campaign lore abounds in cliff-hanging heroes such as the Democrat who in 1948 rushed into a New York studio, cash-and-check-filled envelope in hand, just twenty minutes before President Truman was to begin a nationwide radio broadcast. Forced to produce large sums on a few hours' notice, the fund-raiser becomes less fastidious about the source. "This game is loaded with respectable people who want to do the right thing," said an esteemed old hand in politics. "But when you have a TV show coming up that night and someone comes in and offers you $10,000 what do you do?"

Of course there are election laws on the books which are supposed to limit large giving. Unfortunately, they are riddled with loopholes and are largely unenforced and regularly violated, in spirit if not in letter. Five thousand dollars is the legal limit for an individual gift to a candidate or national political committee. But there is nothing to stop contributors from splitting their donations among the many separate committees set up for just this purpose. Thus in 1960, Mr. and Mrs. Bart Lytton of Los Angeles legally gave a total of $36,000 to the Democrats, and Mr. and Mrs. John P. Humes of New York City and Locust Valley, Long Island, gave $35,900 to various Republican causes. There are also records of gifts of $10,000 to a particular committee, but no one has seen fit to prosecute what is apparently a prima-facie violation of the legal limit.

The law requires candidates to file campaign financial statements and imposes a $1,000 fine or a year in prison for failure to do so. In 1960, when 14 Senate and 65 House candidates filed no statements, neither the Secretary of the Senate nor the Clerk of the House nudged them. But when Senator Maurine Neuberger filed an itemized statement of her 1960 campaign expenses, the Secretary of the Senate wrote to tell her that so much detail was unnecessary.

Because intrastate committees are not required to report, the statements filed in Washington are farcically incomplete. (Some states require more detailed reports but state election laws vary widely.) For instance, Herbert Lehman reported no receipts and $16,000 in expenditures in his 1950 New York race for the U. S. Senate, while his opponent, Joseph R. Hanley, reported re-

ceipts and expenditures of $742 each. In the memorable 1950 senatorial election in Ohio, Senator Taft acknowledged spending between $600,000 and $700,000 but his official report to the Senate showed expenditures of only $1,533. Joseph T. Ferguson, his opponent, whom Taft charged with spending $2 million, officially reported expenditures of $2,206.

The law prohibits corporations and unions from making "expenditures" on behalf of parties and candidates. But both do so, openly or covertly, and make no bones about paying for political advertisements, maintaining political workers on their payrolls, or lending office space and equipment to the candidates of their choice. (At one Presidential headquarters in the 1940s, the watermark of a major oil company could clearly be seen on some Republican campaign stationery.) In the inner circles of both parties it is taken for granted that both corporations and unions will supply large quantities of cash in national campaigns.

FUNDS WITHOUT STRINGS

THE only practical remedy for this situation is to find a new source of campaign funds. Theodore Roosevelt pointed the way fifty-five years ago and President Kennedy has revived his proposal. It is this: "Have the national government participate in the financing of national campaigns." This idea could, of course, be carried out indirectly. The government could provide free mail privileges for parties and candidates, require radio and television broadcasters to give them free air time, or offer tax incentives for private political contributions.

Such steps would help. But the problem can be solved only if we meet it head-on—through direct federal contributions to political campaigns. This is also the only effective way to achieve the much praised goals of broadening the base of political giving and of greater citizen involvement in politics. If the government contributed to campaigns, every taxpayer would have a financial stake in the outcome. The idea is by no means untried. In Puerto Rico, for instance, the government has contributed to political parties since 1957. While the system is not flawless, it has proved workable.

President Kennedy has suggested federal contributions to *Presidential* campaigns. I believe we must go further and include House and Senate races. For the smaller the constituency, the more influential the large private contributor.

Any plan for improving political fund-raising will pose some complex and thorny problems. How, for example, shall we protect minor-party rights without encouraging frivolous or splinter movements? These and other troublesome questions have been weighed in framing the proposals that follow, whose imperfections should be weighed against the conspicuous deficiencies of existing practices. These seem to me the basic features which a sound plan must have:

(1) Federal contributions to political campaigns should be made available in the form of drawing accounts in the U. S. Treasury. Candidates and parties would send to the Treasury for payment bills for certain publicly discernible means of communicating with voters (TV and radio, newspaper advertising, billboards, posters, leaflets and pamphlets, plus transportation for the candidate). Federal contributions could not be used to pay campaign staff salaries. Since no federal funds would pass through the hands of "politicians," and all government money would be used for purposes visible to all, public confidence in the system would be enhanced.

(2) The drawing accounts of the Democratic and Republican National Committees in Presidential years should amount to ten cents for each vote cast in the preceding Presidential election. Thus each would get $6,883,800 in 1964 since 68,838,005 votes were cast in 1960. The Republicans spent $11.3 million nationally in 1960, the Democrats $10.6 million. The formula proposed here would make both parties confident that they could run effective, though not extravagant, campaigns without having to raise huge additional sums. Any "reform" which does not accomplish this end is pointless.

(3) Minor parties should be allotted drawing accounts one-fourth the size of the major parties'. This category would include parties that received 5 per cent of the vote in the previous Presidential election or submitted petitions signed by one per cent of the votes in the previous Presidential election (roughly 690,000 signatures in 1964). A minor party that has garnered as much as 10 per cent of the total vote in any Presidential election should be eligible for the same drawing account as a major party.

Only two minor parties have done this well since 1900: the Bull Moose party in 1912 (27.4 per cent) and the La Follette Progressive party in 1924 (16.6 per cent).

(4) All Republican and Democratic House nominees and Senate candidates from small states should receive drawing accounts amounting to twenty cents for each vote cast in the previous congressional election. The amount should be lower in Senate contests in the larger states. Minor-party candidates should be eligible for smaller drawing accounts either by virtue of previous election success or by petition.

Equal drawing accounts for both major-party nominees would encourage badly needed two-party competition through the country. And since the size of the drawing account would be based on the total previous vote cast, this would be a valuable spur to

dropping voting obstacles and getting out the maximum vote.

(5) Federal funds should also be available in primary contests for the House and Senate. To discourage frivolous candidates, the government should contribute *after* the primary election and only to candidates who poll more than 10 per cent of the primary vote. The contribution should be a reimbursement, up to twenty cents per vote *received* by each such candidate, for bills actually incurred for radio, TV, billboards, etc. This provision is essential in one-party areas where primaries are more important—and often more expensive—than general elections. If candidates become beholden to pressure groups in the primaries, the damage has been done before the general election.

(6) The federal contributions should not relieve candidates and parties of all responsibility for fund-raising. To broaden the base of private giving, Congress should authorize a tax credit for small political gifts. Here is how it would work: If a person would otherwise pay $200 in taxes, but makes a $10 political contribution, he would subtract the $10 from his tax bill, which would then be $190. With a partial (*e.g.*, 50 per cent) tax credit, he would subtract $5 and pay $195 in taxes. A full tax credit would be a considerable incentive to widespread small giving, since the door-to-door solicitor could argue persuasively that "this contribution won't cost you a dime." Even a partial tax credit would be a far better incentive to broadly based giving than the tax deduction, now used for charitable contributions, which offers no benefit to two-thirds of the taxpayers who do not itemize their deductions.

(7) There should be no ceiling on private giving, but all contributions of $100 and over must be publicly disclosed. Forfeiture of office by the candidate should be one penalty for *willful* failure to disclose a contribution. Experience has proven the futility of trying to legislate limits on political giving. As Senator Thomas Hennings once said, "It is not money itself which is potentially a corruptive force in political campaigns, but money handled in secret."

(8) A panel of retired federal judges, adequately staffed, should be set up to administer and enforce the program.

The annual cost would not exceed ten cents per person in the U. S. It would, I think, be the best investment a citizen could make in decent politics and disinterested government. Admittedly, no plan can extinguish the urge to give—and to receive—political gifts with strings attached. But for those who abhor such traffic—and I believe this includes most office seekers—an ample drawing account in the U. S. Treasury would be a welcome relief from onerous pressure.

How do politicians feel about it? Democratic Chairman Bailey favors the federal contribution principle, provided minor-party rights are safeguarded. On the other hand Republican Chairman William E. Miller is "vehemently opposed" to the idea. He believes it would lend itself to manipulation by the party in power to its own advantage, would dampen enthusiasm for private political giving, and would "lift away from the people and into the hands of the government" something that has traditionally been a private matter. Incumbent Representatives and Senators may raise objections to a plan which they feel gives undue support to contenders who would unseat them. But Indiana's Congressman John Brademas, who is generally sympathetic to the idea, has said that campaign money-raising is "my Number One headache—I spend more time, energy, and anguish on it than on any other."

Does a federal contribution plan have a chance of enactment? Clearly, it could only be passed with strong Presidential support. Mr. Kennedy's position will doubtless be affected by the forthcoming recommendations of his Commission on Campaign Costs.

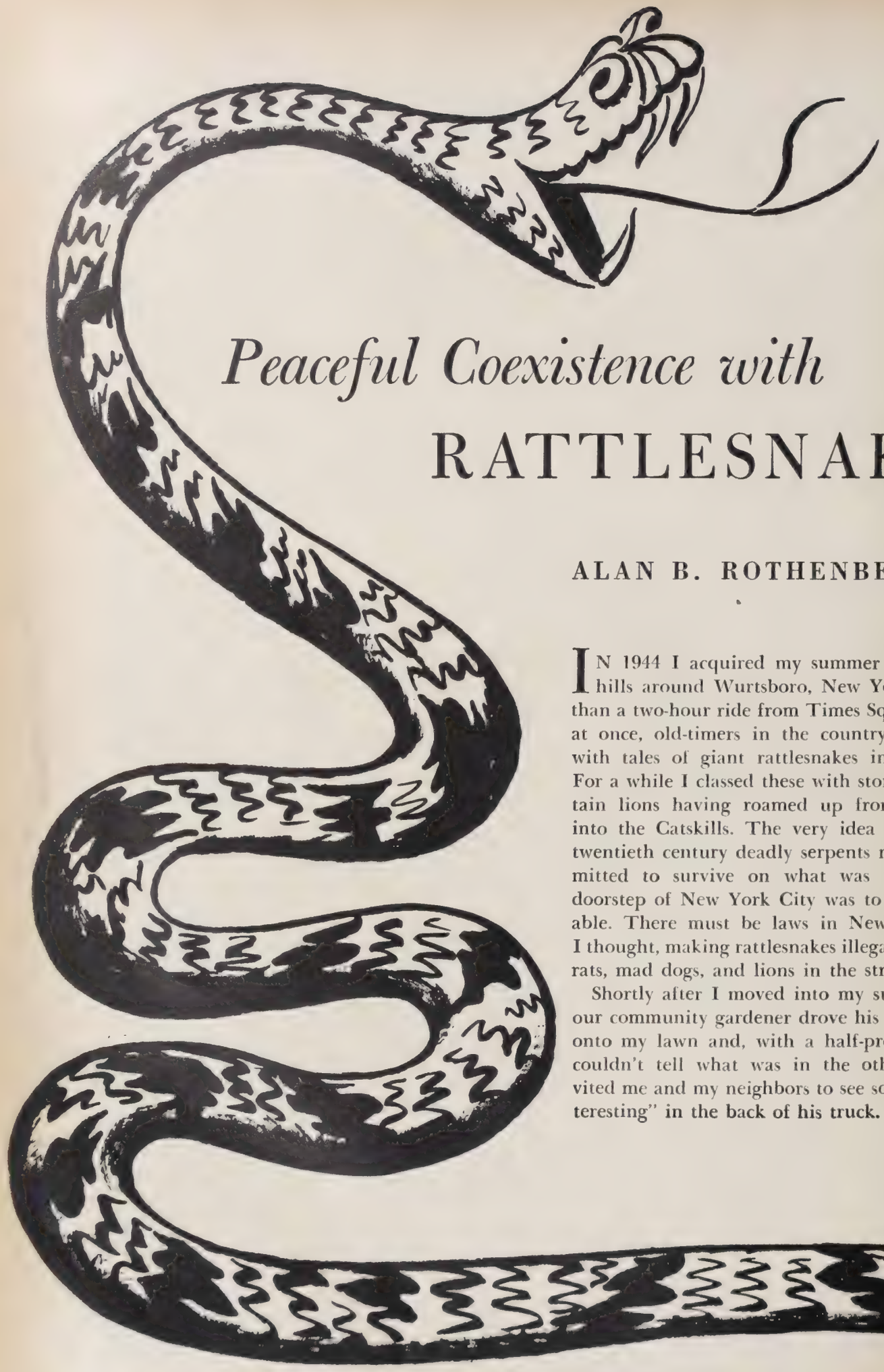
As a practical matter, no major election reform is likely in the absence of a 100-megaton campaign scandal. It would have to top the clumsy effort to win Senator Case's vote for the natural gas bill in 1956 in return for a $2,500 campaign contribution. In the wake of Senator Case's indignant disclosure eighty-five Senators—including the Democratic and Republican floor leaders—joined in sponsoring a "clean elections" bill. Yet despite such powerful support, that measure never even reached the stage of Senate debate.

"ARE THE STARS GONE OUT?"

BACK in 1923, the Senate was somewhat more aroused about $295,000 spent in a Michigan Republican senatorial primary. Senator Andrieus A. Jones of New Mexico urged that the winner be unseated and asked: "Are the stars of the faithful guardianship of the Senate's honor and integrity gone out of the firmament of this Chamber? Shall we permit the power of the purse to poison the life of the Republic and principle and patriotism to perish in this country? God forbid." The Senate did not side with Senator Jones, but it did enact a resolution declaring the $295,000 expenditure "dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government."

Thirty-four years later, a Senate committee investigated sums vastly larger than $295,000 spent in the 1956 elections. Its findings were equally clear if less florid. "The need for remedial legislation in the field of federal elections," it reported, "is imperative and immediate." The Congress has yet to act.

Harper's Magazine, May 1962



Peaceful Coexistence with RATTLESNAKES

ALAN B. ROTHENBERG

IN 1944 I acquired my summer place in the hills around Wurtsboro, New York, now less than a two-hour ride from Times Square. Almost at once, old-timers in the country obliged me with tales of giant rattlesnakes in the region. For a while I classed these with stories of mountain lions having roamed up from the South into the Catskills. The very idea that in mid-twentieth century deadly serpents might be permitted to survive on what was virtually the doorstep of New York City was to me unthinkable. There must be laws in New York State, I thought, making rattlesnakes illegal—along with rats, mad dogs, and lions in the streets.

Shortly after I moved into my summer place, our community gardener drove his pickup truck onto my lawn and, with a half-proud laugh (I couldn't tell what was in the other half), invited me and my neighbors to see something "interesting" in the back of his truck. I had a pre-

monition it would be a rattler; I had neither premonition nor preparation for the monster which I beheld. This was a full-grown timber rattler—a veritable serpent, six feet of ponderous, powerful snake. What shocked me more than its length was its muscularity, its solidity. Its neck was like a wrestler's wrist; its middle was round and bulging like a wrestler's forearm. Yet no wrestler (no matter how histrionic) ever entered a ring with that nympholeptic stare, that dragonlike, subhuman hate in its eye.

Of course, this snake was dead. Our imperturbable gardener had pinned its neck down with a pronged weeder and severed it with a blow of his axe. The massive black diamond of a head, lying a full foot from the still-writhing body, glared at me malevolently out of lidless eyes—a stare that seemed to reach me from fifty million years back. The sinuous toiling of the body was slow and majestic, with nothing in it of pain or agony. There was in fact something supernatural about this cold, posthumous fury that Death itself could not still. And then something really horrible happened that sent all of us reeling in a widening ring from the truck. My neighbor's son reached toward the snake and, with a brave giggle, seized the heavy rattles on the still-upright tail and shook them. The whole snake coiled in insult; the headless neck yawned open, revealing the bleeding throat; the thick, headless body reared and struck at its own rattles.

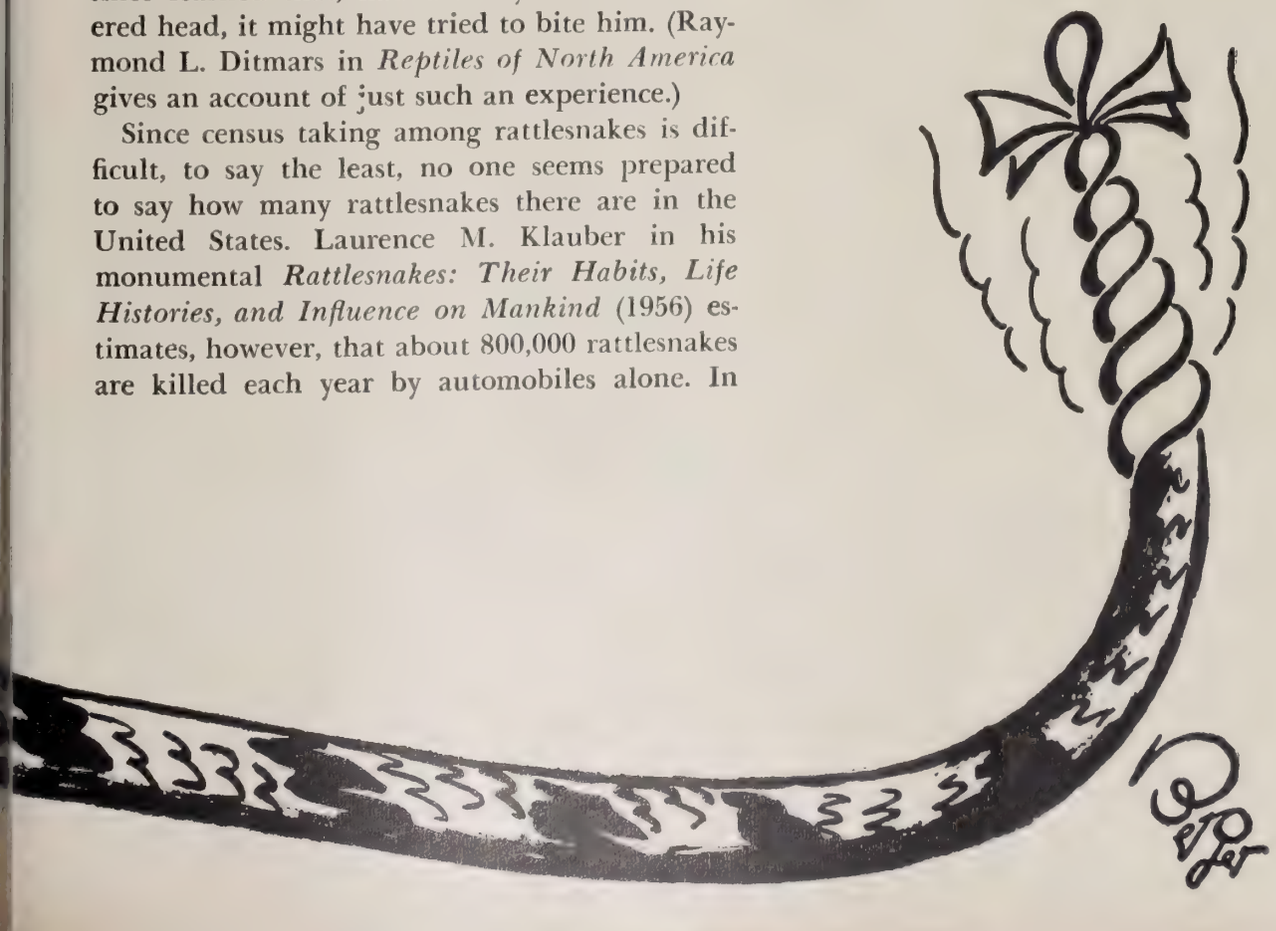
My neighbor's son dropped the tail and fell back. All of us were visibly shaken. I have since learned that, had the boy seized the severed head, it might have tried to bite him. (Raymond L. Ditmars in *Reptiles of North America* gives an account of just such an experience.)

Since census taking among rattlesnakes is difficult, to say the least, no one seems prepared to say how many rattlesnakes there are in the United States. Laurence M. Klauber in his monumental *Rattlesnakes: Their Habits, Life Histories, and Influence on Mankind* (1956) estimates, however, that about 800,000 rattlesnakes are killed each year by automobiles alone. In the face of such numbers, the attitude of the "responsible" agencies remains stoic, if not Spartan. For instance, *U. S. Wildlife Leaflet 345* (reissued in 1958) says, "Snake control has been studied relatively little and the Fish and Wildlife Service does not do research on the subject." Then it adds in a tone that plainly implies that rattlesnakes are my problem and not theirs: "This leaflet has been compiled in response to many inquiries. It describes various procedures that have proved useful under certain conditions. No single method works under all conditions and at times it may be necessary to adapt two or more methods to fit circumstances."

Be it on record that I, for one, did not accept the idea of peaceful coexistence with rattlesnakes. Our gardener had killed that snake some 150 feet from my porch steps, and since I had two young children who liked to roam about our lawn, I decided to report the matter to some "responsible" department of government which would, I felt, send me immediate help.

A QUESTION OF PROTECTION

GAME preservation in New York is under state jurisdiction and I began by writing to the Department of Entomology of the University of the State of New York. I described the terrain around my property and my problem



with two youngsters playing on the edges of a forest. I received the following reply, signed by Ralph Palmer, Senior Zoologist:

> So far as I know, there is no government agency in this state which will give you aid in ridding your summer residence of rattlers. It is barely possible that the Conservation Department's local game protector might know enough about rattlers to seek them out in the proper habitat and destroy them. You might write to the Conservation Department, Arcade Building, Albany 7, and find out who your local game protector is and whether or not he handles such matters. At the moment I can think of no solution to your problem except, perhaps, constantly being on the watch and killing such rattlers as you see.

This letter left me with a feeling of terrible aloneness. And if Mr. Palmer's suggestion to contact my local game warden offered a hint that New York State did feel a little responsible for its citizens even in "the bush" of Sullivan County, the postscript nullified this impression:

> May I suggest that you look up *Field Book of Snakes* by Schmidt and Davis, 1941 (published by Putnam) and look up pp. 36-43, on snake bite. Your library may have this book. For a snake-bite outfit, I recommend the Dudley Kit, made by Flack-Hendrick Co., San Antonio, Texas. Costs about $2.00.

Though unnerved, I took Ralph Palmer's advice and wrote to the Conservation Department. Their answering letter—I have lost the text but remember it well—began by informing me that getting rid of rattlesnakes in rough, mountainous country was a difficult problem. And then it said, in effect, "Since rattlesnakes are not protected in New York State, we cannot help you in exterminating them." I concluded that the key to this seeming paradox lay in the word "protected," *i.e.*, that since there was no appropriation in New York State for dealing with rattlesnakes in any shape, manner, or form, they could not ask anyone to take a rattlesnake into "protective custody." The writer went on to say that I could understand how the government could no more help residents with rattlers than with many other pests which went hand in hand with living in the country. But though powerless to act, the Conservation Department wanted to be helpful and so it was referring my letter to my local game warden.

My wife and I were off with the children on an auto trip when a polite, uniformed Conservation man from our local office turned his car into our driveway. He found my mother-in-law alone and unsuspecting on the porch. (We had carefully kept the presence of rattlers from her as well as from the children.)

"Good day, ma'am. I am here to discuss the problem of your rattlesnakes," he began.

"My what?"

The Conservation man hastened to assure her that he'd never known of anyone who'd ever died of snake bite in New York State, but Grandma has never spent another summer with us since. We ourselves discussed putting our house up for sale. Though we dearly loved it and its surroundings, the responsibility of trying to guard our children against so repulsive a foe as the rattler soured our whole feeling about the place.

The problem, with its accompanying uneasiness, lay tabled all winter. Over the Fourth of July the next season (again in the air-conditioned Catskills), I was dozing in a hammock congratulating myself for not having added my car to the weekend's highway toll, when I heard from my neighbor's lawn a woman's muffled shriek, a man's guttural command, and another sound, like that of an electric buzzer.

My neighbor was poking a shovel at something on the grass and bawling to his womenfolk to hurry with a rake or an axe. His daughter-in-law rushed these to him from the garage. With caution and difficulty, he held the snake down with the rake and wounded it with the axe. He waved me away as dangerous interference. After an agonized half-hour of combat, he stunned the snake and then cut off its head. This snake—a four-foot banded rattler as thick as your ankle—remained on display for a day or two on my neighbor's lawn while the whole summer colony trooped by to gasp and shudder. But no one made any suggestion as to how to prevent other rattlers from leaving the woods and invading our precincts.

When a second neighbor killed another large rattler on his property that same summer, I decided to resume my efforts to find outside help. This time I chose the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Again I told my story and received the following reply—from Waldo L. Schmitt, Head Curator of the Department of Zoology of the Smithsonian Institution:

> Your letter to the Department of Agriculture has been referred to this museum for reply. Dr. Doris M.

Alan B. Rothenberg, who teaches English and creative writing at Prospect Heights High School in Brooklyn, contributes to the poetry column of the "New York Times" and has written "The Mind Reader" (a humorous novel) and "Mass Chants and Other Poems." He is also co-author with Dr. Sidney L. Green, of "A Manual of First Aid for Mental Health."

Cochran, Associate Curator of the Division of Reptiles, says that the total eradication of rattlesnakes in any rocky or mountainous region is a real problem. If you can find out where the snakes hibernate in winter, a charge of explosives might wreck their den and kill most of the inhabitants. [Human or reptile, I wondered.] If the cave or rock ledge where they spend the winter is not too big, cyanide gas (a deadly poison which must be handled with the greatest care) may be pumped into the cave, and thus you would be sure of getting all within range of the gas.

Some animals such as hogs and deer are natural enemies of rattlers, and will trample and kill them at sight. An invasion of thousands of garter snakes was controlled in Manitoba, Canada, by filling bright metal trays with water and nicotine sulphate. After two days the area around the trays was littered with dead snakes. But as the rattler is not as aquatic as the garter snake, this method might not be successful in your case.

It is not likely that a wire fence would be of much use in keeping them out, as rattlers are fairly good climbers. If the dynamiting of the den in winter is not practicable, it is possible that men with stout sticks might get them as they emerge from the den at the first warm days of spring. There would always be some late ones, so the vigil might have to extend over several days.

Snake-bite serum may be secured from any large biological supply house. Most of it is made for our Eastern snakes by Wythe of Philadelphia. Perhaps you might get further suggestion from Mr. Roger Conant of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, who is a most avid snake hunter.

This letter quite overwhelmed me, but I weighed each point carefully:

(1) Find out where the rattlers hibernate and wreck their den with a charge of explosives? My summer home is on top of a thickly forested mountain. In the dead of winter the temperature sometimes drops to 20 or 30 below. I am a sedentary resident of New York City, and know nothing about explosive charges or cyanide gas—even if I could get some.

(2) Hogs and deer are natural enemies of rattlers and will kill them on sight? If only I could leave the problem to hogs and deer. There were plenty of deer in the region, but unfortunately hunters were forever depleting their numbers. As for hogs—who would want to turn his lawn into a pigsty even to get rid of rattlers?

(3) Bright metal trays with water and nicotine sulphate? Not a bad idea, but the poison might kill every dog in the area, to say nothing of birds, rabbits, chipmunks, and squirrels which were, alas, *protected* by the Conservation Law.

(4) Men with stout sticks might get them as they emerge from the den at the first warm days of spring? Something heroic stirred in my blood at the phrase "men with stout sticks." But where would I get the other men to drop everything in New York City at the first warm days of spring, seize stout sticks, drive up to a hole in the woods of the Catskills, and remain there with arms raised perhaps for days, waiting for the late ones to emerge?

(5) Snake-bite serum? This repeated suggestion thoroughly depressed me.

AUNT AIMEE TAKES OVER

LULLED by another winter in fangless New York City, I let several months slip by, neither enlisting men with stout sticks nor buying hogs. Besides, a chance remark of my grocer's in Wurtsboro had done much to lessen my fears. The rattlers we'd caught, he said, were probably stirred out of their natural haunts by the construction of the new road through the woods to Mountaindale. Now that the construction was over, these snakes would slink back into deep forest and not wander near a house for another twenty-five years.

But a friend of mine at a camp in nearby Monroe, New York, wrote that one of the buildings was almost unusable because of rattlesnakes crawling in the foundations. And another friend of mine in Woodstock, New York, wrote that a construction company had refused to build a house on a mountaintop there because of a swarm of rattlers. I could feel the rattlesnake population—in new-born broods of five to seventeen—exploding in the woods of New York State.

Meanwhile, an aunt of mine, Mrs. Aimee B. Mundel, to whom I had confided my concern, decided to carry on the search for help. She wrote to Roger Conant who'd been described so wistfully in my letter from Waldo Schmitt as "an avid snake hunter." She received the following reply:

Please be advised that there is no known repellent nor no generally accepted method for exterminating these snakes. The only advice I can give you is to be constantly vigilant and to kill the snakes whenever they are discovered. In early spring when they are emerging from hibernation they are apt to be sunning themselves on warm days. Later in the season, when the weather becomes hot, they, like most other snakes, become nocturnal. Actually the risk of being bitten by a rattlesnake is not a serious one. Approximately as many people are struck by lightning every year as are bitten by venomous snakes. For first-aid purposes I would recommend that you purchase an anti-snake-bite kit. . . .

Well, that last letter did it. I bought a snake-bite kit. I also bought something else (my own idea)—a shotgun, and practiced using it. Despite

the profundity and kindness in Roger Conant's letter, I found one thing in it disquieting. Whenever there's a thunderstorm, I count the bolts of lightning and wonder who is being bitten by a snake now.

My latest inquiries have again been in Washington, D. C. From the Department of the Interior, I learned of *Wildlife Leaflet 345*, "Control of Snakes." This summarizes in seven pages just about all the known methods of snake control, from snake-proof fences (which are now thought practical) to trapping snakes, gassing their dens, and using hogs to deplete the rattlesnake population. It does not mention, however, a new hope for the rattlesnake-harassed citizen: a new snake-repellent product called "Snake-stop." Within the last few months this has been manufactured by Animal Repellents Inc. of Griffin, Georgia. I am indebted for this recent information to Dr. Doris M. Cochran of the Division of Reptiles of the Smithsonian Institution. "Snake-stop" is, Dr. Cochran reports, granular in character and depends on the odor of civet musk for its effect. (Apparently it makes rattlers think there is a civet cat in the neighborhood, and cats of all kinds have been known to kill large rattlers.) One pound of "Snake-stop" distributed over each 420-square-foot area will, its manufacturers claim, so repel rattlers that this area will be safe from them. I have no idea, of course, whether smelling civet musk is preferable to fighting off rattlers.

THE CROWN OF EVOLUTION

ON THE theory that knowledge is power, I have continued to read about rattlesnakes. This has not made me love them, but it has increased my respect for them as well-organized, highly specialized creatures who, despite countless raids on their dens by expert snake hunters like A. M. Jackley, continue to flourish over a vast area of our country. Laurence Klauber estimates that about a thousand persons in the U. S. are bitten every year by rattlesnakes —and that about thirty of these die. I now know that neither forest fires nor floods have much effect in reducing their numbers; that they are not easily affected by most poison gases; that they do not go for poisoned bait unless it's still alive. I now know that they have been successfully trapped hundreds at a time, but that I'd have to be far more steel-nerved *and* expert than I am to attempt this myself. I know that the rattler is the crowning achievement in evolution of the entire snake family (Dr. Charles Bogard, Curator of the American Museum of Natural History, has called it "one of the most successful creatures in existence today"), and that since it is still evolving, I may expect it to become even deadlier in the future. I know, further, that living in New York State, I should consider myself fortunate in at least one respect—for the banded rattler, which is my particular woodland companion, has the mildest disposition of all rattlers; he more frequently runs away than stands his ground at the approach of man—but I shouldn't count on this. Sometimes he stands. I know, too, that the danger of a rattler's bite is in direct proportion to the size of the rattler and in inverse proportion to the body weight of the person bitten. (One of the booby prizes for not dieting these days.)

Last and most important, I am finally convinced that no government agency exists which will offer to destroy rattlers for me as an individual citizen—unless perhaps I live in South Dakota where A. M. Jackley was the first of a series of appointees known as Snake Control Officers.

Peaceful coexistence with rattlesnakes—with all its attendant uneasiness—is therefore the only recourse for one who, like myself, is unwilling to give up his mountain hideaway in New York State during the summer. This means, of course, steering clear of unexplored woods, rocky ledges, and ravines, and hoping that the rattlesnake for his part will stick to his own wild preserves. Of course if he comes right up on my lawn, I have my shotgun, my snake-bite serum, and my civet-scented snake repellent. The situation is not without its international parallels.



Harper's Magazine, May 1962



You can be as active or as lazy as you like on P&O-Orient liners. Pick your deck sport—or just relax.

How to explore the last unspoiled lands in the world on P&O-Orient Lines—for as little as $17 a day

Why not run away to sea—and actually save money? It costs you less a day to see faraway ports and exotic places on one of these great ocean liners than you'd pay in a resort hotel. You'll be soothed and restored by sunny skies, calm seas and friendly British service. For details, mail coupon below.

WHO says sea voyages are expensive? Your fare to the Orient, South Pacific, Europe—or round the world—starts at just $17 a day on P&O-Orient Lines. Complete with meals and entertainment. Genial British service included. Sunny skies *gratis*. Calm seas free of charge.

Now tot up what you paid on your last land-locked vacation. The rate just for your room was probably $12 to $25 a day. *Plus* meals, tips, travel, entertainment. Daily tab—from $30 *up*.

First plot your course

Look at the map below. It shows P&O-Orient's ports of call in *six* continents.

Feel like a seagoing holiday in the South Pacific? The fare to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia and back runs from $740 to $3556.

A round-trip to Japan and Hong Kong? From just $796 to $3708.

A trip from the West Coast to Europe by way of the South Pacific starts at just $692, by way of the Orient at just $678. (You can also *start* your trip in Europe and come home by way of the Pacific.)

Pick your ship

Nine of P&O-Orient's passenger liners sail from the West Coast to the South Pacific, Orient and Europe. You can pick one to fit your own mood. If money's no object, you can go first class. You'll get to Europe so thoroughly spoiled you'll be the bane of waiters in every great hotel. If you're watching your budget, you can go by P&O-Orient's famous tourist class.

Whichever way you go, you'll meet fascinating people from every part of the world.

When to run away to sea

Any season assures calm cruising in these sunny southern seas. For instance, while the U. S. is whiplashed by winter, October through April is spring and summertime in Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific.

This topsy-turvy system makes for happy sailing. You can leave here in the dead of winter, find summer in the South Pacific, and arrive in England in spring. Mad but pleasant!

See your travel agent *soon*.

P&O-Orient Lines • San Francisco • Seattle • Los Angeles • Vancouver • Honolulu • Mexico City • Elsewhere in U.S. and Canada: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.



P&O-Orient Lines, Dept. 14-D
155 Post St., San Francisco 8, California

Sirs: Please send me detailed literature on your Vacation Voyages for 1962.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ **State** _____

My Travel Agent is _____



Beach and bay off Las Croabas, Puerto Rico, a dandy spot for a party pitcher of Daiquiris. John Stewart photograph.

How to build a batch of party Daiquiris with today's light, light Puerto Rican rum

GREAT THING about a whole pitcher full of Daiquiris, not only are they *easy* to make—everybody *loves* them.

Today's light, light Puerto Rican rum is the best friend the do-it-yourself party bartender can have.

What gives Puerto Rican rum its pleasing character? The unfailing sun. An amiable climate. And mountain torrents of crystal water.

Equally important, Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for *dryness*. Every drop is charcoal filtered. Then aged in oak—that's the law in Puerto Rico. So always select a brand with the words "Puerto Rican Rum" on the bottle label.

THE RECIPE: (Serves 16) Into large glass pitcher, empty one 6-oz. can frozen lemon juice, one 6-oz. can frozen limeade concentrate and a "fifth" of white Puerto Rican rum. Add ice cubes. Stir until chilled. Serve in cocktail glasses. (Do not add sugar.)

FREE BOOKLET! 31 Drink recipes. Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. HPD, 666 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19.



WOODROW WIRSIG

Will the Big Magazines Kill Each Other?

A report on their increasingly fierce battle for readers, and advertising dollars—and some predictions about the probable outcome.

IF YOU like to settle down with a favorite magazine, serenely believing that you'll receive a steady flow of copies as long as you want, you would be shocked at the cocktail-party conversation I heard in New York a few weeks ago.

Some 250 people crowded into a room large enough for seventy—advertising men, magazine editors, book publishers, columnists, radio and television personalities, and men in public relations.

"Well, shall we gradually lead up to it?" asked a young man in one small group, with a suggestion of a supercilious smile. "Or shall we talk about *The Saturday Evening Post* right away?"

"It would be a sad thing," another man began, in solemn tones, "if those Curtis magazines should die."

"But aren't all magazines sick?" said a young copy writer, who may have been out of Vassar a year or two. "I mean, *sick?* They say that just *dozens* of magazines are in serious trouble."

Such talk of doom helps create the reality. An uneasy atmosphere grows, and advertising men, reacting to the image, begin to withdraw their ads—and the more they withdraw, the more convinced they are that their reasons are valid. This voodoo sickness is affecting several publishing giants at this moment.

In a way, the excitement in the shop talk is an indication of the strong personal tie that exists between readers and their magazines. Few seem to realize, however, that what is happening to magazines is also hitting most other enterprises. Equally rough jousting goes on in other industries without too great notice. Yet a magazine's failure, real or imagined, attracts widespread attention. It thrives or suffers in public.

In the coming decades, the big magazines will tend to get bigger—and fewer. The small ones will tend to stay small, but there will be more of them. And among the casualties may be some of the big publications which have been around, and loved, a long time—and which, ironically, may still be growing in circulation. The suspense will hinge, of course, on which magazines will grow stronger—and which will likely wither and possibly die. . . .

The most obvious problems troubling magazines today are financial. They began to grow acute right after World War II. Lulled perhaps by the wartime conditions, in which they had as much advertising as their paper supplies could handle, managements were generally unprepared for what hit them. Paper prices shot up—as much as 450 per cent a year. Printing and transportation costs zoomed. Postage started a steady increase, and this year (if Congress passes the pending bill) it will rise again, fatally for some magazines.

On top of this, television began around 1950 to siphon hundreds of millions of dollars of advertising away from magazines. Made uneasy by the competition of this new mass medium, the magazines hesitated to raise their advertising, subscription, and newsstand rates. The squeeze was on.

Now, some seventeen years after World War II, profits are still declining. While the combined total circulation of magazines for the general public is almost 200 million and revenues run about $1.5 billion, profits after taxes for the 35 largest publishing houses de-

clined from a moderate 4.3 per cent of sales in 1950 to 1.7 per cent in 1960. In those years, 32 of the 250 largest publications either merged or died. Then, last October, *Coronet* ceased publication, and the leaves are still falling. Of the magazines reporting their profit-loss statements in 1960, 39 per cent showed losses.

"It is obvious," says James Kobak, of J. K. Lasser, the accounting firm specializing in magazine services, "that during the decade 1950 to 1960, in which the nation experienced prosperity on a higher plane than ever before, the magazine industry suffered severely."

Nevertheless, in many ways, the biggest problem facing magazines today is psychological: the image of magazines in the minds of advertising men *versus* the reality of the magazines' influence and service to readers. To many advertising men, magazines have "a declining image" as a medium to sell products. On the other hand, television has a "growing image." Agencies and advertising departments understandably get excited by quick results. Some television advertisers of small items, such as soaps, aspirins, and toothpastes, can launch a campaign one evening and insist that they "feel" the effect the next day. Most magazine publishers are convinced that advertising in their pages has a strong cumulative and lasting influence on readers. If this could ever be measured, they feel, magazines would be shown to be the most effective advertising medium. But until the industry and research firms can come up with satisfactory measuring techniques, there's little doubt that an increasing share of the advertisers' dollars will go into television.

THE ADVERTISING ENIGMA

THE head of one of the world's largest advertising agencies—a brilliant and successful man—sat down not long ago to chat with the editor of a mass-circulation magazine.

"Your magazine," said the agency man pleasantly, with a smile, "does *not* have a reputation for authority in our shop."

The editor waited for him to go on and explain why. Instead, the agency man blithely talked about other subjects. Surprised—and disgusted—the editor realized that the agency man was not interested in finding out whether the "reputation" was valid.

The behavior of some advertising men toward *The Saturday Evening Post* has been morbidly fascinating. There is a saying, about editors, that "they know what they want—but aren't quite sure exactly what it is." This could be said, too, of many advertising men today. Although they talk increasingly of editorial quality, they seem to rely more and more on slide-rule circulation numbers and cost-per-thousand figures in making decisions. Often, when they do base judgments on qualitative factors, they seem to forget facts and figures. This is best illustrated, perhaps, in the case of the *Post*.

For the last eleven years, the *Post* has had a steadily declining number of advertising pages. Yet, at the same time, it has grown steadily in circulation—in recent years selling almost as many copies in one week as *Look*, for example, sells in two. In readership, in the quality of its audience, and other factors important to advertisers, the *Post* has been, and is, competitive. During these eleven years, however, talk in the trade has had the effect of convincing many advertising men that the *Post* was old-fashioned.

It is evident, now, that the *Post* did not retaliate with a consistent and hard-hitting promotion campaign designed to offset these attitudes. Many advertising men to whom the *Post* salesmen went for space became convinced of the *Post*'s inadequacy and they finally declared that it would have to "change" and "improve" or they would pull out of its pages. The *Post* had to take action. Its editors spent a year making studies and plans. Then last September, under Robert Fuoss's direction, they presented the "new" *Post* to the advertising world. And *Post* salesmen went back to the advertising men and said, "You asked us to change. Well, we did it. Now where is your advertising?"

"Yes, you made changes," said many of these advertising men. "But you didn't make the *right* changes."

One high advertising executive I know read the "old" *Post* practically from cover to cover each week. He barely opened *Life* and *Look*. Yet he never proposed the *Post* as a publication to carry his advertising. At the same time, when queried about *Look* as an ad medium, he spoke

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Woodrow Wirsig, editor of "Printers' Ink," the weekly news magazine of advertising and marketing, has been active for fifteen years in the magazine field as well as radio, TV, and newspaper reporting. He was executive editor of "Look" at the time when "Look" passed "Collier's" in circulation and advertising revenue, and was editor of "Woman's Home Companion" for four years. He is also at present editorial consultant to the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey.

brightly and quickly about what a "comer" *Look* was and how he was recommending it again on his schedule.

Although it is said that consistency is the mark of small minds, it often seems that advertising men carry paradoxical behavior to extremes. For example:

ITEM: Ad agency men complain bitterly over the "cutthroat and cut-rate subscription offers" of magazines. They charge that magazines pass on the costs to advertisers, implying that this isn't fair. Often they hint darkly that a cut-rate subscription program means that a magazine is in desperate trouble. (On the other hand, many of them think nothing of putting "12¢ off" on labels of clients' products.)

ITEM: Some advertising men complain about "pop-ups," half-page ad booklets, different qualities of paper, and so on, that some publications allow advertisers to place in their pages. (Yet they will turn around and confidently put a piece of china in each box of their clients' soap powder.)

ITEM: Some advertising men complain that the mass magazines' race for "numbers" is nonsense since they can't possibly compete with the numbers television provides. (Yet they continue to place more and more of their ads in the magazines that keep a lead in total circulation.)

ITEM: Some advertising men piously criticize magazine editors as being influenced too much by advertising considerations. (Yet they place more and more of their advertising in some "special interest" magazines whose editors devote most of their editorial time and space selling the virtues of their advertisers' products.)

ITEM: Many advertising men think, when magazines die, that this is an inherent weakness in magazines as a medium and tend to believe that all magazines are getting weaker. (Yet these same advertising men wouldn't dream, as a result of a spectacular failure on one liquid dentifrice like Procter and Gamble's "Teel," for example, that the whole dentifrice business was declining and that people might stop washing their teeth.)

THE "IMAGE" OF FAILURE

THERE are, of course, many sensitive and brilliant men in advertising today. Many of them select media intelligently. But still too many run-of-the-mill advertising men would rather be told what to think about media than conduct studies of their own. Too often their recommendations, made from fear of clients' questions, are based more on a medium's "image" than on the reality of its service.

How will advertising men think about magazines in the future? A hint can be seen in a survey of its 1,000-man Executive Panel by *Printers' Ink,* the weekly news magazine of advertising and marketing with which I am associated. This survey showed that a majority of ad men believe that too many magazines, in a race for numbers, put on "waste circulation." The facts, of course, are that in the decade of the 'fifties magazine circulation grew substantially among educated groups and among families in the $7,000 and up annual income level.

Some advertising men believed that they are "confronted with unfair competition in magazines. The ads have to compete against editorial content for the reader's full attention." Does this mean that they think they cannot match the creative efforts of magazine editors and artists? "It's curious," said Stanley Frankel, when he was assistant to the president of *McCall's* during its colorful surge, "but we've had agency men tell us that so much color and excitement in the magazine worries them. They think their black-and-white ads won't be read. Can you imagine?"

The *Printers' Ink* survey also showed, on the other hand, that the majority of advertising executives believe that their advertising programs in the future should have better "balance." By balance they mean more advertising in magazines. Two out of three of the executives (65 per cent) said that "magazines can expect a greater share of future ad budgets."

A big majority of executives felt that the quality of magazine editorial material is "generally excellent" or "fair." But 40 per cent said that a better product could be produced—and must be, if magazines are to become more effective advertising carriers. They could not, however, be specific about what improvements they want to see. There's no question but that advertising men's attitudes will have a continuing, and profound, influence on all magazines' efforts to change. But the nagging questions remain: Will the advertising men recognize the improvements when they see them? Or act if they do?

Although competition in the magazine field often is similar to the fight between other commercial products, there is one significant difference. Advertising men are a crucial part of the magazine's customers, and these people demand a constant race to the finish between competitors to see who can be "first." Then a curious patina of "failure" settles over many of the also-rans. Curiously, this tends to tarnish their editorial content, their sales and promotion qualities, and even reflects on the ability of their management.

Among strictly commercial products, a suddenly successful new one, like Lestoil, can expect to meet vigorous new competitors, such as Mr. Clean and Handy Andy. And all three can continue to do a profitable business. But it doesn't seem to work this way in the magazine industry. A "leader"—especially one coming up from behind—takes on a cachet of inexorable superiority. By using it, an advertising agency and a company's ad manager have little trouble defending their choices with management. Inevitably, the leader takes on an increasing share of the advertising in its field. For this reason, magazine runners-up must either struggle toward the top, and win, or fall back to another competitive classification.

WHAT MAKES A MAGAZINE "HOT"?

OF THE eleven magazines with average circulation over five million, *Ladies' Home Journal, McCall's, Look, Saturday Evening Post,* and *Life* are locked in specific battles. A more general struggle to grow faces *The Reader's Digest, TV Guide, Everywoman's Family Circle, Woman's Day, Better Homes & Gardens,* and *Good Housekeeping.* The battles take different forms and directions.

At this moment the most spectacular fight is between *Ladies' Home Journal* and *McCall's* for supremacy in the women's field. It features an almost personal duel between colorful and successful editors and their magazines, fighting grimly and bleeding expensively to promote circulation and advertising sales. And their parent corporations (the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia and McCall's Corporation of New York) are joined in a titanic battle for survival and growth.

When Bruce and Beatrice Gould became editors of *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1935, the magazine was fourth in a field of six led by *Woman's Home Companion.* The Goulds were a young husband-wife team, who came out of Des Moines and went from newspaper reporting to writing plays and short stories. With their first issue they began publishing entire novels, and newsstand circulation jumped by 150,000 to 300,000 each month. In 1941, they passed *Companion* and thereafter they commanded the women's field until it was shaken up by Herbert Mayes and *McCall's* magazine in 1960 and 1961.

In his own way, Mayes, peppery and intense former editor of Hearst's *Good Housekeeping,* had already made magazine history. With its Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and its Institute for testing products, the magazine had established a success formula with advertisers that could not be joggled. At just about the time Mayes abruptly left *Good Housekeeping* in 1958, editor Otis Wiese of *McCall's* angrily walked off his job hoping to precipitate a crisis in which he might unseat McCall's Corporation president, Arthur Langlie (former Governor of Washington). Instead, Langlie within twenty-four hours hired Mayes as editor of *McCall's*—at a steep salary and with free-wheeling authority, plus more money, to put out the kind of magazine he wanted.

Behind this editorial duel lies the thinking and thrust of Norton Simon, a West Coast financial man who had begun to buy into McCall's Corporation around 1956. He was head of Hunt Foods and Industries, Inc., a youngish, hard-working man who surrounded himself with hard-working and astute men and women.

McCall's grew slowly until Mayes moved in. Then he and Simon went to work. Following Simon's successful formula of concentrating emphasis behind a few lines, cutting prices where necessary to dislodge competitors, *McCall's* began a spectacular growth. Mayes loaded his magazine with such dissimilar features as Anthony Eden's memoirs and a candid biography of Marilyn Monroe. He added more editorial pages and let his art director, Otto Storch, run amok through the pages with dramatic type designs and lavish color. Mayes personally rode herd over a big circulation and advertising publicity push.

Mayes was among the first to say publicly that, as yet, he hadn't improved the editorial content of *McCall's.* Yet he has shrewdly applied his promotion sense to get "sell" out of it. Blurbs on *McCall's* cover, for example, rarely tell much about *what* is inside the issue. Instead, they usually tell how *exciting,* how *Great,* how *WONDERFUL* all the articles and stories are. The December 1961 cover, for example, at the end of the list of featured items, simply added "more more more more more . . ." running off the bottom of the page.

Women reacted as Mayes hoped they would. The wife of the president of a large advertising agency said, for instance: "I like *McCall's* because it gives me the feeling of being caught up in an exciting whirl of gaiety, color, excitement, and a sense of young freedom. I feel that I'm sharing in all that's right and new and wonderful." *McCall's* total net paid average circulation passed the *Journal* in the first nine months of

1961 by 150,000. In all the hullabaloo, many advertising men acted as if they thought *McCall's* had taken the lead a lot earlier. Or, they may have been intrigued by *McCall's* speed in catching up. In any case, in 1960 *McCall's* passed the *Journal* in advertising: 1,103 pages to 928.

The "image" of *McCall's* became that of the "hot" magazine. In the last half of 1961, *McCall's* announced it would deliver eight million circulation by December—with one million of that a bonus to the advertisers for which they wouldn't have to pay, at least during the first half of 1962. (Advertising rates are keyed to circulation guaranteed.) This, of course, was a drastically effective price-cutting stroke—along with its more recent, and unprecedented, move to eliminate higher costs for four-color ad pages. It could be ruinous, too, if it weren't followed soon with a large increase in advertising. By Valentine's Day this year, the magazine took a full-page ad—one of a costly series—in the *New York Times* to boast of its more than eight million buyers and to proclaim: "Advertisers love the women who love *McCall's.*"

The fact that *McCall's* is not making money (as of now) is of no immediate concern to Mayes and Simon. To them, the magazine is a flagship for a publishing-printing corporation that will grow in value through such acquisitions as *The Saturday Review,* more printing contracts, and the development of a book-publishing division. To help maintain *McCall's* momentum as the "hot" magazine, Simon has placed at least $16 million in cash at the magazine's disposal to be spent as necessary. A healthy chunk of it is already earmarked for new novels by Herman Wouk, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, and Allen Drury, to be serialized this year before book publication. Mayes and Simon plan a total net circulation of twenty million for *McCall's* by 1970.

Nobody in his right mind would predict that Simon and Mayes—who last fall stepped up as McCall's president, replacing an ailing Langlie—won't make their goal. Maintaining image and momentum can carry a company all the way. What *Ladies' Home Journal* will do to retaliate is still not fully disclosed, but it has cut back to ten issues a year, lowered its circulation base to 6,750,000 (with reduced advertising rates)—to be effective this summer. Its new goal may be a higher-quality readership. Even now, however, the *Journal* retains a loyal following. (One of Jacqueline Kennedy's young secretaries in the White House was heard to remark, for example, "I know that *McCall's* has all that type and color. But I still want the solid, dependable things I get in the Journal.") A new art director started varying its layouts months ago. Kent Mitchel, a successful Curtis executive who had been in charge of *Holiday* and *The American Home,* became general manager, then publisher, of the *Journal.* He took a talented young man, John Veronis, from *American Home* and installed him as advertising director of the *Journal,* and they have quietly laid the groundwork for a strong campaign. When the Goulds resigned early this March, youthful Curtiss Anderson moved up from managing editor to take their place—only weeks after youthful John Mack Carter had stepped into Mayes' shoes at *McCall's.*

Circulation pronouncements from both magazines during the last half of 1961 might have confused anybody but an accountant. The *Journal,* using *McCall's* own words about the significance of newsstand performance, reminded advertisers that it outsold *McCall's* on the newsstands. In turn, *McCall's* trumpeted that it outsold everybody, except *Reader's Digest,* in total sales.

The record of advertising pages for 1961, as significant to magazines as the won-lost columns in baseball standings, shows that this important gap seems to be widening. Although *McCall's* dropped some 6 per cent under 1960, with 1,030

JAMES SCHEVILL

THE FISHERMAN'S TRUE BAIT

DANGLING my line, I look on love
As I look on creatures of the sea,
Sailing slowly with lidless eyes
Through deep currents of fantasy.

That brown lady there on the beach,
Tanned darkly to her carnal core,
A lazy huntress on hot sand
Like a serpent star on the ocean floor.

She perches dark glasses up her nose—
So decorator crabs put up seaweed
To stretch above their preening claws
A sail to lure love's windblown seed.

Love, love transforms me instantly!
Dunderheaded in my fever-wish,
I dive into the churning sea of love,
Approach my lady like a pilot fish.

pages, *Journal* fell 19.6 per cent, with 745 pages. If advertising men should see this gap widen even farther, and behave as they usually do under such circumstances, *McCall's* could be off to a long-time supremacy in the women's field.

THE WINNER FROM BEHIND

IN spite of *McCall's* somewhat unfeminine Valentine's Day assertion that its circulation "is larger than Life's, Look's, or the Post's," there is still more than academic interest in the rivalry among the more masculine big weeklies or bi-weeklies. In this contest, the latecomer *Look* has now seized the limelight as challenger to *Life*. The strange case of *Look*, slow-starting and long-ignored, establishes one element as perhaps the basic success factor in contemporary magazine competition. This is the Silky Sullivan principle, established by the famous horse with a reputation for a slow start but a burst to win at the finish.

Look was created in 1936, only months after *Life*. Gardner (Mike) Cowles was determined at first to sell *Look* on the newsstands only, without advertising. Garish with freaks and sumptuous bosoms, *Look* sold sensationally but won a cheap reputation. However, even those early issues treated public affairs perceptively. In a few years, when Cowles decided to sell advertising, *Look* was at once denounced by rival salesmen from *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* as hardly worth more than truss and pep-pill ads. Even though *Look* was being redesigned into a family magazine, this disparaging talk helped cement an image of *Look* as a sleazy, peep-show publication.

During the next two decades, *Look* constantly improved its editorial content and sales techniques. In the late 'forties and early 'fifties it felt strong enough to go after *Collier's*, and absorbed it in December 1956 when Crowell-Collier publishing company folded its magazines. Then *Look* turned its sights more directly on its next competitor in line: *The Saturday Evening Post*. In 1961, *Look* outsold the *Post* on a per-issue basis—it is now guaranteeing seven million; and its advertising dropped relatively few pages as compared to the *Post*'s loss of 700. With increased rates, *Look's* advertising dollar volume shot up almost $5 million. Hit hardest by its advertising loss, the Post announced a new round of changes on March 25. The number of issues per year will be cut to 45; Robert Fuoss will be replaced as editor by Robert Lee Sherrod, who had been managing editor since 1954, and the "Revolution by Design" will be toned down.

No matter what happens to the *Post*, however, this year the hottest race may be *Look* versus *Life*. Few people dreamed, when *Life* and *Look* started in 1936, that they would ever be neck and neck. A few years ago, however, *Look* passed *Life* in quality of paper (a *Look* development that is now available to other publications), in the lustrous effect of its chromatic printing, and —so it seems to a number of key communications people—in editorial interest. Both magazines now sell roughly seven million copies per issue, but *Life* does it fifty-one times a year and *Look* twenty-six.

Many believe that *Life*'s power as a magazine and advertising medium stems from a superb business and sales structure. Long ago, in a program designed and pushed by Time, Inc.'s present chairman of the executive committee, Roy Larsen, *Life* visited retailers all over the country and persuaded them by the hundreds of thousands to report back to manufacturers' home offices that they wanted the products they sold to be "advertised in *Life*." This influence helped make *Life* the single biggest advertising medium.

Despite its continuous circulation growth, *Life* faces a decline in ad pages along with most of the industry. When it finished 1960 with ad volume under the recession year of 1958, the emergency reached clear to the top. Even Roy Larsen made a number of high-level sales calls, bucking for more pages. Although he's one of the wealthiest men in publishing, Larsen effaces himself so much in selling that one West Coast industrialist he called on later asked an associate, "Who *is* Roy Larsen? And what does he do?"

The year 1961 was even worse. *Life* finished with a 6 per cent drop in ad pages, its worst performance in ten years. Such troubles, perhaps, spurred several executive changes in editorial and management. C. D. Jackson, long a Time, Inc. executive, became publisher of *Life*, and George Hunt moved up to managing editor. In its own way, *Life* carried out a moderate redesign and rearrangement of editorial and advertising sections, bringing a few protests from advertising men. Both *Life* and *Look* are such professional products, in spite of their different editorial approaches, that the decision as to who thrusts ahead this year lies with the business offices. The magazine that decides to spend the most money on circulation building and selling efforts to advertisers will likely go ahead. But its ability to take such high risks will rest in part on its success in diversifying the corporate business.

In moving into other fields, *Life*'s owner, Time, Inc., seems considerably ahead of *Look*.

Successes in timber, in broadcasting, and in its new book-publishing division, now one of the world's largest book-publishing companies, have strengthened the corporation. *Look*'s owner, Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc., with a profitable venture into Florida real estate, some broadcasting properties, and a newspaper in Puerto Rico, issued 300,000 shares of stock a few months ago. Investors snapped these up at the issuing price of $14.50 a share, and at this writing the stock remains there. Recently, *Look* management was thwarted in its attempt to buy an encyclopedia, practically at the moment of signing. It will undoubtedly announce some kind of book program soon, for it obviously wants book properties for its huge door-to-door sales organizations to sell.

A NOT-SO-GREY-EMINENCE

IN sheer numbers, *Reader's Digest* is far and away master of all American magazines today. With print orders for its domestic edition now running fourteen million monthly, it faces no competitor in its field. Sophisticated communications people often sneer at the reasons for this awesome success. They refer to "non-readers" who want their magazine matter "pre-digested" for them, and to self-help pap and phony inspiration. But an examination of the *Digest*'s history through forty years shows that (1) it has been a most creative and astute innovator in developing and marketing new features and formats; (2) it has been, and is, a most sensitive and creative judge of reading materials designed to please the widest variety of readers.

The *Digest*'s product development shows this pattern: First, there was the *Digest* itself. Then came the International editions, using the same combination of subjects published in the American edition. These carried advertising from the beginning and have become very profitable. Then came The Reader's Digest Condensed Books Club, which made money from the beginning. Many critics believe the Club's success comes from "condensing" books for easy reading. Effective as this may be, however, its basic strength lies in its attractive packaging of a variety of books in one volume and its efficient selling through direct mail. For a time—when the *Digest* itself was squeezed between rising printing and paper costs, and a twenty-five-cent price it didn't want to boost—the organization depended, to a large extent, on the Book Club for profits. But when surveys showed that people would *like* advertising, and also would not object much to an increased cover price, the *Digest* accepted advertising and went to thirty-five cents on the newsstands. Now it has a four-color page rate of $47,500 and an advertising revenue of $65 million a year from the domestic edition alone.

The latest *Digest* product innovation, in the recorded music field, is so successful that envious onlookers comment that the *Digest* "is practically minting its own money." The *Digest* not only has a booming record club, but also a separate division that packages such combinations, for example, as "Music of the World's Great Composers"—an album of twelve long-playing records featuring the single most popular composition of twenty-six famous composers. The *Digest* offers this album at perhaps half the cost of what a customer would pay in a record shop.

The *Digest*'s future depends, primarily, on what the management wants to do. At the moment, it looks impossible for any competitor to develop. If the *Digest* believes it's desirable, it can invest enough money in circulation-building to reach twenty million in a short time—the first American magazine of that size.

THE SPECIAL NINETY

BELOW the five-million mark a swarm of magazines are fighting for advertising dollars. But generally their approach is different. Instead of selling numbers appeal, these magazines usually emphasize some special sphere of editorial coverage. To advertisers they stress the depth to which they penetrate their reader's interests, and the degree to which they motivate their readers to act.

In this field, several outright or incipient struggles have captured the most attention. (1) *Redbook* may collide with *Good Housekeeping*, which recently moved above five million circulation. (2) A slight shift may occur in the news magazines' struggle, as *U.S. News and World Report* moves up on *Time* and *Newsweek* in ad pages. (3) *The Saturday Review* may set out to capture much of the audience and the market now enjoyed by *The New Yorker*. (4) New magazines can be expected to open and either survive, as *Show* and *Atlas* seem to be doing, or quickly fold, as *Show Business Illustrated* did after a few sad months.

While all of these struggles have potential interest, the case of *The New Yorker* has most. If *The New Yorker* were to shake, the magazine world would buzz indeed, for no contemporary magazine has had so solid an appeal for sophisti-

cated readers and advertisers. Just about everybody in the business knows that *The New Yorker* last year, for the first time in most staff members' memory, solicited subscriptions. For, horror of horrors, the circulation department had discovered that they had finished 1960 with a loss of *two* subscribers. The decline was hardly catastrophic, but in 1961 they got busy and the magazine's circulation grew almost 2 per cent to 432,953. The image of *The New Yorker* as a valuable advertising medium is so firmly planted in the minds of advertising men, however, that the magazine's editorial quality and even the economic and educational status of its readers could decline steadily for years without much effect on its advertising pages. Yet the history of modern magazine publishing shows that if such trends are not reversed in time, reality finally catches up with the image.

It is this vista, perhaps, that intrigues the men at McCall's Corporation, now owners of *The Saturday Review*. For in its own way, *The Saturday Review* is having a tidy growth. Selling 102,000 in 1950, it is now going regularly to 274,000 readers. Its advertising has grown each year since 1954 to a peak in 1960 of 1,088 pages (though in 1961, it dropped almost 10 per cent in number of advertising pages as compared with *The New Yorker's* drop of almost 4 per cent). *The Review* would have to do a pretty broad revamping and improving job to appeal to more of the wealthy, sophisticated, and active buying market now dominated by *The New Yorker*.

The group of special-interest magazines has grown rapidly and steadily. Twenty years ago, there were roughly forty-nine such magazines read by about twelve million readers. Today there are more than ninety, read by more than forty million, and new ones seem to be born every year. More new magazines, such as *Country Beautiful, Harvest Years, Fifty-Plus, Viewpoint, Show, Music, Atlas*, came into existence in 1961 than at any other time in American history.

To those who habitually view our culture with alarm, one of the most heartening developments in magazine publishing should be the growing strength of what the industry calls "thought-leader" publications, such as *The Reporter* and *Scientific American*. Recently advertising men have begun to recognize that these are very efficient advertising media. Since 1940, for example, these publications' total gross circulation has increased 250 per cent. And almost all of them are enjoying more advertising year by year. Now advertising men are finding out that readers of these publications have better education, higher income levels, and little hesitation about spending money. Furthermore, these readers tend to be "taste-leaders" as well. What they like, and buy, will be what millions of people will be liking and buying two or three years from now.

WHY BOTHER?

IN spite of their problems, magazines possess many kinds of long-lasting strength. Sharing in our postwar reading explosion, they have grown at a rate 45 per cent faster than the gain in adult population. In this survey of their business health, I have attempted very little assessment of the editorial qualities that are, in my opinion, chiefly responsible for readers' deep interest in the magazines and their fate. Unfortunately, advertising whims, management policies, and methods of selling—both of copies and of advertising—can at times make or break magazines independently of their intellectual or artistic worth. The temporary excitement of competition that makes a magazine "hot" for a time and "old-fashioned" when another overtakes it from behind; the owners' willingness to spend and spend, even at a loss; the ability to change format and diversify properties—these characteristics may have a power of life and death which momentarily outweighs sheer editorial value. Nevertheless, in the years ahead, more educated and more critical readers are likely to demand better quality than they have in the past. This is particularly true of the big magazines.

Big magazines will have to recapture more of that pioneering zeal and conscience that characterized some of them decades ago. There is shop talk, of course, to the effect that tackling serious human issues in magazines "dies in Peoria," just as satire is said to die on the stage. Yet it was magazine articles that sparked cleanups of crime in many cities, that brought the reorganization of the Standard Oil Company, that cleaned up the meat-packing industry. True, some still do an effective job today—but they're far too few. It should be obvious that the list of human and social issues which deserve serious treatment in magazines today is nearly endless—from atomic control to water supply. But the magazines are better in many ways, and they either have the talents to handle these problems in ways that involve the reader and inspire him to seek solutions, or they could find such talents. This crusading effort—not merely to survive—should be the big magazines' mission. Without it, why push so hard?

Harper's Magazine, May 1962

ELEANOR FOA DIENSTAG

THE NEW ADULTS

A young wife and editor finds her contemporaries are becoming more hopeful as political and moral animals than once seemed possible.

THE Hungarian revolution shocked my college generation into political awareness. It brought into vivid relief the confused emotions and attitudes of students brought up in a prosperous and secure society, exposed since adolescence to Madison Avenue, television, McCarthyism, the Organization Man, Suburbia, and disillusioned intellectuals.

The revolution created an atmosphere of guilt among my contemporaries. To those of us who were convinced that *Life*, tranquilizers, and the myth of the analyst as all-American soul adjuster had eradicated the possibility of guilt feelings, this short-lived phenomenon was encouraging. It was a time when talk of "convictions" was unavoidable, and this in itself was new. Students who for four years had managed to ignore questions of public responsibility returned to their well-heated dormitories, regarded their easily acquired possessions and wondered if, perhaps, they had done little to deserve them.

"Would I have fought in the revolution?" We asked ourselves and each other this question. The parallel between the Hungarian revolution and the Spanish civil war was uppermost in our minds, and some of us hoped, in a burst of political sentimentality, that we would be drawn to and inspired by the cause of freedom. For a moment we were. But other voices were heard on our campuses.

There were, of course, the skeptics, the prematurely disenchanted intellectuals among us who considered the revolution an admirable but doomed effort, and who ridiculed the attempts of fellow students to aid the revolution. Combined with their sense of *Realpolitik* was an underlying historical antagonism to the Hungarians who, as one young man insisted, "were the worst sort of anti-Semites during the war." So, he explained, "their cause didn't send me rushing to the nearest ambulance corps."

Then there was the speech given by a professor of mine at college, one who had been accused by the McCarthy committee of Communist affiliations. He spoke to us as the Russian tanks rolled into Budapest. Since we all knew his past, and regarded him as something of a hero—a man who had refused to deny his previous convictions—we expected words that would justify the rash actions of a politically naïve group of students who had faced death for the cause of liberty. We were prepared to hear of our failings and apathy. We were prepared for anything but what followed. After a short, painful summary of the events, this ex-radical concluded, "What is most tragic about the revolution is that the youth of Hungary will become as disillusioned as I became twenty years ago."

If his statement revealed a terrible personal tragedy, it also reflected the final despair of a generation of earnest fellow travelers whose optimism and idealism could not withstand the realities of Communist politics, with its purge trials and Nazi-Soviet pact, or the barbarities of World War II and the atom bomb. To my mind his pronouncement marked the closing chapter of a book that had been written many years before, *The God That Failed*.

While his words dampened our first expression of political enthusiasm, we felt betrayed rather than discouraged. The difference between the generations was never so clearly seen, for where our elders found reasons to despair, we found reasons to rejoice. We were exhilarated by the word, by the idea—freedom. We raised banners, took money from our pockets to provide food and clothing for Hungarian students, and were proud of the word—student—as never before. The circle had come full round. A new generation was finally born out of the pliant shell of apathy and complacency. Or so it seemed to an American student in 1956.

I wrote to an English friend of mine at Oxford, asking him about the reactions of his friends to the revolution. He wrote back—rather passionately for an Englishman—of mass meetings, student demonstrations, arguments over how to word a telegram to Eden, of friends who had gone to the Hungarian border to fight. I realized then, that this event had done more to rouse my contemporaries to political action than any other in our lifetime, and for that I thanked the Hungarians. The myth of student solidarity, the myth of student radicalism had finally come alive.

A DISTANT TRUMPET ISN'T ENOUGH

BUT suddenly it was all over, and all that was left to remind us of our momentary commitment was a Hungarian student on campus who looked rather dowdy and majored in biology. Moreover, those who had tried to participate in the revolution began to reveal a kind of embarrassment about their involvement. One English girl who had rushed off to the Hungarian border, four years later insisted at cocktail parties that her main contribution to "the cause" had been several cases of Scotch, dumped in front of Red Cross Headquarters after an uneventful two-day sojourn in gay Vienna. She was determined to dispel any aura of political seriousness about her actions. The cynicism was back, and those of us who grew up during the 'fifties were not surprised.

What lessons were learned by this pattern of reaction to the Hungarian Revolution?

(1) That if my generation is to shake off permanently what Raymond Williams, writing of political activity in England, called, "the failure of nerve which deadened social and political argument . . . from 1945 to 1955," it cannot wait for the drama of revolution to arouse its interest in freedom and human rights. To wait for The Pure Cause is to indulge in the kind of political nostalgia which, in itself, is immature, and finally self-defeating.

(2) While such an event can shock a generation into political awareness, forcing it to think in terms of the future and not of the past, it cannot create or sustain enduring political commitment if there are no issues at home which correspond, in some way, to issues abroad. What happened in America during the 1956 uprisings was that for one peculiar moment in the 'fifties Americans reacted as one: liberals, isolationists, McCarthyites, and debutantes. The local enemy vanished, and with it any issue which might have forced my contemporaries to align themselves politically at home. Unlike those who stood up to the forces of reaction in America during the McCarthy period, or even during the Spanish civil war, the defenders of the Hungarian revolution were called upon to demonstrate their human compassion, not their moral strength. Therefore, though we were roused from self-interest, and took the first step toward the kind of political concern based on a deep sense of injustice, when the revolution failed, we found ourselves without an issue.

(3) However, the fact that this event did strike a chord of response among my contemporaries proved that, contrary to popular belief, we are not a hopelessly apathetic, amoral, or materialistic group. We are rather a generation momentarily paralyzed, like a soldier who after the brutality of war cannot adjust to the demands of peace. We have seen the dreams of fellow travelers turned into the nightmare of totalitarian communism; we have read about the horrors of Hiroshima and we are scared.

In short, the Hungarian revolution could not provide the solutions to those problems which prevent political commitment in America. For my generation, enjoying many of the riches of an affluent society, the difficulties remained.

What must be understood by those numerous sociologists, educators, and parents who bemoan the fact that my generation is unlike the "committed" youth of the 'thirties, is this: We who will come to maturity in the 1960s must find some reason to believe the world can be improved, although recent history seems only to indicate how absurd that hope is. We were raised by a generation which, like Kenneth Rexroth, can only reply when asked by a student what his generation can do, "I am fifty. You are twenty. It is for you to tell me what to do. The only thing I can say is, don't do the things my generation did. They don't work." And so, not surprisingly, the statement of one Oxford student: "Our generation has the job of remaining young and hopeful where there is no youth and precious little hope."*

History has given the lie to the old Utopian

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* Dennis Potter, *The Glittering Coffin*, London, Gollancz, 1960.

ideals, and the type of society we are now asked to defend bears little semblance to the old democratic vision which conceived of popular government as merely one of the ways of allowing the highest virtues and abilities of man to flourish. We see a society which encourages a catch-as-catch-can-morality, which mass-produces backyard pools, TV sets, and quiz-masters. We have a system of government which, in trying to identify public interest with private investment, encourages shelter building and a shelter psychology.

WHY WE ARE HARD TO SHOCK

I AM not surprised when one student says to me, "If this is the best democracy can do, then maybe it wouldn't be so tragic if the Communists won the Cold War." Nor am I shocked when a woman in her mid-twenties, a mother with two children, replies to my question, "Are you going to vote this year?" with, "It's all the same to me who gets in, Republican or Democrat. I may be blown to bits tomorrow, and all I can think of is having a good time before that happens. It's too late to think of anything else."

I am not shocked, for I have heard many of my friends turn from political problems with a kind of hysterical laugh. What *is* depressing is that though I disagree with their defeatism and compulsive search for new "kicks," I find it difficult to present an inspiring or convincing alternative.

Unlike my liberal predecessors, I am not certain that reasonable men, acting intelligently, can eliminate prejudice, economic inequality, the low level of mass culture, or the moral hypocrisy that comes from an excess of prosperity. My optimism, my hope in man's ability to make the world a bit better than it was fifty years ago, reflects an act of faith—one grounded not in the successes of the immediate past, but in an interpretation of history which maintains that man has slowly but steadily improved his lot, and therefore can continue to do so. Such a faith contains no revolutionary vision. To radicals it appears rather passionless, and to those seeking an excuse for their "what's in it for me" philosophy, it appears sentimental. And there are those who would challenge the very concept of human progress. Is the atom bomb, they ask, a marked improvement over the plague?

Finally, unlike those students who thirty years ago faced bread lines and apple carts when they graduated, I must suffer vicariously in order to understand the meaning of injustice. It is immensely difficult to convince someone over cocktails—or after a fine dinner with French wine, when one's host has turned on his hi-fi set and is asking you which liqueur you prefer—of the terrible conditions in the South, or of our responsibility to the underdeveloped nations of the world. It is difficult, in short, when surrounded by the fruits of prosperity—dangled in front of one's eyes since childhood as the reward for good behavior and intellectual diligence—to work up a sense of moral indignation or political concern.

It is difficult, but not impossible. Despite the failure of our elders to provide a new moral and political framework for life's problems, and despite the cynicism with which my generation regards all political ideologies, perhaps it is ready to use its built-in skepticism, this premature wisdom, as a basis for intelligent political action, rather than an excuse for defeat. We are a generation robbed of its political youth, but perhaps this is for the best. While we miss the kind of enthusiastic commitment that sparked reformers of the 'thirties, we are wise enough to realize that the high level of expectation in those days is largely responsible for the pessimism and apathy now so prevalent. Perhaps, with expectations much lower, with pragmatism the cry—as colorless as it sometimes seems—those of us who have not given up are ready to turn our moral revulsion to constructive causes.

If political commitment in my generation is to be more than blind hero worship, however—if it is to emerge as a strong and sustained force—then we must inevitably concern ourselves with things other than politics. For democracy is more than a system of popular government. It is a set of values which affects all levels of existence, all areas of social behavior. How can government function intelligently or creatively when the society from which the leaders are culled is self-satisfied with its cars, barbecues, westerns, and pursued by the twin demons, status and security? There is an organic relationship between a vital society and a vital government. Therefore, if my generation is really concerned about the lack of political leadership in this country, if it is worried about the strength and appeal of America vis-à-vis Russia and communism, then it must do more than parade for Stevenson one week every four years.

We will have to stop thinking of our future in terms of a second car, a bigger refrigerator, or vacations in Europe. We will have to concern ourselves with the hypocrisy of a nation which preaches revolution on the one

hand, and supports dictators like Franco and Salazar on the other. As individuals about to make important choices and commitments—both private and public—we can no longer avoid the question, "Are we to strengthen our society and its ideals, or are we to sink into *la dolce vita*?"

Surely it was somewhat dishonest to rant against the two Presidential candidates because they were both organization geniuses who knew the value of the right "image"—and then rush back to one's own PR job working to make some corporation appear as social-minded as the local Firemen's Benevolent Association. And how can one condemn the South while working for an organization that refuses to hire Negroes?

As a recent college graduate, thrown into a society where money, prestige, conformity, security, and convenience seem to be the most cherished values, I find it obvious that *now* is the time to rebel, *now* is the time to concern myself with politics because in a few years, when I am half-way up the organization ladder, it will be too late. For the individual with integrity and conscience, another road lies between Jack Kerouac's and Sloan Wilson's. It is a road with no fringe benefits. So what!

BRITISH YOUTH IN THE LEAD

IT IS difficult to conceive of national defeat or of the disappearance of democracy in a nation which, since its inception, has met nothing but success. But in 1962 it is impossible to turn one's back on the potential tragedy of the future. There is a character in one of Lawrence Durrell's novels, Pursewarden, who says, "Civilizations die in the measure that they become conscious of themselves. They realize, they lose heart, the propulsion of the unconscious motive is no longer there. Desperately they begin to copy themselves in the mirror. It is no use." My generation, and others to follow, must prove this is not so. It must demonstrate that a successful nation can foster the luxuries of success without discarding the ideas, vitality, and strength which made that success possible.

There are those who are doing just that.

In England, for example, a vital political group, the New Left, composed mainly of recent university graduates, though led in part by elderly, long-suffering dissenters, is voicing its complaint and ideas. While I am completely out of sympathy with unilateral disarmament, I do rejoice that a meaningful political and moral debate has finally wrenched England, and a new British generation, from its postwar slumber. There are questions worth asking again, and surely it is a good sign that politicians are being forced to re-examine and defend their views. Among the young, political and moral indifference is no longer chic.

While postwar England faced a great many economic problems we did not, and though in size and political structure it is significantly different from this country, we have shared many of the same problems in the last twenty years: apathy to politics, conformity, urban blight, and juvenile delinquency are only the first things that come to mind. Since it was precisely to these problems that the New Left in England began to address itself several years ago, I hoped that American students, or the post-college generation, would imitate their contemporaries in England. But during the years 1956 to 1960, while students were overthrowing governments or participating in wild demonstrations in France, Turkey, Japan, and South America, Americans sat silently through the last humiliating years of the Eisenhower regime, and it seemed that no New Left would ever emerge. But in 1960 it became apparent that the mood of American youth was undergoing a partial transformation. Whether this was due to the election of Kennedy, or whether it was a delayed reaction to the events of the past eight years is difficult to say, but to one who participated in this transformation, it seems obvious that the new Administration in Washington helped it along.

The Peace Corps, for example, is a unique idea which has stirred the imagination of American youth as nothing since the Hungarian revolution has done—and much more hopefully. The very fact that it is not a private organization but is sponsored by the government reflects the advance this country has made in recognizing its responsibilities toward the rest of the world. It is an organization into which can flow the idealism, energy, and technology of American youth—and it serves as a constant reminder, to those who think the world has gone to hell and is beyond human repair, that this attitude is no longer acceptable. The Peace Corps has reaffirmed the attitude, quiescent for ten years, that it is the liberal vision—the vision of idealistic, self-sacrificing individuals constantly striving to improve their own society and the rest of the world—which represents the main stream of American civilization. It is the defeatists who are un-American, not the other way around.

If there are those who doubt the effectiveness of the Peace Corps abroad—and there is room for doubt—they should not be blind to its suc-

cess at home. Eisenhower's reference to it as the "Kiddie Corps" reflects his insensitivity to the mood and history of this country, and only serves to define more sharply the differences between his Administration and the present one.

While a great deal of publicity has been given to the reactions of college students to the Corps, relatively little has been said about the response of post-college youth. It is interesting to note, I think, that the average age of the volunteers for the Peace Corps is twenty-six, and not twenty or twenty-one. In other words, the so-called "silent, apathetic generation" of which I am ostensibly a part, has responded with greater enthusiasm to the Corps than have college students. Now I do not dispute the fact that present-day undergraduates seem to be more involved in politics and readier for sacrifice than we were. It is true that students, both white and black, have been in the vanguard of the sit-ins and freedom rides, have paraded against nuclear testing, and have initiated new political magazines, debates, and conferences on the important issues of the day. They have not yet, however, encountered the demands and pressures of modern society; for them the real test has not yet begun. If there is a moment of truth for a young adult, it comes when the pressures mount—when the job has to be found, the profession chosen, the babies fed, and the general pattern of life established. From my point of view, therefore, it is most heartening to find my contemporaries—many of whom could hardly bring themselves to read a newspaper during college—suddenly respond to the Peace Corps and to world issues. Contrary to all expectations, mine included, we have not permanently withdrawn from the world around us.

What issues? Nuclear testing and disarmament is one question on which my generation has made itself heard. The other day a friend of mine called me up to announce that she and her husband were holding a meeting in their home to discuss the nuclear threat and the possibility of concerted protest by members of the community. My reaction was one of utter surprise—and yet, after reading about such movements as "The Women Strike for Peace," I should not have been caught unaware. While it is doubtful that a local protest can seriously alter public policy, such movements do reveal a healthy interest in world affairs, and a belief—missing in America for years—that the individual is not just a cog in the bureaucratic wheel, but a vital part of a democracy.

My generation is entering the political arena also. The rank and file of the Stevenson supporters were men and women in their twenties and early thirties. While Nixon was trying to figure out where all those young Republicans were, anyone working for Kennedy, as I was, knew that it was the young people who were giving the Democratic party its vigor and enthusiasm.

The Reform Democratic movement in New York is another example of political involvement by my contemporaries. Those of us who attended the New York County Committee meeting last September, where the lines between Reform and Tammany Democrats were easily visible, were struck by the number of young people in the Reform movement. If there was something amateurish about the evening, highly reminiscent of a high-school campaign, it was, nevertheless, an exhilarating demonstration of grass-roots politics which could only encourage one's enthusiasm for the democratic process.

AN END TO WITHDRAWAL?

ALL of this is not revolutionary, but it does reveal that the acute withdrawal symptoms of the 1940s and 1950s have ended. While there is still a great repugnance among America's youth for organization of any sort, the mounting urgency of world problems, and the sudden realization that within a few years many countries will be capable of making and using nuclear weapons, might help to overcome this hurdle.

Of course political activists and critics of the social and economic scene are always a small part of any nation's total population. To expect vast numbers to volunteer for the Peace Corps, participate in demonstrations, or even concern themselves with local political problems is unrealistic. What can be hoped for is the maintenance of a small but significant stream of protest which, as in the past, can attract our best minds and formulate the policies of the future. What any democracy needs are people who believe it is their duty to shape—not merely adjust to—the society in which they find themselves. To this task my generation is beginning to respond.

Commitment, whether it be to sit-ins or to party reform, must be the first step toward reviving the slackened bonds which link the people to a vigorous nation. Out of disgust with the past and fear of the future, the new adult generation now seems ready to commit itself. All the signs point that way. We may yet surprise those who foresee the demise of Western civilization by default.

Harper's Magazine, May 1962

PUBLIC & PERSONAL



WILLIAM S. WHITE

What Makes Johnny (Cooper) Walk?

If any Senate Republican can prevent Barry Goldwater from taking over the party, it may be the quiet gentleman from Kentucky.

WASHINGTON—Among the choir of voices within the GOP now competing in a very cacophony of self-criticism over the broad, stoic back of Old Papa Elephant, one of the best voices of all is being little heard and less regarded.

This is the troubled, hesitant baritone of what—to borrow a phrase from the slogan-makers of television land—I shall call the Thinking Man's Politician: Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky. Cooper is the damnedest fellow in his arduous profession. He is a philosopher in politics. But his bent for high and often moody cerebration, plus his spectacular inability to be a good fellow among the boys, not only fail to repel but in fact enormously attract the voters at home.

When, in 1960, he last went to bat in Kentucky (after some shaky starts at the polls earlier in his Senate career) he returned with the biggest majority ever given by Kentuckians to any candidate for any kind of office. All of the state's Presidential landslide records he easily surpassed. Not even the redoubtable and nearly irresistible extrovert Alben Barkley, the late Veep of fond memory, had ever done nearly so well as did this classic introvert, "John Sherman," among the tough people, mountain and urban and Blue Grass, of the State of Kentucky.

Given the extraordinary circumstance that he literally never lies to anybody—not even *in extremis* to a random voter or stray pressure group—the question "How does Cooper do it?" positively begs an answer. But I confess at the outset that I will not even try to answer this plaintive query. I did make an early pass or two at it, by talking to friends full of the lore of Kentucky. But they only told me, most earnestly and also rather mystically: "Don't you see, they *understand* John Sherman down in Kentucky?" Somehow, I could not see too well; so leave all that to the experts in Kentuckiana. Let the record simply show that Cooper does do it.

What I will try to show here is what makes Johnny walk—this Johnny who is, in every sense, the antithesis of the Sammy who ran so hard in Budd Schulberg's novel. Cooper walks, not runs, even in times such as the present when, profoundly concerned at what he believes to be a vital and possibly mortal struggle for the mind of the Republican party, he feels deep private urgency and alarm.

In his quiet way he is attempting to provide a rallying point for those parts of the Republican party—call them "liberal" or "moderate" or whatnot—which he fears are being outtalked and possibly outmaneuvered by the gusty virility of what is now called Goldwater Republicanism. Absolutely incapable of screaming in order to make any point, Cooper is also incapable, really, of even talking very loudly to the same purpose.

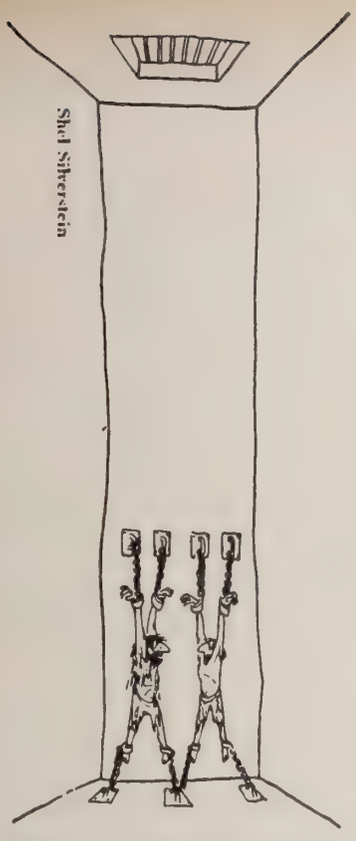
His calm—and, at the moment also somewhat gloomy—view is that the GOP Right and Far Right are taking the party down not only a politically dangerous road, but also a wrong road. (Cooper, for all his essentially philosophic orientation, speaks words like "right" and "wrong" with the firm simplicity of the mountaineer. This is notwithstanding that he is one of Washington's most sophisticated men and was worldly enough to get along well as Eisenhower's Ambassador to one of the most cynical of all the great powers, Nehru's India.)

Thus he has set himself, from a sense of duty and not of personal pride, as Goldwater's most earnest—if not loudest—antagonist within the Senate wing of the Republican party. He has not gladly entered this combat. For, like practically everybody else known to me, he likes Barry Goldwater and admires both his strong self-assurance on the issues of the day and his high quotient of courage and candor. In a word, there is no hate or hissing dislike between these two contenders. They simply deeply disagree.

HOW MUCH HIS "FAULT"?

THERE is no need to say which antagonist is receiving greater attention. Nor is it hard to predict which will continue to receive it. For Goldwater, as effectively extrovert as Alben Barkley, is a far more natural politician. And in any kind of public meeting—including the Republican National Convention of 1964—he would far outperform Cooper in practical politics.

Moreover, the amazing capacity of John Sherman Cooper to influence the voters of Kentucky has not, to date anyhow, been paralleled by Cooper influence in the Senate. Though detached observers of the Senate invariably give him high marks—for integrity, for ability, for



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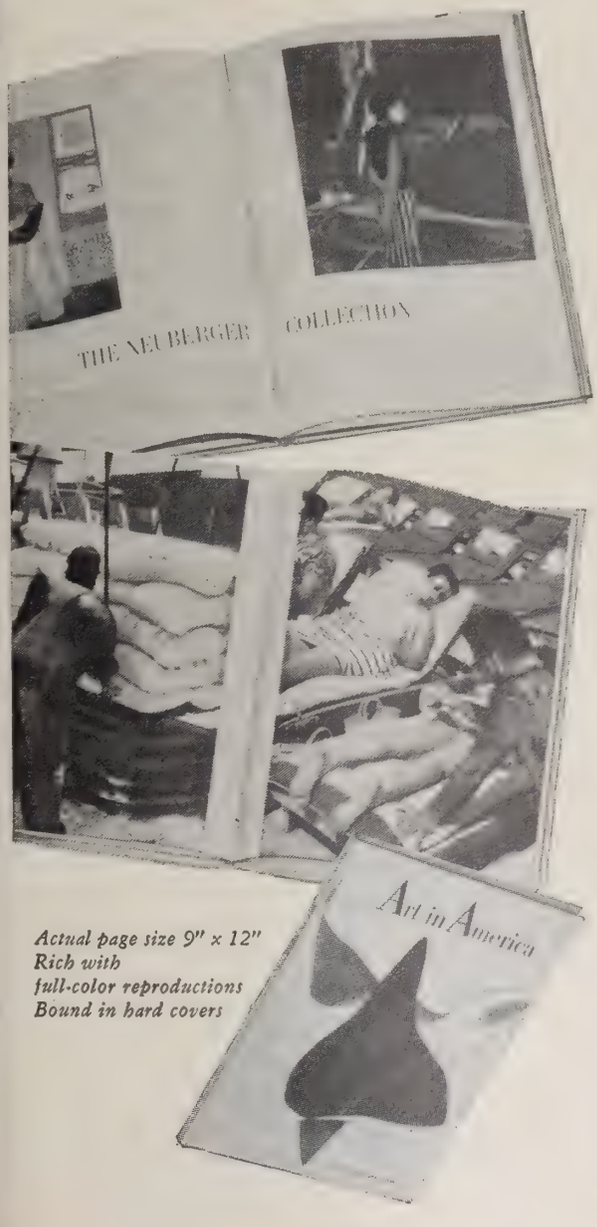
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courage most of all—he is no powerhouse in that body, nor in its Republican minority. He is in fact a minority man within a minority—and of course knows as much—for reasons that are in some small ways partly his "fault" and are in the larger sense inevitable.

The orthodox Senate Republicans so far give him all of their respect, much of their affection—and very little of their time. Of course, he has hardly a chemical trace of the joiner's blood. Too, his cast of mind is essentially judicious, in a forum where the quality of objective fairness is, so to speak, not universally prized. Again, he shrinks from that self-assertiveness which is so characteristic of Senate "successes"—outside the Southern wing—however blandly it may be covered over. In manner and personal grace he is a Southerner, but politically he is a strictly non-Southern representative of a Border State in a party which tends to prefer its Southerners to be excessively Southern-Southern Democrats and its Border State people to be far more tractable than John Sherman Cooper cares to be.

Beyond all this, however, Cooper's Republicanism is distinctly not the dominant Republicanism of the Senate. Congressional Republicanism for many years has been a breed apart from that "national" Republicanism which nominates—and sometimes actually elects—Republican candidates for President. Though its great exemplar, Robert A. Taft, is long dead, a certain variation of Taft Republicanism still holds the mind and heart of Congressional Republicanism. And it has that hold to an exceptional degree just now precisely because of those curious ills which beset the Republican Elephant and which cause the oddly humble muttering of self-analysis now going on within the party. For, the more pressing and complex its problems may become in a time of Democratic control of the White House, such as this, the more faithfully will orthodox Congressional Republicanism cling to the known brand of leadership and familiar symbols of the past.

This may seem pretty psychoanalytical stuff; all the same it is true. Cooper therefore faces an odd conflict. He is convinced that Gold-

water Republicanism—which has now to a degree superimposed itself upon Taft Republicanism—is leading the party to disaster in 1964, if not in this Congressional election year. He is not a rebel against Taft Republicanism, as such. He is in revolt against a Taft-*cum*-Goldwater Republicanism which he believes is decent but oversimplified, and, worse yet, not even authentic Republicanism—as he sees it, looking down the long past of his party.

In talking to Cooper, one has understandable difficulty in pinning him down to sharp definitions of what is proper and what is improper Republicanism. Being an intellectually honest man—and politician—he knows that such definitions are very hard to come by, and even harder to expound and defend in detail.

WHAT HE BELIEVES

STILL Cooper understands what he is talking about. His conviction is that the "true" Republican party was fairly well typified by Lincoln, by Theodore Roosevelt, and by Eisenhower. It is and should be more prudent than the Democratic party but need not therefore be either unimaginative or so enamored of the past—or of balanced budgets, for that matter—as to foreclose the present and mortgage the future. He shudders at past examples of Republican isolationism, believing these to be aberrations which no Lincoln, no Theodore Roosevelt, no Eisenhower, would have tolerated.

He strongly believes that the Republican party, because it is not bedeviled by Mason-Dixon Line trouble, is the natural instrument for promoting civil rights. This view, parenthetically, has helped to isolate him from the orthodox Republicans, both because they are in far less hurry about civil rights than he is and because he has been thrown into close association with such wholly non-Republican Republicans as Senators Javits of New York and Case of New Jersey.

He also strongly believes that the Republican party really does care more about states rights (in what to him is their proper sense) and local responsibility than does the Democratic party, nationally. Finally, he

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is convinced that the Republicans are more concerned with fiscal soundness than are the Democrats. To put the thing crudely, he believes that the Republicans ideally can do it better—"it" being the promotion of national interest and international stability—and can do it cheaper.

Therefore, what he is trying to do is to avoid a polarization of the GOP around this double center (a) the attractively simple but wrong foreign policy ideas of Goldwater and (b) those civil rights and social welfare ideas of many orthodox Republicans that are in practice so close to the Conservative Southern Democrats' beliefs. He can be described, in a catch-as-catch-can way, as a "liberal" Republican; except that his personal commitment to responsibility far outruns any personal commitment to reform.

Cooper's task is to prevent Goldwater Republicanism from becoming inextricably embedded in Taft Republicanism and so producing a condition of party sterility. How well—and even how—he will perform it he does not pretend to know. In recent months his mail has given him no cause for cheer. He has been at the receiving end of a large flow of steaming missives from Right and Far Right Republicans demanding to know why he doesn't get in there and help Goldwater save party and country. Some of these even come from rockbound, Cooper-bound Kentucky.

Temperamentally unable even to contemplate undertaking a loud, positive, and purple personal "crusade," he can only go the way he knows. This is the quiet, thoughtful way, preparing a reasoned speech here, raising a low and troubled occasional voice in Senate Republican caucuses and on the Senate floor, calling in unstrident tones upon the shades of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt and upon the still corporal image of Eisenhower.

THE MC CARTHY CASE

WHETHER he is "right" in his views on all this I do not know, nor much care; the politicians can take care of their politics. One thing anyhow is sure enough: There is more than one kind of success in politics. And one of those kinds, the rare

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success of esteem, is already firmly in the possession of Cooper of Kentucky.

This form of success is late in arriving; but, once gained, very slow to depart. And Cooper has been overmatched before this and out-hit in every inning until the last one. He was, for example, one of the earliest of all Senators to perceive the dangers of McCarthyism—and one of the first to do the patient, unheadlined work to find a responsible means for dealing with it. Characteristically, he spoke of his objections to McCarthy where they would do the most good, among fellow Republicans whom he was patiently trying to persuade to do their duty—knowing that it was the Senate and not public rallies which must bring McCarthy to book. Characteristically, he told McCarthy's friends of what he was doing before proclaiming his courage and purity to McCarthy's enemies. Characteristically, he took much risk but received little credit. The same has been true of his action on many other delicate and thankless issues, labor reform among them. But he won in the end.

So, when it comes to that, maybe John Sherman Cooper, tall, graying, earnest, and hesitant, can take care of himself, if the past is any guide.

Memo from Lincoln

I AM not a Know-Nothing; that is certain. How could I be? How can anyone who abhors the oppression of Negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people?

Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a Nation we began by declaring that "all men are created equal." We now practically read it "all men are created equal, except Negroes." When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read "all men are created equal, except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics."

When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy.

—Abraham Lincoln, letter to Joshua F. Speed, August 24, 1855 (Washington *Post*, September 12, 1960)



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ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Theatre: Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, and Some Others

EUGENE O'NEILL is certainly a very disturbing American figure. Perhaps no one of such desperate agonies and continuing success can be thought of as anything except a very special case. And yet there are ways in which he seems to sink into the despairing, muddy tracks already made by the suffering and disappointments of Poe and Melville. O'Neill's story is nearly incredible. His was a singularly distressing life and temperament. Almost any one around had an easier time. His art, in its defects and its power, did not have the sureness of the tradition out of which Poe and Melville came. O'Neill seems to have produced his work in unusual pain, because of the lack of the ordinary verbal gifts that most important writers take for granted.

One turns away from reading **O'Neill** by Arthur and Barbara Gelb (Harper, $12.50), a work of 900 pages, from a shorter book by Doris Alexander, **The Tempering of Eugene O'Neill** (Harcourt, Brace and World, $5.95), from **O'Neill and his Plays,** a collection of critical and personal essays about O'Neill, edited by Oscar Cargill, N. Bryllion Fagin, William J. Fisher (New York University Press, $7.50)—one turns away from these books much puzzled, feeling that here is the old story of misery and creation, but a story lived out with a special anguish and wonder and mystery.

As a life, the O'Neill story unfolds like that most dismal and constricted of Russian family novels, *The Golovlev Family*. You feel the O'Neills are under a blight—or "curse," to use a more O'Neillish word. At every turn there is heartlessness and emotional deprivation, and which is the cause or the effect one cannot know. One tragedy after another—tragedies of excess, of self-destruction, of refusal and escape. And the foundation of all this, as we see it, was built upon the unusually successful talents of the father and the son.

Eugene O'Neill was the son of a popular actor, James O'Neill. *A Long Day's Journey into Night* gives the son's idea of his family, but, as biography, it is too much the chagrined son's view of his father and leaves out the cheerful, industrious, and "lovable" side of the old actor as other people remembered him. But "other people" do not write the family story; it is always written from inside the prison, not from the street. The O'Neill children—Eugene, and his brother, Jamie—were certainly exposed to the peculiar neglect that the very existence of a famous parent is so likely to create—a neglect that, in this instance, left generations of devastation in its wake. The neglect will usually be coupled with a subtle and frightening expectation. The gifts of the parents are somehow to be turned into a distinct and special advantage to the child. Eugene O'Neill's parents moved about. The boy was put in boarding school at an early age. The successful, busy father and the weak, appealing mother—in Mrs. O'Neill's case, a drug addict. Eugene's brother, Jamie, became the most pathetic of alcoholics. He was a misbegotten creature, and died of drink at forty-five. Jamie was not a good actor and the only jobs he ever got were minor parts, which he played without distinction, in the productions in which his father was starred. Unlike Eugene, the other son did not have the talent or the sturdiness to withstand what seemed to have been unusual strains. He was fond of his weak mother and pulled himself together briefly after his father's death. But soon his mother died, too, and Jamie was left without moral necessity and quickly drank himself to death.

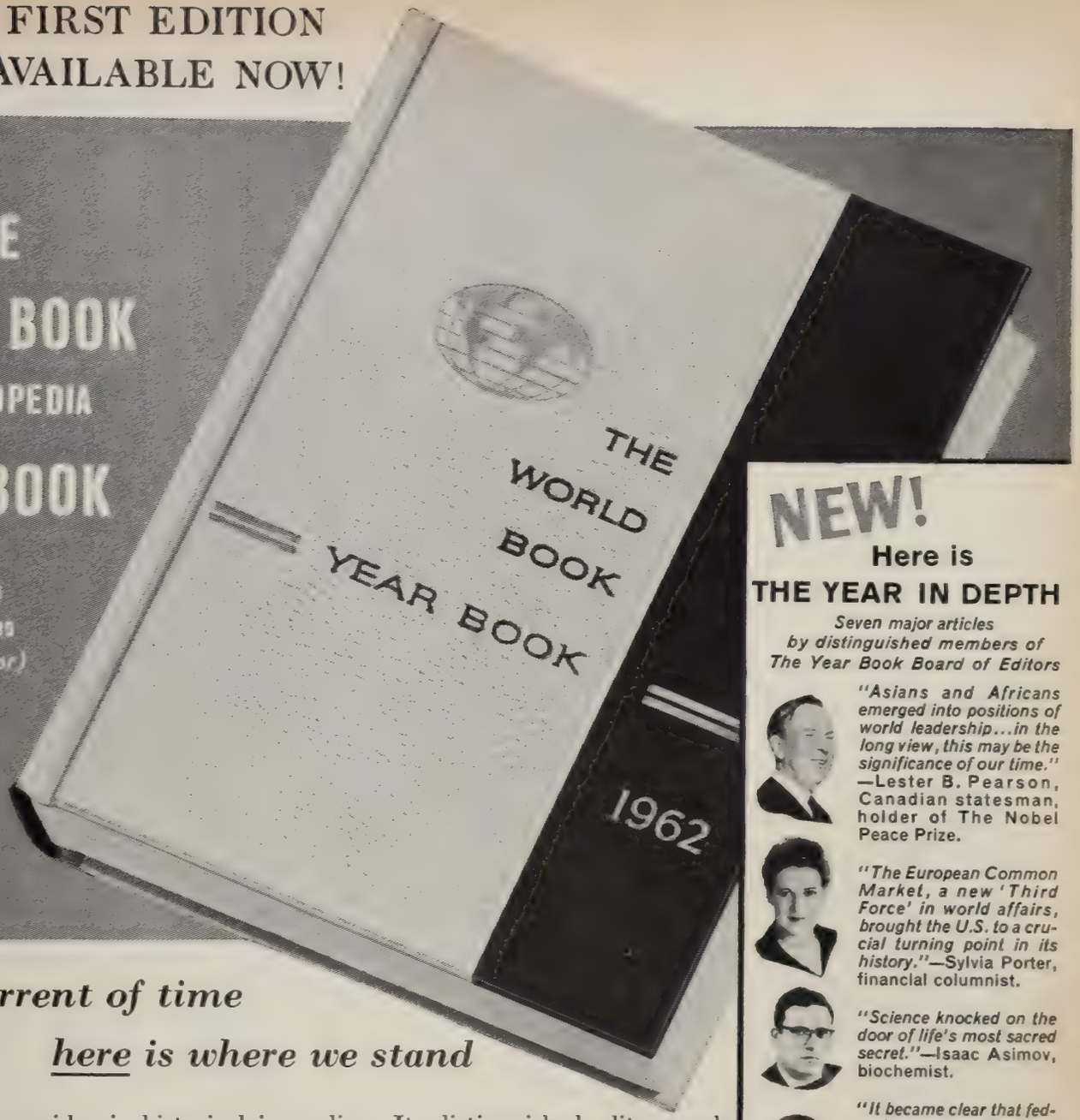
THREE GENERATIONS ON THE BOTTLE

EUGENE'S youth was spent under the shadow of his own intense alcoholism. Drink is a character in this tale, coming and going on the stage, with fateful persistence. In his youth Eugene once attempted suicide and his drinking was always of the suicidal kind—oblivion sought in "Hell's Hole." The saving thing was his really extraordinary capacity for work. (Forty-five published plays are listed in the Gelbs' index.) O'Neill's character and his actions were very much of the 1920s: he was a typical artist of that time, radically removed from comfortable society, ir-

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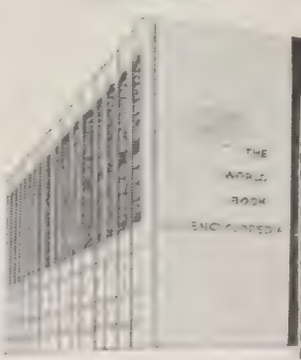
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responsible, and yet wholly dedicated to his art, in spite of disastrous personal relations. There are fashions in lives as in works.

When Eugene O'Neill himself became a father, the tragedies of his own family were not only repeated but redoubled. He was strangely vindictive, monumentally neglectful. His first son, Eugene, Jr., was not a son at all in the early years of his life. O'Neill's first marriage had come about in the most careless, unromantic way, after the girl, Kathleen, became pregnant. O'Neill's father wondered why she would want to marry "a drunken bum"—his son. The divorce came quickly after the marriage. Eugene O'Neill's son took his stepfather's name until at eleven he learned his true identity, that he was Eugene O'Neill, Jr., the son of the famous dramatist. It is interesting to discover that Eugene, Jr. was doing very badly until he discovered his real father. He reacted by trying to become worthy, by studying and making an effort. He succeeded brilliantly for many years and then he, too, this most promising person, was compelled to destroy himself, first by drink, and then, literally, by suicide. In spite of his gifts and his hard work, the young O'Neill could not break the ice of his father's appalling self-concentration, his withholding of himself, his really strange indifference. As it was, Eugene, Jr. came closer to his father than the two children by a second wife. Shane and Oona seem to have been actually disliked by their father. Shane was weak and sensitive and deteriorated under the indifference. In his will, Eugene O'Neill cut off his children and their descendants from any share in his considerable property. It was all left to his third wife, Carlotta, and after her death to whatever heir she chose.

O'Neill seems to have felt the claims of his parents and his brother more strongly than those of his children. He could feel sorrow for his mother's drug addiction, but seemed without pity for the addiction of his son. He could be sentimentally involved in the deterioration of Jamie; he lived in his own past as a brother and a son. The Gelbs say, "O'Neill, father of three children, had no interest in the world his progeny would inhabit. He was occupied exclusively with the world that had shaped his forebears and himself. In his view the O'Neills ended with him." Perhaps his own successful creative life had made him harsh about weakness. O'Neill was shy, insecure, and difficult; his steady effort to create significant dramatic works took everything out of him. He was restless and for the last decades of his life very ill. His third wife, Carlotta, looked after him with what seems, from these books, to have been a possessive fidelity not without its own agonies for the self-consuming O'Neill. "Born in a hotel room and died in a hotel room," O'Neill is supposed to have said of himself.

O'Neill by Barbara and Arthur Gelb is so complete that it puts Doris Alexander's book about the younger years somewhat in the shade. This is a misfortune, because *The Tempering of Eugene O'Neill* is commendable for its hold on the facts of O'Neill's early career; it is only that a capable, interesting work is rendered superfluous by a larger one. The exhaustive information of the Gelb *O'Neill* acts as a sort of artistic force, creating a good deal of drama by sheer abundance of detail. The book is reverent and yet it is candid. A great deal is told about everyone. The tragic and bewildering tangle of O'Neill's personality is unforgettably exposed.

WHY THE CRITICS WERE PUZZLED

AND the plays themselves. They are nearly always singular and impressive and nearly always, in some detail or another, not quite realized. The introduction to *O'Neill and his Plays* comes down rather hard on the dissatisfied critics. "O'Neill's plays are particularly vulnerable to the newer critical methodology. . . . There is an implication in Ferguson's discussion of Cummings' *him* that its inability to command an audience is somehow to its credit, and that, by contrast, O'Neill's ability to attract audiences to his plays is to his discredit." There is no question that nearly every work of O'Neill's has blemishes—"his lack of humor, sententiousness, sentimentality," as Rosamund Gilder says in a friendly review of *The Iceman Cometh.*

Lionel Trilling's very interesting and early essay on the "genius" of O'Neill puts it very well, when he speaks of "the power of genius itself, quite apart from its conclusions. . . . In O'Neill, despite the many failures of his art and thought, this force is inescapable." George Jean Nathan thought the author of *Mourning Becomes Electra* "the most courageous, the most independently exploratory, the most ambitious and resourceful dramatist in the present-day Anglo-American theatre." On the negative side consider: Eric Bentley's brilliant "Trying to like O'Neill," Mary McCarthy on *The Iceman,* Edmund Wilson's description of the early plays as "rather second-rate naturalistic pieces that owe their eminence, not to their intrinsic greatness, but as Marx said of John Stuart Mill, 'to the flatness of the surrounding country.' " Wilson feels, however, that O'Neill is a sure artist when he creates characters from the lower classes who speak in the vernacular.

The critical puzzle remains. Was it O'Neill or the European drama of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Chekhov that freed the American drama from falseness and gentility? Of course, there is always the certainty that in American drama O'Neill is pre-eminent. The extraordinary interest of *A*



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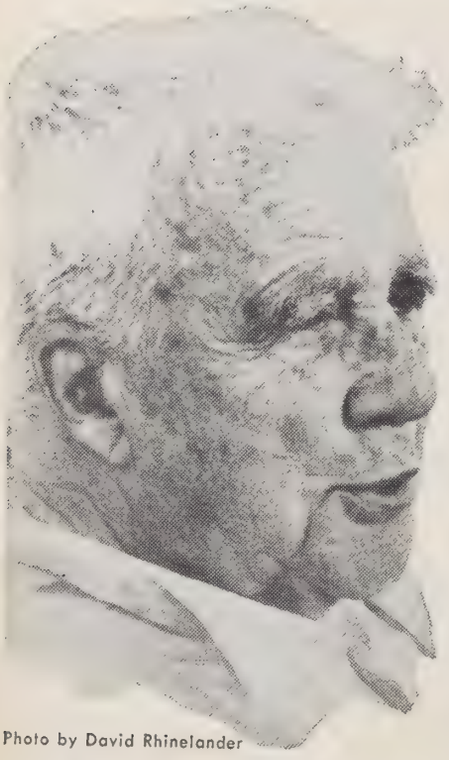


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THAT BUSINESSMAN TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

SIGNI FALK has addressed herself to the thorny problem of **Tennessee Williams** (Twayne, $3.50). This book is one in the publishers' series called "United States Authors." The design of the book is rather flat and the whole thing has an economical, pedagogical look to it that would seem to suggest a utilitarian purpose somewhat outside the necessity of the reviewer's scrutiny. And yet the work is interesting and definitely serious. Mrs. Falk has done an honest piece of writing; she is thorough and of complete scholarly competence if not of the most exhilarating inspiration as a stylist and critical commentator. The oddity of her completed project has to do with her attitude toward Williams. She does not seem to find him very sympathetic; she is almost offended by his choice of dramatic material and on her guard against the very foundation of his art. In addition to that she has other suspicions about Williams, and constantly must ask herself whether he is in fact an artist at all or merely a manufacturer of theatrical goods. She examines with admirable conscientiousness all of the plays and reports what was said in the press and periodicals about them; but somehow she seems to grow less rather than more enthusiastic as Williams' career moves forward from his first early plays and stories to his later well-known works for the theatre.

This is one summing up: "It is ironic that the playwright who could never describe a businessman except in terms of contempt and that the artist who had made so many pronouncements about art and freedom should have co-operated so wholeheartedly with the investors in the entertainment industry for mutual profit." About *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, we read, "It is even incredible that Tennessee Williams should have had the temerity to think that he was creating an acting role for Greta Garbo. This fact may be an illustration of . . . how deeply he has immersed himself in his own fantasies." This critic wonders whether Williams, with his perverse view of life and neurotic characters is *really* sick or merely "determined to strike it rich." And again, "But for Williams such plays—and lack of development—seem to have been good business."

While one is loath to berate the critical or even the frankly negative approach to an author's work, Mrs. Falk's courageous facing up to her own lack of conviction about Williams gives one pause as to her suitability for a full-length work on the subject. It is usually felt that one might write an essay—or several essays—about work thought to be trivial but not a whole book, except under the special circumstances of correcting or explaining the false views of other critics. Long, negative works that are not meant to change history would perhaps have to be outrageous to justify themselves: the delightful, perverse book on Samuel Butler by Malcolm Muggeridge, Robert Graves' *Wife to Mr. Milton*, etc. One cannot take a negative view in a routine way at such length without seeming to call the whole effort into question. Of course, Tennessee Williams is one of those mixed cases, like O'Neill, but mixed in a different way. Where O'Neill is clumsy and heavy, Williams is cheap and sensational—and both have the power to create characters and situations that make people want to go to the theatre. The only thing more intolerable than Mrs. Falk's rather wintry objectivity toward the subject of her book would be complete commendation and unlimited enthusiasm. Tennessee Williams' work could not easily endure that.

PLAYS AND ACTORS

ARE plays really literature? **The Contemporary Theatre** (Crown, $4.95), by Dr. Allen Lewis, concerns itself with so many magnificent plays and great authors that just to think of the list of his topics reminds one again of the peculiar glory of dramatic writing. *Ghosts, The Cherry Orchard*, Pirandello's *Henry IV*—to name only a few—would not lead to any question about whether they are literature. They have their being without production; but what of the

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MEN AND NATIONS

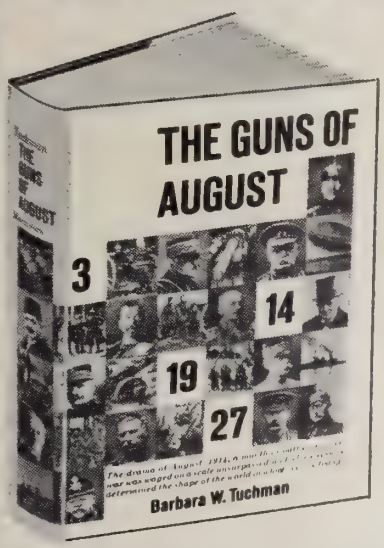
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plays about which it is said that their power lies in the effect they have upon an audience and not in their power to move the reader in his library? This is often said about Tennessee Williams and also about Eugene O'Neill. And in a sense some of the plays of the two men can be thought of as librettos, needing the voice and presence of the actor and the stage as the opera libretto needs the music and the singer. But under the conditions of the theatre as we know it, productions of old plays are few and far between, and an author who cannot survive in the library has little chance of surviving at all. Several generations of theatre-goers will have had to read *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* if they wished knowledge of those plays.

When you take the great canon that Dr. Lewis discusses—Ibsen, Strindberg, Chekhov, Shaw, Gorky, Pirandello, Lorca, Brecht—you remember how little of the time of the theatre goes into presenting the best contemporary drama to the audiences of America. Dr. Lewis' book is useful and even distinguished, especially for his taste and his love of the great theatre of our era. He has a rare gift for the summary of plots, for outlining the action of the various plays, and in his presentation of the mere bones of the work for suggesting its nature, its deepest meanings, and new ways of looking at it. And in the end, even the purest work of dramatic art is also a play for the stage. You cannot read through the action of say, *Henry IV*, without a longing to see it once more.

FROM HIS TEACHER

ACTORS, at least, seem to come out alive. The many persons who are going to read **George** (Random House, $5.95), an autobiography by Emlyn Williams, will find, for all the occasional sadness of Williams' youth, a young man very different from O'Neill. O'Neill was dour and tormented and painfully groping for expression; Emlyn Williams is bright, attractive, and articulate. He is an author, of course, the author of the very successful plays *The Corn Is Green* and *Night Must Fall*. He writes very well, with a rich,



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poetic Welsh fullness of language and memory. But he seems, by his nature, to be essentially an actor, to have that kind of openness and easiness.

Williams was born of very simple people in rural Wales. In a bleak and unpromising childhood, he did actually meet one of those vital schoolteachers, one of those Victorian personifications of Hope and Mercy, that bring light into a narrow world. This teacher and Emlyn Williams' (his real name in his home town was "George") relationship with her became the subject of *The Corn Is Green*, one of those warm, hopeful, romantic dramas that charm large audiences for their span of time. Williams went on to Oxford and then to his life as actor and playwright. No one can doubt—despite a seriously unhappy period at Oxford—that Williams has a gift for life and a pleasant capacity to put his talents as a writer and a performer to good use.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Tightening String, by Ann Bridge.

"The tightening string" is the German cordon in the first year of World War II, pulling closer and closer around Hungary and incidentally around the small British group attached to the Legation in Budapest. The people in that group are the protagonists of this chatty, always interesting, very British tale of intrigue, romance, and war. In everything Ann Bridge writes one can be sure of plenty of parties at Embassies or Legations, of intelligent observation of the country and customs where they are situated, of bright, pretty, but not *too* perfect women, of chin-up courage, and a wonderful British matter-of-factness in the midst of death and disaster. It's all here too. The efficient but very feminine heroine is the wife of the second-in-command at the Legation (Ann Bridge was herself wife of the Minister at the time), and her great preoccupation is in getting supplies to the thousands of British POWs in Germany after Dunkirk and the other disasters in that first year of war. One gets a vivid picture of the failures and bunglings of the British Red Cross in those months and gathers from this account that whatever warm clothes and food reached the prisoners in the winter of 1940-41 came through the dedicated efforts of the British staffs in Hungary and the Balkans with the generous aid of Hungarians, high and low. It's an exciting story, the pictures of the country and of upper-class life in prewar Hungary are extremely vivid, there's plenty of love interest, and the author, master craftsman that she is, keeps the narrative pace going even if occasionally at the cost of style. And in spite of the seriousness of her subject there is as always in her stories an aura of almost girlish innocence that I find endearing. An absorbing and informative evening's reading.

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The Ballad of the Running Man, by Shelley Smith.

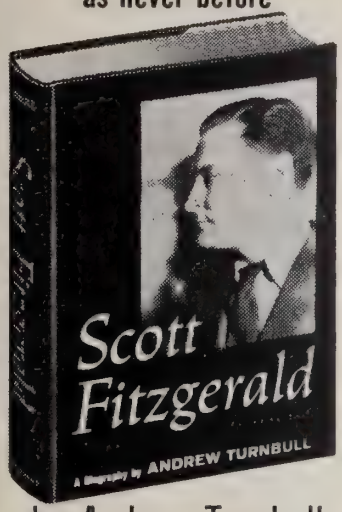
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My Father's House, by Shirley Eclov.

In brief, this short novel is the story of what happens when a beloved elderly parent moves into the home of a happily married daughter. Andrew and Rena are the mother and father of two children, a well-adjusted boy and a rebellious teenage daughter, and their suburban life jogged happily along with only the usual tensions until the death of Rena's mother. This leaves her father, a distinguished professor adored by his students (Andrew among them) alone in the big house where the family had lived when Rena was a child. Without any hesitation, Andrew and Rena invite him to come live with them. What happens to their feeling for him, to their

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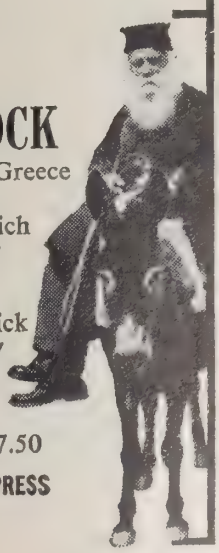
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growth in self-knowledge, and to their feeling for one another makes the story. It sounds routine and depressing. It is anything but. It is a wonderful commentary on the war between the generations. It is a wise book, amusing, and very human, and words that keep coming to mind in connection with it are truth, integrity, honesty.

Harper, $3.95

Short Stories

The Warm Country, by Donald Windham.

In the introduction to this collection, E. M. Forster writes: "They are simply written, they do not shout or fuss, they do not contain too much alcohol, and above all they are completely free from the slickness that comes from attending courses in creative literature. . . . To my mind the most important thing about [Mr. Windham] is that he believes in warmth." I can add very little to that except to say that it's hard to think that anyone who reads the first story, "Rosebud," won't go on for more.

Scribner, hard cover, $3.50
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Eleven Kinds of Loneliness, by Richard Yates.

Mr. Yates' first novel, *Revolutionary Road,* received high praise from such distinguished critics as John Ciardi, Tennessee Williams, and Alfred Kazin. Though I was less than enthusiastic about it, I find his short stories both eloquent and powerful and often wryly funny even when he's quietly tearing your heart out. As the title indicates, they are all on some aspect of the great theme, personal loneliness. My only quarrel with them is that they all seem loaded on the side of the lowly and inarticulate, who, one is not too surprised to find, are unable to communicate easily with their fellows. Are the rich or beautiful or "successful" never lonely then? Are they exempt from being part of the human race? His well-meaning but ineffectual elementary school teachers (there are stories about two of them) come closest to illustrating this more difficult side of the story and for that reason seemed to me particularly affecting.

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NON-FICTION

Scott Fitzgerald, by Andrew Turnbull.

Another biography of Scott Fitzgerald? The immediate reaction is, why?—even when one realizes with some surprise that there has grown up a whole new generation to read the Fitzgerald paperbacks since Mizener published *The Far Side of Paradise* in 1951. The new generation, though knowing Fitzgerald, may never have heard of Mizener, or of Budd Schulberg either.

As one of that large number whose lives and attitudes fringe-benefited from the Fitzgerald legends at the time of their making, I have read nearly everything published about him with a certain sense of identification and turned to this new biography in a definitely "Show-me" stance. It is true—how could it not be?—that some of the material is familiar. But the quality of this biography is very different from Mr. Mizener's book. It is not only because this one includes the Sheilah Graham material—the heart of the whole last episode in Fitzgerald's life which Mr. Mizener never mentions—nor even the fact that as a boy Mr. Turnbull knew Fitzgerald (the Fitzgeralds rented a house on his family's estate near Baltimore) though this, as he says, is the beginning of it. His research has been prodigious and he has written and talked to literally hundreds of people besides consulting all the usual sources.

What this author gives us is a sense of his own compassionate though not uncritical and never obtrusive involvement, personal and objective at the same time—no mean achievement. Because his sympathy is never sloppy it lends dignity to the Fitzgerald predicament, the tragic waste and anguish of every man kept from making the best of a great talent through his own frailty. Mr. Turnbull makes one feel intensely the indomitable striving against bitter odds and its greater pathos because the odds were so often self-imposed. His discussion of Fitzgerald's books and stories is intelligent and knowing but not exhaustive; it is always related to his life. This is clearly labeled biography.

Never did a universal subject have such dramatic personalities to illu trate it for a given era: the hanc some, gay, rich young man, who a twenty-three became the wildly su cessful author of the best-selling *Th Side of Paradise,* romantically ma ried to his love whose beauty an brilliance and unpredictability b came legendary almost overnight a the 'twenties took their place in th century. Though it all went s dreadfully wrong, there was an ir tegrity in them both which hel them to the ideal they had cherishe long after the reality was dead-indeed until the end. In an unpub lished essay written in 1940, Fitzger ald uses a quotation from Will Cather to sum up what he felt abou his generation. He could hav written it of Zelda. "We possesse together the precious, the incom municable past."

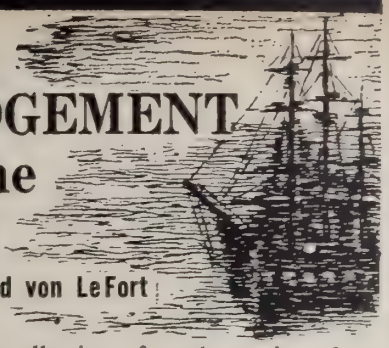
As Mr. Turnbull recalls it all, on has an almost unbearable sense o loss and of pity for the vanishe brightness of their too early and to shining promise. It is one of th saddest stories I have ever rea though it is full of extravagances an the people, both serious and gay who dominated the American scen in the 'twenties, and in this book i has at last the stature it deserves.

Scribner, $5.9

The Quaker Reader, selected and in troduced by Jessamyn West.

I have not yet read all of this stanch volume of 515 pages, but I have read in it; have read and reread Miss West's intelligent, searching and lively introduction—in itself a stimulating brief history of Quaker ism—and I know I shall often go back to these readings. They are excerpts all the way from the seven teenth-century George Fox to the twentieth-century Stuart Chase and Miss West lights the way with her illuminating headnotes. Her choices, as I have read them, reinforce and explain each other and the Quaker faith in a quite extraordinary way.

As she says in her introduction: "It is almost impossible for twentieth-century man to understand the passionate seriousness with which seventeenth-century man addressed himself to this hunt for God." She then shows why there was this preoccupation—among Quakers and non-Quakers alike—and with the

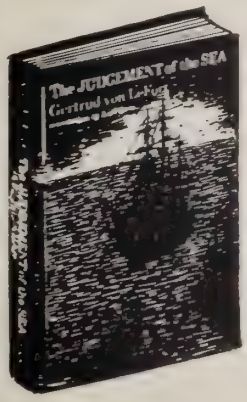


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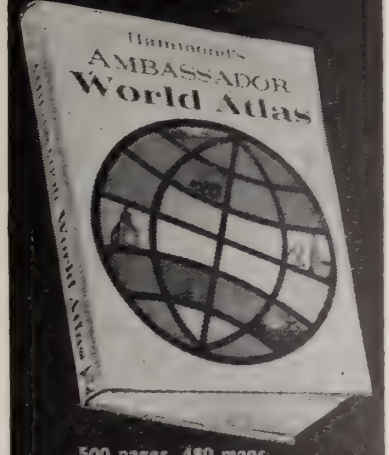
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

greatest clarity proceeds to give a succinct explanation of the Quaker belief and method which resulted from "this hunt." In conclusion, she gives, in the form of a game, a most interesting exposition of the similarities between Quakerism and Zen, Quakerism and the beliefs of Martin Buber, and Quakerism and Existentialism. In spite of her statement in the notes that in the assembling of her book "it is evident to me that, if you want a book the easiest thing to do is to write, not edit, it," the strain is nowhere apparent and I believe that this will be a volume that people will keep at hand for dipping into for pleasure and profit for many a day and not a few nights. By, of course, the author of *The Friendly Persuasion*. Viking, $6.95

In this day of the new political alignments of Right and Left there are two collections of essays both sides would do well to be familiar with, whether to praise or blame.

The Committee and Its Critics, by William F. Buckley, Jr. and the Editors of *National Review*.

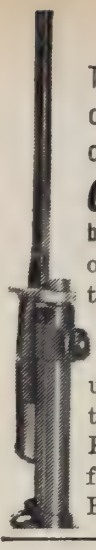
The subheading under the title reads: "A Calm Review of the House Committee on Un-American Activities." There is, of course, much to be said for "The Investigating Power of Congress" (James Burnham's essay herein) but when it is being said by a segment of the new Right, and a brilliant segment too, it is wise to read and listen with the facts well in hand and head. The book is dedicated to Esther Chambers, wife of Whittaker Chambers.

Putnam, $4.95

A Radical America, by Harvey Swados.

In this collection of pieces written over the last ten years Mr. Swados examines, among other things, "The Myth of the Happy Worker," "Labor's Cultural Degradation," "West Coast Waterfront: End of An Era," "The Dilemma of the Educated Woman," and a host of other literary and cultural subjects, ending with the article that brought in more letters than any other in the history of *Esquire* when it was published there in 1959, "Why Resign from the Human Race?"

Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5



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MUSIC *in the round*

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FOR THE SOPHISTICATED LISTENER

Now that the record companies have passed through the honeymoon period with the public, it is harder to find many special, unconventional recordings. But they exist. . . .

Most of the large record companies, being in business, are interested primarily in making records that will sell. A Van Cliburn, a Philadelphia Orchestra, a Tebaldi or Callas—these are big names, with big followings, and they keep their respective companies in business. The emphasis these days is on repertoire that moves fast (the companies are unhappy over a disc that goes under 50,000 copies), performed by big-name artists. And the repertoire is getting more and more commercial. Gone are the early, fevered days of LP, about ten years ago, when the small companies proliferated. In those days every month was a musical adventure, with unknown baroque composers being recorded left and right. Non-repertoire operas by Rossini, Verdi, and Bellini were coming out in profusion; chamber music was the order of the day; Haydn symphonies and Mozart masses made life pleasant for the adventurous listener.

Yet even today the record companies cannot live by bread alone. Unconventional repertoire may be getting harder and harder to find, but it nevertheless is there if one looks for it. And some of the records being released with little fanfare—really as loss leaders—are worth investigating. Some fine music is contained on them, and this music has the virtue of unfamiliarity. Consider, for example, a disc containing Weber's **Clarinet Concerto No. 2** and Spohr's **Clarinet Concerto No. 1,** with Gervase de Peyer and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis (Oiseau-Lyre 50204, mono; 60035, stereo).

Of these two composers, Carl Maria von Weber is the bigger name. He was perhaps the first out-and-out Romantic, whose piano music in texture and technique was far in advance of anything written at the time (Weber's dates are 1786-1826), whose operas (*Freischütz, Oberon, Euryanthe*) strongly influenced the next generation. Aside from his overtures and an occasional performance of the *Concertstück* for piano and orchestra, and of course the *Invitation to the Dance* (originally written as a piano piece), not much of his music remains in the repertoire. Yet a work like the Clarinet Concerto deserves occasional hearings. It is melodically pleasant, full of exciting virtuoso work, and has considerable personality.

Spohr is virtually forgotten today, although a violinist occasionally trots out one of the concertos. He was a contemporary of Weber, though he outlived him by many years (1784-1859). During those years, Spohr was a colossal figure, considered by most musicians to be on the level of a Beethoven. A great violinist, an important conductor (he was the one who introduced that sliver of wood known as the baton), a prolific composer, his influence was very strong. In his day he was especially known as an opera composer.

One does not get a chance to hear much of his music any more. But what one does hear is fascinating. Spohr was inclined toward academicism, and yet his writing contains many seeds of the Romantic movement. A score like the Clarinet Concerto is certainly as good as most early Schubert, say. It superimposes a strong personality on the classic formulas, and the concerto's last movement has real charm. It may be a rather dated, salon kind of charm, but there is enough vitality to make it quite interesting music. No apologies are needed for it; the concerto can be heard with enjoyment on its own terms. The superb performance by de Peyer naturally helps the cause. People who get this disc are due for a pleasant surprise.

Tough, Adventurous Ives

It still remains for the smaller companies to give us the unconventional aspects of the repertoire. One of the important discs of the last few months is devoted to Charles Ives' **Concord Sonata** in its entirety. It is played by George Pappa-Stavrou on a Composers Recordings, Inc., disc (CRI 150). This work has had an unusual history. Like most of Ives' music, it was completely forgotten until John Kirkpatrick made the ef-

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AND ALSO . . .

Classical Indian Music (London CS 6213, stereo).

Three Indian musicians participate in this exotic disc. Yehudi Menuhin makes a brief introductory speech, and there also are a few comments before each selection. This disc can serve as an introduction to the mysteries—and they *are* mysteries—of classical Indian music.

A Russell Oberlin Recital. Russell Oberlin, counter-tenor; Paul Maynard, harpsichord; Joseph Iadone, lute; Douglas Williams, piano (Decca 10032, mono; 710032, stereo).

Oberlin sings music by Robert Jones (an Elizabethan composer), Purcell, Schumann, and Wolf. His best work comes in the early music, which he handles beautifully. In German songs his voice is too restricted. Despite the exquisite taste and refinement he brings, there is a lack of power when power is needed, and none of the songs has a real climax.

Hindemith: Three Organ Sonatas. E. Power Biggs, organ (Columbia ML 5634, mono; MS 6234, stereo).

Neo-baroque music by the great German technician. Melodically the three sonatas may be a little dry, but the workmanship is impeccable, the recorded sound faithful, the performance expert.



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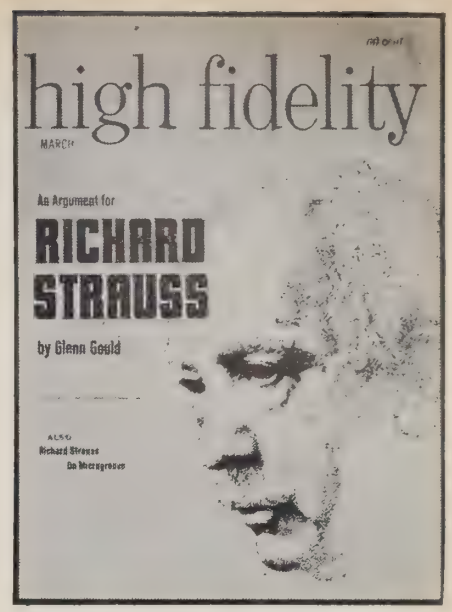
fort to learn it in the 1930s. What an effort! The piano writing is incredibly dense and complicated, and parts are frankly unplayable. Kirkpatrick was the only pianist ever to have made the attempt to master the entire work (individual movements were played by other pianists here and there). Then Kirkpatrick recorded it for Columbia, some fifteen years ago. The sonata was his property. Now comes young Pappa-Stavrou, a stronger and more authoritative pianist than Kirkpatrick, and obviously one with an equal amount of dedication.

The music is almost as hard for the listener to master. After several hearings, though, some of the dissonance will break down. Through it will be heard Ives' typical use of American elements. This is strong, adventurous music. It also has a good deal of wit. At one point it calls for a flutist to reinforce the pianist. This mélange of a piano sonata is one of the curiosa of the literature, and it also grows more and more fascinating every time one replays the disc.

Piano music of an entirely different kind can be heard on a disc named **Homage to Percy Grainger** and played by Eugene List (Vanguard 1072, mono). The Australian pianist-composer died last year, and List has resurrected some of the pieces that so delighted the audiences of the first quarter of this century (and which are virtually ignored today by concert musicians). Perhaps this disc may lead to a re-examination of Grainger's contribution. He was strongly influenced by folk music, and he composed jaunty, sophisticated piano pieces based on folk material. His ideas, however, ran counter to those of other folk specialists. A composer like Bartók, for example, wrote much nationalistic piano music in which the harmonies are spare, the rhythms complex, the melodies uncompromising. Bartók, like the others of his school, was trying to get back to the primitive basis of folk music.

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Grainger was quite the opposite. He liked pretty melodies, and he harmonized them with juicy, nineteenth-century chromatic progressions. A great pianist himself, he



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

composed his pieces with an eye to virtuoso effect. The writing is idiomatic, as contrasted to Bartók's percussive treatment of the piano. Grainger's music is charming and a lot of fun—but, alas, completely out of fashion nowadays. Which is too bad. Such expertly composed, sweet, and naïve music should not be allowed to be forgotten. The parallel would be Kreisler's inimitable salon music for the violin. List plays this music very well—clearly, with strong rhythm and an abundance of technique. It might be added that Grainger himself recorded a good deal of his own music from about 1915 to 1930. These discs are, of course, collectors' items. Perhaps Columbia could be persuaded to issue a memorial disc.

Several other out-of-the-way pieces of music can be recommended. Luigi Cherubini's **Requiem in C minor,** a large-scale, dignified, and powerful work, has been recorded by the Royal Philharmonic and the Roger Wagner Chorale conducted by Wagner (Capitol P 8570, mono; SP 8570, stereo). Altogether a delightful novelty is a disc of **Vocal Duets,** ranging from Purcell to Fauré, sung by Victoria de los Angeles and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Angel 35963, mono; S-35963, stereo). One of Ravel's most enchanting scores is **L'Enfant et les Sortilèges,** and it receives a brilliant performance (the stereo is spectacular) from a group of French singers and the French Television Orchestra conducted by Lorin Maazel (Deutsche Grammophon 18675, mono; 138675, stereo). Schubert's pretty **German Dances** are well played by Stewart Gordon, a first-class pianist (Washington 441, mono). And Town Hall has issued a **Song Recital** by the late Povla Frijsch (TH-2, available through Town Hall in New York). Frijsch was one of the great vocal interpreters of the century. Her voice may not have had the sheen of the international songbirds, but her taste was impeccable, her stylistic knowledge awesome, her musical elegance unparalleled. On this disc she sings music by Dvorak, Schubert, Schumann, Fauré, Grieg, Debussy, and others. Those who are not familiar with her old Victor records should get this reissue to find out how a great artist handles the song literature.

JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

EPIGON

Certainly it is no help to a ja musician to have served with La rence Welk. Not only is everyone wl listens predisposed to be skeptical befo the poor man sounds a note, but he hi self has to find one way after another apologizing—with honor—for what w after all only a job. The Dixielai clarinetist Pete Fountain has manag to strike the required pose of se effacing sincerity: "I guess," he remark to *Down Beat* when he quit the maest of bubbly inconsequence, "I gu champagne and bourbon don't mix."

Mr. Fountain may claim in his ov right to be a son of New Orleans bo and bred; thence he came, thither has returned (the albums below represe Fountain in his post-Welk, back-hor phase). He grew up in the city's tra tion and held his first professional j in a strip joint replacing his idol, Irvi Fazola, the night Fazola died. He is home in the idiom—almost too much home, as though it were *just* an idiom

Pete Fountain personifies a questi all of us must answer, one way or a other, for ourselves. He is good, if n a little better than good; otherwise the would be no question. He has richne articulation, competence, and—to my e —nothing else. The question is, assu ing a talent and technique comparal to Mr. Fountain's, how far it can ca on a tradition before tradition alo ceases to be enough.

The case for revolution, for "mode ism," in jazz as in any of the other ar rests on how you react to Mr. Founta and his compeers. I delight, I m confess. in the noise he makes. I "sounds" better than everyone he l learned from: he has made all th problems seem simple. The ones hasn't solved are his and mine, the pr lems of being alive now—and having fling against the fates some banner defiance that is ours alone. Separati champagne from bourbon is easy comparison.

Pete Fountain's New Orleans. Co CRL 57282. **The Blues, Pete Founta** Coral CRL 57284. **Pete Fountain D in New Orleans.** Coral CRL 573 **Pete Fountain at the Bateau Loun** Coral CRL 57314. **Pete Fountain S lutes the Great Clarinetists.** Co (stereo) CRL 757333. **Bourbon Stre Presenting Pete Fountain, Al Hi** Coral (stereo) CRL 757389.

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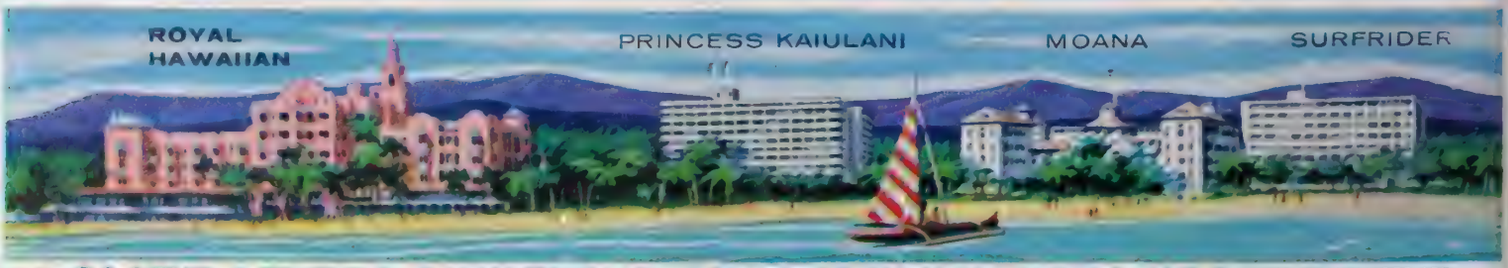


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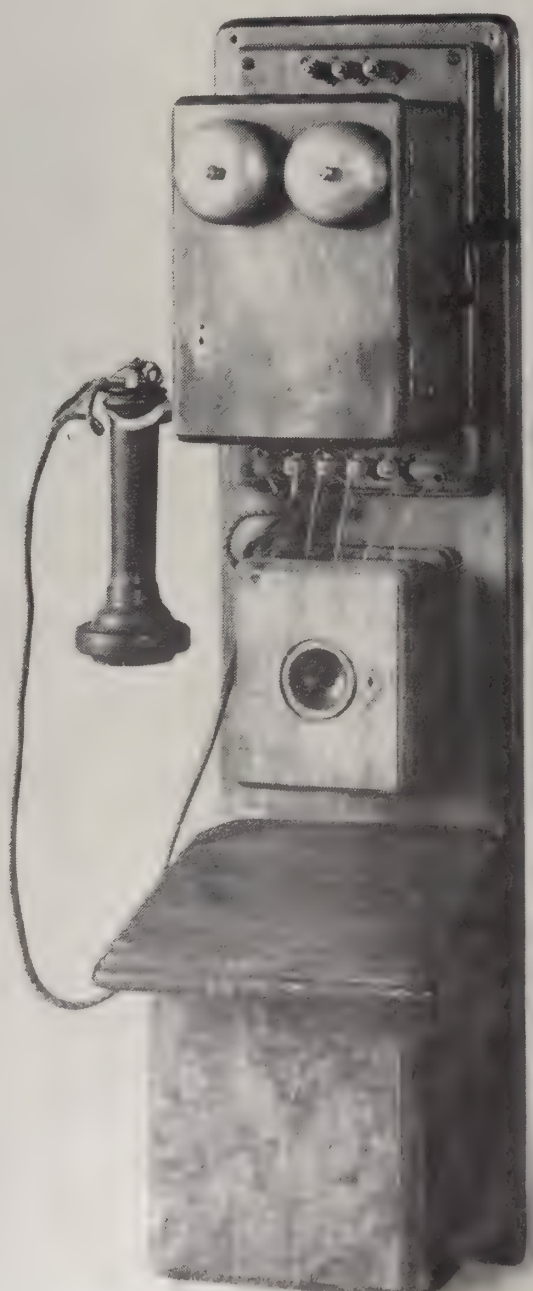
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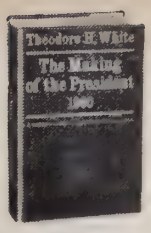
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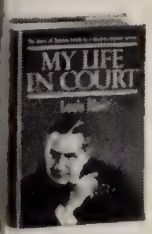
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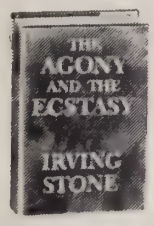
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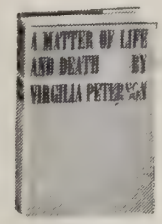
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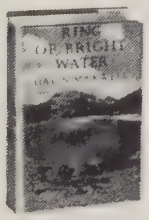
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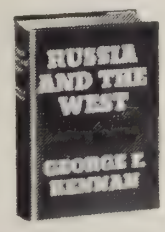
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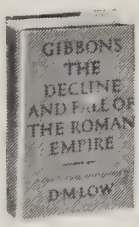
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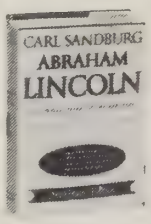
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LETTERS

Dangerous Extremes

To the Editors:

How could Alan F. Westin [in "The Deadly Parallels: Radical Right and Radical Left," April] fail to have mentioned one of the most disturbing doctrines of the Radical Right: that the Mental Health Movement—its supporters, practitioners, and thinkers—is a Communist conspiracy, designed to drive the policy-makers and their families insane? This [doctrine] has already become a thorn in the side of those, especially in California, who seek to provide state and municipally-supported mental health services to their people.

Paul D. Frederickson, M.A.
Psychological Clinic
Arizona State University
Tempe, Ariz.

Alan F. Westin has painted a realistic picture of the current wave of Birchers, anti-Communist crusaders, and other right-wing extremists. . . . However, . . . he says, "The Radical Left of 1946-48 and the Radical Right today both derive, of course, from the stream of American fundamentalism which goes back to the Know-Nothings of the 1850s, the Populists of the 1890s, and the Coughlinites of the 1930s." This ignores the fact that Henry A. Wallace, leader of the Progressives in 1948, has throughout his career led those who urged more extensive and more imaginative international programs. He supported Hull's tariff reductions. He advanced projects that were then attacked as "Globaloney" but which since have achieved respectability in current plans for economic development overseas. . . .

Donald R. Murphy
Des Moines, Ia.

Senator John Tower of Texas cannot be classed with the Radical Right, as was evidenced by his splendid performance on "Open End" March 25, and in his recent speeches. . . .

Thomas Rightmyer
Virginia Theological Seminary
Alexandria, Va.

Alan F. Westin makes a statement that "Coast Federal Savings and Loan Company in California, one of the five largest savings-and-loan institutions in the nation, distributes Birch literature and a steady stream of Radical Right materials." Coast Federal has never made any statement regarding the John Birch Society and has not circulated any of its literature. This false statement appears to have come from remarks which Senator Metcalf of Montana made on the floor of the Senate on Thursday, March 8. We invite any of your readers to obtain a copy of either our "Myths and Truths Folder" (which deals with Communist Myths by refuting them with the Free Enterprise Truths) or our study course manual on "The Truth About Communism."

S. A. Adair
Free Enterprise Dept.
Coast Federal Savings and Loan Assoc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Prof. Westin Replies:

Mr. Murphy assumes that the Wallacites were not "Fundamentalists" because they were not of the Know-Nothing branch of American fundamentalism. As I read American history, we have had two strands of Fundamentalism—Right-Fundamentalism, drawing on the Know-Nothings and Coughlinites with central appeals to prejudice, isolationism, and reactionary economic and social proposals; and Left-Fundamentalism, drawing on the "Doughfaces," Populists, and Wobblies, which have secondary appeals of prejudice and offer revolutionary proposals for economic and social reform. Modern Left-Fundamentalism, from the Wallacites to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, rests on a complete lack of understanding of Communist and nationalist totalitarianism, of international politics, and of domestic reform, and substitutes cries of "Fascist conspiracy" or the "military-industrial power elite" and substitutes a Utopian internationalism for sober analysis of reality.

As for Senator Tower, it may be that he is reconsidering his friendly relations with the lurid Radical Righters. Perhaps National Indignation Conventions will not secure his blessings hereafter. The performance on "Open End" (which was broadcast after my article was printed) certainly showed Senator Tower's discomfort at the behavior of the Courtneys. If the Senator is moving back to the centers of responsibility, nothing could be better news, though I think time and national mood will have to be the judges here.

Regarding Coast Federal Savings and Loan, it is my understanding that this firm distributed copies of a defense of the John Birch Society by one of the Society's most vocal members, Rep. John Rousselot of California. The California "patriotic bookstores" which Coast Federal constantly recommends in its
erature are unquestionably centers
Birch Society and other Radical Ri
literature. And among the "patrio
radio and television programs wh
Coast Federal tells all its customers
friends to watch are the programs
Rev. Dr. James Fifield, whose chu
was twice the host to Robert We
when he spoke in Los Angeles
whose programs feature straight Bi
doctrines.

Alan F. Wes
Columbia Univer
New York, N

Drugs Research Pl

To the Editors:

I wish to take this opportunity to c
gratulate you on your splendid arti
"The Great Narcotics Muddle" by B
jamin DeMott [March]. . . . One m
pertinent aspect of the article is
emphasis upon the need for additio
research and experimentation in te
niques for the prevention and cure
narcotics addiction, possibly through
establishment of experimental fede
narcotics clinics. I would like to bri
to the attention of your readers a f
ther measure which I introduced
April 3, 1962, together with seven oth
Senators, to provide a research supp
ment to the legislation which we had
ready introduced and which was fu
discussed in the article.

The new bill, S. 3098, would inclu
research into narcotic addiction with
a federal program already establish
for grants to states, non-profit organi
tions, or individuals for experimen
investigations, and research projects
the field of mental health. This measu
has been referred to the Senate Co
mittee on Labor and Public Welfa
Support for it from your readers to th
own legislators could help draw atte
tion to this much-needed legislation.

Jacob K. Jav
U. S. Senate, New Yo
Washington, D.

Rosacoke & C

To the Editors:

Reynolds Price has given us an u
forgettable heroine in Rosacoke Musti
[*A Long and Happy Life*, Special Su
plement, April]. Surely no one wh
reads the novel will forget the pow
and tension of the Christmas pagear
Perhaps it is easy to exaggerate the effe
of a first novel, but one might say th
Salinger in all his glory had not a scer
like one of these. . . .

Lewis C. Taishoi
New York, N.

I have never known Rosacoke Mu
tian's South, or her kind of people, bu

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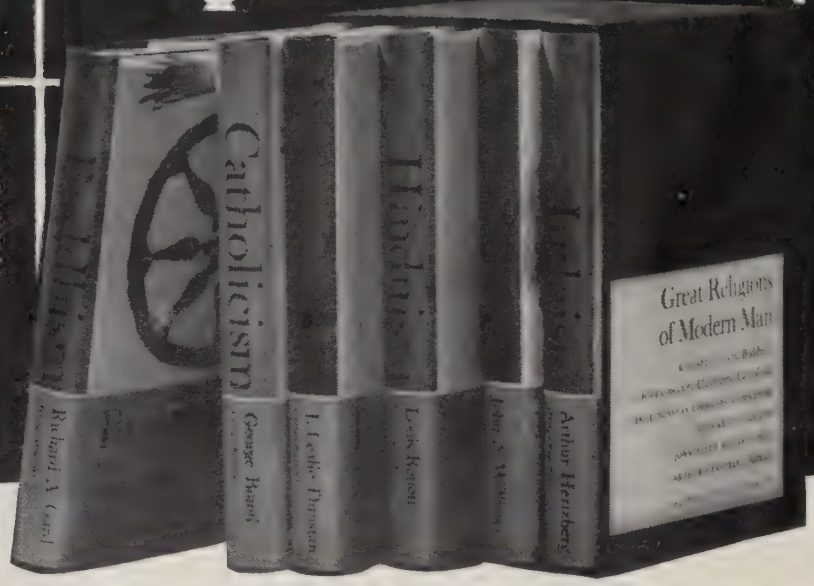
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"Jigger of Common Sense"

Knack With Gooseberries



by Julian P. Van Winkle

FOLKS often marvel that we old-time Kentucky distillers can take as lowly a cereal as field corn (more often a diet of *hogs* than of *humans*), add a few other grains along with yeast, mash it all with our Kentucky limestone water, and come up with an elixir as salubrious to the heart and soul of man as genuine, old-fashioned sour-mash Bourbon.

Reminds me of what those country cooks down Danville way can do with a mess of gooseberries!

Now the humble gooseberry, in case you've never sampled one straight off the bush, can pucker your mouth worse than a little old 'simmon, picked from the tree before the first frost. Plain fact is, your "mine-run" gooseberry is about the lowliest, no-account edible God ever caused to spring from his generous earth.

But turn one of those Boyle County women loose in her kitchen with a fresh-picked bowl of gooseberries, gently plucked at the time their fat bellies turn from green to sunshine yellow. Watch her add a drib of this to a drab of that and stir it amongst the fruit.

ENTER, KITCHEN MAGIC

Believe me, the pie she'll pull from the oven and slice on your plate will be something a man can say honest grace over, —golden crusts enfolding ambrosial berries, swimming in a sweet, winey sauce with a just a whisper of clove and cinnamon.

It takes that native knack! Danville cooks seem to have it, perhaps because gooseberries are so plentiful thereabouts, and they've had so many to tame!

But shun the pie that lacks the knack!

PEDDLER MISCALCULATES

One Danville family, for instance, once imported an uppity cook from way up North. She was great on Boston Baked Beans, but totally unschooled in the mysteries of the gooseberry.

An itinerant peddler once appeared at her kitchen door to ask for a handout.

"Ain't you de same man I give a piece of my gooseberry pie to las' Tuesday?" she querried.

"Yes indeedy, mam!" he replied. "But I hardly expected to find the same cook in dis yere kitchen *today!*"

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P. S. *I will be pleased to send you the Gooseberry Pie Recipe which won Blue Ribbon at the Harvest Festival in my home county many years back. Nothing finer has ever happened to elevate the humble status of the gooseberry. Send your request to me personally at the Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Fitzgerald Road, Louisville, Ky.*

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LETTERS

I know my own, and how they think a talk and behave, and I feel that R nolds Price has brought to life someth he knows, and he has done it w delicacy and dedication. . . . A long a happy life to him! JOY N. KR Greenbrae, Ca

The Bureaucrats' For

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations to Julius Duscha "The Undercover Fight over the Wil ness" [April]. There can be no quest of its veracity—unfortunately—as th of us who attempt to deal with Forest Service can attest. We have often been face to face with that w of bureaucratic blankness. . . .

KATHRYN KERSH
ISABELLE LY
Double K Mountain Ran
Goose Prairie, Wa

I am in complete agreement with M Duscha's charges of bureaucratic riva and efforts by federal governme agency heads to expand and perpetu their own agency influence through e pire building. However, I fail to s how these faults can be overcome by t establishment of a . . . super-ager (Bureau of Outdoor Recreation) to t the pyramid of three competing bure cracies, *i.e.*, Interior, Agriculture, a the Corps of Army Engineers. . . .

WILDON E. ROBFF
Poplar Bluff, M

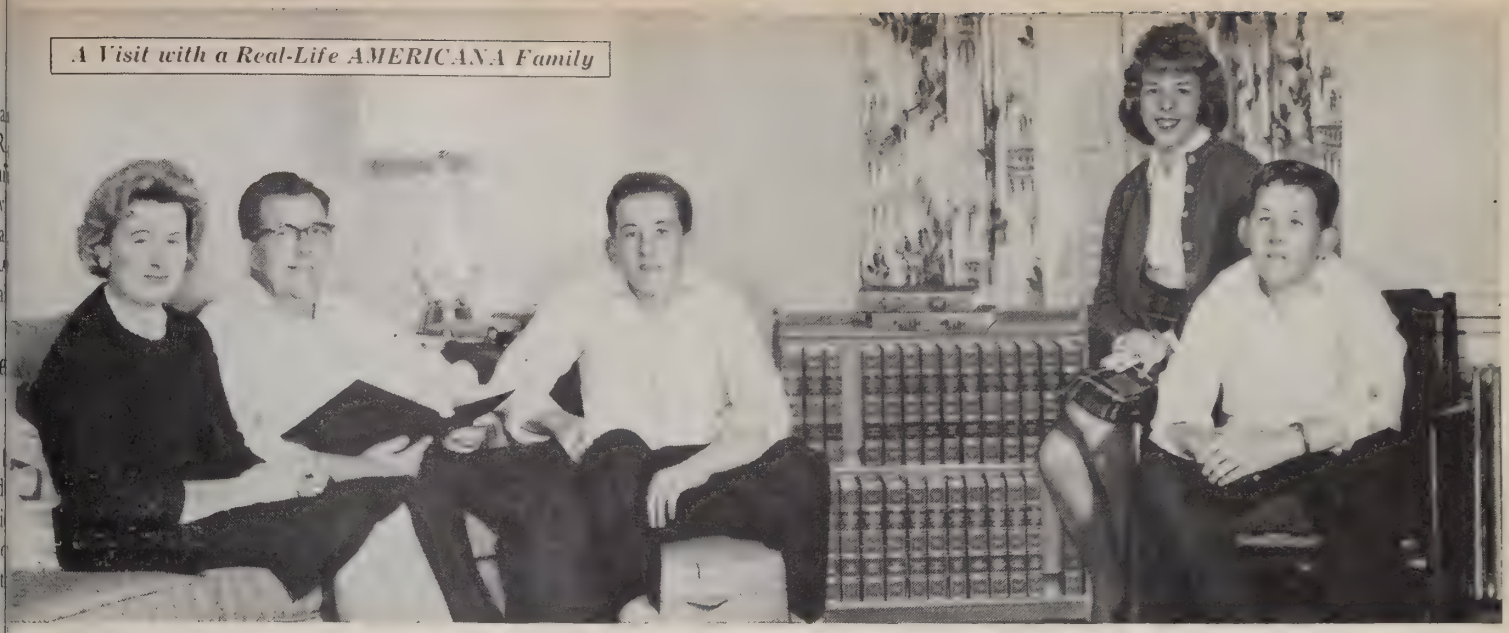
Mr. Duscha appears to set peculi standards for the behavior of pub servants in the Forest Service, for writes of its "disturbingly friendly re tions with users of forest land." T uses of which he writes are authoriz by law and most are paid for by t users. They furnish us with meat, clot ing, houses, paper, and living space. he is insinuating that the "friendly r lations" are corrupt, he does not kno the Forest Service very well.

Mr. Duscha . . . [implies] that the is a necessary conflict between use a conservation. Remember, the resourc we are discussing are not minerals; th are renewable. Those of us who are pr fessionals in . . . forestry are dedicate to a concept of *using* renewable r sources so that there will be an u diminished or increased supply for tho who come after us. . . .

JOHN W. DUFFIEL
Olympia, Was

The U. S. Forest Service has been pa ticularly obnoxious in its failure to c operate in establishment of great natur areas for national parks such as th Northern Cascades in Washington Stat

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—Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Campbell, Waltham, Mass.

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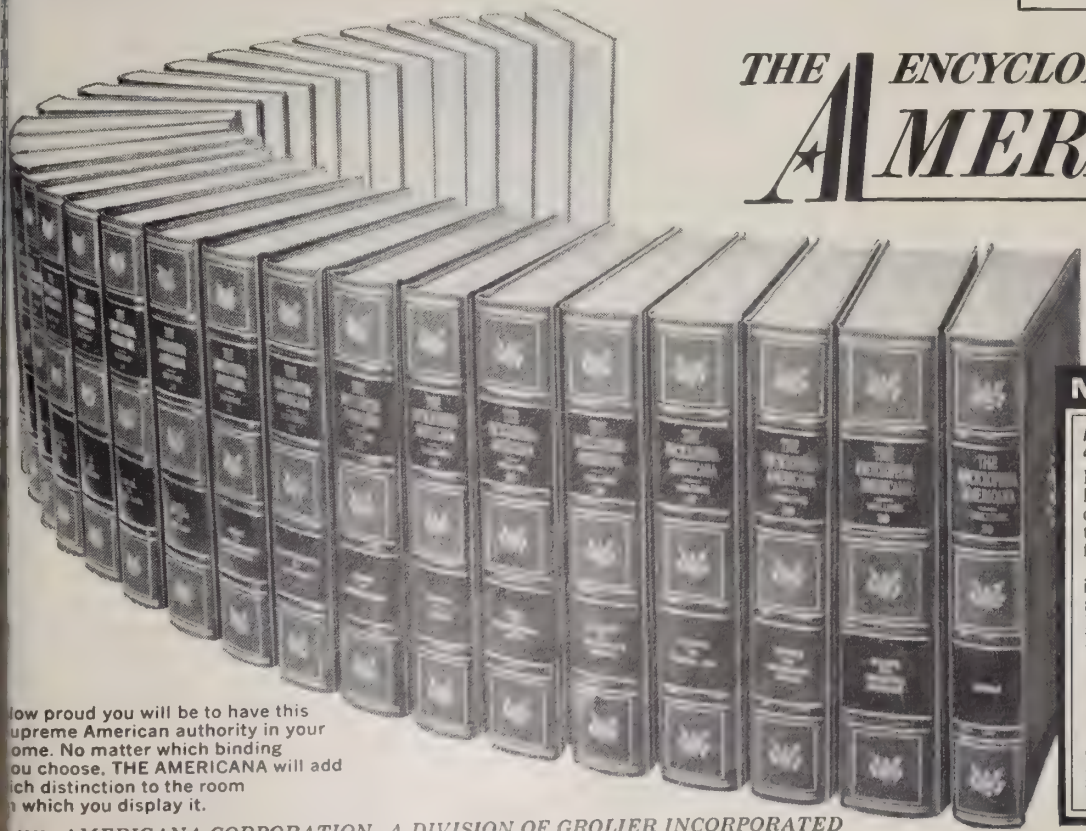
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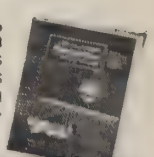
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RAYMOND MOSTEK, Vice-Pres.
Illinois Audubon Society
Chicago, Ill.

Who's Right?

TO THE EDITORS:

My congratulations on William S. White's excellent article ["How to Tell a Real Conservative from All Those Other Conservatives," Public & Personal] in the April issue of *Harper's*. In what I think is an unanswerable fashion, he has demonstrated how ridiculous it is to judge a legislator's record on the basis of the "numbers game."

JOHN V. LINDSAY
Member of Congress, N. Y.
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Inge on Art

TO THE EDITORS:

Leo Steinberg's "Contemporary Art and the Plight of Its Public" [March] seemed to invite comparative responses to the writer's conscientious perception of Jasper Johns's painting, "Target with Four Faces." His perception is most understandable. I offer mine only because it differs. The picture seemed to me to be a comparison of substances. I was shocked to perceive the soft contours of the human face next to the invulnerable target. The four mouths that feed and cry out in pain; the inflexible target that has no appetites, no responses. The picture seemed to me to express something about the nature of vulnerability. And I left the museum with the disturbing reminder that man is so easily disposed of.

WILLIAM INGE
New York, N. Y.

Quality Housing

TO THE EDITORS:

"Shell Housing: A Blessing with a Few Bugs in It" [A. M. Watkins, April] was a timely report on this growing industry. However . . . , asserting that banks and finance companies which finance shell houses should "take some responsibility for the quality of the product their money creates," the article goes on to quote an officer of our company as having stated, "We're not concerned with the houses. That's up to the company." . . .

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WILLIAM L. WILSON, Vice Pre
Universal C.I.T. Credit Cor
New York, N. Y

Footnot

TO THE EDITORS:

I enjoyed "A Slight Case of Librar Fever" [Marion K. Sanders, April] ver much, but isn't the author of *The Na ture of Biography* Professor John A Garraty instead of Oliver Garraty?

PAUL CONNOR
New York, N. Y

Mr. Connor is right. Apologies to Professor John for a slip of the typewriter.

THE EDITORS

Kudos to Teacher

TO THE EDITORS:

As the mother of a deaf young man, I deeply appreciate Virginia Kenny's article, "A Better Way to Teach Deaf Children" [March]. . . . I hope that *Harper's* will print other articles concerning the complex problems of deaf people.

PATRICIA G. WINALSKI
Consultant for the Deaf
Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare
Washington, D. C.

A-Bomb and the Eskimo

TO THE EDITORS:

Harper's has performed a valuable service by publicizing the Atomic Energy Commission's plan to blast a harbor in Alaska with atomic bombs ["The Disturbing Story of Project Chariot," by Paul Brooks and Joseph Foote, April]. . . . If Project Chariot goes through, the wildlife on which the Eskimos' livelihood depends could not possibly survive an atomic explosion undamaged. The Point Hope Eskimos would then share the fate of many primitive peoples all over the world. They would be forced to move to the city where, unemployable, bored, and deprived of their rightful place in the world, they could only become a social problem. . . .

VALERIE P. HOOK
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.



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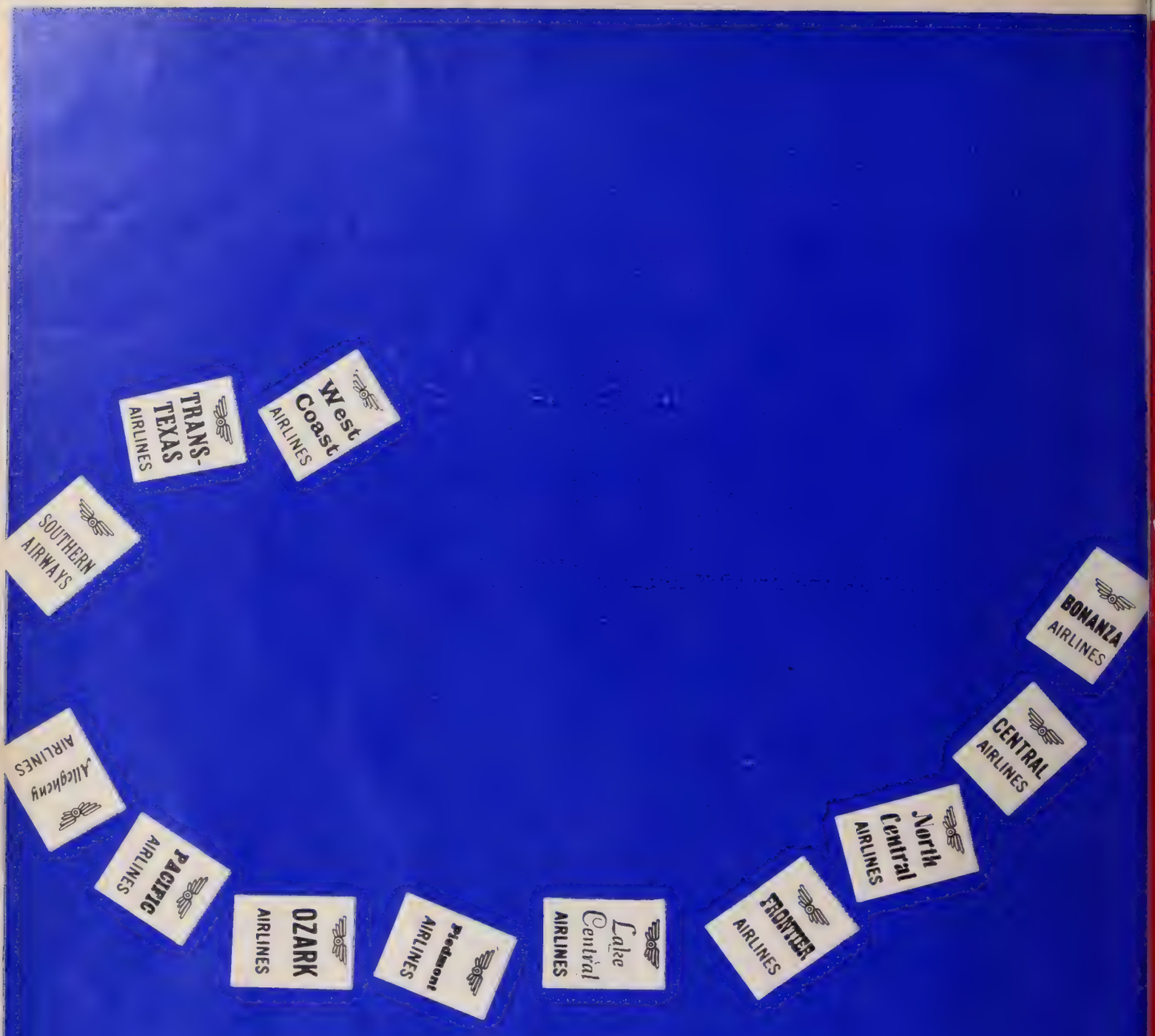
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What Makes a Really Good Newspaper And Why They Are So Rare

By PHILIP M. WAGNER

The guest in the Easy Chair this month reads the newspapers professionally as editor of the Baltimore "Sun." This article developed from ideas he expressed last fall while he was Regents' Lecturer at the University of California.

OUR system for spreading the news is something to be admired, and sometimes to be frightened by. If a beauty queen breaks into tears in Long Beach or Miami or a gendarme in Leopoldville goes berserk, the sad tidings are on the teletype machines in no time at all. Day budget and night budget, the news comes clicking in at the rate of 60 words a minute, and thanks to technical improvements the speed of transmission is shortly to be increased to 82 words per minute. Some newspapers have six or more wires going at the same time, which works out to 360 words a minute or 21,600 words an hour. This electrical logorrhea makes us—potentially at least—the best informed nation in the world. It also makes us the most overinformed nation in the world.

I am not thinking only of the trivia that crowd for wire time. The junk news is passed as soon as it is swallowed, probably without harmful effects. Our nervous culture seems to need a good deal of such roughage. What I am really thinking about is the quality of so much of the news that purports to be important yet serves only to alarm, confuse, and distract without contributing in the least to our nourishment. Back in the days when the cables were reserved for news of consequence and the rest went by the *Berengaria* or its equivalent (that was only a quarter-century ago, so that lots of working newspapermen can still remember it), the cannibals of Africa could stage a raid and enjoy the best cuts from the carcasses of their neighbors without our knowing the least thing about it. By the time the news of the banquet reached us here, if it ever reached us, the neighbors had been digested and there was nothing to be accomplished by writing letters to the editor or issuing appeals to world opinion. Earth tremors went unreported and the cables were reserved for real earthquakes. Our minds were not cluttered up by casual horrors and routine disasters.

Now? Now the casual horrors and the real disasters are thrown at newspaper readers without discrimination. In the contemporary arrangements for spreading the news, an important element, evaluation, is always weak and often wanting entirely. There is no point anywhere along the line where someone puts his foot down for certain and says This is important and That doesn't amount to a row of beans, deserves no one's attention, and should travel the wires no farther. The junk is dressed up to look as meaningful as the real news.

The funds and effort spent in the gathering of meaningless news quite pass belief. A good case was the meeting last June in Vienna between Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Kennedy. It was plain in advance that no hard news—that is to say, nothing definite about their conversation—would come out of this meeting. Yet a thousand reporters, with photographers, landed on Vienna, each under compulsion to produce his daily story. About what? About nothing. Certain comings and goings were reported, and certain noncommittal briefings by reticent press officers. We were told what the delegations had for breakfast, and there was some pageantry, and there were a few glowing photographs of the First Lady. The real substance of the meeting was not reported; nor had any of the reporters present expected it to be. The whole thing was just a distraction.

Here is another example of the lengths to which the press goes in what might be called distraction-reporting. It has to do with the death of Mr. Dag Hammarskjold. On the morning of last September 18, most American papers (including the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the Baltimore *Sun* and the Washington *Post*) carried the story of the meeting at Ndola between Mr. Hammarskjold and Mr. Tshombe, the Katangan president. The stories didn't say what went on between the two, but otherwise they were quite circumstantial: the landing of

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ADDRESS

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Mr. Hammarskjold's plane, the meeting in the airport, the departure for another rendezvous in separate cars. But a few hours later, early editions of our evening papers were carrying a rather different story: that of the crash of Mr. Hammarskjold's plane and his death. Mr. Hammarskjold had never arrived. There had been no meeting.

How is that piece of totally inaccurate reporting to be accounted for? Quite simply, and without much blame for the reporters. To begin with, they were strangers in an unknown and hostile land doing an all but impossible job. It was nighttime, and the guards kept them away from the airport building. Mr. Hammarskjold was due; an unmarked plane did arrive; they assumed it to be Mr. Hammarskjold's plane. They saw a party leave the plane, approach the airport building, and be welcomed. They *thought* they saw Mr. Hammarskjold. When the cars drove away, one or more reporters thought he saw Mr. Hammarskjold in one of them. As is the way of reporters under such difficult circumstances, they put their heads together in order to forestall queries from the home office about inconsistencies. Mr. Hammarskjold's death in the jungle, even as they were putting their heads together, exposed every one of the stories as false in every single particular. An accident of the trade. But my point is this: that even if Mr. Hammarskjold had landed safely and the story had held up, it would still not have been worth the effort and worth the writing—it was still not worth more than a stick of type—for it would not have added a single point of substance to the unfolding account of the Congo melodrama.

MUCH of the news of our day is grossly overreported in the sense that no real distinction is made between hard news and the elaboration of meaningless and merely distracting detail. Worse, the real story can sometimes be missed even when it is there to be told, through this absorption in sensational diversions.

There was just such a miss in the reporting of one of the biggest news stories of the past few years. This was the interrelated story of the May Day downing of the U-2 plane and the Paris summit meeting that followed, in the spring of 1960. By great good luck I was in Moscow on May Day of that year and in Paris for the denouement.

In Moscow there had been rumors for several days that Something Big was going to be blown off to celebrate May Day. Nothing was. But those of us in the reviewing stand next to Lenin's Tomb (which is reserved for defectors from the West, VIPs from the satellites, and visiting newspapermen) were puzzled by the excited conversation that continued right through the big parade among the members of the Presidium, up there on top of the Tomb. It was a conversation so absorbing that no more than one member of the Presidium at a time was spared for the actual business of taking the salute.

Not until five days later, when the grandstand miscellany had scattered far and wide, did any of us realize what the talk up there on the Tomb had been all about. There was a five-day interval before Mr. Khrushchev let the world know that the U-2 had actually been winged (or had fluttered down) that very May Day morning an hour or two before we had all assembled.

There followed the sensational story. Mr. Eisenhower, after some false starts, blurted out the truth, which was that we had been spying this way for years. There was a great weeping and wailing, first that the President had so naïvely told the truth, instead of using the diplomatic lie, and second, that this country could possibly have been so inept as to send over the U-2 just before the summit meeting and thus risk upsetting it. Mr. Khrushchev's public anger mounted, culminating in that outburst in Paris and the collapse of the conference. Following the story, American newspaper readers were left with a sense of shock and humiliation, a feeling that the United States had been somehow disgraced and mismanaged.

The other and balancing half of the story was almost wholly neglected in our press.

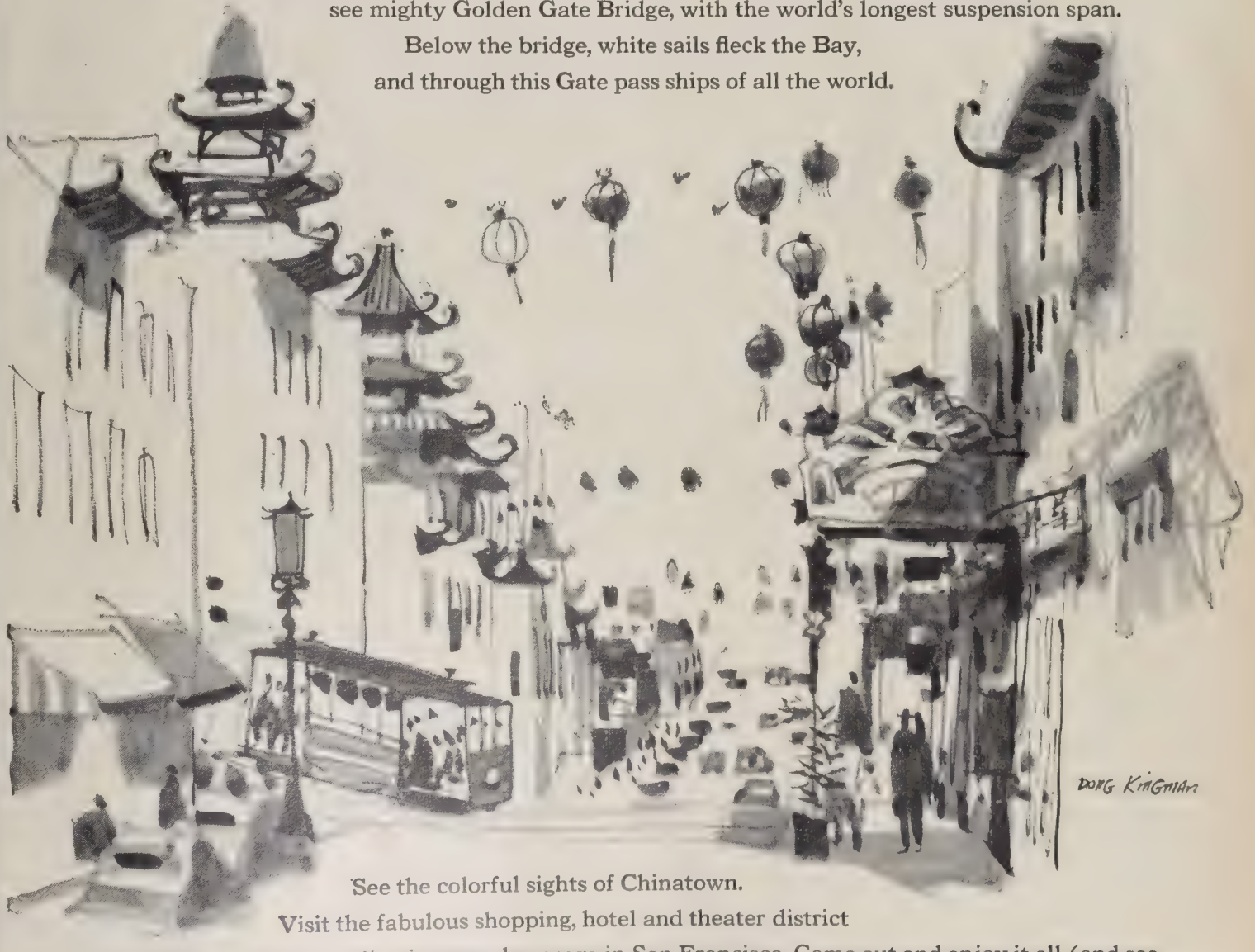
The first and most important of the gains from the U-2 incident was the excuse it gave, not to us but to the Russians, for aborting the summit meeting. One way or another this abortion needed to be induced since the alternative was just such a struggle over Berlin as we are even now engaged in. During and after his trip to this country, Khrushchev had mistaken Ike's good nature for pliancy. No one had made it clear to him, although the Eisenhower career contained plenty of supporting evidence, that a taste for compromise in small things can be consistent with stony obstinacy in big things. At no point had Eisenhower, in fact, shown the slightest give on the substance of the Berlin question.

This truth had begun to bear in on Khrushchev by April of 1960, less than a month before the agreed meeting in Paris. To yield in Paris on the Berlin matter was out of the question for Khrushchev, since his prestige and possibly his fate at home were involved; and not to yield, and thereby to butt straight into the mulishness of Eisenhower, had suddenly begun to seem terribly dangerous. One way or another a new wave of ill feeling had to be built up and the summit meeting made to miscarry. There was strong intimation of this in Khrushchev's belligerent speech in Baku two or three days before May Day, his first real break with the "Spirit of Camp David." The U-2 provided the perfect opportunity to complete the miscarriage. Khrushchev could and did, on the basis of this alone, retreat in Paris under a covering fire of abuse so heavy

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that most of the world took it for an offensive rather than a retreat. But retreat it was. On Berlin and East Germany he had been stood down, and had concluded that on these matters he could get precisely nowhere and had better wait for an easier mark. He waited almost exactly a year. He waited until after Laos and Cuba.

This abortion of the summit was not the only valuable by-product of U-2, though it was the most important. Ike's blurting out of the truth about spying by air had a number of wholesome effects.

For one thing it invoked a sudden respect for American intelligence work which had not been general in Europe. It invoked that same respect in Russia. It also caused abrupt revision of estimates of American military strength, and such estimates are important influences on the course of diplomacy. If we had been able to keep that secret, what other secrets were we perhaps keeping? Were we as weak as many had been saying? Possibly not. It caused other revisions of judgment. U-2 was a damning commentary on the supposed invulnerability of Russian air defense.

Then there was that point about our ineptitude in flying the U-2 just then. There was no intimation in the press that, in view of the rumors, it would have been an act of negligence *not* to have had a U-2 in the air that day. For all anyone knows, the Powers U-2 was not the only one flying that day, either.

These and other considerations were valuable and important by-products, perhaps even the most important elements, in the story of U-2 and the Paris summit. They were treated that way in the more thoughtful fraction of the European press. But did you get so much as a hint of them in your paper, or from broadcasters? In a few cases, yes. For most papers they got lost in the excitement of Mr. Khrushchev's boorish behavior.

THEN there is the contrast between the efficiency of our system of news distribution and the thinness of actual news coverage. There is really no help for this. But it is something most newspaper readers are unaware of. Their judgment of the news will be more discriminating if they understand that the press is not omniscient.

This came to me for the first time and most vividly way back in 1936 when I had a freshman tour of newspaper duty abroad, in London. Going to my first meeting of the American correspondents' association, I found myself one of a group of fourteen men, the total including the resident correspondent of the New York *Women's Wear Daily*. There may have been two or three absentees that noon. But this *was* the American press corps. For me it was a sudden discovery that, except for special pieces by passers-through, and press mobilizations for the big stories that could be anticipated, every line from London in the news columns of the American press originated with the members of this little group of rather ordinary men. For what the American newspaper reader knew of British life and affairs, he was dependent on us—about evenly divided between wire-service men and individual correspondents of a handful of American newspapers.

The situation is now much better so far as London is concerned, as might be expected. But what I found in London in 1936 is very much the case today in many of the great news centers of the world. The resident English-language press in Moscow—a gallant little crowd—fits easily for cocktails in the living-room of a medium-sized Moscow apartment (and does so pretty regularly in homesickness and the instinct to draw together). The press services— AP, UP, and Reuters—have from two to four men each. Three American newspapers—the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and my own—have resident correspondents. The individual British papers have none, though they send frequent visitors. A few men representing the news magazines and specialized services complete the list. What comes out of Moscow comes mainly from this handful. They tell us, against heavy handicaps, what we know of life there. All the rest of Russia goes uncovered.

The formal restraints on reporting from Russia account for this, in part. They do not account for the thinness of coverage in, say, Latin America or Southeast Asia including the subcontinent of India (where again the correspondents of individual papers can be counted on one hand), or in Africa or the Middle East or for that matter most of Europe. Many of the outpost reporters serving in these areas are quite literally monopolists of the news, serving as stringers for one or more wire services, doing odd journalistic jobs on speculation or on command whenever the opportunity comes their way. If they are competent men, the world is the gainer; but it goes without saying that quality in such circumstances is uneven, the integrity of the writer cannot always be confirmed, and accuracy cannot be automatically assumed.

What must be even more surprising is the thinness of coverage right here at home in the center of our national news, Washington. Washington has a very large press corps. The roster of the National Press Club is substantial, and the State Department auditorium is easily filled by a glamour press conference. The trouble is that most of the Washington press corps runs as a herd, concentrating on the "big" story of the day to the neglect of much else. The news services have large staffs, and a few papers priding themselves on their national news maintain bureaus ranging from a half-dozen full-time correspondents to three times that number. But most of the so-called bureaus in Washington are one-man affairs. Except for an hour of gossip at the Press Club or at one of the other informal meeting places, and for what a lonesome man picks up from his home Congressional delegation, and the steady stream of inspired handouts, the average Washington reporter never gets beneath the surface of the day's one obvious story.

Not even the wire services can be said to do a thorough job. I cite the case of a reporter for one of the two big domestic wire services. This reporter's "beat" embraces the entire Department of Justice, including the FBI; the entire Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, including the Food and Drug Administration; the Interstate Commerce Commission; the Federal Trade Commission; the Federal Communications Commission; the Post Office Department; the Civil Service Commission; and on occasion the Su-



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The Anatomy Of Success

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eme Court; plus pinch-hitting on ories requiring some knowledge of e arts, and interviews requiring ench. If this reporter has ten inutes for whipping through a Su-eme Court decision before filing e first lead on it, that is excep-onal. I hasten to say that when a g story breaks, a "beat" reporter ch as this one gets reinforcement; d also that the coverage of the her wire service, though arranged fferently, is no thicker. But re-ember that most American papers epend on one or the other of the ig services for *all* of their Washing-n news coverage. Most news edi-rs are as innocent as their readers bout the real state of affairs.

All things considered, the job done y the services is really astonishing; et such reporting has to be super-cial, and there is no time at all for al digging. This is a condition that rows more aggravated day by day s the federal bureaucracy continues swell and to take over more and ore of the governmental respon-bilities that were formerly dis-harged by the states and localities nd hence subject to the restraint of ll local illumination and criticism. here are thousands of floor-acres of bholders in and around Washing-n who sit braiding their red tape rom one year to the next with-ut ever seeing a reporter. They ave never known the sanitizing ef-ect of a few shrewd reportorial ques-ions. They carry on, affecting the ives of all of us in the most intimate etail yet knowing no responsibility xcept to other jobholders and to the nnual scrutiny of some overworked ongressional committee. If the ress is partly to blame for this, I mphasize that it is only partly so: he real cause of the dangerously hin reporting of our national affairs which increasingly embrace our ocal affairs as well) is the massive ulk and the complexity of the busi-ess of government. If the foreign-id people are found, for example, hipping Metrecal to underfed Lao-ians (as in fact they have been), the iscovery is only a fluke. In vast reas, our national operation is sub-ect to no scrutiny.

Of course, the reporting of national nd international news is by no means the whole job of the press. Until these past few decades it had not even been accounted a primary function: those seriously concerned for the way the world was going were welcome to pursue their inquiries in the weeklies, the monthlies, the quarterly reviews, and the specialized press. The newspaper press, following out the pattern of our uniquely decentralized federal system, has always been a *provincial* press. That has been its pride and its strength. With very few exceptions this applies to the big-city papers as well as to our small-town dailies and weeklies. In the face-to-face journalism of city, county, and state affairs, most of our press works with integrity and efficiency, fully conscious of its role of intermediary between the people and their government and able and willing to play this role.

I will not say that this is the invariable rule. In this as in every aspect of newspaper journalism a great deal depends on the publisher. H. L. Mencken has spoken of "the singularly primitive mind of the newspaper publisher." Like most generalizations, this needs qualification. Still it is quite true that great numbers of them are where they are by accident and unaware of any real difference between making and selling glue and putting together and selling news and opinion.

Yet the most loutish of them can get it through his head that the town he lives in, the place where he pays taxes, ought to be reasonably well governed; so that in spite of the frequent handicap of a boss who reads figures more easily than he does words, who has never cracked a book, and whose capacity for sustained thought is nil, the local reporting is apt to be competent. There are thousands of city-hall reporters in this country who know the local government better than the mayor does. Unsung and badly rewarded, they are one-man task forces holding back the political wolves, burglars, and pickpockets. Most state governments get much the same sort of steady, knowledgeable, cold-eyed scrutiny from reporters and editors who know their work and have a real sense of vocation.

But a press historically aligned to a *federal* system of government, and hence provincial in character, now finds itself thrashing about in strange waters. Where *is* that federal system, founded on the proposition that states and localities have a responsibility to take care of themselves? The 1960 Democratic platform failed even to mention it, for the first time since the party was founded. The federal system may not be dead, but it is awfully sick.

I am not insisting that this development, this progressive withering away of the federal union in favor of a concentrated unitary system is a good thing or a bad historically, though my own belief is that it is loaded with menace to freedom. I do insist that a provincially oriented press is badly equipped to cope with the consequence of the present drift. When so much of the decision-making power—on roads and schools and water and public order and health and the conduct of every sort of enterprise and the care of the helpless—is lost in the anonymity of Washington, the old face-to-face journalistic scrutiny, the power to give steady illumination to public affairs, becomes next to impossible. And it cannot be restored by packing yet another small-town reporter off to Washington and its journalistic herd life. As centralized government absorbs and displaces the federal system, the grip of the press on public affairs, and through it the grip of the citizen, is loosened. Public affairs become not the province of the citizen nor even, really, of his elected representative, but of the anonymous specialist responsible only to government itself, which is to say to no one. More often than not, the man who makes the decision is beyond reach—if indeed he can be identified.

So if the affairs that head up in Washington are covered sparsely, and an essentially provincial press seems in danger of losing its way, the newspapers themselves are only in part to blame. Their loss of journalistic grip is, so to speak, in the nature of the times. And when to overt politics is added the ingredient of that "closed politics" of which C. P. Snow has written so vividly—the closed politics that determines without even the knowledge of Congress whether to invade Cuba or not, whether to build a new bomb, whether to develop a U-2 program—

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then the grip is further loosened.

One may say much the same thing of the handling of world-wide news. It is there, for one thing, that the closed politics flourishes most exclusively. The economics of a truly thorough world-wide coverage is prohibitive. And even granting that it might be possible, there is a limit to the amount of information that can be gathered, processed and finally absorbed by the ultimate consumer, the newspaper reader.

IT seems to me that the answer—in so far as the press can provide an answer—lies not in more information but in a better choice of information. This means more discriminating reporting, and a much more discriminating use of reporters. It means not having wasted one thousand good men on that trip to Vienna last June, when twenty reporters plus a few photographers focusing mainly on Mrs. Kennedy could have dealt with the pageantry just as well. It means an end to such traveling circuses as that which trooped back and forth across this country when Mr. Khrushchev visited here in 1959. It means less of the merely spectacular and more of the kind of thing that really informs. It means news editing of a more restrained and critical sort—not, to be sure, in such well-loved categories of news entertainment (for entertainment they are, however badly this may reflect on the tastes of the human race) as fires, floods, murder, crime in general, and high-voltage divorces—but in the journalism that tries to show the direction of contemporary history.

And I think, carrying the argument further, it will require some better solution than most American papers have found to the problem of editorial responsibility. This is something which, in spite of their good intentions, a great many American newspapers have fumbled badly.

Let me illustrate what I mean by reference to five great European newspapers: *Le Monde* of Paris, the *Times* of London, the *Guardian* of Manchester (and now also of London), and the weekly *Economist* and *Observer*, also of London. Each of these has an editor who holds by contract with the proprietors total responsibility for the printed product. He is a man with a point of view, and it is expected that his point of view will inform the entire paper.

In practice he is polite to and even friendly with the proprietors. In practice he may rarely censor or throw out an advertisement, for he delegates the commercial responsibility to a business manager. In practice he delegates much of his authority over the writing and selection of the news that is printed. But it is his point of view that prevails and gives coherence and consistency to the whole product; and this point of view is daily expounded in relation to the passing scene in his leaders, or editorials. It is the tight-knit relationship between the news and the commentary upon it that makes these papers meaningful and therefore great.

We order things differently. In normal American practice, final responsibility is lodged with a publisher rather than an editor. The difference is enormous. In so many cases it is the difference between a man whose first concern is a business and a man whose first concern is the printed word in the form of a newspaper.

We also make a distinction between "objectivity" in the news columns and "opinion" on the editorial page. It is a distinction which is appealing as an abstract. It also has certain practical virtues as a discipline to hotspur reporters; and in those cases when a paper's publisher has the requisite qualities it can yield brilliant results. More often the business problems of a large publishing enterprise so absorb the attention of a publisher that the men in charge of the "objective" news columns and the page of "opinion"—that is, the editorial page—must work out their separate fates in the face of constant uncertainty.

"Objectivity" then becomes in all too many cases an excuse for not making the news judgments that matter, since judgments might be taken to imply a point of view and hence "bias" or "prejudice" in reporting—something an "objective" news editor is not supposed to have. The valid ideal of objectivity degenerates into a series of snap judgments on what will catch the eye of the most readers.

The "opinion" editor has other

Teen-Age Girls Need Much Better Health Guidance

Our Young Women Eat Poor Diets And Pay In Loss Of Natural Beauty And Vitality.

Our failure to encourage our children to develop sane d sensible health habits early in life is one of the para-xes of this age of increasing knowledge and affluence. is situation might actually be termed tragic in the case millions of teen-age girls who have not learned that their lure to follow sound health habits makes it doubly hard, not impossible, for them to achieve the physical appear-ce and the vitality which so many of them want. These ls crave this to the point where they readily adopt olish and expensive, often dangerous, fads to try to nieve their goals.

Although we are often described as being a "child-ntered" society, parental striving to provide a good life our children does not necessarily mean that we are al-ys doing those things which might provide true happi-ss for our youngsters. When we fail as badly as we have til now in teaching our daughters how to eat properly that their chances of achieving good health would be proved, we can hardly claim to be the intelligent and ightened parents we would like to think we are.

A number of studies conducted by State Agricultural periment Stations and by the Institute of Home Eco-mics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture have been nmarized in a booklet published in October 1959 by the lifornia Agricultural Experiment Station. NUTRI-ONAL STATUS U.S.A. reports that generally the nutri-nal status of the American people is fairly good, but e diets of the teen-age girls presented the least favorable ture of all those examined."

Girls Often Ignore Sound Nutrition

This unfavorable picture in the nutritional status of n-age girls cuts across the board so far as socio-eco-nic levels are concerned. These girls don't have poor ts because they live in underprivileged homes or be-use their parents are uneducated. A large percentage of se girls have diets deficient in several very important d nutrients because in too many cases we parents and ers who are responsible for guiding the health habits of young people fail to fulfill our responsibilities. Boys parently avoid most dietary deficiencies simply because y are often "bottomless pits" when it comes to food and enough food so that they experience few nutrient iciencies.

Girls, however, become intensely interested in physical pearance early in their teens, and they also want enough ality to keep up with their various groups. They do not derstand in many cases that heredity, rather than any gic pills and potions, will determine the basic shape ir bodies will take. There is much that can be done, of urse, through following sound health habits, including well balanced diet, to influence the young lady's physical velopment, as well as to assure her the energy and vigor wants.

Weight control is extremely important in the lives of se young girls, and it is often pitiful to witness these ngsters suffering through one crisis after another. If a ng person has been allowed to develop those poor eat-ing and exercise habits which lead to excess weight, then every effort should be made by sympathetic parents and others to help the teen-ager learn to adopt new lifetime eating patterns rather than to stay on that fruitless tread-mill of trying one fad diet after another, a plan that seldom accomplishes true weight control and which often leads to emotional problems of great magnitude.

They Must Learn From Adult Examples

Teen-age girls need our attention and well planned help. They must be guided toward sound health habits, includ-ing recognition of the need for adequate rest and for a program of physical activity that will help them develop their young bodies adequately. They must learn to eat for fitness as well as for enjoyment, and one eating goal here does not conflict with the other! They can easily learn to follow the Daily Food Guide, to select their foods from the four major groups: (1) milk and milk products; (2) meats, poultry, and fish; (3) fruits and vegetables; (4) grains and cereals.

Of course, all of us have to learn to balance total food intake with energy needs. For teen-agers obesity is often a tragedy, not only because it is physically unattractive but also because, in many cases, the obesity indicates that the young person is trying to solve some emotional problems by stuffing with food.

Most of us in this country believe that our children are our most precious resource. We spare little effort and few dollars to provide the very best for our children—new schools, more teachers, etc. Yet we often fail to realize how badly many of us fall down on the job of helping our children right at our own family dinner tables where we parents should be teaching our children some of the most important habits they will ever develop, including eating a daily diet that is satisfactory both in quantity and quality.

We might well keep in mind, too, that it is far more effective to teach by example rather than by preaching. Teen-age girls might overcome their calcium deficiencies if they were observing their mothers drinking milk as a regular part of the meal pattern. As a matter of fact, since the studies of nutritional status indicate that the mothers of teen-age girls aren't doing as well as they should in select-ing adequate diets, perhaps we have here the makings of an excellent mother-daughter project for many years to come —to learn together how to eat in order to enjoy better health.

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THE EASY CHAIR

difficulties in such circumstanc Opinions, if well and strongly e pressed, always raise counteropi ions, and they can be awkward. B the "opinion" man in most new paper situations has no real ma date. In no real sense can he proje a point of view. The publish sweating to meet the payroll, su denly discovers opinions in his pap conflicting with one or another his few general ideas. The opinic man is called to the carpet. Or a other opinion may arouse publ protest too strong and distractin for a publisher's liking. The opi ion man is called to the carpet agai He is like a helmsman who is neith given bearings nor allowed to s bearings himself. What passes fo editorial opinion soon winds up i the hands of a hack too spiritless an cynical to care. That half of th newspaper's proper function whic is to give meaning to the news i simply abdicated. Or else it i handed over by default to syndicate columnists whose opinions have name attached, who therefore do no commit the paper to a point of view and whose output may be bough cheaply by the yard.

LOOKING at the rank and file o our papers, it is hard to say which traits are the more distressing: th abysmal condition of our editoria pages, the routine-mindedness an frivolity and refusal to face real de cisions which pass for "objectivity" in the news columns, or the failure to realize that the two—the news and a point of view toward it—are ele ments of equal importance in mak ing the daily record of our times.

A newspaper that is not informed throughout by a conscious point of view, a set of basic ideas, a public philosophy if you want to call it that, is a cripple. In that sense most American newspapers are cripples.

Do I exaggerate? A little, perhaps. There are and always have been exceptions. The identity of these exceptional papers varies with the fortunes of the publishing business. Some come up, and some go down. But in my time there have never been more than a few dozen functioning simultaneously in the United States. All things considered, I do not expect the number to increase very greatly.

AFTER HOURS



DRIVING IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

By Eric Larrabee

FOR the past three years my wife and I have indulged in a acation enterprise we had always oped would be possible, without xactly knowing that it was. We had vondered what would happen if ou flew to London or Paris, hired car, and simply took off into the ountryside—without a prearranged lan, without reservations in adance, and therefore without a tight chedule that had to be observed at ny cost. Our experience is admitedly slight, but on the basis of it am prepared to assert that the thing an be done, provided . . . and the provided" is the excuse for the otes which follow.

It should first of all be stipulated hat we went always in October. Partly this is a matter of habit, partly f personal preference. Fall is a good ime to go to Europe, where the veather is chancy anyhow, and nything is better than being there n tourist season. Besides, the *Guide Michelin* gives September and October as the preferred months for vacationing in every part of France except the Pyrenees, the Alps, Normandy, and Corsica, which is good enough for me.

We found in both England and France that in October we could move around pretty much at will. England is a foreign culture, whatever your Anglophiliac impulses may tell you, but I had had some experience of it in youth and was therefore willing to risk the arrangement of creature comforts to the telephone. (As my wife pointed out, after the first shock of witnessing it, I seem to know how to say "K'you," which is the basis of British social discourse.) We would phone ahead each morning or midday for reservations that night, and only once were we disappointed at being unable to stay where we had wanted. In France, telephoning is best left to professionals with hardened larynxes and no consciences, but the proprietors wherever we stayed were always willing—in fact, they were amused and challenged—to make the call for the next night's stop, neatly entering the long-distance charge on the bill. Again we had only one disappointment, and that in three weeks' voyaging.

The next secret of successful foreign travel is to hire a *small* car. There is a general transatlantic delusion that Americans are so wedded to their native folkways that they prefer to travel in American cars, or facsimiles thereof. Tourists, unless they specify to the contrary, are apt to have foisted off on them the vehicles in which Europeans imagine they will be most comfortable—which is to say, one of our own monsters or, at the very least, Consuls or Citroen sedans. Now it is a fact of nature that small country lanes in neither France nor England can safely be navigated by a large car, not to speak of the folly of using up a great deal of gasoline in places where gasoline is not regarded—at least not yet, not quite—as a necessity of life. The only solution is to demand beforehand either a Morris Minor or a Renault Dauphine, or a reasonable equivalent, and not to take any excuses if at the last moment an unsatisfactory substitute appears.

From what little we saw, the car agencies in either country are relatively reliable. Their charges are competitive and not excessive, and their automobiles for rent seem to be kept (like ours) in a state of slightly sloppy but tolerable usability. We drove a Ford Anglia in England, which did not wholly sell me on joint Anglo-American enterprise in view of the engine's frequent reluctance to get started in the morning, but I was assured this is a common failing. The two Dauphines we drove in France were pure delights—with one slight warning. The second time, in a flush of Gallic confidence, I forgot to pay close attention to the condition of the tires when I accepted the car, with the result that I now know how to say "flat" *(pneu crevé)* in French. The verb form is: *J'ai crevé. J'ai crevé trois fois.*

THERE is a fiction shared by some Americans that driving in England and France presents special difficulties, possibly because the English drive on the wrong side of the road and the French are reputed to drive on both sides. Your fears, madam, are groundless. Driving on the left as the English do is a knack, greatly facilitated by the fact that their steering wheel is also on the wrong side, thus getting you into the spirit of the thing. They, and especially their policemen (ah there, cliché expert!), are tolerant of the routine mishaps. "Got a little confused back there, didn't we?" is the severest admonition I had addressed to me by a bobby. British drivers are some-

thing else again, however, and now is perhaps the time to face up to one of the unhappiest judgments it is my painful duty to record. I am convinced that as far as the national performance at driving is concerned, they—to grab at another cliché—arrange these matters better in France.

Please note that I did not say the French are "better" drivers than the English. I doubt that any nationality turns up a statistical predominance of innate higher skills at this, or virtually any other activity. It is a matter of the prevailing cultural climate, and all I maintain is that the climate is more favorable to the preservation of life and limb south of the Channel than north. French driving is a perfectly logical procedure provided you observe its central principle, which is to keep moving. Forge on ahead. *Toujours de l'audace.* The only mistake is to stop, whether out of courtesy or cowardice, and this applies not only to motorists but also to pedestrians. Whether you are on wheels or afoot, the one thing you can be sure of—if you stop or step aside—is that you will arouse nothing in the breast of loyal Frenchmen but confusion and contempt. I speak of this as someone who has entered the traffic circle around the Arc de Triomphe and emerged unscathed on the other side. *Pfui.*

The difficulty with the British is that they have not decided what roads are for. To relapse into the jargon of popular sociology, they are trying to sustain more than one automotive subculture on a single road-net. As is well known, the roads of England consist of paved and well-maintained bicycle tracks, laid out by the cook whose cakes King Alfred burned and approximately wide enough for Hengist to pass Horsa, provided both are holding a safe distance and not exceeding the speed limit, which is unlikely, since there is no speed limit. On British roads you will find, simultaneously, the following:

(1) rural vehicular traffic made up of very slow moving—or, more likely, stationary—wagons and carts (these are to be found mainly on curves);

(2) the middle-class or, as we would say, normal subculture of cars proceeding about their own business at something in the vicinity of forty-five miles per hour; but also—and this is the catch—

(3) an aristocratic, sports-car culture of tweed-capped would-be Guards officers in Jaguars weaving in and out of the other two cultures at any rate from 80 mph on up. I will grant that some Frenchmen sometimes drive a wee bit perhaps too fast (my wife, after several exposures, began referring to them as *Peugeodistes)* but surely there is nothing in the fatherland of *liberté, égalité,* etc., to equal the confusion caused in rural Britain by the mixing of car-borne classes which an all-seeing Providence had never intended to come in contact with one another.

Both countries have just arrived on the edge of the automotive age. It is an ironic thing for an American to have to observe them as they now go about making all the mistakes we made, as though their scorn for the American motor-car mentality had merely blinded them to the possibility that they might catch the same disease. The traffic in London or Paris already makes New York seem like a quiet, well-regulated country hamlet by comparison, and it is even more difficult in either European capital to find a place to park. Both countries are laying out superhighways, building by-passes around small towns, and ripping up the edge of streets to widen them. The French are even beginning to cut down some of the lovely rows of trees that line their country roads, which will give you an idea of the power of automania as it reaches the virulent stage. The fever is simply too strong for them, as it was for us. In the French countryside you can now see aged couples chugging along in their little tin-can Citroen *"deux chevaux,"* just the way you used to see Midwestern farm families in their Model Ts in the 'twenties. The future is on the march; it will not be denied—and Heaven help the people who have to live in the mess it will make of Europe.

SO GO, as the travel folders say, before it is too late—which brings us to the last and most important item on the list of conditions for happy European motoring: namely, the guidebook. If you are going to roam at will, it becomes supremely important to know what your choices are. Once the *vade mecum* is selected, you will be living out of it for the remainder of the trip. It ought to be picked, if I may be permitted the understatement, thoughtfully. Fortunately, as far as France is concerned, there need be no hesitation. There is Michelin, and that is all ye know or need to know. Britain is a more complicated problem, and raises certain questions about the nature of guidebooks and how they are to be regarded.

Our solution, which may at first glance seem impractical, was to travel in England out of a book which has already been favorably mentioned in these pages: Raymond Postgate's *Good Food Guide.* The logic is simple: what one is looking for is a good country inn; a place that serves good food is usually a good place; and country inns usually have rooms (if they don't, Mr. Postgate will say so). He expresses no opinion as to the quality of lodgings, but his book can be relied on almost as though he did. It is inexpensive (seven shillings, sixpence), portable, and easy to use—clear maps in the back show you what establishments are on your route. Best of all, it is fun to read in its own right. I pick a sample at random, about an inn in Bedfordshire: "The waitresses are much admired though the vegetables have come in for criticism."

The *Good Food Guide* does not pretend to completeness, so it may have to be supplemented from time to time. When in doubt, we fell back on the Trust Houses, which are—not national monuments, as the name might suggest—but a chain of commercial hotels maintaining a common standard. It is a reliable standard; Mr. Postgate is a great admirer (as we became) of the standard Trust House wine list, which concentrates not on the exceptional but on sound value for a modest price—and the British idea of a modest price for wine causes them to be shocked when they visit us or the French. There is a similar chain in France, called the *Relais de campagne,* but it is by no means so standardized. Many of the hotels in it are picturesque—some of them spectacularly so—but the accommodations (and food!) vary considerably. It is well to check first with Michelin.

The *Guide Michelin* is a phenom-
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u name any other book of which
u would be willing to swear, in
od conscience, that you believe it
contain no single word of un-
uth? Even Scripture has slight
emishes, but Michelin is my shep-
rd; in him do I put my faith.
hen Michelin says three stars, rest
sured—fellow countrymen—Miche-
means three stars.

Like all great works of poetry,
e *Guide Michelin* is written in
mbolic language. Unlike most,
wever, it contains an opening sec-
on in which the symbols are ex-
ained (for the benefit of non-
ench-readers, they are explained
English, German, and Italian). It
ntains clear maps of where the
st restaurants and the quietest,
ost agreeable hotels are located; it
ntains detailed maps of every
nificant town in France—how to
t in and out of it, where to find
e post office and garages, and so
. It even has a special map—one
the most important in the book,
metimes neglected by the casual
ader—showing a selection of clean
d well-kept restaurants where a
eal may be had for less than nine
ew) francs. You can do worse than
llow this map, especially if you
ve just been to a three-star restau-
nt and want, as the French say, to
t lightly. "Lightly," as I finally dis-
vered after much research, means
the French "without sauce." A
eak béarnaise without the *béarnaise*
ould be an appropriate entree for
"light" meal, the rest of which
ight be a simple appetizer, a Bur-
ndian ham-in-cream, salad, cheese,
d coffee. (The lunch I have in
ind was given us by a Frenchman
great generosity, charm, and in-
lligence; it had been specially ab-
eviated on the grounds that
nericans are well known to be
ght eaters, and there were only
ree wines: a Corton Charlemagne,
Aloxe Corton, and a Romanée
9. Okay, so I'm bragging.)

Like all works of nonfiction, none-
eless, Michelin must be read be-
een the lines; it must be read
imaginatively. As you use any really reliable guidebook, you inevitably come to be more and more conscious of the things it does not say. This is true of Mr. Postgate as well. Soon you begin to recognize the guarded tone of voice he adopts when he wants to tell you, without putting it in so many words, that not everybody goes in for the sort of thing he is about to describe. The British are victimized, just as we and the French are too, by charm—by the tyranny of what innkeepers and restaurateurs imagine to be "charming." It can strike suddenly, at moments when one is least prepared, and the only safeguard is constant vigilance. Mr. Postgate is a man of mercy and a precise use of words, so that he must be read attentively when he is describing atmospheres and attitudes. Discovering what he meant all along by a particular ambiguity is one of the pleasures of employing his book.

With Michelin it is a matter of omission. One must learn to look for what is not there. Someday I will write a more lengthy treatise on this subject, and the title of it will be *Les Silences de Michelin*. All writers of guidebooks have their weaknesses; that of Duncan Hines, as of course all Americans know, is mayonnaise. Michelin's weakness is something called the *"beau jardin fleuri."* There is a special symbol for "pleasant surroundings," which is a pair of red quotation marks containing a brief description, and ofttimes the description will be of the above-mentioned flowery garden. Beware —or at the very least have careful regard to the rest of the entry. For such is the strict morality of Michelin that, if he says a hotel has a *beau jardin fleuri* and nothing else, that is precisely what you will get.

I remember reading once in this magazine a speculative analysis by W. G. Constable, in the style of the Higher Criticism, of what manner of man Herr Baedeker must have been to have written all his great works. I cannot imagine what M. Michelin would be like—such omniscience is beyond mortal reach—and I fear I have revealed all-too-clearly what I am like: a happy tourist, delighting in the literature of his obsession, always roaming with a hungry heart.

GOOD READING

According to Aristotle, "All men desire by nature to know." This may be the overstatement of all time, considering the amount of unnecessary ignorance in evidence on all sides.

On the other hand, we are constantly surprised and cheered by the continuing demand for information about our business, the stock-and-bond business. Novices just awakening to the possibilities for profit in share-ownership ask for a brief, easily understandable account of how the market works and what a broker does—and we send them our booklet called *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business."* Investors eager to keep abreast of the latest market developments and of our Research Department's view of them request our quarterly *"Guide for Investors."* Well-heeled sophisticates inquire about tax-free income, and we send them *"The Story of Municipal Bonds."* That's not a complete list of our publications by any means, but it will give you an idea of the investment information that is available to you, as to them, free for the asking.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

WE CAN NOW MAKE A DEAL ON BERLIN

CHARLES W. THAYER

A veteran diplomat suggests a way to end the long and dangerous squabble—and still keep Berlin out of the Communists' grasp.

IT IS high time for us to reconsider our long-standing policy on Berlin and face the reality of two Germanies—a reality we have so far denied by refusing to consider diplomatic relations of *any* kind with the East German regime. The need is urgent: a realistic policy might considerably strengthen our position in Europe if it is carried out soon. But a diplomacy based on illusions—and our East German policy has been pinned to an obvious illusion—is bound in the long run to end in humiliation, or worse.

Not long ago at an American embassy in a small Balkan capital, an experienced European diplomat was criticizing Washington's policy on Berlin.

"You Americans keep insisting on maintaining the status quo," he said. "Yet you are unwilling to recognize one of the fundamental facts of that status—the existence of Herr Ulbricht's East German government."

The American Ambassador objected that Ulbricht's regime was not a sovereign state but a Soviet colony.

"Haven't you already recognized plenty of Soviet colonies?" the European retorted.

Fortunately we still have time to alter our position. If we examine the costs closely we shall find them small, except perhaps for broken illusions; and many of these bear the unmistakable label, "Made in West Germany."

As the Rusk-Dobrynin conversations opened in mid-April, the State Department showed an encouraging trend toward a more rational approach to Berlin's problems. Its proposals (leaked, significantly, from Bonn) for more formal contacts between East and West Germans and for East German participation in the regulation of access to Berlin are steps in the right direction. But they still fall considerably short of what is necessary for a satisfactory solution.

Bonn's politicians—fearful of being accused of helping perpetuate the division of their country—are only partially to blame for our reluctance to abandon the rigid diplomacy we inherited from a less flexible era. American public opinion, confused by meaningless arguments about "hard" and "soft" lines and equally fearful of accusations of disloyalty to our German allies, sometimes exhibits an admirable but misplaced faith in such slogans as "no retreat" and "no more Munichs."

But while we remember Munich, where the West capitulated to Hitler, we should also recall

another historic city, Stalingrad, where Hitler himself suffered an enormous defeat because he was unwilling to order a strategic withdrawal. In dealing with the Russians, we are rightly warned of Lenin's famous dictum that it may be necessary to take "one step backward" in order to gain "two steps forward"—but this formula need not be a monopoly of the Communists. If we are willing to readjust our lines today, we can prevent a headlong retreat tomorrow—and we may well enhance the prospect of taking two steps forward the day after.

At first view, the arguments for standing fast may appear formidable. Many Americans as well as Germans concerned with the Berlin problem warn of what they call Khrushchev's "salami tactics"—the plot to cut away at our rights in thin slices until nothing remains. Exasperated by our failure to retaliate effectively when the wall caught us by surprise last August, these people grimly predicted that the Kremlin would accelerate its slicing tactics. Unless we stood firm, they warned, we would lose Berlin altogether and then Khrushchev would turn his attentions to Frankfurt and Bonn.

The standfasters have been shown wrong. First, the acceleration they predicted has not yet taken place, and second, they overlook the sad fact that the erection of the wall did little more than consolidate the Communist position which the Kremlin had acquired in the East Sector as a result of negotiations during the war and later extended by its own legally unjustifiable interpretations of the wartime agreements. The wall did not essentially affect the rights of the West in the area where the West had actually been able to assert its rights—West Berlin. The wall was motivated, not so much by a desire to encroach, as by the necessity of stopping the steady flight of East Germany's labor force. It did, of course, curtail certain vestigial legal rights of the Western allies in the East Sector, but these were of little practical value. And it cruelly penalized both East and West Berliners by splitting up families, disrupting friendships, and incarcerating nearly two million East Berliners in the giant concentration camp which is the Communist empire. But these measures, however despicable, meant consolidation, not encroachment. The salami Khrushchev swallowed on August 13 had already been sliced fifteen years before when the generals ruled Berlin.

Much of the argument against a change in our position comes from lawyers both in Washington and Bonn, and indeed our strictly legal position may seem unassailable. The lawyers argue that our "original rights" to be in Berlin would be seriously compromised if we extended any form of recognition to the Eastern regime. We are, they point out, committed by the Paris Treaty of 1954 to the recognition only of Bonn as representative of Germany, and to the reunification of Germany as the fundamental aim of our policy. Finally, they note that our wartime agreements prohibit any settlement of Germany's boundaries until the signing of a final peace treaty for World War II. Hence, to recognize the East German state would be to betray the German people, to renounce the goal of reunification; and it would mean accepting the Oder-Neisse Rivers as the eastern boundary of East Germany. Russia's establishment of this boundary after the war placed Germany's easternmost provinces inside Poland—a loss of German territory which some Germans are naturally loath to accept.

The Adenauer regime, in fact, has taken a position which is even more drastic than Washington's. It has maintained that any state recognizing Ulbricht's regime will be "unrecognized" by Bonn. This threat, however, failed to impress the only independent Communist state in Europe when Tito established an embassy in East Germany.

The Yugoslav defiance of Adenauer is significant, because it points up a confusion between diplomatic reality and law which has become widespread in recent decades, and is particularly strong in Germany, where a legal education is almost obligatory for anyone seeking a diplomatic career. In assessing the force and importance of the legal arguments against recognition, we would do well to keep two things in mind:

First, while legal and diplomatic relations between East and West Germany outrage the lawyers in Bonn, trade relations do not seem to disturb them at all. The Adenauer government has often sought to demonstrate its loyalty to the West by pointing out that 95 per cent of West German trade is with the West and only 5 per cent with the East. So, when the Communists

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Charles W. Thayer has lived in Germany off and on for nearly a decade since he resigned from the U. S. Foreign Service. Previously his official assignments placed him in prewar Moscow and Berlin; in wartime England, Yugoslavia, and Austria; in postwar Korea, Washington, Bonn, and Munich. His many books include "The Unquiet Germans," "Diplomat," and most recently a novel, "Moscow Interlude."

erected the wall last August and the cry for retaliation was raised, it was widely suggested that Bonn cut off its Eastern trade. But Bonn refused. Perhaps, Bonn suggested, the *United States* would reduce its trade with the East. The trade between the two Germanies goes on and the often complex relations between manufacturers, shippers, and purchasers seem to run smoothly enough.

Secondly, we must always remember that legal niceties designed for Western consumption often provide Moscow with pretexts for attacking Western positions—*but seldom do they serve as restraints on Soviet actions.* Soviet diplomacy is determined by Soviet national interests as interpreted from the perspective of Marxism-Leninism—not by Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. And the Kremlin's policy toward Germany will be governed, not by the juridical relationships between the West and East Germany, but by what Moscow thinks is best for Communism—regardless of law, ethics, or any other bourgeois consideration.

GERMAN BLACKMAIL?

WHAT of the Germans themselves? Americans in Bonn and Berlin often seem deeply impressed by grim predictions that the German people will react violently, drastically, to any compromise with the East German regime. One of the most eloquent exponents of this theme is Sebastian Haffner, a native Berliner and a British subject, whose writings are widely published abroad. A passionate believer in the desirability of integrating Germany with the West, Haffner warns that the German people have stronger historical grounds for hating the West than for loving it. Every precaution, he warns, must therefore be taken to nurture the fragile bonds that tie the West Germans to the European community. Narrow American or Western European interest must not be allowed to frustrate the legitimate German yearning for reunification. Any form of recognition of the Eastern regime, he believes, would put an end to all hope of recreating the German state. Thus betrayed by the West, German public opinion would be so exasperated that it would demand that Bonn withdraw from NATO and the Common Market, thereby destroying the nucleus of European integration.

Official spokesmen of the Adenauer government have gone even further than Haffner in private conversations with Americans. They suggest that American recognition of Ulbricht would mean not only the breakup of the Western alliance but a "flight to Moscow." Germany, they say, would not necessarily lead but would inevitably follow the less stalwart members of the community, such as Italy, in seeking some kind of alliance in the East.

Are these dark prophecies the crude threats or naïve attempts at blackmail which they appear to be? Do the German people really believe they have anywhere to go but West? Have they so quickly forgotten their history and their own personal treatment at the hands of the Russians since 1941?

Publicly, few German politicians—Christian Democrats, Social Democrats, or Free Democrats—would dare contradict such predictions. They are repeated incessantly in Germany and some seem so mesmerized by them that they have come to believe them. Others, frustrated by the failure of the Adenauer-Dulles prescription for reunification, seek a kind of refuge in visions of calamity. Others merely believe that to oppose them would mean political suicide at the polls. But they are not, I believe, the product of sober, rational analysis of the realities of the German dilemma; and they are certainly not shared by the German public beyond the confines of Bonn.

A knowledgeable Western diplomat, who has served longer in Bonn than most of the German politicians presently residing there, has estimated that the views of the Federal Republic's government penetrate German public opinion to a depth of approximately fifteen miles. Beyond that distance from the capital, the passions that stir the politicians are replaced by other more immediate and practical concerns. For the mass of Germans, the making of money, personal security, economic stability, and regional rivalries take precedence over the distant dream of a national government seated once more in Berlin.

Except for a handful of extreme nationalists—chiefly refugees from the lost provinces, who have been thoroughly repudiated at the polls—the German public has long since reconciled itself to the transfer of the territories east of the Oder-Neisse Rivers to Poland. One does encounter bitter political organizations like the one called "Undivided Germany"—but their active members remind one more of itinerant friars preaching the Second Coming than of serious statesmen. I am convinced that few Germans seriously consider reunification a reasonable possibility in the foreseeable future.

In southern Germany where I have spent the past ten years, the very word "reunification" has a hollow ring. Recently, in fact, one of the provincial parties supported a proposal to make

Berlin a free city. It declared publicly that such a solution was desirable to put an end to memories of that unhappy period of Germany history known as Prussian unity, and to dispel the "myth" of Berlin as Germany's capital.

These are extreme views and no doubt Bavaria, which had its own army and foreign office until World War I—and where even today in rural areas, the word "Prussian" is as often as not preceded by the prefix "pig"—is not typical of Germany as a whole; but in size and influence it is not insignificant. Not long ago I asked the moderate and highly respected editor of one of southern Germany's leading newspapers what would happen if the United States recognized the East German regime.

"Nothing," he replied. "Perhaps for four or five days there would be howls from Bonn but they would subside."

I asked what position he would take, as an editor.

"I would do everything I could to make sure such a step had no adverse effect on German-American relations."

"In other words you would approve the action?"

"Of course," he answered without hesitation. "You will have to recognize them some day. Better do it now when you can trade it for something, than be forced to do it a year hence and get nothing in exchange."

Unquestionably, the erection of the Berlin wall roused most West Germans from their apathy toward their compatriots in Berlin and the East Zone. But within two or three weeks one got the impression that their consciences had not been troubled because they had theretofore neglected their less fortunate relatives and now were resolved to succor them. Rather, they seemed disturbed because they had forgotten to go to their relatives' funeral—a sin of omission which, because it was irreparable, had best be forgotten.

It would be a mistake to assume that the West Germans have completely abandoned their aspirations for a reunited and free Germany. They have, however, shown more realism than their politicians in Bonn publicly profess in understanding that these aspirations are not currently attainable. Khrushchev, they know, is not prepared to relinquish the East to a non-Communist West. And they also know the Western allies are not prepared to fight for its liberation.

Nor am I suggesting that the United States should repudiate its commitment to ultimate reunification. The festering sore of legitimate grievance in the heart of Europe is not in the interest either of America or Western Europe. Hence we cannot afford to overlook any realistic possibility of achieving that end.

Bonn's controversial Ambassador in Moscow, Dr. Hans Kroll, has suggested that, sooner than we may expect, Khrushchev will find himself at such odds with Peking that he may consider it expedient to give up East Germany in order to secure his western frontiers and free himself for action in the East. However attractive this prospect may seem, the reverse may come true much sooner. Long before Sino-Russian relations deteriorate to the point Dr. Kroll suggests, we may find we must establish some form of communication with East Germany or risk going to war. If this is the case, would it not be wiser to trade some sort of recognition in return for real advantages to ourselves—before we find ourselves under really tough pressures to give it away?

THE ISSUE OF ACCESS

WHAT, then, should we try to bargain for? What tangible advantages can we gain? Obviously there are a number of ways in which our position in Berlin could be improved. Let us begin with the most serious: our right of access. Whenever this issue is raised, East German Communists quote General Lucius Clay, General Eisenhower's deputy at the time the occupation started and until recently President Kennedy's special representative in Berlin. In his memoirs, *Decision in Germany*, Clay describing the various documents pertaining to the occupation of Berlin in 1945 wrote: ". . . no one of them contained any guarantee of access or specific provision for truck, rail, or air right of way." (Subsequently an air agreement was concluded in writing.) Further along in his book, Clay suggests that it may have been a mistake not to get a written agreement at the start of the Berlin occupation on our right of access instead of relying on the Russians' verbal assurances.

I think it is doubtful that a written agreement would have altered Stalin's decision in 1948 to try to force us out of the city by the blockade. The usual Russian excuse for that action was not that we never had the right of access but that we subsequently forfeited it by creating the West German government and introducing a West German currency.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that today there is no written agreement between East and West on this vital point—a fact Khrushchev makes the most of to confuse world opinion on our Berlin

position and to make life miserable for the West Berliners.

Since the Kremlin alone is responsible for violating the oral agreement, what possible advantage could we gain from a new agreement, this time in writing, which presumably could be torn up as soon as it had served the Kremlin's purpose—for example, Western recognition of its East German satellite? Obviously, agreements with the Kremlin, written or unwritten, are worthwhile only so long as they correspond with current Soviet interests and so long as breaking them is not too costly in terms of Russia's overall reputation in international negotiations.

There is considerable evidence that because of difficulties within the Soviet Union as well as within the Communist bloc, Khrushchev would welcome a respite on the German front and would find it to his interest to maintain it. His failures in agriculture, the ill-concealed differences with China, and the restlessness of his satellites culminating in Albania's open defiance —all indicate some of his vulnerabilities, and argue that he might well find stabilization of the German front desirable. Although none of these considerations are directly exploitable by the West, the proper recognition of their existence could easily redound to our advantage and open the way for the "two steps forward" in Lenin's formula.

AN END TO NERVES?

ASSUMING we took the one step backward in the form of some sort of recognition of the Eastern regime, how could the next two steps bring us forward?

The city fathers and returning American officials have been making brave assurances that Berlin is flourishing, not only economically but also psychologically, and that young workers and college students are flocking into the city from West Germany. Nevertheless there is considerable evidence, aside from the huge subsidies necessary to keep it alive, that nervous tensions have reached dangerous levels particularly in those strata of the population on which a community depends for its spiritual viability. Recently a leading theatrical producer, for example, announced that he had moved his family to a West German city. He launched into an impassioned defense of his action:

"For sixteen years we have hung on and put up with every hardship," he said. "We have kept our nerves through every crisis in the hope that one day the division of Germany would come to an end. But instead of that we see our own city divided by the wall. This is no atmosphere in which to bring up a family. I shall remain but my children have gone."

A well-known Berlin novelist told me that the crisis of nerves had reached the breaking point. A pause, he said, was essential if Berlin was to continue as a viable city, and some recognition of the reality of the Ulbricht regime was not, he believed, too high a price to pay.

Perhaps a new access agreement and respite for West Berliners' jangled nerves and future plans are somewhat nebulous advantages to be purchased by recognition of the Eastern regime. But there is another possible advantage to be wrung from such a bargain. Ever since Stalin's death the specter of relaxation—some call it "liberalization"—has been stalking through the Eastern bloc. It appeared a few months after Stalin's death in East Berlin at the time of the July uprising. It appeared again in Hungary and Poland. Visitors to Moscow have encountered it right under the Kremlin's walls among young writers and intellectuals. In Poland it produced the Gomulka regime. In Hungary, it has at long last forced Kadar to admit that the vast majority of Hungarians are anti-Communists who can no longer be treated as criminals.

In East Germany, Ulbricht, a vicious old Stalinist himself, has been permitted to ignore the strictures against neo-Stalinism and the "cult of personality" only in order to restrain the growing popular demand for a less harsh dictatorship. But even Ulbricht has not been able to exorcise the liberal specter, whose followers include not only the 90 per cent anti-Communist majority but, I believe, a good proportion of the East German SED, or Communist party, as well.

Those "hard-core" East German Communists with whom I and other visitors to the East have had contact are strikingly different from their colleagues in Moscow. Although they hate the West, their hatred often seems to stem from feelings of inferiority which have been accumulating for a long time. "Why don't you consider us *salonfähig?*" they have asked in injured tones. "Why don't you recognize us as socially acceptable?"

Most of them have been Party members only since 1945. The older ones were brought up in the schools of the Weimar period when Goethe and not Marx reigned in the classrooms. Today they talk openly of "the attractions of Western liberalism" which have lured so many to the West. They fear Ulbricht but they do not respect him. "The trouble with Ulbricht is he has no

sense of humor," one of them told me. The diagnosis may sound trivial but the admission that something is wrong with him is not.

Among Russian Communists Ulbricht commands something less than respect: "Poor Ulbricht," a Moscow Communist said to me, "he has a very tough row to hoe." Some of his Eastern Satellite colleagues evince very little compassion for him indeed. "He costs too much," one of them complained. "Three times he has gone bankrupt and each time Nikita Sergeyevich had to bail him out." (Since then he has been bailed out a fourth time.)

Some form of recognition would not of itself bring about Ulbricht's demise. But it is obvious that Khrushchev would be reluctant to replace him with a more able and less despicable creature so long as the Berlin situation remains so critical. Were the West to recognize the Eastern regime by maintaining some form of representation in East Berlin, it is not unlikely that the pragmatic Mr. Khrushchev would be disposed to risk the appointment of a Gomulka-type proconsul who, by making life a little less harsh in East Germany, would ease its political and economic problems. And any Western action which tended toward recognition of the Oder-Neisse line would probably elicit sighs of relief from the Eastern Europeans who suffered under Hitler during the war.

Furthermore, Western representation in East Germany would inevitably increase Western contacts with those lower-echelon members of the Communist party who now seem so resentful of their inferior status as East Germans; it is not unlikely that the new relationships might help to swing the balance within the Party itself against Ulbricht and in favor of someone whose authority does not rest chiefly on the condemned methods of Stalin, and whose reputation does not depend on the proscribed "cult of personality."

SUCH a replacement would not of course presage an early reunification of Germany. It might well, however, lead to a modus vivendi between the two Germanies which in the course of time—perhaps a decade or two—would come far closer to that goal than the present policy of no retreat.

What it certainly would accomplish would be a mitigation of the hardships of the seventeen million East Germans at present subjected to all the brutalities of a neo-Stalinist regime. The possibility of persuading the Kremlin to force Ulbricht to tear down his wall is remote. The only alternative to removing it for the foreseeable future is to surmount it. West Berlin officials talk today of normalizing it—of making it possible for East and West Berliners to cross it. One high official has even suggested the possibility of an arrangement whereby East Berliners with temporary exit permits to enter the West would be sent home at the expiration of their visa. Others have suggested schemes for the reunification of families whereby families now split by the wall would be allowed to choose which side they would reunite in.

All of these possibilities suggest some of the advantages of a less rigid stand on the Berlin issue. Would this involve the establishment of formal diplomatic relations with Ulbricht and the maintenance of full-fledged embassies in the East Sector? Not necessarily.

Between the State Department's cautious proposals for more contacts between East and West Germans on the one hand and a formal recognition, with an exchange of Ambassadors on the other, there lies a wide area of maneuver. For example, it may be possible to negotiate a mutually satisfactory settlement by agreeing to set up commissions in East and West Berlin for the regulation of traffic in goods and people across the boundary. Perhaps it will be necessary to agree to the exchange of consular officers accredited not to the chiefs of state but to the local authorities.

But unless we are prepared to enter that area —now posted with "no trespassing" signs by shortsighted lawyers and politicians—we may soon find ourselves in another impasse or, worse still, forced by circumstances down a path leading in the opposite direction from our long-range goals.

Nor need any such step be irrevocable. It could be made contingent on the fulfillment by the Russians and East Germans of their pledges on the right of land and air access. If there were any interference with our access to Berlin, our representatives could be withdrawn and we could return to the status quo ante which we now have.

Whatever may happen, the fact remains that the policy of seeking for reunification by standing fast has thus far produced no useful results. And if that policy is continued, the dangers of crisis and dismal failure in our German policy will mount. Clearly, the time has come to explore another approach. The wall of Berlin is not like the wall of Jericho. If we are really sincere in our commitments to Germany as a whole we must do something more than stand beneath it shouting imprecations at Ulbricht and the surly Vopos who guard it.

LARRY EISENBERG



Dr. Beltzov's polyunsaturated kasha oil diet

. . . and other scientific aids for the overweight, some of them only slightly fatal

IT IS stated that the greatest current threat to the life of the average American lies in the problem of overweight. At one time or another, it has been claimed that statistical links exist between overweight and most of the known fatal diseases. In self-defense, many Americans have tried diets of dubious value. But relief may be in sight.

In research laboratories all over the country, engineers, biochemists, and psychiatrists are involved in an assault on the weight problem. The results thus far are tentative, but startling successes have been reported.

For example, in Elktown, Ohio, at the University of Elktown, Dr. Benedict Trellis and his co-workers have come up with an extraordinarily ingenious approach to the problem at hand. In 1959, Dr. Trellis succeeded in isolating the elusive compound, oxyribodangle, a substance well known to those who tipple to excess. It is this compound which causes the head throb that accompanies the painful "morning after." Applied in carefully controlled doses, oxyribodangle sets the muscles into sustained vibrations which persist sometimes for a matter of several hours. During this interval, the body responds to the muscle quiver as though violent exercise were involved. Pounds are shed without the patient so much as lifting a finger. Dr. Trellis, a self-effacing little man, has indicated high hopes of success utilizing this biochemical approach. At the present writing, the only drawback to the widespread application of this technique is the side effect of delirium tremens.

Perhaps a safer approach has been devised by Dr. Ernest Gubbo at the Messex Foundation of Mesquite, New Jersey. Dr. Gubbo reasoned as follows: one of the most common building blocks of fatty tissue is cholesterol. Perhaps a cholesterol-like compound, which would deceive the body, could be found.

His patient pursuit of this illusive will-o'-the-wisp culminated in his discovery of *"pseudo-cholesterol"* in 1957. Normal fat tissue is constructed of cholesterol molecules pyramided in a characteristic lattice structure. When the body attempts to form a pyramid of the pseudo-cholesterol molecule, it fails miserably. This result follows from the tendency of pseudo-cholesterol to collapse upon itself when placed in proximity with like molecules. Not only does *no* fatty tissue result, but the body energy used in the futile attempt to build with these pseudo-blocks goes into burning reserve fatty tissues.

Dr. Gubbo says that the problem to date is one of controlling the ingestion of pseudo-cholesterol. In the case of four laboratory pigs, small dosages of p-c resulted in the pigs being totally devoid of bacon fat. This result was of course profoundly disturbing.

Foreign scientists have not been inactive in this area. The patient research of Boris Beltzov, a Soviet biochemist, has resulted in a highly publicized diet recently serialized in *Pravda*. Dr. Beltzov discovered that the oil derived from *Kasha,* a staple of the peasant diet, has a phe-

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Larry Eisenberg, who says he eats "everything, but in moderation," is a research associate in electronics at the Rockefeller Institute in New York. He writes in his off time—working on humor and a novel.

nomenal property. Kasha oil when taken at meal time forms an unbreachable oily film about the food. Consequently, whatever has been eaten will *not* be absorbed by the body.

In his new book, *Eat Hearty,* currently a best-seller in the U.S.S.R., Dr. Beltzov appends the following typical dinner menu (the metric measures are approximated in ounces):

Bowl Borsch, w. 2 tablespoons sour cream
Beef Stroganov, 6 oz. portion
Potato Nizhni-Novgorod, large
Bulgarian Cream Pie, av. slice
Glass tea w. lump sugar
2 oz. capsule Kasha oil

The alleged success of this diet has resulted in numerous invitations to Dr. Beltzov from outstanding universities in this country. Unfortunately, Dr. Beltzov recently received asylum at the Swiss Embassy after pursuit by a horde of thin peasant women brandishing scythes.

BUT where the biochemists linger, perhaps the electronic engineer may come smashing through. From the Lax Foundation at Miami Beach, Florida, has come the "Totally Implantable Transistorized Pacemaker for the Diversion of Caloric Intake." This rather technical sounding name conceals a basically clever and intrinsically simple approach. The pacemaker, a small cylindrical device less than two inches in length, contains a single transistor circuit, a tiny mercury energizer, and a comatose tapeworm. The unit is implanted in the small intestine and operates in the following manner:

Once a day the transistor puts out an electrical impulse which is applied to the sternum of the tapeworm. The worm is thus goaded into quick activity and eats the equivalent of one full meal which is stored in one of its gastric metameres.

Henry Kroll, inventor of this device, has thus far seen his unit implanted in fourteen chimpanzees with phenomenal success.

"In only one case," said Henry, with a twinkle in his eye, "was an increase in the chimpanzee's weight recorded. It seems that this little rascal found his way into the banana bin, unnoticed, and got a head start on the tapeworm."

Nevertheless, objective observers feel that the implantable caloric pacemaker may yet be the best answer to the weight-control problem in chimpanzees.

In contrast to the quantitative approach of the biochemists and engineers, we find the psychiatrists directing *their* fire at the Subconscious.

Dr. Elmer De Fenester, psychiatrist at Esterville, Wisconsin, maintains that his newly developed technique is the soundest yet conceived for weight control. Making use of man's antipathy toward pain or discomfort, Dr. De Fenester has devised his famous Glut Breakfast.

The Breakfast, which must by pre-agreement be totally consumed, consists of a dozen steaming flapjacks in pure mountain maple syrup, a generous double serving of Canadian bacon, baked corn popovers with creamery butter, a half-dozen fried eggs, several cups of Colombian coffee, and gobs of whipped cream, Viennese style. The patient invariably becomes sated at an early point in the consumption of these viands and since he is required by the terms of the agreement to consume every morsel, he usually becomes violently ill. The psychological reaction to this episode is so severe that a food intake phobia often results. A drop of fifteen pounds in a single week is by no means uncommon.

Dr. De Fenester, who is known as Butterball to his colleagues, has a girth perhaps roughly equal to his four feet eleven inches of height. He is not at all disturbed by this apparent contradiction but maintains that he is fully aware of the psychological needs which impel him to overeat. He says simply but firmly, "I like being fat."

In this rather limited survey of a rapidly growing field, we have seen the weight problem attacked from different scientific points of view. Which of these approaches will win public acceptance is yet a moot point. Perhaps *your* salvation will lie in avoiding one of the methods outlined in these pages.



Harper's Magazine, June 1962

MARY McCARTHY

GENERAL MACBETH

A brilliantly unconventional critic takes a fresh look at Shakespeare's most "modern" play—and shows how its hero is the very model for one kind of organization man.

HE IS a general and has just won a battle; he enters the scene making a remark about the weather. "So fair and foul a day I have not seen." On this flat note Macbeth's character tone is set. "Terrible weather we're having." "The sun can't seem to make up its mind." "Is it hot/cold/wet enough for you?" A commonplace man who talks in commonplaces, a golfer, one might guess, on the Scottish fairways, Macbeth is the only Shakespeare hero who corresponds to a bourgeois type: a murderous Babbitt, let us say.

You might argue just the opposite, that Macbeth is over-imaginative, the prey of visions. It is true that he is impressionable. Banquo, when they come upon the witches, amuses himself at their expense, like a man of parts idly chaffing a fortune-teller. Macbeth, though, is deeply impressed. "Thane of Cawdor and King." He thinks this over aloud. "How can I be Thane of Cawdor when the Thane of Cawdor is alive?" When this mental stumbling-block has been cleared away for him (the Thane of Cawdor has received a death sentence), he turns his thoughts *sotto voce* to the next question. "How can I be king when Duncan is alive?" The answer comes back, "Kill him." It does fleetingly occur to Macbeth, as it would to most people, to leave matters alone and let destiny work it out. "If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, without my stir." But this goes against his grain. A reflective man might wonder how fate would spin her plot, as the Virgin Mary wondered after the Angel Gabriel's visit. But Macbeth does not trust to fate, that is, to the unknown, the mystery of things; he trusts only to a known quantity—himself—to put the prophecy into action. In short, he has no faith, which requires imagination. He is literal-minded; that, in a word, is his "tragedy" and his tragedy.

It was not *his* idea, he could plead in self-defense, but the witches', that he should have the throne. *They* said it first. But the witches only voiced a thought that was already in his mind; after all, he was Duncan's cousin and close to the crown. And once the thought has been put into *words,* he is in a scrambling hurry. He cannot wait to get home to tell his wife about the promise; in his excitement, he puts it in a letter, which he sends on ahead, like a businessman briefing an associate on a piece of good news for the firm.

Lady Macbeth—has this been noted?—takes very little stock in the witches. She never pesters her husband, as most wives would, with questions about the Weird Sisters: "What did they say, exactly?" "How did they look?" "Are you sure?" She is less interested in "fate and metaphysical aid" than in the business at hand—how to nerve her husband to do what he wants to do. And later, when Macbeth announces that he is going out to consult the Weird Sisters again, she refrains from comment. As though she were keeping her opinion—"O proper stuff!"—to herself. Lady Macbeth is not superstitious. Macbeth is. This makes her repeatedly impatient with him, for Macbeth, like many men of his sort, is an old story to his wife. A tale full of sound and fury signifying nothing. Her contempt for him perhaps extends even to his ambition. "Wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win." As though to say, "All right, if that's what you want, have the courage to get it." Lady Macbeth does not so much give the impression of coveting the crown herself as of being weary of watching Macbeth covet it. Macbeth, by the way, is surely her second husband (she has "given suck" and Macbeth "has no children"), and either her first husband was a better man than he, which galls her, or he was just another general, another superstitious golfer, which would gall her too.

Superstition here is the opposite of reason on

the one hand and of imagination on the other. Macbeth is credulous, in contrast to Lady Macbeth, to Banquo, and, later, to Malcolm, who sets the audience an example of the right way by mistrusting Macduff until he has submitted him to an empirical test. Believing and knowing are paired in Malcolm's mind; what he *knows* he believes. Macbeth's eagerness to believe is the companion of his lack of faith. If all works out right for him in this world, Macbeth says, he can skip the next ("We'ld jump the life to come"). Superstition whispers when true religion has been silenced, and Macbeth becomes the butt of his own know-nothing materialism incarnate in the jeering witches on the heath.

As in his first interview with them he is too quick to act literally on a dark saying, in the second he is too easily reassured. He will not be conquered till "Great Birnam Wood to High Dunsinane shall come against him." "Why, that can never happen!" he cries out in immediate relief, his brow clearing.

It never enters his mind to examine the saying more closely, test it, so to speak, for a double bottom, as was common in those days (Banquo even points this out to him) with prophetic utterances, which were known to be ambiguous and tricky. Any child knew that a prophecy often meant the reverse of what it seemed to say, and any man of imagination would ask himself how Birnam Wood *might* come to Dunsinane and take measures to prevent it, as King Laius took measures to prevent his own death by arranging to have the baby Oedipus killed. If Macbeth had thought it out, he could have had Birnam Wood chopped down and burned on the spot and the ashes dumped into the sea. True, the prophecy might still have turned against him (since destiny cannot be avoided and the appointment will be kept at Samarra), but that would have been another story, another tragedy, the tragedy of a clever man not clever enough to circumvent fate. Macbeth is not clever; he is taken in by surfaces, by appearance. He cannot think beyond the usual course of things. As with "No man of woman born." All men, he says to himself, sagely, are born of women; Malcolm and Macduff are men; therefore I am safe. This logic leaves out of account the extraordinary: the man brought into the world by Caesarean section. In the same way, it leaves out of account the supernatural—the very forces he is trafficking with. He might be overcome by an angel or a demon, as well as by Macduff.

A Vassar graduate, a Phi Beta Kappa, and a former teacher at Sarah Lawrence and Bard Colleges, Mary McCarthy has often cast a worldly eye on academic subjects. Her many well-known books include "Sights and Spectacles" (about the theatre), "The Groves of Academe" (a novel), and "On the Contrary" (criticism).

WHO KNOWS REMORSE?

YET this pedestrian general sees ghosts and imaginary daggers in the air. Lady Macbeth does not, and this tendency in her husband grates on her nerves; she is sick of his terrors and fancies. A practical woman, Lady Macbeth, more a partner than a wife, though Macbeth treats her with a trite domestic fondness—"Love," "Dearest love," "Dearest chuck," "Sweet remembrancer." These endearments, this middle-aged, middle-class cuddliness, as though he called her "Honeybunch" or "Sweetheart," as well as the obligatory "Dear," are a master stroke of Shakespeare's and perfectly in keeping with the prosing about the weather, the heavy credulousness.

Naturally Macbeth is dominated by his wife. He is old Iron Pants in the field (as she bitterly reminds him), but at home she has to wear the pants; she has to unsex herself. No "chucks" or "dearests" escape her tightened lips, and yet she is more feeling, more human at bottom than Macbeth. She thinks of her father when she sees the old King asleep, and this natural thought will not let her kill him. Macbeth has to do it, just as the quailing husband of any modern virago is sent down to the basement to kill a rat or drown a set of kittens. An image of her father, irrelevant to her purpose, softens this monster woman; sleepwalking, she thinks of Lady Macduff. "The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?" Stronger than Macbeth, less suggestible, she is nevertheless imaginative, where he is not. She does not see ghosts and daggers; when she sleepwalks, it is simple reality that haunts her—the crime relived. "Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?" Over and over, the details of the crime repeat themselves on the screen of her consciousness. This nightly reliving is not penitence but more terrible—remorse, the agenbite of the restless deed. Lady Macbeth's uncontrollable imagination drives her to put herself in the place of others—the wife of the Thane of Fife—and to recognize a kinship between all human kind: the pathos of old age in Duncan makes her think, "Why, he might be my father!" This sense of a natural bond among men opens her to contrition—sorrowing with. To ask whether, waking,

she is "sorry" for what she has done is impertinent. She lives with it and it kills her.

Macbeth has absolutely no feeling for others, except envy, a common middle-class trait. He *envies* the murdered Duncan his rest, which is a strange way of looking at your victim. What he suffers on his own account after the crimes is simple panic. He is never contrite or remorseful; it is not the deed but a shadow of it, Banquo's spook, that appears to him. The "scruples" that agitate him before Duncan's murder are mere echoes of conventional opinion, of what might be *said* about his deed: that Duncan was his king, his cousin, and a guest under his roof. "I have bought golden opinions," he says to himself (note the verb), "from all sorts of people"; now these people may ask for their opinions back if they suspect him of the murder. It is like a business firm's being reluctant to part with its "good will"—an asset. The fact that Duncan was such a good king bothers him, and why? Because there will be universal grief at his death. But his chief "scruple" is even simpler. "If we should fail?" he says timidly to Lady Macbeth. Sweet chuck tells him that they will not. Yet once she has ceased to be effectual as a partner, Dearest love is an embarrassment. He has no time for her; she should have died hereafter. That is, when he was not so busy. Again the general is speaking.

The idea of Macbeth as a conscience-tormented man is a platitude as false as Macbeth himself. Macbeth has no conscience. His main concern throughout the play is that most selfish of all concerns: to get a good night's sleep. His invocation to sleep, while heartfelt, is perfectly conventional; sleep builds you up, enables you to start the day fresh. Thus the virtue of having a good conscience is seen by him in terms of bodily hygiene, as if it were a Simmons mattress or an electric blanket. Lady Macbeth shares these preoccupations. When he tells her he is going to see the witches, she remarks that he needs sleep.

A WOMAN UNSEXED

HER wifely concern is mechanical and far from real solicitude. She is aware of Macbeth; she *knows* him (he does not know her at all, apparently), but she regards him coldly as a thing, a tool that must be oiled and polished. His soul-states do not interest her; her attention is narrowed on his morale, his public conduct, the shifting expressions of his face. But in a sense she is right, for there is nothing to Macbeth but fear and ambition, both of which he tries to hide, except from her. This naturally gives her a poor opinion of the inner man.

Why is it, though, that Lady Macbeth seems to us a monster while Macbeth does not? Partly because she is a woman and has "unsexed" herself, which makes her a monster by definition. Also because the very prospect of murder quickens an hysterical excitement in her, like the discovery of some object in a shop—a set of emeralds or a sable stole—which Macbeth can give her and which will be an "outlet" for all the repressed desires he cannot satisfy. She behaves as though Macbeth, through his weakness, will deprive her of self-realization; the unimpeded exercise of her will is the voluptuous end she seeks. That is why she makes naught of scruples, as inner brakes on her throbbing engines. Unlike Macbeth, she does not pretend to harbor a conscience, though this, on her part, by a curious turn, *is* a pretense, as the sleep-walking scene reveals. After the first crime, her will subsides, spent; the devil has brought her to climax and left her.

Macbeth is not a monster, like Richard III or Iago or Iachimo, though in the catalogue he might go for one because of the blackness of his deeds. But his deeds are only the wishes and fears of the average, undistinguished man translated halfheartedly into action. Pure evil is a kind of transcendence that he does not aspire to. He only wants to be king and sleep the sleep of the just, undisturbed. He could never have been a good man, even if he had not met the witches; hence we cannot see him as a devil incarnate, for the devil is a fallen angel. Macbeth does not fall; if anything, he somewhat improves as the result of his career of crime. He throws off his dependency and thus achieves the "greatness" he mistakenly sought in worldly symbols.

The isolation of Macbeth, which is at once a punishment and a tragic dignity or honor, takes place by stages and by deliberate choice; it begins when he does not tell Lady Macbeth that he has decided to kill Banquo and reaches its height in the final action. Up to this time, though he has cut himself off from all human contacts, he is relying on the witches as a substitute. When he first hears the news that Macduff is not "of woman born," he is unmanned; everything he trusted (the literal word) has betrayed him, and he screams in terror, "I'll not fight with thee!" But Macduff's taunts make a man of him; he cannot die like this, shamed. His death is his first act of courage, though even here he has had to be pricked to it by mockery, Lady Macbeth's old spur. Nevertheless, weaned by his very crimes

from dependency, nursed in a tyrant's solitude, he meets death on his own, without metaphysical aid. "Lay on, Macduff."

THE TREPIDANT EXECUTIVE

WHAT is modern and bourgeois in Macbeth's character is his wholly *social* outlook. He has no feeling for others, and yet until the end he is a vicarious creature, existing in his own eyes through others, through what they may say of him, through what they tell him or promise him. This paradox is typical of the social being —at once a wolf out for himself and a sheep. Macbeth, moreover, is an expert buck-passer; he sees how others can be used. It is he, not Lady Macbeth, who thinks of smearing the drunken chamberlains with blood, so that they shall be caught "red-handed" the next morning when Duncan's murder is discovered. At this idea he brightens; suddenly, he sees his way clear. It is the moment when at last he decides. The eternal executive, ready to fix responsibility on a subordinate, has seen the deed finally take a *recognizable* form. Now he can do it. And the crackerjack thought of killing the grooms afterwards (dead men tell no tales—old adage) is again purely his own on-the-spot inspiration; no credit to Lady Macbeth.

It is the sort of thought that would have come to Claudius in *Hamlet,* another trepidant executive. Indeed, Macbeth is more like Claudius than like any other character in Shakespeare. Both are doting husbands; both rose to power by betraying their superior's trust; both are easily frightened and have difficulty saying their prayers. Macbeth's "Amen" sticks in his throat, he complains, and Claudius, on his knees, sighs that he cannot make what priests call a "good act of contrition." The desire to say his prayers like any pew-holder, quite regardless of his horrible crime, is merely a longing for respectability. Macbeth "repents" killing the grooms, but this is strictly for public consumption. "O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them." In fact, it is the one deed he does *not* repent (*i.e.,* doubt the wisdom of) either before or after. This hypocritical self-accusation, which is his sidelong way of announcing the embarrassing fact that he has just done away with the grooms, and his simulated grief at Duncan's murder ("All is but toys; renown and grace is dead; The wine of life is drawn," etc.) are his basest moments in the play, as well as his boldest; here is nearly a magnificent monster.

The dramatic effect, too, is one of great boldness on Shakespeare's part. Macbeth is speaking pure Shakespearean poetry, but in his mouth, since we know he is lying, it turns into facile verse, Shakespearean poetry parodied. The same with "Here lay Duncan, his silver skin lac'd with his golden blood. . . ." If the image were given to Macduff, it would be uncontaminated poetry; from Macbeth it is "proper stuff"—fustian. This opens the perilous question of sincerity in the arts: is a line of verse altered for us by the sincerity of the poet (or speaker)? In short, is poetry relative to the circumstances or absolute? Or, more particularly, are Macbeth's soliloquies poetry, which they sound like, or something else? Did Shakespeare intend to make Macbeth a poet, like Hamlet, Lear, and Othello? In that case, how can Macbeth be an unimaginative mediocrity? My opinion is that Macbeth's soliloquies are not poetry but rhetoric. They are tirades. That is, they do not trace any pensive motion of the soul or heart but are a volley of words discharged. Macbeth is neither thinking nor feeling aloud; he is declaiming. Like so many unfeeling men, he has a facile emotionalism, which he turns on and off. Not that his fear is insincere, but his loss of control provides him with an excuse for histrionics.

These gibberings exasperate Lady Macbeth. "What do you mean?" she says coldly after she has listened to a short harangue on "Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more.' " It is an allowable question—what *does* he mean? And his funeral oration on *her,* if she could have heard it, would have brought her back to life to protest. "She should have died hereafter"—fine, that was the real Macbeth. But then, as if conscious of the proprieties, he at once begins on a series of bromides ("Tomorrow and tomorrow . . .") that he seems to have had ready to hand for the occasion like a black mourning suit. All Macbeth's soliloquies have that ready-to-hand, if not hand-me-down, air, which is perhaps why they are given to school children to memorize, often with the result of making them hate Shakespeare. What children resent in these soliloquies is precisely their sententiousness—the sound they have of being already memorized from a copybook.

Macbeth's speeches often recall the Player's speech in *Hamlet*—Shakespeare's example of how-not-to-do-it. He tears a passion to tatters. He has a rather Senecan rhetoric, the fustian of the time; in the dagger speech, for example, he works in Hecate, Tarquin, and the wolf—recherché embellishment for a man who is about to commit a real murder. His taste for hyperbole goes with a habit of euphuism, as when he calls

the sea "the green one." And what of the remarkable line just preceding, "The multitudinous seas incarnadine," with its onomatopoeia of the crested waves rising in the t's and d's of "multitudinous" and subsiding in the long swell of the verb? This is sometimes cited as an example of pure poetry, which it would be in an anthology of isolated lines, but in the context, dramatically, it is bombast, a kind of stuffing or padding.

The play between poetry and rhetoric, the *conversion* of poetry to rhetoric, is subtle and horrible in *Macbeth,* being itself a subversive process or treasonous manipulation. The suggestion seems to be that poetry used for an ulterior purpose (as Macbeth uses it) turns into rhetoric. Macbeth is the perfect utilitarian. If an explanation is needed, you might say he learned to *use* words through long practice in haranguing his troops, whipping them and himself into battle frenzy. Up to recent times a fighting general, like a football coach, was an orator.

But it must be noted that it is not only Macbeth who rants. Nor is it only Macbeth who talks about the weather. The play is stormy with atmosphere—the screaming and shrieking of owls, the howling of winds. Nature herself is ranting, like the witches, and Night, black Hecate, is queen of the scene. Bats are flitting about; ravens and crows are hoarse; the house-martin's nests on the battlements of Macbeth's castle give a misleading promise of peace and gentle domesticity. "It will be rain tonight," says Banquo simply, looking at the sky (note the difference between this and Macbeth's pompous generality), and the First Murderer growls at him, striking, "Let it come down." The disorder of Nature, as so often in Shakespeare, presages and reflects the disorder of the body politic. Guilty Macbeth cannot sleep, but the night of Duncan's murder, the whole house, as if guilty too, is restless; Malcolm and Donalbain talk and laugh in their sleep; the drunken porter, roused, plays that he is gatekeeper of hell.

NATURE TWO-SIDED

INDEED, the whole action takes place in a kind of hell and is pitched to the demons' shriek of hyperbole. This would appear to be a peculiar setting for a study of the commonplace. But only at first sight. The fact that an ordinary philistine like Macbeth goes on the rampage and commits a series of murders is a sign that human nature, like Nature, is capable of any mischief if left to its "natural" self. The witches, unnatural beings, are Nature spirits, stirring their snake-filet and owl's wing, newt's eye and frog toe in a camp stew: earthy ingredients boil down to an unearthly broth. It is the same with the man Macbeth. Ordinary ambition, fear, and a kind of stupidity make a deadly combination. Macbeth, a self-made king, is not kingly, but simply the original Adam, the social animal, and Lady Macbeth is Mother Eve.

There is no play of Shakespeare's (I think) that contains the words *Nature* and *natural* so many times, and the word *Nature* within the same speech can mean first something good and then something evil, as though it were a pun. Nature is two-sided, double-talking, like the witches. "Fair is foul and foul is fair," they cry, and Macbeth enters the play unconsciously echoing them, for he is never original but chock-full of the "milk of human kindness," which does not mean kindness in the modern sense but simply human "nature," human kind. The play is about Nature, and its blind echo, human nature.

Macbeth, in short, shows life in the cave. Without religion, animism rules the outer world, and without faith, the human soul is beset by hobgoblins. This at any rate was Shakespeare's opinion, to which modern history, with the return of the irrational in the Fascist nightmare and its new specters of Communism, Socialism, etc., lends support. It is a troubling thought that Macbeth, of all Shakespeare's characters, should seem the most "modern," the only one you could transpose into contemporary battle dress or a sport shirt and slacks.

The contemporary Macbeth, a churchgoer, is indifferent to religion, to the categorical imperative or any group of principles that may be held to stand above and govern human behavior. Like the old Macbeth, he'd gladly skip the future life, not only for himself but for the rest of humanity. He listens to soothsayers and prophets and has been out on the heath and in the desert, interfering with Nature on a grand scale, lest his rivals for power get ahead of him and Banquo's stock, instead of his, inherit the earth—why this should have seemed such a catastrophe to the real Macbeth, who had no children, is a mystery the scholars never mention. Unloosing the potential destructiveness that was always there in Nature, as Shakespeare understood, the contemporary Macbeth, like the old one, is not even a monster, though he may breed monsters, thanks to his activities on the heath; he is timorous, unimaginative, and the prayer he would like to say most fervently is simply "Amen."

Harper's Magazine, June 1962

PETER F. DRUCKER

The New European Nationalists

Why they are a danger and how they can be turned to our advantage

IF YOU have been listening to the Congressional debates, you may think the main question is: How much will the tariff cuts proposed by the President hurt American manufacturers? Will they ruin the tile plants in southern Ohio . . . the paper mills in the Pacific Northwest . . . or the china factories and textile firms of the South?

These are certainly the "pork-barrel" issues that may swing the votes of many Congressmen. But they are not the main issue. Something more important is at stake—whether American economic power is to be used to shape the kind of world economy we want. This issue is so big—and so subtle—that the President and his advisers have kept mum about it altogether in public. We face a great danger—but an even greater opportunity.

The danger is that an economically powerful Europe will turn to a new kind of economic nationalism. This could be even more destructive than the old variety—French, German, or Italian economic nationalism—because Europe is now in the process of uniting into a single economic unit. And if a Common Market Europe takes the road toward economic isolationism, it will almost certainly throw the rest of the Free World into an economic civil war—from which only the Communists can benefit (maybe decisively).

The opportunity lies in the tremendous power of a united Free World economy in which the two giants, the U.S. and the Common Market, work together. Our combined economic power is roughly four times that of the Soviet Union—and is likely to grow faster. A unified Europe as a partner in such a Free World economy would also help shoulder the enormous burdens we now carry throughout the world. It would be a Europe stronger and more constructive than anything we have known since the Europe of The Hundred Years' Peace disappeared in 1914.

Only the United States has the political and economic mass to pull Europe away from economic nationalism and toward genuine economic partnership with the rest of the Free World.

I

Why are we suddenly faced with so tremendous an issue? A year ago almost no one in the Kennedy Administration worried about anything but Africa, Laos, NATO, Cuba, or the UN. (Except George Ball, then Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs; he was forewarned by his close friends among Europe's leading economists.)

One reason is of course the explosive success of the Common Market. During the last years the success has become so great that Europe no longer has to adapt itself to the world economy. Increasingly the world economy has to shape itself to a powerful Europe.

The Cinderella story of the Common Market, and its rise from rags to riches in five short years, needs no retelling. Conceived as a desperate attempt to arrest Europe's progressive deterioration, the Common Market has become the fastest-growing area in the world economy. Within a

few years Continental Europe is likely to attain the same level of prosperity it would have reached if its economic growth had continued after 1913 instead of being aborted by forty years of war, revolution, tyranny, inflation, and stagnation. And though Europe has entered the mass-consumption age with a bang (and with countless traffic jams), capital investment and savings run at the highest rate ever attained in peacetime—on the whole well ahead of Russia. The Common Market invests two dollars in automation to every one dollar we invest—but instead of "automation unemployment," there is a labor shortage so severe that Germany recently recruited five thousand Japanese to work in the Ruhr coal mines.

Even well-informed Americans do not realize how much this economic explosion has already changed the balance of economic power in the Free World. Where the United States a few years ago was alone in the driver's seat, the Free World economy is now very much like a car equipped with two drivers and dual controls. The "hardest" currencies in the world today are the German mark, the French franc, and the Italian lira. And at the conference of central bankers in Vienna last September, the United States listened meekly while the Common Market economists laid down the conditions under which Europe would support the dollar—something unthinkable for the last forty years.

Two years ago the Common Market still ardently wooed the British—and was rather haughtily turned down by them. Now the British are humbly knocking at its door, only to receive a very cool welcome. Indeed, so far, the Common Market has refused to make it easy for the British to become a European rather than a world power. No special allowance has, for instance, yet been made for Britain's Commonwealth ties—such as a substitute for the preferential tariff which the "white dominions," Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, enjoy on the British market for their farm products. Yet, despite this rebuff—and despite vocal pro-Commonwealth opposition to the Common Market at home—the British government and British industry still go on making concessions to the Common Market demands; both are convinced that British membership, even at a very high price, is essential for Britain's economic survival and well-being. Even so, it may take another year of tenacious dickering for the British to get terms they can accept.

But perhaps the best indication of the impact of the Common Market is Spain's recent application for admission. Franco hardly intends to accept free elections and full guarantees of civil rights, which are the conditions for full membership. But he clearly is willing to accept economic integration—unrestricted trade, free flow of capital and labor—even though this would speedily knock over every one of his social, economic, and cultural policies. It would indeed be ironic if the lure of material rewards brought about the result that Europe's ideas and ideals failed so signally to accomplish thirty years ago: to make Spain rejoin the modern world.

ANOTHER compelling reason why the emergence of the Common Market presents the Free World with such a momentous decision is the persistence of two great and unresolved problems in Continental Europe: (1) a crisis in agriculture and (2) weak political foundations. Both encourage a new economic nationalism, the stronger the Common Market grows.

So far, the dominant force behind the Common Market has been the desire for greater freedom—the desire to overcome the obsolete and corroding nationalisms of the individual European states. But the aim was ambiguous from the beginning—both "internationalism" and, at the same time, a new, a "European" nationalism.

Most Europeans are, after all, still convinced in their hearts that European world leadership is a law of nature—and the only workable system. When European educators talk about "teaching world history rather than national history," they really mean adding a few non-German or non-English facts to the long lists of the kings of Prussia or of England which still is "history" to most European schoolboys. And the personal experience of even the educated and traveled European—his books, music, arts, vacations—is still typically confined to Europe. It is only natural that to many Europeans the Common Market has come to be the means of recovering Europe's "rightful position." Even the European liberal, therefore, is receptive to such nationalism and may find it hard to realize that exclusion of the non-Europeans *is* nationalism.

Peter F. Drucker's observations on the Common Market are based on years of work as a consultant to U. S., South American, and British business and government agencies, as well as on a recent trip to Chile and Argentina, and his own background of education in Austria and England. Mr. Drucker teaches in the Graduate School of Business of New York University and is the author of "Landmarks of Tomorrow" and other books.

The last major unification in Europe—Bismarck's Germany, ninety years ago—shows the danger clearly. It too started with a common market. Bismarck's support before unification came largely from liberals disgusted with the stifling pettiness and endless bickering of such obsolete and impotent "sovereign" states as Hesse or Bavaria. After unification Bismarck's party called itself "national-liberal." The "liberal" element rapidly declined, however, and the "national" took over.

ONE of the main forces that made nationalism victorious then is at work in the much larger unified Europe of today: an unresolved farm problem. In the three main Common Market countries, West Germany, France, and Italy, the farmer is of course heavily subsidized. (There is indeed no country in the Free World where industry does not subsidize agriculture, just as there is no Communist country where agriculture does not subsidize industry.) But whereas the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, among the industrial countries, have developed productive farmers and a modern agriculture, farming in the main Continental countries often remains at the early-nineteenth-century level in its methods, its productivity, and its labor requirements. (In southern Italy it still has to catch up with the Romans.) Many farms are too small; tools are antiquated; seeds and breeds unimproved. Above all, the farm subsidies encourage growing the wrong things, such as wine in the salt marshes of the French Camargue (instead of rice which France now imports), or wheat instead of dairy cattle on eroding clay hillsides in the Bavarian Alps.

One reason for this coddling has long been clear: the farm vote is still both the mainstay of the present regimes, and highly susceptible to the appeals of political extremists, either on the right (as in France and Germany) or on the left (as in Italy). During all the long years of the Algerian tragedy de Gaulle never once acted scared. But when the Norman peasants rioted last summer against a cut in subsidies, he immediately restored the cut and went on a full-dress speech-making tour to soothe the farmers in every corner of the country.

However, farming in Europe is at last in the throes of rapid, and painful, change. Tractor production, for instance, has grown as swiftly as auto production in the past ten years. And with the advent of the tractor, the truck, the power line to the farm, and increasingly the TV set—"peasant farming" disappears and "commercial agriculture" takes over. The German, French, or Italian farmer who still lives in his own, isolated rural culture is still in the great majority. But the bulk of agricultural production no longer comes from his small and scattered holdings, but from a growing class of "farm operators" with highly capitalized and highly specialized "farm businesses."

The Common Market will speed this farm revolution. Today each country protects its inefficiencies by imposing high tariffs and rigid quotas on foreign farm products. But as the barriers are lowered, all European farmers will be exposed to competition from the most efficient producers on the Continent. The French farmer —who may now claim that he is twice as productive as the small farmer of southern Germany— will have to face the fact that he is only half as productive as the highly capitalized dairy or livestock farmer in Holland or Denmark. "In industry," one of the Common Market economists remarked, "we have telescoped forty years of development into five. In agriculture we will, in one decade, jump a two-hundred-year gap."

Europe badly needs the farm revolution. Indeed further economic growth depends on siphoning off surplus farm labor into industry, and on increasing man-hour output on the farm. But as our own experience shows, the inevitable by-product of the farm revolution is tremendous political pressure to protect the farmer—especially the inefficient farmer. The Common Market almost shattered last January under farm pressure against dismantling the agricultural walls between the member countries. And though—ten days after the "absolutely final" deadline—the farm blocs of the various countries finally agreed to intra-European free trade in agricultural products, they had to be promised higher subsidies and greater protection by their governments, and an eight-year adjustment period. The one easy way—and the most dangerous way—to make good on this promise is, of course, to shut out all farm competition from outside the Common Market by a policy intended to make Europe agriculturally self-sufficient.

"GOOD" BUT UNTESTED

AN EVEN stronger push toward economic nationalism comes out of Europe's paradox: Europe is strong economically, but at the same time woefully weak politically. What will happen in France after de Gaulle? And neither in Italy nor in Germany have the democratic regimes yet stood the test of a crisis or a depres-

sion, or developed their leaders of tomorrow.

The "good European," conscious of the dangers, strenuously tries to build a genuine unified political Europe. He has had conspicuous success. A growing number of European common institutions cut across national boundaries: the European Coal and Steel Community for instance, or Euratom, the agency developing atomic energy. The European Assembly—a "parliament of parliamentarians"—has become a good deal more than a place in which to make ringing speeches though it has only advisory powers. And a number of services—patents, long-distance telephoning, and long-distance rail traffic among them—are increasingly pooled and managed as common European functions. Indeed Europe has revealed so much ingenuity and ability for joint political work that de Gaulle's insistence that only the "sovereign state" can possibly function as Europe's political unit, sounds curiously dated to the younger "Europeans."

But it remains true that the political unification of Europe is still confined to the economic sphere. Even in military matters it has to be an American who commands the joint European forces, rather than a European. And intra-European economic co-operation solves neither the Berlin issue and Germany's eastern borders, nor the constitutional crisis ahead for France.

Precisely because genuine political unification of Europe is so very difficult, the easy way to emphasize unity—ganging up on the outsider—may be all too attractive. De Gaulle's insistence on French glory and grandeur is hard to reconcile with Dr. Adenauer's genuine desire for a common European army as the only safeguard against a revived German militarism. But Germany and France did get together on farm policy by uniting against the farmers outside of Europe.

II

How dangerous would an eruption of European nationalism be? In the fight over President Kennedy's tariff proposals, the danger of America's being shut out of the Common Market was the Administration's strongest argument. This danger is real. Our capacity for economic growth depends more and more on our ability to import raw materials. Like any other industrial country, we increase our purchases of raw materials from abroad by $1.25 or so, for each dollar of additional national product. This in turn means, of course, that we must be able to export. For, in the long run at least, only exports can pay for imports. By far our best customer is the European Common Market. It buys about one seventh of our total exports—the bulk of our high-profit plastics and pharmaceuticals, for example—and also the lion's share of our coal, cotton, and tobacco exports.

Exports to the Common Market from the U. S. also have the greatest potential for growth in the future; for it is the market with both high purchasing power and a need for the goods the United States excels in: farm products of the temperate zone on the one hand and highly engineered industrial products on the other hand. And it is the market where we enjoy the most favorable balance of trade: we sell far more than we buy. (Holland is the best example: the Dutch buy $3.50 worth of American goods for every dollar we spend on theirs.)

Altogether, the six Common Market countries spend over a billion dollars more on American products than Americans spend on purchases from the Common Market. And the potential demand of the Common Market in America is enormous. It is estimated, for example, that by 1965 the growing European auto industry will be ordering from four to six billion dollars' worth of materials from the U. S.—including machine tools, paint sprayers, sheet steel mills, and many kinds of industrial instruments.

But if it is clearly essential that American goods have equal access to the Common Market, *we have an even bigger stake in insuring that the weaker non-European and non-Communist nations not be excluded from it.* This fact is not as widely recognized as it should be, but a quick look at the situations of these countries shows how badly damaged they would be by protective European nationalism.

(1) The tropical countries, like Brazil, which produce food and raw materials. Needless to say, Europe cannot produce tropical crops like coffee, bananas, and palm oil. Hence, most European countries freely allow such products to be imported today, no matter where they may come from. But France is determined to strengthen her ties with her former colonies in Africa, and she has now obtained permission from her Common Market partners to give preferential treatment to products coming from what was once French Africa. In effect, this means that high duties and other restrictions will be imposed on tropical crops produced elsewhere.

If Britain joins the Common Market the tropical members of the Commonwealth—Ghana, Nigeria, or Jamaica—can expect to be given equality of status with France's former colonies. (The Belgian Congo already has it.) If Britain

does not join, the former British colonies would continue to have their present near-monopoly in the big and lush British market.

But what about the South Americans such as Brazil, Ecuador, or Colombia? Today they can still freely sell their coffee, cocoa, or bananas in Italy, Germany, or Holland. Tomorrow, though, they may find themselves kept out of these markets. Their loss of income and foreign exchange would be tremendous—even a doubling of our payments under the Alliance for Progress from $1.5 billion to $3 billion a year would not suffice to cover it.

(2) The temperate-zone countries which export farm crops. The wheat growers of Canada and Argentina, the dairy farmers of New Zealand, and the sheep herders of Australia, Chile, and Uruguay are even more directly tied into the European economy than are the tropical producers. And they are most directly threatened by the European movement toward agricultural self-sufficiency. In fact, while Europe is the second-largest market for the tropical countries (the U.S. being a much bigger buyer still), it is the largest market for the growers of food and farm crops in the temperate zone. Indeed Europe is the *only* market, since American farmers produce a large export surplus themselves.

The farm products of the three "white dominions"—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—today enjoy a near-monopoly on the world's largest food-importing market, that of Britain, and are even, in many cases, subsidized by the British taxpayer. The large market of a unified Europe, if freely accessible to them, would more than make up for the loss of this "Commonwealth preference" in Britain—though to say so out loud just now is not the way to win an election in Manitoba or New Zealand. But to be debarred from a Common Market Europe that includes Britain would be catastrophe for them. It would also be disastrous for the other temperate-zone farmers—the Argentines, the Uruguayans, and the Chileans (not to mention the wheat growers of Kansas and the tobacco growers of North Carolina).

(3) Finally there is Japan. A buyer of raw materials (notably iron ore, petroleum, and cotton) and a seller of finished goods, Japan would not be directly threatened if Europe excluded agricultural imports. But no other country—excepting Great Britain—is as dependent on the free flow of international trade; and no other country would be so directly threatened by any trend toward nationalism in world trade.

If easy access to the European market is denied to these countries, the Free World will be in grave danger of falling to pieces economically and politically. It is true that the Latin American countries are trying to strengthen themselves by forming a Common Market of their own—the long discussed Zona Libra—but even this would not prevent their export economies from stifling to death if they were cut off from the huge purchasing power of Europe. Indeed, it is safe to predict that successful economic and social development in the underdeveloped countries will become a sad illusion—no matter how many dollars we pump into them—if an exclusive European nationalism dominates the Common Market. Nor could we expect that Japan—the one great industrial power outside the West—could remain very long within the Free World orbit if the Common Market became harshly exclusive.

Altogether, the force of European economic nationalism could create a terrible rift in the non-Communist world between the rich, industrialized countries—especially the Europeans—and the generally poorer farming and mining countries outside of Europe. There is an ominous similarity here to the struggle between the industrial North and the agrarian South that tore the American commonwealth apart in the first half of the nineteenth century.

However, it cannot be stressed enough that these are still threats rather than realities—degenerative tendencies rather than accomplished fact. The Common Market is still, above all, a tremendous source of strength for the Free World. It is, above all, still the great triumph of American policy which first conceived the idea of European economic integration a dozen years ago, kept it alive, promoted it, and encouraged it. To prove this, we only have to ask ourselves what the world would look like today if Europe had not recovered her economic dynamism. But the fact that the problems of the Common Market are problems of success does not make them any easier to solve or any less dangerous.

III

The liberal spirit that brought about its formation is still in the ascendancy in the Common Market. But its lead is narrowing. The very men who made the Common Market possible, the liberal foreign and economics ministers, were thrown out of the room in which the "farmers' friends"—the ministers of agriculture—negotiated European agricultural subsidies and price levels last December and January. Resist-

ance to British participation in the Market has been increasingly tough. American leadership in preserving the promise and averting the dangers of the Common Market can still be highly effective—but perhaps not very much longer.

The aim of the Kennedy policy is—inevitably—twofold:

(1) We do want European *political* integration. Without political strength and stability, an economically powerful Europe would be a threat to itself and to everyone else—an irresponsible giant moron.

(2) At the same time, the United States and the Free World need an economically liberal Europe, as a partner in an expanding economy willing to put its strength and resources to work on the economic and social ills of the non-European world.

President Kennedy's strategy is therefore a great deal more complex than he or anyone in the Administration can admit. It has, in fact, three "clients": the American economy, the non-European economies of the non-Communist world, and the economic liberals of Europe. It has an economic but also a political objective and a delicate problem of the balance between the two. It must, in its timing, both have immediate impact at the present crucial moment, and give everybody time to work out the very real difficulties we shall run into at every step.

KENNEDY'S TWO CARROTS

ABOVE all, President Kennedy's proposal aims both at forcing Britain's entry into the Common Market and at giving us an alternate strategy in case Britain stays out after all.

One reason why the Administration all along has been strongly in favor of Britain's entry into the Common Market is, of course, the need to shock the British economy into growth by the cold shower of competition and the lure of opportunities in a big and expanding market. The cozy torpor of the British high-consumption, low-investment economy is a constant drain on the Free World economy today, and may rapidly become a political weakness as well.

Beyond that, British membership in the Common Market would be the greatest possible political advance, both because Britain has the stable institutions the larger Continental countries so conspicuously lack, and because she alone of all European nations is rapidly maturing a large crop of young, well-tested politicians within the Conservative government and in both the Labour and Liberal parties. Economically, Britain's membership would guarantee against Common Market economic nationalism, especially in agriculture. It is not only that Britain knows the world too well (indeed she knows "overseas"—the non-European world—much better than she knows "abroad"—the continent of Europe). She could not afford economic nationalism: England is still "home" to the "white dominions," and she is the world's largest food importer, totally dependent on cheap supplies.

In this perspective, the strategy behind President Kennedy's demands that Congress enable him to lower our tariffs becomes clearer. In effect, he has been asking for powers to extend two large carrots of economic advantage to those who favor British inclusion in the Common Market—and to use a big stick of economic punishment on those who are against it, whether they are on the Continent or in England itself. One carrot—particularly attractive to the Continentals—is the promise that we will give access to the world's lushest market, the United States, only to a unified and economically liberal Europe which would include Britain.

The other carrot is smaller, perhaps, but it is highly appealing to Conservative back-benchers with Commonwealth sympathies on whose votes the Macmillan government depends. It is the promise that the United States, in fighting for open access to the Common Market for our American farm products, will also fight for the farm products of the "white dominions." Thus, if Britain is forced to abandon her preferential treatment of dominion products in order to gain Common Market membership, the dominions could nevertheless be compensated by having the European Market opened to them.

The big stick in the Kennedy program is the clear threat of a separate American deal with either side in Europe. We can offer the very great attraction of easy access to our market to whichever of the two is willing to extend similar terms to us. The side not willing to go along—whether Britain or the Common Market—would then be faced with a preponderance of economic power in a liberal trade bloc organized around the U. S. and large enough to attract all the unattached Free World economies, European or non-European.

How effective can such a strategy be? How much are other countries willing to pay for access to the rich American market? A convincing demonstration of our power took place last February when nineteen nations negotiated a cotton textile agreement at Geneva. Widely re-

garded as a dress rehearsal of the Kennedy program, this agreement pulled off a seemingly impossible coup: everyone—our textile industry, the textile manufacturers of the low-wage Asian countries such as Japan and Hong Kong, and the Europeans—came off a "winner." The Europeans escaped sharp restrictions on their exports to the U. S. In exchange they had to commit themselves to doubling, over the next five years, their still very low purchases of cotton goods from Japan, India, and Hong Kong. This means a sizable increase in U. S. sales of raw cotton to Asia, and also a sizable increase in jobs and export earnings for the Asiatics. In turn the Asian low-wage producers—also under the threat of American retaliation—agreed not to increase for the next five years their textile exports to the United States, and thus to lessen the pressure on our domestic textile industry and on the U. S. balance of payments. And the American cotton manufacturers, traditionally arch-protectionists, actually endorsed the Kennedy program with enthusiasm at their annual convention this March.

IN ITS narrow gap between very high promise and appalling risk, the world situation today bears striking resemblance to that of 1919. It is Wilson—rather than FDR—whose inheritance Kennedy has entered into. In 1919 America had become the world's leading economic power. But political power still resided in Europe. Unable to act together, the U. S. and Europe, each acting alone, behaved irresponsibly during the 'twenties—America economically, the Europeans politically.

For the last fifteen years, both political and economic power in the Free World have been chiefly in American hands, and the result has been highly responsible and effective behavior on our part. Political and military power in the Free World is still concentrated in the U. S. as much as ever. But economically Continental Europe is rapidly becoming independent, if not our equal. This inequality between Europe's economic and her political power again invites irresponsibility. And a Europe economically strong but economically nationalistic could be grossly irresponsible indeed.

Before Congress, the witnesses have been talking about machine-tool exports and about special safeguards for the Colorado beet-sugar grower. These are important issues; but they are not *the* important issue. We are up against something as big and fateful as the decision missed at Versailles and in the League of Nations debate forty-odd years ago: the shape of the world our own vision has brought into being.

JOHN ADAMS, FARMER by Fred Lape

Of all the summers of my life, this the freest
from care, anxiety, and vexation . . . the season fruitful.

So John Adams, building a new barn on his farm,
making compost of seaweed and dung for next year's corn;
the impolite court of France, the stubborn English,
the thankless American Congress all out of mind.

Here this halcyon moment before politics again,
before strife and bitterness. Why did he not stay,
why subject himself to the bickering factions?

But no, righteous and inflexible, not yet yielding
to distrust of man, he worshipped duty,
he turned to the way his conscience granted,
and was bitter for most of his life, admitting,
reluctantly, the corruptibility of groups.

I salute you, John, a grim rock perhaps
to backsliders, but one to fasten on.
And I am glad for your one happy summer.

Harper's Magazine, June 1962

RUTH STEPHAN

THE ZEN PRIESTS AND THEIR SIX PERSIMMONS

A feminine, personal report on how it feels to live in one of Japan's Buddhist temple compounds.

SITTING here in Zuiun-ken, the Daitokuji student house, among these seventeenth-century Buddhist temples and ancient pines, I begin to see how I have been caught on a very sticky paper; like a fly, I mean, for I was aimless as a passing fly when I came here a few weeks ago and now I find I'm deep into something I didn't expect: Zen. I think the realization of my "stuckness" came with *The Six Persimmons.* Typically—for me, not for those who know What is What—I hadn't heard of *The Six Persimmons.*

I didn't realize I was aimless—does a fly?—when I came to Kyoto as a pleasant place to finish a piece of writing. I had asked my friend Ruth Sasaki if there was a place near her where I could stay; I had heard there was a house in Daitokuji where foreigners sometimes were allowed. With her usual decision and promptness Ruth had answered that I could stay in Zuiun-ken; the first person not a student to do so. Well, I thought, why not? Ruth is a Zen priest and has known me for many years. If she thinks I can live among Buddhists when I don't know anything about Zen, I should be able to get along. It ought to be quiet. Quiet! Zen, I am discovering, is not a religion or a philosophy so much as something that happens.

It happened to Ruth, for example, to be a priest; she did not plan it or choose it. When she settled into a house at Daitokuji twelve years ago, nineteen of the twenty-one priests in the temple compound were aggravated to have an American woman among them, even though she was the widow of a Zen Master and had come to Japan to devote herself to the translation of ancient Chinese and Japanese texts and poetry. For years they suffered one another, side by side. Suddenly, three years ago, Daitokuji awoke to the fact that they were harboring the prize that every Zen temple in Japan was trying to attain: a foreign student center. This, too, had happened. Foreigners interested in Zen had flocked to see and talk with Ruth; some had remained to work with her. The priests' attitude, once aware of this, was flapped over like a pancake, and they asked Ruth to be a priest. Her first answer was a refusal, for, she said, she did not have time for the ceremonies. Her task, she felt, was to make Zen available in the English language. Do what you please and attend whatever ceremonies you wish, but be a priest here, they urged. When she accepted she became the first American in the fifteen hundred years of Zen history to be one of its priests. Of course, America is a child-bride of Zen.

The evening I arrived, Ruth, in a thin summer-print dress, gave me supper at Ryōsen-an, where she lives. Priesthood had not changed her, I decided. Her figure might be somewhat fuller, but her rounded lovely face was unlined by the press of intellectualism; her mouth stayed in a youthful curve, her blue eyes were clear, calm, interested. Wisps of her waved white hair clung to her forehead in the July heat. By the serenity of her house, one of the temples of Daitokuji, I knew she still was the excellent housekeeper she had been in Hinsdale and New York. The scrambled eggs her Japanese cook made for us were delicious.

After supper we walked through the hot, damp twilight past a walled graveyard to Zuiun-ken. It was almost dark as we went through the large

wooden gate, but I could see the graceful swoop of the house roof against the sky, a sign of Japan. Leaving our shoes at the entrance steps, we padded barefoot into the sparsely furnished dining-room, the only common room, to rest and fan ourselves. I noticed a wood fragrance like the lumber mills in the Northwest; the woodwork, built-in drawers, and low broad table are of pale raw wood.

"We like spiders here," Ruth was saying. "The big ones"—her hands gestured the roundness of a fair-sized apple pie—"are fond of watching anyone take a bath. Don't be surprised at their company. If you hit one it may crumble into dust, or, if it is a female, it may burst into a thousand eggs." Her garden, I remembered, was decorated with enormous webs shining between tree branches and house eaves, their spiders as large as, or, I must say, as small as, black daisies.

"There is the vegetable garden." She pointed outside the glass and screen doors that form one wall of the room. "It was started last spring. Zuiun-ken has been open just a year. It was a ghost temple and they didn't know what to do with it. I persuaded them to let me make it into a student residence. Let's look at it."

To my brick-bound Western eyes it seemed a paper-doll house as we toured through it. The outer walls are continuous glass doors; most of the inner divisions are sliding doors of paper and thin wood. The room floors are the usual mats; between the rooms and the outer glass doors is a *rokka,* an open passageway with waxed black planks. It felt smooth to my bare feet. Everything had the look of—well, if emptiness could appear, this was it. I was shown the small shrine and the living quarters for the resident priest, or Osho-san, who was not there; then the baths, the light switches, the toilet called a *benjo,* the student rooms, four of them.

"We could keep them filled all the time," Ruth said, "but we don't want to. Last year we had beatniks and we had to get rid of them. They liked women and drinking more than Zen. Next fall we're taking a Swiss psychiatrist and three Americans, one from Korea, one from New York, the other from San Francisco. They've had to pass written examinations. This summer we've kept just one student, an Austrian woman."

Ruth Stephan has written a volume of poems and two historical novels ("The Flight" and "My Crown, My Love") and has edited Peruvian songs and tales ("The Singing Mountaineers"). She was co-editor of "The Tiger's Eye," an avant-garde magazine, and has just completed "The Spoken Anthology of American Literature" for the University of Arizona. "I find it dangerous to my writing life to travel," she says, "because I always discover something that I feel must be shared, such as 'The Six Persimmons.'"

YOU CAN'T ASK

I WAS shown my quarters, two large rooms that jut out into what is to be the garden. One room had three white-covered floor cushions and an unpainted Japanese chest, a fine old one, for furnishings; the second had nothing in it at all, but in a large niche in the wall, called a *tokonoma,* hung a picture—*kakemono,* I was corrected—of a jeweled Bodhisattva riding through clouds on a contemplative elephant. Beneath it was an interesting object. I examined it more closely.

"What a nice sculpture!" I exclaimed.

"That's not a sculpture, that's a stuffed cicada. Washino-san arranged the flowers. She has two diplomas in flower arrangement." There were two magenta asters prettily angled away from some fluffy green in a bamboo vase beside the giant cicada. "And this is Maria."

Maria, the Austrian student, came in smiling, her brown mannish-cut hair gleaming as if fresh out of a shower. She wore a voluminous swinging skirt and a loose blouse. I am back among my friends in Greenwich Village, I thought.

Ruth was ready to leave. "This is the program. You can have your breakfast on a tray in your room any time after five-thirty. Maria and Osho-san have *sutra* chanting then for fifteen minutes. After that they sit for half an hour. They have their breakfast at six-thirty. Between seven and eight there is cleaning. The students clean the house, but you will not have to. Morishige-san, the cook, will do yours for you. You can have your lunch in your room at any hour you want. The others eat at twelve. Dinner has to be early because of *zazen,* that is, sitting in the Meditation Hall, at seven o'clock. One thing you are required to do: eat dinner at five-thirty in the dining-room and be on time. Good night, my dear." With that I was handed a key to the outer gate.

Since then, I have been on my own, and I have found that while I am not asked to do anything, so I may be free for my writing, it is said, neither may I ask for anything important. I can ask to have my *futon,* or bed mat, laid with its head to the East; I can ask for a banana for breakfast or the meaning of a Japanese phrase and be satis-

fied, or I can drop in for a cool drink and conversation with Ruth, but if I want to view a painting—and Daitokuji is famous for its paintings—or visit a temple not open to the public, I must be invited, and the invitation has to happen.

This first was borne in on me when Kobori-san, the English-speaking priest of Ryōkō-in, a Daitokuji temple, came one afternoon to give a talk at Zuiun-ken. Our resident priest, Kurihara-san, reputed to be the finest bamboo flute player in Japan, is a country priest who does not speak a word of English, as the majority of priests do not. Kobori-san not only is valuable to the students for his English; he also is likely to attain the rank of Zen Master in the near future in the monastery of Daitokuji—there is one Master here out of perhaps fifty or sixty in Japan—indicating that his understanding and exposition of Zen are particularly respected. His talks, which are comments on an early Zen text, attract foreign students studying at other Kyoto temple compounds as well as Daitokuji students who live in lodgings of their own. He appeared at Zuiun-ken in a gauze-like black summer priest's robe over a white kimono, wearing a brown *ratusu*, a kind of broad silk necklace that hangs almost to the waist and is the symbol of priesthood. His shaved head and his smooth high-cheek-boned face give him a youthful outline which his steadied brows, serious eyes, and poised full mouth modify. It takes years to achieve the balance of such a serene expression. He carried, that day, a brown Chinese fan, the characters of a poem brushed onto its white spread, which he used for emphasizing his words. When Maria introduced me to him she spoke of the rare beauty of his temple. I responded enthusiastically that I would like very much to see it and asked when it would be possible, or convenient, to do so. Never have I heard more graceful ambiguities. My request was left sailing in mid-air.

I took it up with Ruth, not Kobori-san's temple, but Daitokuji in general. I had settled into writing mornings—Ruth had provided me with a good desk and chair for my otherwise empty study—and I had decided I should add to my culture in the afternoons by seeing some of the priceless art treasures here. The guidebook lists a few at the Main Temple; it does not include how or when to view them. Whom should I ask?

"Oh, you can't ask!" Ruth exclaimed. "Someone has to ask for you. Kobori-san would be the best. You've met him."

"He's very nice. How do I get to know him?"

"Word has to get around that you want to."

"How does word get around?"

"I'll start it," she promised.

Word did get around, but when Kobori-san invited Maria and me to his temple, Ryōkō-in, I was quite silent, not being able to figure out how to make the subject of art treasures happen. Their chatter of Zen history with its Indian names and Japanese terms sounded like bees buzzing around me. It was charming sitting on his open *rokka*, which is like a roofed boardwalk between his two moss and pine gardens with old stone lanterns, drinking cold tea and nibbling summer cake—a tiny gelatinous cake that never saw a pinch of flour. The next day I sent him a verse to thank him. I didn't hear from him.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

A FEW nights later Dr. Chang dropped in for dinner at Zuiun-ken. Dr. Chang, a man with pepper-and-salt hair, round glasses, and a mobile mouth always ready to laugh, is an authority on Taoist philosophy who, having just finished a book on that, is studying Zen. It would be wrong, incidentally, to consider those here as similar to university or other students. I am in a nest of philosophers, poets, scientists, psychologists, most of whom have a doctorate. If I put a question about science to Maria, her continuously cheerful face levels into solemnity, her eyes grow possessively knowledgeable, and she clears the problem for me as carefully as if I were her kindergarten class. She is a confirmed scientist, an ex-teacher.

I thought I might try being direct with a Chinese scholar. He had written about Chinese painting in his book and might know about art in Kyoto. Dr. Chang didn't mind at all when I asked him if we might go together to see some paintings.

"We must see *The Six Persimmons*." He sounded pleased.

"What is that?"

"*The Six Persimmons* is a famous Zen painting. It's by Mu Ch'i, a Chinese painter of the twelfth century. Westerners don't understand it." He joyously described the mistakes of Western art critics in writing about it.

"Have you seen it?"

"No, just reproductions. It's rarely seen, but I hear it's in Kyoto. If it is, we'll see it. I'll arrange it through International House. They know how to do these things."

The next day, an hour or so after I'd received a letter from a Princeton professor telling me the

one thing I must see is *The Six Persimmons*, a girl at International House telephoned that Dr. Chang's request to see *The Six Persimmons* could not be granted because the painting was in Tokyo. However, she had permission for us to see other paintings by the same artist which were national treasures. They were in Daitokuji. She would send the papers to Dr. Chang. We could see them the following week. I told Maria about it during one of our cigarette-smoking chats in the dining-room.

"*The Six Persimmons* is in Kobori-san's temple," she announced.

"At Kobori-san's! What's it doing there?"

"It's one of the treasures he takes care of in Ryōkō-in. It's the most famous of all Zen paintings. The whole of Zen is in it."

"Have you seen it?"

"Oh, no. It's only shown once a year when it is aired in October."

In October I would be in Europe. I sighed. I had developed a taste for those persimmons.

The morning Dr. Chang and I went to Ryōkō-in with our permission to see the other Mu Ch'i paintings, Kobori-san looked surprised to see us. He invited us in and onto his boardwalk *rokka* where we sat in wicker chairs. The girl at International House, he told us, had telephoned the day before that she was sending two foreigners to view his paintings.

" 'But,' I told her, 'I don't show my paintings to foreigners. Who are they?' When she said 'Dr. Chang and Mrs. Stephan,' I laughed." He laughed again. " 'Ah, I know them,' I told her. 'Dr. Chang, the philosopher, and Mrs. Stephan, the poet. They may come.' " He leaned back in his chair and went on to explain that he was in session—a meditating period—and could not show any pictures. His expression was puzzled. "Why don't you wish to see *The Six Persimmons*? That is the Mu Ch'i to see. That is the masterpiece of painting by a Zen priest."

I was afraid to speak. By his tone the painting was in his temple, not in Tokyo. Dr. Chang was delighted to talk. For over an hour he and Kobori-san traded comparisons on Oriental and Western philosophies, agreeing that Jung had been a Western mind deeply comprehensive of the East and its realizations. They also agreed that Westerners who had seen *The Six Persimmons* had reacted more to its technique than to its meaning. Mu Ch'i, Kobori-san informed me, had broken away from the traditional painting of the professional artists of the Academy in the Sung dynasty, his period. He had lived in a temple on the bank of Lake Hsi Hu and painted exactly as he wished, seeking the inner realities of nature. The government and art officials never did appreciate his painting; it was the Zen priests who revered it, recognizing him as the real genius of the Sung dynasty, and, as centuries passed, naming him as the greatest master in Chinese painting. No one knows how, 350 years after his death, the wealthy Japanese merchant who became the founder of Ryōkō-in discovered his paintings, but at the end of the sixteenth century he brought back *The Six Persimmons* and a companion piece, *The Chestnuts*, from China and gave them to his son, a noted Zen Master, for this temple, which was built in the beginning of the seventeenth century; so *The Six Persimmons* always has been a treasure of Ryōkō-in. It is considered as perfectly expressing the profundities of Zen.

"Mu Ch'i faced the universe with a pure mind." Kobori-san threw out his arms to the universe. "*The Six Persimmons* is what happened to him."

I spoke. "Kobori-san, why don't you write about it? And write the poetic things you've been saying about Zen philosophy so Westerners could understand it better."

He turned to look at me. "That is for you to do."

I was appalled. It was not the moment to tell him I am not a Buddhist. "But I'm not a philosopher. I'm a poet, and I only can write poems when I react to something. Then I have to write." I paused to put it in his terms. "I can't swallow the universe and hold it. I must let it out."

He nodded. "Like sweat."

INTO A BOTTOMLESS PAIL

BEFORE Dr. Chang and I went away, Kobori-san told us he would arrange a ceremony in two or three days. *The Six Persimmons* could not be shown without a proper tea ceremony early in the morning. Afterwards he would lend me an essay he had written on the painting, but I must view it with the pure mind Mu Ch'i had when he painted it.

The days slipped along, more than two or three, and the more I saw and heard, the less I could comprehend Zen-land as a void. It is too aware of nature, too active in daily tasks, too loving of legends, too productive of creative arts. The priests, even the Masters or Roshi, work beside their young monks at weeding their vegetable and moss gardens, and indoors find proficiency in the arts of calligraphy, poetry,

painting, pottery, and the tea ceremony, besides administering their temple duties. Everyone delights in legends, such as the one at Shinju-an, the True Jewel Temple, where, it is told, the founder, Ikkyū, the Emperor's son who became a priest, caught the thunder when it struck the temple garden by clapping it under his tea bowl and would not let it out until it promised never to hit Daitokuji again. That was in the fifteenth century, since when the thunder has obeyed. As for artists, Zen has nourished some of the greatest in Japanese history. Lady Murasaki was bathed as a baby at Shinju-an's well and lies buried not far from its walls; Bashō, the beloved seventeenth-century poet, made haiku his expression of Zen, and has been followed by countless priest-poets since; Kanze became the celebrated Noh player after his Zen teacher advised him to be a stone woman dancing the long-life melody and a wooden man singing great peace; and the list of painters who were Zen priests or attentive to Zen reads more like a museum index than a direction to nothingness. The Zen void, to me, seems like a bottomless garbage pail into which the unnecessary and the troublesome is dumped; what is left may be the living mind's picture of the universe, unlittered.

Mu Ch'i's mind still was not exposed to me. Maria went into "sessions," which meant that for a week she had daily meetings with her teacher, called *sanzen*, and otherwise stayed in her room meditating, having her meals sent in. Her being in session, I eventually learned through Ruth, was causing the delay. When she was out and could be present, Kobori-san would have the ceremony. Ruth also said that Kobori-san had decided I should see the Mu Ch'i paintings at the Main Temple and he was going to "stand" for me there; he would be my sponsor.

THE TWO INSEPARABLES

I HAD begun to believe it would not happen, so when it did it had the excitement of the unexpected. More, it had the pressure of mass psychology, one different, however, from a modern textbook diagnosis. I felt a mass of centuries of unpeopled minds gathered to a single point. The power was inexplicable, as if I were up for judgment day, and, worse, a judgment day for a reaction, not for any deed, past or present. How can a reaction be anticipated, coaxed, assured? Ruth said she thinks Kobori-san one of the finest at the tea ceremony in Japan, that he comes from a family famous as tea ceremony experts. Kobori-san himself had explained that through the tea ceremony Zen let people know its essential spirit. Every movement has a spiritual meaning. This and *The Six Persimmons*, too, I thought: a double metaphysical experience. My skin forgot I was not a teen-ager and started a rash.

At a Thursday afternoon talk at Zuiun-ken Kobori-san informed Maria and me that the next day at four o'clock we were to be at the Main Temple for the showing of Mu Ch'i's *Crane and Monkey* triptych, and that the following morning at eight o'clock he would like to have his own ceremony and *The Six Persimmons* showing at Ryōkō-in. I rushed to telephone Dr. Chang.

Impressive as the triptych was, I sensed it as a prologue for *The Six Persimmons*. The afternoon dripped heat when we went to the Main Temple and into a large room. Kobori-san and a short round-in-the-middle priest carried in a long, narrow wooden box in which, they said, the paintings had arrived hundreds of years ago. The Chinese calligraphic notations still were clear on it. Carefully, reverently, they took out the three paintings and unrolled them, unrolling, too, a strong camphor smell. With a long hook they lifted and hung them on the wall. The three pieces must be ten feet long, including their seventeenth-century brocade mountings. On the left was the crane, in the center the *Kannon*, which is a figure representing the Bodhisattva of Mercy, on the right the monkeys. This, Buddhists believe, personifies Buddha with the two inseparables, wisdom and compassion. Maria lost herself contemplating the monkeys, a mother monkey on a branch, clasping a tiny monkey. My imagination was caught by the crane, a gently realistic bird moving away from a clump of bamboo, its beak partly open, its eye on some object raised in the sky. It might be speaking to the universe, being a Zen bird, or about to fly into a recalled dream; it might be cautioning its young in their first flight. It is the most beautiful crane I ever saw.

The short priest had another wooden box, a small one, from which he took and hung a painting of hibiscus, also by Mu Ch'i. My eyes were so full of the crane I could not attend to it as more than some flowers. There are so many pictures of flowers.

Dr. Chang, after examining it, announced it was not by Mu Ch'i; there was no seal on it. Kobori-san went to the box and brought from it a paper covered with Chinese characters which he put before Dr. Chang.

"Yes, yes. I see, I see," said Dr. Chang as he read it. "This definitely states the hibiscus is

by Mu Ch'i. It came with the painting, I presume, when it was brought here in the seventeenth century?"

"Yes. It is for persons like you who do not believe," was Kobori-san's answer.

The next morning felt as cool as the pine trees appeared. At two minutes to eight we opened the outer wooden gate at Ryōkō-in. Maria observed that it must be a real ceremony because the stone walk had been sprinkled with water. We were four guests, since our Zuiun-ken Osho-san, neat in black robes, his broad-boned face lined in anticipation, had joined us. Kobori-san, in a cream-colored kimono with a cream-colored sash, greeted us at his front steps where we took off our sandals and followed him to the planked *rokka* between the two green gardens, where we rested a few moments before the importance of what we were to experience. We were, Kobori-san said, to do as the Osho-san did. We walked back along the *rokka* to the beginning of the inner garden and stopped at a tall hollowed-out stone basin beside a stone well. The Osho-san poured a dipperful of water over his hands, wiped them on a towel hanging on a rail, and went on. We each copied him. There was a muted tension as we passed through empty rooms divided by bamboo summer curtains. The last thing I saw before I went into the tea room, the temple's famous Mittan-seki, was, in the room before it, one of those long Japanese scroll-like pictures called a *kakemono*. It was a waterfall. I thought I would like to take that waterfall with me. It was white and powerful and I was stepping straight out into eternity.

TIME SAT THERE

IT IS a square room, its walls delicately painted in smoky colors. Its murals, then, were a blur to me. There were five pale green cushions on the mats. Osho-san sat on one in front of the inside *tokonoma*, important in a tea room because a choice object is placed there. Next to him was Maria, then Dr. Chang. I sat on the fourth cushion, at a right angle to them, directly facing what I had seen in the corner of my eye coming in and didn't dare look at: a small picture, a modest one, mounted as a *kakemono*, hanging in the *tokonoma*. The others weren't looking at it either. No one spoke of it. In a second *tokonoma*, to my left beyond the empty fifth cushion, was an alive thing, startlingly white, a large single hibiscus in a slender vase. Behind me was an open door to a small garden. I was brushed by the breeze meandering in. Another green garden with its stone lantern could be seen through a door in the left wall.

Kobori-san came in from a corridor beside this door, bowed, and served each of us with a flower-shaped summer cake, pink and white, on a small pottery dish; then he knelt before the *kama*, which is a large iron kettle, in a corner partly partitioned. He flipped an orange-brown napkin out of his sash, let it fall loose, flipped it up again between his fingers to fold it with a magician's dexterity. The tea ceremony had begun.

Every movement has a spiritual meaning, but I did not try to figure it out that morning. One movement flowed into another to blend, as the colors of the room blended without one harsh note, in a ritualistic harmony. Kobori-san seemed to be activated by a melody I did not hear. There were two napkins, a white one as well as the orange one, to be folded, unfolded, folded, used to wipe each piece ceremoniously; there were the two tea bowls, the age of the room, Kobori-san said, which made them seventeenth-century, in which the tea was made for each person, the powdered tea spooned from a black lacquer box, pressed with a whisk, hot water poured over it with a bamboo dipper, and whisked into a thick liquid. At one point Osho-san happily began to eat his summer cake, so the rest of us did, too. At another point I grew courage to look at *The Six Persimmons*; the other three were staring at it, their heads turned as in a "heads right!" army order. Six little persimmons on a plain background. I began to wonder for whom the fifth cushion was placed. Time, I decided; Time sat there. Would Time be absent from a ceremony where everything belonged to him, bowls, pots, painting, ritual? He was our Grandfather host, Kobori-san his accepted assistant.

We were served one by one. I was last. Kobori-san crept across the floor mats to place my bowl of tea before me. To pick up a rare 350-year-old bowl takes valor, and when it is as hot as this one was it takes the nerves of an Olympic champion. Fortunately, perhaps purposely, Kobori-san had come to the moment of telling how to drink; I followed his tale of what a guest should do. I put the hot bowl in my left palm and held it with my right hand; then, lifting it, I turned it around to select the right place to sip. Three and a half gulps, he said, the last a noisy one to drain the final drops. The tea, a spring green, looked like pulverized grass; it tasted like it, too, very hot grass. When I put down the bowl I could—should, to be a proper guest—examine it

and offer a compliment. The bowl was a mottled green and brown, so highly glazed years could not rub through to dull it. I couldn't think what to say and murmured something about its being lovely, as any woman would do. Osho-san made a remark in Japanese, Maria and Dr. Chang complimented the pottery in English, and the conversation drifted on without me.

I sank into a comfortable daze—was it a metaphysical daze?—that lasted until we went out of the tea room and sat, to recover, in the wicker chairs on the *rokka*.

The Six Persimmons were floating around in my mind. I liked them. What woke me up was Kobori-san's statement when he swung around to me.

"My only hope is that you will write a poem."

When I had no answer, he continued. "You may walk in the rooms, if you wish, and look at whatever you choose."

I took the hint, rose, and returned alone to the tea room to kneel and really look at *The Six Persimmons*. It is, as I have said, a small picture, and modest. Its modesty is appealing. One feels a friend there, subtle and wise, with whom one could be warm and confident. The persimmons, none identical, brushed in simple strokes, their colors white, shades of gray and black, are placed irregularly on a whitish background with a grayed streak, resembling a stain, on the right side. Their stems are black, pert, fresh. The smallest persimmon, a fat baby brother to the others, sits in front. Six persimmons, hardly more than outlined, on a plain background. The impression on my consciousness had the precision and unbelievable tenderness of a great surgeon's finger.

As we were leaving Ryōkō-in I heard the first words among us said aloud about the painting. Dr. Chang leaned and whispered to me.

"It really is by Mu Ch'i. A wonderful painting. Wonderful."

I wrote a poem and took it five days later to Kobori-san. He led me to a room beside one of the gardens where he placed two chairs and sat down to read it. He rubbed his hand on his shaved head, then read the first line aloud.

"Mu Ch'i had six persimmons on his mind." He put the poem paper on the floor and threw out his hands as if he were slicing an enormous cake. His words were explosions. "Mu Ch'i *divided* himself into six persimmons."

"Well," I countered, "I could say he had six persimmons *for* his mind."

He read on. "The first part is Western. It leads into the second part, which is the real poem. This I like: *plucked his fruits out of a white eternity*. I like *white eternity*."

Korbori-san always is courteous. He kept the poem, and I am taking home with me a print of *The Six Persimmons*. As a masterpiece both of twelfth-century Chinese painting and depiction of Zen it will be worth my study. If I am to learn Zen through it, I can say this now: that Zen is utter simplicity; that it has such a direct seeing of an object that the rest of the world vanishes with all its untidiness, leaving the object shorn and clear; that in its identification with nature a rhythm is apparent without anything seeming to move; that it has an inimitable strength borne through delicacy.

One afternoon sometime later, Maria and I were fanning ourselves in her room. We had been among the foreign students in the library building of Ryosen-an the night before to listen to Ruth Sasaki, handsome in her priest's black robes, give a reading of Sokei-an's commentaries. Maria, in a pause between our anecdotes, spoke in a way unusually hesitating for her.

"Excuse me. I would like to ask you how you feel about the commentaries last night."

"I like them. They are like philosophy put into fairy tales."

"Do they sound familiar to you?"

"Well, yes."

"They sound like an old familiar friend to me."

"Yes. An old familiar friend—myself."

"That," Maria laughed, "is the cream of Zen."

Tea in Ryoko-in

Mu Ch'i had six persimmons for his mind.
No one spoke of it. Kobori-san
folded Time's orange napkin,

whisked a green tea into the Buddhist grail,
Time's tea bowl. We, on our cushions, smiled.
Cool wind grazed through the door.

Mu Ch'i, with artless art, had plucked his fruits
out of a white eternity. In smoke
he outlined them, and left.

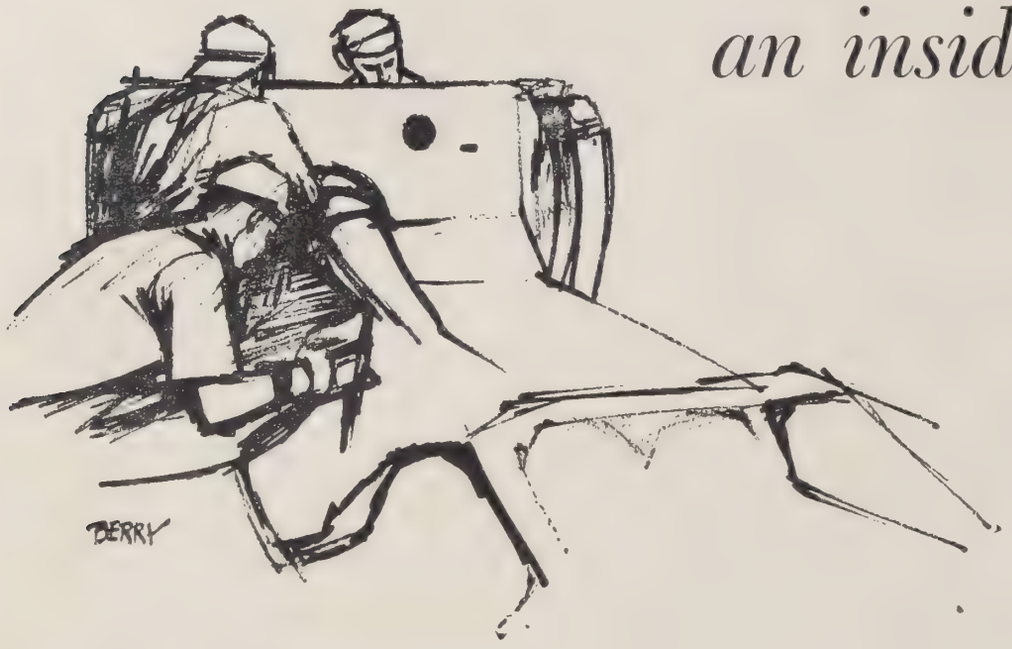
Time sat, a waterfall not falling.
Were we alive? We saw a white hibiscus
lay on the iron heart.

—Ruth Stephan

Harper's Magazine, June 1962

THE AUTO ASSEMBLY LINE

an inside view



PATRICIA CAYO SEXTON

How the world looks to the men (and women) on a factory floor . . . and why their emotions, hopes, resentments, and pleasures are so different from those of the white-collar workers.

FACTORY work and union membership are realities for about ten million Americans. But people on the outside—who wear white collars or gray flannel suits—glimpse the workers only through an opaque shield, the popular press. Here are the stories of Beck and Hoffa and the other enemies within who are part of the reality but not all of it. And here are the headlines about major strikes that often seem stupid and futile if not subversive.

If the strike has something to do with automation, it is at least dimly comprehended by most people. Fear of losing a job is an emotion a good many of us can share, and we heard in school about weavers who smashed mechanical looms in the early days of the Industrial Revolution.

But when collective-bargaining negotiations collapse because of grievances that seem trivial or even silly, nonfactory workers are puzzled or, more often, exasperated. For seen through the smudged lens of the mass media, the average worker appears a quite well-fixed middle-class character. He drinks well (too well), eats well, recreates well, fights with his wife like everyone else, hates more than others (so the sociologists say). What more could he possibly want? Very likely his union has just been stirring up trouble.

These are some of the things that are said about the worker and his union. They are not all true or all false. But the worker's world—as one lives in it—is very different.

For three years I worked in the Dodge Main Plant in Detroit. Though I'm a perennial student (with even a Ph.D. now), I've never learned as much as I did there, nor do I recall any scene out of the past with as much sentiment. Thinking of those five hundred faces, I remember the Irish scholar and anarchist; the lean Polish orphan working beside me (I put license-plate brackets on the trunk of every other car on the line); the solemn Ukrainian with the long blond hair who tried to teach me his native tongue; Pete and Louis, pint-sized trimmers who brought in crab apples from their farm; Eddie the Jumper who was a bit of a hustler and con man on the side; the doe-eyed Syrian who had been ruined in his grocery business; the five hillbillies just up from Alabama, at once sweet and surly, who

cooked a chicken dinner for me and entertained on their harmonicas; the quiet clarinetist who had been with Teagarden; the Puerto Rican who took me home to meet his wife and who was always trying to fix me up with some nice Puerto Rican boy; Barazani, a Chicago artist and a good one, who worked in the shop because he wanted it that way . . . college boys, bums, saints, hoods, ordinary guys . . . and Poles, Poles everywhere.

In an auto plant, if you're lucky enough to get day shifts, you roll out of bed at 5:30 to be on the job at 7:00, and leave at 3:30, waiting for slow-motion buses at both ends of your day. Even now, eight years later, the phrase "going to work" stirs up these responsive images in my mind: damp January cold; before dawn; a long, empty, dark, and silent street; a half-dozen huddled figures in jackets and slacks stamping feet to keep warm; peering down the street for the bus, waiting, waiting. . . .

At Dodge Main you go to your job on a freight elevator (a cattle car, we said). It's an old building, with none of the graces of the modern horizontal plants. (I'm told some of the executives ride freight elevators too because the passenger cars are too small and few.) It's a cheerless start for your working day—to be one of fifty vertical bodies, packed in like a case of ball bearings.

Comes lunchtime, there's a good cafeteria for the office staff but it's too far away for plant workers. So when the noon whistle blows, perhaps you rush out to a neighborhood greasy spoon, bolt down kielbasa (Polish sausage) and sauerkraut, and rush back before your thirty-minute lunch "hour" is up. Or maybe you've learned to swallow the food wheeled to the line on a lunch wagon which we used to say wasn't fit for pigs. Or you've brought your own sandwich and eat it sitting on a box in the middle of the grease, dirt, spit, and debris. There are no chairs or tables.

There are no chairs either in the ladies' "rest room"—only backless wooden benches. And the doors and windows are open, permeable to all the factory noises and staring eyes. There are big stone "bird-bath" wash-up basins, designed for mass efficiency—not a pink frill anywhere. And there are no doors on any of the johns. No doors! It matters.

Factories are like this in most places I guess. But still, if you work there, you don't like it. Not one damn bit.

MORE WILDCATS THAN A ZOO

IN THE Dodge Main trim shop, working conditions were as good as any in the industry at that time. Yet it was the hardest I've ever worked. The noise, dirt, and confusion drained off surplus vitality. Continuous, supervised, manual work produces a dull, deadening fatigue which you must experience to know. This is why the speed of the line means everything to the worker and breaks are an oasis of relief.

Back in 1945 at one of the Chevy plants when management threatened to take away a coffee wagon, the local struck for six solid weeks—right on the heels of a 114-day national strike. Outsiders, uncomprehending, raised their eyebrows. What could be more ridiculous than a coffee-wagon strike?

In last year's auto negotiations, the fuss about what was euphemistically called "time to perform natural functions" struck most people as even funnier. But for an auto worker nothing could be so grimly serious, so brutally basic, as the guaranteed right to relief time to go to the toilet. Once an auto worker was fired because, denied relief time, he went in a barrel near the line. It was no joke to him.

In some General Motors plants, when workers left the line on relief, they were followed to see that they went only to the john and were not distracted along the way. Sometimes workers were penalized for stopping to talk on the way out. At least one man went to a vending machine and was given a time-off penalty.

I was a full-time, elected, chief union steward in my last year as an auto worker. The speed of the line was my biggest headache. Perhaps 90 per cent of all grievances and complaints that came to me had to do with production rates. It was my herculean job to "hold the line," at a time when Chrysler was bearing down and squeezing all moisture from production rates.

There were more wildcats (unauthorized strikes) in my department than in a zoo—though none at my direction. In fact, my life was a quicksand bog—complicated by the fact that I was the only "right-wing" (pro-Reuther) steward in a "left-wing" union stronghold. After a year, the bitter and confused factionalism—plus the

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Now assistant professor of educational sociology at New York University, Patricia Cayo Sexton knows the blue-collar worker's problems from having worked for three years in an auto shop and served as a full-time union steward. Her recent book, "Education and Income," deals with inequalities of educational opportunity in our public schools.

time studies, slowdowns, and never-ending trouble—were more than I could take. I quit and went back to college.

Most auto workers, of course, can't walk out on a tough job. And probably many wouldn't want to. It depends a lot on where you work. For instance, in Tarrytown, New York, a Chevy and a Fisher plant—both owned by General Motors, nestling side-by-side, with a single entrance—look like Siamese twins of separate ancestry. But work standards at Fisher are crushing; at Chevy, relatively relaxed.

It is said you can easily tell a Fisher from a Chevy worker. Metaphorically speaking, the Fisher worker is paced by Chaplin's "Modern Times" metronome; he can't unwind or slow down and his leisure is as taxing as his work day. At Tarrytown Chevy, in the last ten years, there has been only one strike over the speed of work; at Fisher there have been eight.

General Motors' power lies largely in local autonomy and decentralization. As the company has dispersed its operations, the union has also changed its pattern. At the 1960 bargain session, the union released its precious strike-making power to its locals, leaving them free to bargain at the division and plant level where the critical decisions are made.

If you work in a GM assembly plant, you are probably working at top speed. Assembly plants do not have the bargaining power of the tool-and-die, the motor, or the stamping plants. They can't shut anyone else down. So it is that the key plants in GM are plants like Pittsburgh stamping, Indianapolis truck, Massena (New York) aluminum, Defiance (Ohio) foundry; because they have bargaining power, they usually have better working conditions.

KIELBASA AND CONFERENCES

A STRIKE is a big event in a worker's life, full of a threatening yet releasing kind of excitement. You wait for the strike deadline, wondering how your own team is doing. The deadline is postponed. You wait some more, both hoping and fearing that it will come, waiting almost like a child at school for a fire drill or a blizzard that will make the walks to school impossible.

Then, hours before the deadline, you come to work, and there is much buzzing in the plant and a nervous fluttering of wings. Comes 11:00 A.M. on that day and someone shouts down the line: "Okay, let's go home!" The shout bounces around the plant, passed from mouth to mouth; there is a great flurry of talk, excitement, loud catcalls, and strange exuberant sounds (as at a New Year's Eve rodeo), and then a dash for the coats, the lunch buckets, and the exits, as the line, completely out of character, comes to a dead stop.

You are on strike. You have committed a personal act of defiance against the line, against the bosses and everyone who holds you down and gives you trouble. Though you usually have a gripe against the union too, you feel good. You have struck your own blow in revenge for your grievances, and you are part of a giant mass protest.

Outside, it's like a holiday—from school, prison, or other places of confinement. What happens now? Who pickets? When will it end? Where the hell are the local officers and why can't you ever find them when you need them? But the complaints are easy: the weather is great this time, the handcuffs are off, and you can swing around and enjoy yourself for a while.

A big strike can be an adventure. For family men, of course, with no income cushion, it can also be a hardship. But for those who can somehow manage, few events in this workaday world are more exciting; for the average worker, only births, marriage, perhaps graduation send up as many sparks and flames.

If the strike is short, there's not much doing. If it drags on, the local starts to buzz. At UAW Local 3 (Hamtramck, Michigan) during a hundred-day Chrysler strike in 1950, I served in the soup kitchen. In this Polish enclave, the menu was plain. Kielbasa soup, kielbasa and boiled potatoes, kielbasa and cole slaw, and coffee that scorched the liver, at whatever hour of the day or night you happened in.

The old-timers would come around and play cards, warmed by the familiar smell, the heat from the steaming sausage, the café feel of the kitchen. The rules provided food only for the picket line, but I never saw anyone turned away. Some would picket just to eat: it was free, and, for whatever it was worth, plentiful. So many would shovel it down like a last supper, store it away inside for the less bountiful seasons. During a strike at my local, if you had the strength and the will, you'd become a polka champ. I did, whirling and stomping until I mastered this strenuous art form.

Meanwhile, on the major bargaining front, a far different drama is unfolding. Long before the strike deadline, both sides are lined up at a table big enough to seat fifty people and to require microphones for conversation. There is

always action at the Big Table but the plays are called and the preliminary decisions are made in small conferences. Upstairs the top company executives are passing on proposals submitted by their underlings. In the final days, they sit there round the clock, as does Walter Reuther in nearby offices (and a flock of reporters and staff people in still other offices, nibbling away at company sandwiches, playing poker, and trying to stay alert on coffee), hammering out proposals that will get the most and give the least.

The Big Table is the distributing outlet for the proposals fed into it by the top decision makers and the various technical subcommittees that have worked for months on specific contract issues. The decisions are shaped in the antechambers and come for final assembly and inspection to the Big Table. The drama of this conflict, involving some half-million wage earners in auto, billions of dollars, and the whole power structure of our society, is comparable to a national Presidential election.

On the union side, between the birth and baptism of a new agreement, the national councils and the national negotiating committees, elected by the local unions, map out battle strategy, in concert with the international staff.

Who are the people who finally sit at the Big Table? Bill Horner, for example, is chairman of the union's national GM council and of the rank-and-file negotiating committee. A sensible man, articulate (as many UAW people are), he is good-looking, straightforward, with no smell of corruption, deviousness, or cynicism anywhere about him. Bill is the son of a railroad man and farmer from Ireland who lost out during the depression; his mother, born in Estonia, had escaped during the 1905 revolution. After high school he traveled around the world, worked as a short-order cook for ten bucks a week, and in '39 got a job at Chevy in Tarrytown. Since then he has held every office in his local union but financial secretary. In a Republican suburb, he was elected and re-elected to office as a Democrat —trustee, police commissioner, acting mayor, fire commissioner, street commissioner.

He quit politics, with a perfect record of no defeats, to spend more time with the union. Formerly a shy man, he says, the union and politics brought him out of it, but he still has a refreshing reserve about him. As top man on the rank-and-file bargaining team, he enters negotiations at the beginning and stays to the end.

A key figure on the company side is Louis Seaton, GM vice-president in charge of personnel. He is respected by the union as a man of feeling and real experience, as contrasted with the strict "bookmen" who preceded him. While many of the GM executives moved out to the fanciest suburban areas, Seaton still lived in a relatively modest area, his number listed in the phone book. Once a student at Detroit's Wayne State University and now a devoted alumnus, Seaton sits at the Big Table opposite UAW's Leonard Woodcock, now chairman of the board of governors of Wayne. (Reuther is also a Wayne alumnus.)

WHAT MATTERS TO JOE

SOME critics think there is something fishy about union and company men being on speaking terms. You can get too much of a good thing, of course, and too much respectability can kill the union spirit. But negotiations are not possible unless the parties *are* on speaking terms.

However, talk alone does not win arguments or settle contracts. The quality and skill of the negotiators make a big difference; but power relations and the forces of history are what give muscle to the players. And finally, even after all the kinks are ironed out at the Big Table, the question of whether or not there will be a strike is not one question but many questions. How do Joe, Lem, Barazani, and Kwiatkowski, and hundreds like them in Hamtramck and Tarrytown and Indianapolis, feel, not only about their paychecks, but about the speed of the line and—yes—relief time?

Perhaps they feel more strongly about these here-and-now problems because manual workers wear out faster in body and soul than other people. According to Bernice Neugarten, a University of Chicago sociologist who studied seven hundred families in different income levels, men in the middle and upper class, when they reach the age of fifty or so, see themselves as "mellow fellows, ready to reap life's greatest rewards. Women in this category found these years fruitful too and serene without dynamic youngsters around the house."

But in the lower-income brackets, many men felt "handicapped by their age, labeled as has-beens. They reported that although they were using more elbow grease, their working days were getting rougher. The women were only somewhat less pessimistic."

I have seen this happening a thousand times with my own eyes. Possibly this is why such phrases as "powerful unions" and "enlightened management" seem to me to convey very little of the essence of life on the assembly line.

Harper's Magazine, June 1962

PAUL LOVES LIBBY

By PHILIP ROTH



PAUL HERZ had uncles who had failed. He had a father who had failed too, but that was in the world of commerce. Mr. Herz bought and sold with little talent and saved where interest amounted to pennies; when he finally emerged from his fourth failure—this last in frozen foods—he had nothing to show for himself save a sinus condition and holy dread of heart failure. He took to melting Vicks under his nose in a spoon and arranged for a small bank loan so as to purchase, for his heart's ease, a Barca-Lounger—and then he settled down to wait for the end.

Still, there is a hierarchy of failures; better bankruptcy than tension in the kitchen and in the bed. There was a man's home life to judge him by. Paul's Uncle Asher might have clear nasal passages but he had a ruined life: he had never married. Up close you could see and smell his single condition—suits swollen at the knee, heels a disgrace, and as far as anyone could tell, only one tie to his name. His sister, who was Paul Herz's mother, said that from Asher's smell alone she didn't even have to guess what shape his linens were in. One foul snowy evening she had seen her baby brother emerge from Riker's with a toothpick in his mouth. Riker's! For an Asher! She had cried herself to sleep for a week.

Asher had begun life a genius, having played Mozart at about the same age Mozart had begun to play Mozart. At sixteen he had received free tuition to pose life models at the Art Students League; he was allowed to touch and arrange their bare limbs, so advanced for his years was his sense of grace. When he brought home his charcoal drawings they were tacked up in the living-room. "You don't even think dirty when you look at such pictures," Asher's mother had reassured the neighbors. "Look how artistic he makes those fat girls." A piano was brought into the house for Asher, later a violin and a cello. He spent a summer in the Louvre, copying; he did his first commissioned portrait at eighteen—the captain of the *Mauritania!* But that captain was long dead, and others had come and gone, and no girl had ever married Asher.

What his sister and brother-in-law decided was that it was necessary to *put* a young lady in

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Asher's path. They invited him to dinner, and they invited a secretary from Mr. Herz's office; they invited schoolteachers, colleagues of Mrs. Herz. Once they tried a distant cousin who was in town, and once even—for who knows finally what goes on in the head of an artist—once they even tried (all the dead should rest in peace) a shiksa, but a girl who hung around with Jews. They turned on the radio but Asher wouldn't dance. They brought out the cards but Asher wouldn't play. How could you put a girl in this fellow's path—he *had* no path!

The other flop was Uncle Jerry. He had married, but only for twenty-five years. A quarter of a century with a woman and then he divorces her. Who could feel sorry for him? A beautiful twelve-room house in Great Neck with grass all around and a pine-paneled basement; four beautiful daughters with beautiful builds—one married, two in college, and the fourth, Claire, the little *shaifele*, still in high school; and for a wife, a wonderful woman, a princess, a queen. So what if she weighed one-eighty pounds? Did he expect that to change? Could he roll her out twenty-five years after the wedding night because she was still making the same dent in the mattress now as then? Who could feel any sorrow for *him!* Why, *why* did he do it? Did he have some tootsie on the side? No, no—it was his what-do-you-call-it, his psychoanalysis! His psycho*analyst* made him do it. That son of a bitch. What did that guy think life was, easy? A bowl of cherries? You love your wife, you don't love her; you fondle her, you can't stand to touch her —that happens! Does that mean you destroy a family? When a father dies it's a catastrophe. Here's a man who *walks* out!

Two years after he walked out, Jerry married a twenty-seven-year-old. She was just what everybody had been looking for for Asher for years. "What's he doing? *Another* big woman—what's the matter with him? A twenty-seven-year-old—what's he thinking about? When she's forty, when she's thirty-*five* even . . . What kind of business is this!"

"Then call him, Leonard. Stop getting upset and call him. Talk to him. He's your brother."

"It's his life. Let him ruin it. Would he call me? If I had a seizure tomorrow, would he so much as lift the phone off the hook?"

"Your heart is perfectly all right. The doctor listened to it. He checked everything. They have graphs, Leonard, that show. You've got a nice even line. Don't get overexcited because you'll give yourself trouble."

"I'm not overexcited. I'm practically lying down. He could marry a ten-year-old and I wouldn't turn a pinky. I told him when he married Selma, didn't I? Jerry, you're wet behind the ears. Jerry, you never even had a woman yet. Jerry, give yourself a chance. Jerry this, Jerry that, Jerry she's a very big girl, Jerry—is that what you want? And now this one, also a horse. Why doesn't he at least *call* me, ask my advice? No, him he's smarter than the rest of the world."

Three weeks later ("to the day" as it later came to be reported) the girl telephoned. "He left! Your brother left! He walked out! What did I do! What will I do! All this new silverware," she cried. "Please come somebody. *Help me!*"

"Leonard, where are you going in your slippers?"

"I'm going! What—is he crazy? Is he a nut?"

"Leonard, don't get involved now."

"I am involved. The telephone rings, this girl is hysterical, I'm involved. She's a baby—she'll do something insane. How do I know?"

When Mr. Herz went out the door his wife grew hysterical herself. She knelt beside the BarcaLounger and wept into the still warm leather. Who knew best whether a man's heart is weak—the doctor or the man himself? How could a machine tell a man he didn't have pains? In the night he couldn't even roll over, his ribs were so sore. And one morning (she told herself) she would wake up and he wouldn't. Oh God! God! He would get overexcited, involved, wrought up—and die! Finally she pulled herself to the telephone and looked up the analyst's name. She dialed, and when she had him on the phone, she cried, "You son of a bitch! My sister-in-law, you ruined her life, you son of a bitch! She had everything and you ruined it! What kind of ideas do you put in people's heads! What is he—a *boy?* A man fifty-two years old and he marries girls, *children!* You *quack*, you *fraud*—"

YET when their son Paul came down one Christmas from Cornell to drop the name Libby DeWitt into their lap, it was to Asher and Jerry that they referred him. Tears flowed from his parents for two reasons: there was grief over

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"Letting Go"—Philip Roth's first novel, from which "Paul Loves Libby" is taken—will be published later this month by Random House. His first book, "Goodbye, Columbus," won the National Book Award for 1960. Born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1933, he has an M.A. from Chicago, and is now teaching in the Writer's Workshop of the University of Iowa.

his marital decision, and grief too at their own impotence. They had somehow reared a boy whom they could not bludgeon or make hysterical. By way of ruination, selfishness, and stupidity, Jerry and Asher seemed better equipped to deal with the disaster. There even seemed to the parents to be some affinity between the boy and his uncles—which was yet a third reason for tears.

"I let him down," wept the father in bed, both hands over his ribs. "He won't listen to me. In my own house my voice don't carry from the kitchen to the toilet. All his life the boy has been filling in applications. You lift up a piece of paper in this house and underneath's an application. When did I ever see him? When did he learn to listen to a father? He was always running out to get somebody to recommend him for something. A waiter in the mountains, a stock boy, a scholarship student. Once he should listen to me. Just once."

Paul's mother was crying too; she attempted a slight change of subject. "A scholarship is an honor," she sobbed, touching her husband's wet face. "We should be proud—"

"It's an honor for the son, not for me. Just once, *once* . . . Five years later and frozen foods was already a craze. This man Birdseye is coining it, and my son, my son . . . A Catholic the girl is, practically an invalid, nineteen years old and she ain't had a healthy day in her life—"

"My baby," his mother wept. "He could read the mileage off the speedometer before other kids could even talk. What's happening to my baby?"

WHEN Asher called to invite Paul for a walk, Paul saw no need to be rude to someone essentially an outsider in the whole affair. He went with Asher because he knew his parents had asked Asher to phone. He went to make it easier on Asher, who like himself must have felt obliged to comply with whatever sad maneuverings Paul's helpless parents could devise. He went for the sake of everybody's dignity. It happened also that he knew that Asher would be sympathetic, or at the least, noncommittal. The values of a man who had studied art in New York, in Chicago, in Europe, who had composed music, who chose to live in a loft over a Third Avenue bar—these were not the values of a washed-out bourgeois and his wife. Asher was a free man; an eccentric perhaps, but free.

The day they met was windless and cold. They walked side by side, two scrawny bareheaded men, one bald, the other with kinky black ridges beginning only two fingers up from his eyebrows. One rounded his shoulders to stay warm, the other had had round shoulders for years. His misshapen lobes made his ears look like accidents; on top of that, hair grew out of them. Asher did not seem to believe that outside the skin there were things to be taken care of. A full day of barbers, tailors, shoemakers, cleaners, and opticians would just about begin to put him in order. His spectacles, for instance, were a little storage-bin of paper clips and Scotch tape.

None of this run-downness depressed Paul, however. He leaned closer to catch the soft, whispery words his uncle spoke, while overhead the El trains broke metallically through the cold steely air. Asher turned his head in the raised collar of his overcoat and peered questioningly at his nephew.

"How old are you, Paulie?"

"Twenty-one."

Asher made a face, as though he'd eaten something unpalatable. "So what's your hurry?"

"What hurry? Hurry for what?"

"You have a nice sweet life ahead of you, isn't that a fact?"

Where was this conversation drifting? "But I'm in love," said Paul, shrugging.

"Let's get out from this noise, and talk," Asher said, and they crossed the street, Asher taking Paul by the elbow. He pulled his nephew close to him and with a sleepy closing of his swollen eyes back of the tortured glasses, he said, "I'm in love myself."

"Yes?"

"Absolutely."

"I didn't know that," Paul said, trying to remain composed.

"Sure. She comes to my studio every Wednesday afternoon. Today—this afternoon. It gets dark and she goes home. A girl twenty-five." He spoke as if each fact had to be remembered from the dim past. Though he did not want to, Paul suspected his uncle of lying.

"Is she married?" Paul asked.

"I know her four years, and every Wednesday . . . the most valuable thing in my life . . . She's married, sure. She has a baby." Asher took a frayed billfold from his coat and handed Paul a picture of a little girl. "A darling," Asher said.

"She's very nice."

"A darling child," Asher said. He stuffed the billfold back inside his coat. "Look, Paulie, I've loved a lot of women. Six years I lived with a Chinese woman, for example. Many different types and personalities. I've had all kinds, had every imaginable variety of nookie. I'm no amateur at this business."

"I didn't know that."

"What? What didn't you know?"

"For instance, the Chinese."

"Oh sure—well, I didn't make a point of it with your mother. I think she has a prejudice against non-Occidentals."

"That's giving her a break, but that's true."

"Is she pregnant?" Asher suddenly asked. "This girl? I'm trying to get to your motivation."

"Are we talking about me now?"

"About your girl friend," Asher said. "What's the story, Paulie?"

"My father told you she must be pregnant, is that it? Don't you think that shows how he doesn't begin to understand?"

"Don't worry about his understanding. Of course he's a dope. You didn't knock her up?"

"She's not intact, but she's not pregnant either."

"She's not intact by you or before you?"

"By me."

"Oh it clears up. And for that you're throwing out all your opportunities? For that small puncture you'll tie yourself down? How will you support this girl you ruined?"

"Asher, what are you talking about?"

"Money. Life."

"You sound like my old man."

"You haven't got good ears—I'm at the other end of the globe. I understand she's a little sickly."

"Oh Christ. She gets *colds,* Asher. They met her twice and both times she had colds. It's winter. She's human—"

"Even nose drops cost money," Asher was explaining. "Kleenex can run you into a fortune, I mean paupers like you and me. You want to tie a stone around your neck?" Asher asked. "You'll fall in love all your life, in and out all your life —you can even find a lady with a wooden leg, I don't care. It isn't the colds, Paulie, it's the principle. You're twenty-one, you drew a little blood from her, so you think there's only one girl in the world for you. But you've got no obligations according to the date of entry, you understand me? If it wasn't you it would be another smart fellow. Don't bind yourself round for having a little fun. Is it you who wants to marry or is it this girl?"

"We both want to. We arrived at the decision mutually." He made no effort to hide his anger.

"Which more mutually than the other?"

"Mutually mutually!"

"And how old is she that she's so in tune with you and life?"

"Nineteen."

"Nineteen and a Catholic. Splendid."

"Asher, I didn't expect this from you."

"So what am I supposed to do? Tell lies? You only take walks with right-minded people?"

"You can disagree, but why on this level?" Paul demanded.

"*What* level? You tell me you like shiksa pussy, you're telling me something I don't know? I'm *you,* Paulie, I'm you. Jewish girls devour you. Haven't I seen my friends go under? The wives can't walk upstairs. They need maids. They need vacations—in August once, in December once again. They're sorry they laid anybody before they married you. They stop sanctioning looseness, bang, all of a sudden. One Friday you come in the door and they got the candles going, and then you're *really* home. I'm not saying I blame you, Paul. I'm only trying to get to the bottom."

"Getting to the bottom doesn't mean digging into sewers. How can you talk like this? You don't even know the girl. You never even saw her."

"I never even saw that baby I carry a picture of either. But I know what a baby is, so I can appreciate this one. This girl's got a background on her you don't even begin to understand. She's got a family that probably this minute is churning gall over you. True?"

"Like mine over her. Just as smart and sensible."

"You think happiness comes out of gall? You think that'll be nice, earning all those enemies? You think it's enough to squirm around in bed with her, to wake up with her hand on your vitals? What do you think that solves, Paulie, after the wad is popped?"

"Christ, Asher—you're a dunghole, a toilet—!"

"We're talking man to man, right? Don't start crying. I'm not a charming man."

"All right, Asher—man to man. If you're a man, a human being, then why don't you talk about love? *I love Libby.* I'm giving it to you straight now, though not so flowery as you. I love Libby. She's alive, she's sweet, she has deep and generous instincts. She has feelings. She, unlike you, is charming."

"You're a circular reasoner," said Asher, "and I'm a cynic, but you're worse. Marriage kills love. Do me a favor, look around at all the loving, *charming,* happy couples. You count them for me. I'll close my eyes, you tell me how many you come up with." He took off his glasses, blew into them, then wiped away the steam on a piece of cloth he extracted from his coat pocket. His lower lids were jeweled with tears from the

cold. Hooking the rims back over his elaborate ears, he said, "How many? Once you get past the Duke and Duchess of Windsor it's slim pickings, no? Paulie, kiss the girl, stick it in her, but for Christ's sake do me a favor and wait a year. You're an artistic type, a serious observer of life, why kill your talent? You'll sap yourself with worry, you'll die of a hard-on in the streets. Other women will tantalize you some day and you and your conscience will wrestle till you choke. If a year elapses and the urge remains, then go ahead, hang yourself, there's nothing anybody can do. Is a year too much to ask?"

"I'm graduating, Asher," Paul said, speaking with the patience of a wronged man. "She has a year to go, this girl you have so little regard for. When I leave Ithaca she'll stay. Because I am so hard-up, you see, so controlled by my hot pants and this guilt I feel at having deflowered her, I feel I want to marry her. It's as simple as that."

"Precisely."

"Asher! Asher! When I leave, you shmuck, I *lose* her. That'll be that."

"I wouldn't myself, if I were you, stand in the way of an ending."

"But the plain and simple fact is, Asher, I don't *want* it to end! Does that mean nothing?"

The amazing thing was that Asher Buckner seemed to be angry. He swallowed, almost as though he'd been weeping and wailing for an hour. "Listen to Uncle Shmuck, will you? Things come and go, and you have got to be a receptacle, let them pass right through. Otherwise death will be a misery for you, boy, I'd hate to see it. What are you going to grow up to be, a canner of experience? You going to stick plugs in at either end of your life? Let it *flow*, let it *go*. *Don't clutch!* What is marriage but a form of greed, a terrible, disgusting ambitiousness. Do you know what I do now, Paulie, for a living? I paint gangsters, petty thieves, the lousiest of rats, way way up there in the unions and the garment trade. They come in with their henchmen and they spit tangerine pits on my floor and they make fun of me while I paint the boss. They're rich and lord it over whole precincts, and I'm a sloppy-ass bohemian. They're the big shots and I'm the nothing. All right, I take it. I accept. The boss's got warts, I lop them off. He's got murder in his eyes, I put doves instead. He sends his wife and I fill up her brassiere for her. I take out scowls, boils, wrinkles, bags, pores —everything goes. I give out only peaches and cream. Please, I don't want to be the greatest painter in the world. I don't want to be a maker of beauty, a religious personage. I don't bottle experience. I'm interested in the flow. I'll take the shape the world gives me. Screw the rest. Let me buy you a drink. It's a hell of a day for a walk. You could freeze."

IN THE bar, the uncle and the nephew sipped whiskey and said nothing. Asher looked at his watch, then began to whistle to himself between his teeth. Asher, Paul noted, had bad breath—wouldn't a twenty-five year old girl mind? Had there really been a Chinese who had drawn with her lips at that skin, wrinkly like a dying old flower? Asher was a total surprise, not at all the kind of monk Paul had imagined. All his renunciations—family, children, food, clothes —hadn't been for his art at all. He had no art left. He was a tube with no plugs at either end. A receptacle. And that was what—courage or cowardice?

Paul was serious beyond his twenty-one years, and once an idea had been planted he could not easily discard it. He could not help asking himself if it made any sense at all to let Libby go. He was too purposive a young man—applying always in January for scholarships in September had given him a strong sense of consequence—to be casual about his decisions. However, his plan to marry was, he knew, no simple revolt against family, no simple sexual bite. As an adolescent, bussing tables in mountain resorts, he had been well enough tipped by vacationing housewives and lonely widows; from beneath they had stroked his hair: "Oh how nice and serious. You'll be something in life. I'm not worried about your future."

As for the family, there was no sense talking about revolutions at this point; he had revolted at birth and lived a separate life under his own flag from infancy on. His kind of independence had not even allowed for the usual complaints; nobody had had to stand and shout at him to get into his bedroom and study. He had always gotten A's and never once in his life had he been in trouble. If his father was prickled by his own failures, it was not that his son had insulted him by bringing them up. Something had tipped off the boy early not to expect anything of the man. When he had not known the spelling of a word, he had taken down the dictionary—this at age six. His mother claimed it made her proud, though secretly it gave her the shivers. She was a normal-school graduate, a major in arithmetic, and she could have helped him with his long division. But he did everything himself, even fractions. When he was between the years one and five his father had failed in haberdashery;

four to six it was hardware: six to eleven real estate; and then eleven to twelve—the blinding, total crash—he lost his shirt in quick frozen foods. One day, with creditors calling at every door, he got into the cab of a truckful of his frozen rhubarb and took a ride out to Long Island to think; the refrigeration failed just beyond Mineola, and by the time he got home his life was a zero, a ruined man. Now, in his reclining years, he got up once in a while to collect rents for an old friend.

And during all this, through all the bank notes and bewilderment, Paul had learned to read and write and reason, and above all to use his will. He had even willed Libby DeWitt herself into a seriousness she had not possessed when he had first met her. So complete a job had he done, in fact, that it had been she who had first suggested marriage. Though it was none of Asher's business, it was nevertheless so. How could she go back to the other boys after Paul?

His own decision was not, however, out of anything so simple, so unemotional, as obligation. If there *was* a sense of obligation it was to himself: he would unite with her not to make Libby a better woman, but to make himself a better man. He would solidify his finest intentions by keeping beside him this mixture of frailty, gravity, spontaneity, and passion. He would serve another with the same sense of worthiness he served himself. Surely that was love, where duty and passion (and lust too, to swallow Asher's argument) mingled.

"Paulie, I have to leave," said Asher. "First let me go to the toilet." In a few minutes he came out of the men's room wiping his hands on his coat. "Look, how about you come back with me? I want Patricia Ann and you to meet. She'll make some tea. I won't say anything more myself. You're too smart for me to flood you with my personal philosophy. Just come back for an hour or two. I'm past fifty, nearing the end. Every emotion you've felt, multiply it by a thousand and that's how often I felt it. It gives me a little edge, don't it, Paulie? Till forty you think you've got bad emotions, you know, real killers—and then you find out they're only little flowers compared with what's coming. . . ."

AFTER Asher's mother had died her son had taken all of her potted plants to live with him in Manhattan. For the two years she was ill he had gone over to Brooklyn every other day to water them; the old lady claimed that the day nurse was an anti-Semite and would either drown her philodendrons, or leave them to dry up and crack. Some of the plants were higher than Asher himself, and the pots, spread around three of his walls, weighed up to seventy-five pounds. Before a row of tall windows at the front of the studio stood Asher's easel, and outside and down was the El. They had walked up to the building past a row of bars, all of them full of bums.

When Paul and his uncle entered the room, Patricia Ann was wiping the leaves of the plants with an old piece of her lover's undershorts; she immediately stuffed her dust rag under a pillow on the sofa.

"It's all right," Asher told her. "Patricia Ann Keller—my nephew, Paul Herz."

She shook Paul's hand. "I never think of Asher having relatives. What do you call him? Uncle Asher?" The laugh this produced in her seemed to relate directly to her very small bones—as though a wind had blown through them. She was not really very much taller or heavier than Libby. Her gold ballet slippers had an inward, tomboyish turn, and her skirt and sweater left no doubt as to how high and how round were her various parts. Where run-of-the-mill people have the small of their back, she carried a little cannonball of a behind. Her breasts too, packed up nearly on a line with her shoulders, had the suggestion of small metallic spheres. Her face was a not very arresting, meager thing, pretty on the style of high-school baton twirlers: the mouth a bow, the chin a point, the eyes blue beads, the nose hardly big enough to support its freckles. Her hair fell onto her shoulders in ringlets; naturally curly.

Asher ran a finger over a philodendron leaf and then dropped into a ratty leather club chair, where he proceeded to kick off his shoes. He dropped his glasses into his left shoe and rolled his thumb and forefinger deep into his closed eyes. His mouth was open and Paul could see his tongue. "Make a little tea, dearie," he said, very weary.

Patricia Ann brought Paul his cup. "You go to college?"

"Yes," he said.

"I have a stepbrother—*Virgil,*" she called over to Asher. Then to Paul, "Virgil Cooper—he used to play basketball for City."

"Yes?"

"Yeah but that's about ten years ago already. Even more." She carried a cup to Asher. He directed her to put it at his feet and leave him be. "You have a headache, Puss?" she asked him.

"Uh-uh."

"The plants really got all dusty," she told him.

"Okay."

"It's from the windows being open," she said to Paul.

"I gotta breathe," Asher said, more sleepy than rude, and the girl left his side.

A long silence followed.

"Excuse me for being informal." She pointed to her slippers. "It's for comfort around the house." She sat down on a stool beside Asher's easel and lifted a pair of pumps from the floor. "Would you care for me to put these on?"

"No," Paul said. "That's fine."

"Well," she said, sighing.

Asher mumbled. Then he mumbled again, in his sleep. The day grew darker and darker, and across the room the man's outline became less distinct.

"It's cold out," Patricia Ann said. "You can feel it right through the window. Is it still cold out?"

"Very," Paul said.

"What college?" she asked.

"Cornell."

"Oh. In California."

"No. New York," Paul said.

"Really?"

"New York *State*."

"*Oh*." She broke out laughing again, high, anxious, joyless.

And Paul couldn't believe it. He was nervous for himself and ashamed for his uncle and overcome with pathos for the girl. She crossed and uncrossed her legs, she examined and re-examined her nails, and finally she shrugged, as though resigning herself to some tragedy having to do with her cuticles. The El train made five trips down below the window, and in that time nobody spoke. Paul's curiosity finally went dead under his disbelief. What—*what* had Asher wanted him to see? Was he being stupid and dense? Was he missing something? Was this happiness, saintliness—was this the serenity of which men dream? Look, was this or was this not human waste?

It was. And, curiously, the sight of his uncle's condition brought palpitations to Paul's heart. The messiness surrounding him, the indignity of it all, suddenly shook his own faith in himself. He experienced dread at the thought of his own life going wrong. He actually allowed himself to wonder if there might not be a less stern path he might take for just a little while longer. Could he not chase butterflies again in Prospect Park, catch them fluttering in his cheesecloth and coat hanger? Couldn't he wait outside the showers at Ebbets Field for a glimpse of Pee Wee Reese? Couldn't he rise and fall, just for a while again, over those suntanned ladies in South Fallsburg, New York? Diligent Paul, hopeful Paul, penniless Paul—couldn't he sit alone in his room composing one thousand heartfelt words for the scholarship committee, promising he would be a good boy, that he would study if awarded the eight hundred dollars? No! Absolutely not! He was fed up with being a boy. That's why Asher looked so pathetic—fifty and bald and still wearing his Eton suit. He could not confront the world a full-sized man. He could never take a wife, accept the burden. And now look: a receptacle all right, a garbage can, full of dirty talk and volcanic regrets. Paul could not believe in Asher not having regrets; it upset his picture of the world.

A light went on. Patricia Ann looked at her watch and then at her Asher, and gave out a soft moan. She tried to turn a smile on the nephew but only revealed impatience and loss. Her Wednesday afternoon was going, going—

"Do you have the time?" she asked.

His kindness went out to her. "I think I'll leave," Paul said.

Almost instantly she was at the door.

"It was nice meeting you," Paul said. "Don't wake him."

"I never met a person from Asher's family before," she whispered, and then gave the crumpled up sleeping figure across the room a loving glance. "It's very nice," she said, and took Paul's hand to shake it. "Asher's a terrific painter. He's the most wonderful person I ever met. He's not like anybody."

"I know," Paul said. "I'm very fond of Asher."

At the door she smiled at him. "Good luck at Cordell."

"Thank you."

Pushing the door shut, she said, "Have a nice time at college."

The stairs were unlit and he did not descend for a moment. He searched for a handrail, but there wasn't any. Behind the door Paul heard, "Asher, Asher, oh wake up pussy cat, it's after five already."

* * * * * * *

UNCLE JERRY sent a note. If Paul felt inclined to, he could call Jerry at his office. If he chose to ignore the note, that was his prerogative as well.

"How are you holding up?" Jerry inquired when Paul telephoned.

"I think I'm all right. I've lost two pounds but I've got all my faculties."

"How are things at home?"

"Just as you can imagine," Paul said. "My mother keeps breaking down and my father keeps wanting to talk to me, but he gets all filled up too. I've explained several times, Jerry, but I've stopped. I'm not going to make a dent. They just say, please don't marry that girl. At least not now. At least put it off. And so forth, on and on and on. Honest to God, they're going to make me hate them!"

He had not realized how menacing he had sounded until he heard Jerry protecting himself. "Paul, I feel obliged, you know—your father called me, he was in tears. I told him I would contact you. That's why I dropped you the note. I don't know what to say to you. I don't want to advise you. I don't believe in interfering."

Paul felt a strong kinship with his uncle then —but it did not make him especially happy. It had not been his plan or his hope to line up, finally, against his family. He had decided to tell them in December of Libby, so that their protests might die down with the months, and they would be ready for a wedding just after graduation. He had a sense of propriety about them, a realization of their responsibilities that perhaps they themselves hadn't. He had never given in, he thought, to any impulse to be cruel to them, and even if he had worked hard independently of them, it had been in part so as not to increase in any way their disappointments. He felt it now a filial duty to give them every chance; it would have humbled him not to, in the great world beyond the family to which he aspired, a world of order and decency, which if he had not as yet experienced, he had fully imagined. Nevertheless, it began to appear that perhaps he had called Jerry for reasons no more elevated than those which had sent him on his walk with Asher: to be reassured.

"I told your father I would contact you," Jerry said. "But of course I can't say anything. I don't even know the girl. Paul, *we* hardly know each other. I didn't complicate matters explaining any of this to Leonard. It wouldn't have interested him. I understand," he said to Paul, softly, intimately. "Paul, you tell me, all right. What do *you* think?"

The young man's voice was sharp when he answered. "What do I think? I think I'll marry Libby! I don't think any of this hysteria has anything to do with us. They hardly know her. In fact, they *don't* know her." Then his own chagrin swallowed him up; he had no reason whatsoever to be short-tempered with this particular uncle.

"Your father says they met her?" Jerry inquired, still delicate.

"I brought her here Thanksgiving. I wanted to please them." Those words, like the rest of his familial generosity, suddenly turned a little sour on him. If they wouldn't please him, why must he be trying so hard to please them?

"Your father said something about her being a sickly girl. I'm only repeating him, believe me."

"Jerry, she gets *colds,*" he answered wearily. "Jerry, let's even say she's a frail girl. But she's not going to be a farmer. She's going to be my wife. This is all very silly. Jerry—you know what they object to?"

"She's Catholic."

"She's Catholic." He himself knew that to be, however, only a strand in the whole tapestry of rejection. It was not just one crime they wanted to hang the girl on—there was her youth, her health, her faith, their son's youth, and a dozen things more. If they had known the word they would have claimed that their sense of Paul's error was intuitive; it was the word with which he had begun to argue with himself in *favor* of his decision. "Jerry, she's a Catholic like I'm a Jew. It's not the kind of thing that'll have much to do with our lives. It hasn't to do with us. It's another ruse."

"Paul, I'm put in a position where I'm asking questions I don't even want to ask. How could I hope to reason with you, anyway, one way or the other? We're not dealing with the mind, with the practical senses. This is the mysterious, spontaneous choice—the choice of the heart. The unencumbered heart," Jerry said.

"Yes," Paul answered, unhinged slightly by his uncle's reverent tones.

"The heart, Paul, *knows.* It cost me half a lifetime to learn such a simple fact. I had such neuroses pressing in upon me, they were the size of mountains. Tremendous pathetic pressures building and building, and cutting me off from what you think of as your inside self. Paul, I didn't do a spontaneous thing in twenty-seven years. Because the heart, my organ of spontaneity, was under this terrific pressure. But what the heart decides, Paul, *must be.* I'm telling you, it won't give you peace if it's defied. Love!" Jerry cried.

And Paul cried back, "Jerry, I love her."

And his uncle replied sweetly, "That's all then. That's all that counts."

Then, for having provoked such wholesale ap-

proval, Paul felt wave upon wave of indecency lap up against him. True as they may have been, his words had been spoken out of nothing less than design. And why had he to convince Jerry? So Jerry could turn around and convince him?

It was an unavoidable fact, that ever since his afternoon on Third Avenue, certainty had somehow been seeping away. He could not believe that Asher and his bird-brained mistress had informed him of anything other than what everybody knew about squandered lives—yet he had begun to think of himself as being not so courageous as fearful. Fear began to seem the springboard of much that he had done in his short life. He was a scholarship holder all right—a planner, a young man who invests emotion one day to accumulate love and admiration the next. He had come to see his marrying Libby in two distinct ways—both of which, unfortunately, cast doubt on his manliness and dignity.

On the one hand, it all seemed so safe. Husband, wage-earner, father—right on down the line, all the duties and offices laid out for him. From home to college to a wife—no chances taken. Without much effort, he could recall from his past not a few risks he had worked a little hard at avoiding. Even recently with his parents: he knocked against the walls of their house in December, hoping that somehow by May they would find a way to prevent the roof from falling in. He wanted to remain the good son. He seemed even to himself to be working too strenuously at being upright.

Otherwise he would tell them to go to hell. Run off, marry the girl and leave them to drip tears till their eyes fell out. It was what Asher would have done, he thought. And because he saw it as being a choice that Asher might have made, it too caused him discomfort. If marrying Libby was taking no risks, it was also taking every risk. Asher's life had unnerved him terribly—with a little twisting and turning he could think of it as his own. Way down, he had begun to bend an ear toward his parents' objections. He was no longer so sure that he was seeing Libby as clearly as his uncle, the painter, saw Patricia Ann. He did not know that he wanted to see that clearly. He only knew that he did not want merely to stick it right up in Libby; he wanted to love her.

Feeling something less than a daredevil, he listened to Uncle Jerry comforting him. "Paul, good luck then. I think that's the only proper thing for any of us to say."

"Thank you."

"Tell Libby good luck too." Jerry pronounced her name easily, and Paul knew they would like each other right off. "When will you be married?"

"Not till May. Around graduation."

"Will I get to see you before you go back? I'd like to take you to dinner tomorrow night. I'll invite Claire and her husband. She'd love to see you."

"That's very kind, Jerry. I'll call Libby."

I KNOW I've got character in my face—but won't someone say I'm pretty?" Well, on the steps of the Plaza, with all that swank hurrying by, she had her wish. Character had been bled from her for the evening, and in its place was prettiness. She had made up the top and bottom rims of her eyes, and managed even to reduce the proud leap of her nose; it lost its sailing proportions beneath the great mast of her black hair, which was piled atop her head, revealing a slender boyish back of the head.

At the sight of Libby Paul had been visited with a definite burst of pleasure. Gradually, however, he became irritated, thinking to himself: she has decked herself out. *Why?* Actually she was wearing only a simple black suit with a tight jacket and a full skirt, but its fetchingness —acknowledged by its owner in her very gait— was in the way it made so apparent the delicacy of her shoulders and neck. Despite her dripping nose and the weather, she had worn no blouse, so that one was of course touched by the wistful dent of her ribs in the wide yoke of the jacket. The wad of Kleenex in her white glove (there to inform his parents of sanitoriums and hospital bills) only made more glamorous her tiny garnet earrings and bracelet. They proceeded through the lobby to the entrance of the Oak Room, and when Paul looked at her again, he looked deeply, intently, after some sign of the Libby he had planned to marry up at school: the straight shoulder-length black hair, the pale lips, the over-used eyes, the winterized, libraryized, studentized Libby. What he found instead was something that bothered him, and that he could only think of as *aspiration*.

Yet as they spotted Uncle Jerry, and moved into the dining-room, Paul put his mouth to her hair. He explained her little display of prosperity and polish to himself as an attempt on her part to impress *some* Herz. That his mother and father dreaded her so for their son, led her, he knew, to begin to wonder what kind of ogre she might actually be. Paul knew this, and he knew how much protection his intended needed.

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He said into her ear, "My wife," feeling a ripple of well-being as the word passed from his lips.

"Husband," Libby whispered—and that thrilled him too. Libby had come such a long way from being a sorority sister to being a woman. He, Paul, had lifted her up from childhood with him. Now—the thought had a peculiar forcefulness as Libby swished up to Uncle Jerry—now she was all his!

Uncle Jerry's daughter Claire was Paul's age. It had always been expected in the family that because they had been born within a month of one another they should like one another. But even during the flirtation they had carried on in the closing months of their seventeenth year, there had been little affection between them. Paul went on—following an evening when they had taken off their clothes and stood glaring, breathlessly, at one another—Paul had gone on to college and high literature, and Claire to a promiscuity at Syracuse, stories of which had reached Paul's ears every Monday morning, sixty miles away at Cornell. But with dinner at the Plaza (snow fell on the carriages out the window, beyond Libby's hair) all was changed. Claire was taking a special delight in showing Paul how matronly she had become, and how human. She listened with her whole being to the remarks of her husband, an average crew-cut sort of IBM machine, who had taken away with him from Syracuse an MA in Business Administration, and hot Claire Herz. The firm he was with was splitting stock or changing hands, or something that Paul was not following; whatever, Claire responded as though he was singing exquisite tenor. Once Paul thought he saw her eyes shut when her husband spoke about a large loan a Mr. Richmond was floating. She might have been visualizing it aloft. Finally she discovered Libby and her clothes; and Libby, it seemed, discovered herself.

"I never usually go to Carita," Libby said, measuring Claire's response, "because you have to wait so long."

"They do do a wonderful job," Claire said. "It's so lovely."

"It's only the second time I've been there."

Claire lifted a finger as though to touch Libby's crown, and Paul realized that they were *not* talking about Libby's clothes. Carita was where she had had her hair set. He had imagined that she had fixed it herself in front of the bathroom mirror in Queens. His astonishment led him into a grave contemplation of the future. All his contemplations of the last few days had been grave in tone, and large in scope. He was no longer thinking ahead strictly in terms of semesters and summers.

The young women in the meantime had proceeded into a discussion of Delman's shoes. Finally Libby excused herself and went off to the powder-room—doubtless, thought Paul, to work up her eyes a little more.

Claire put her hand on her cousin's. "She's wonderful, Paul. I think she's the most wonderful thing that could have happened to you. She's so charming, and so alive, and so pretty. Her eyes—her hair—"

"We wish you all the luck," Claire's husband said, and he snapped his head at Paul, meaning it. "I think we have to go home, hon," he said to his stout, good-looking young wife.

"Baby-sitters," Claire said. She spoke wearily, but it was an affect; she was clearly charmed by her own maternal obligations. She rose, a matron at twenty-one.

WHEN Claire and her husband had left, Jerry said, "Harold is a fine boy. A very solid boy."

"He seems very nice." Paul tried to concentrate on his uncle, as opposed to himself; he was divided in his feelings about Libby's return to the table. When she had gotten up to leave he had actually felt relief: he had become terribly uncertain about what she might say next. He seemed to have become uncertain about *her,* on the basis of her not setting her hair at home! He waited for her to return, with the same ambivalence with which he waited for his uncle to begin to swap confidences with him.

"He's especially fine for Claire," Jerry said. "He holds her in check. You may not have known it, but she had an exuberant streak in her in college."

"Yes?"

"Paul, she was very promiscuous at Syracuse. She could have made a mess of herself. When I left Selma," Jerry said, "she, of course, lost a father image, there's no doubt about that. But had I stayed any longer, she would have lost it anyway. Worse things might have happened." Paul wondered, until Jerry told him. "None of us," Jerry said, "are without incestuous feelings. And it isn't the feelings, you see—it's how you act them out."

Jerry seemed to feel that he had explained something; Paul only felt the desperate sordid decency of admitting to such motives. "This young man," Jerry was saying, "he's no whiz, no spectacular ball of fire. But he's steady and he's a *mensch,* and he's done wonders for Claire. You

ought to see her with that baby. She relates so beautifully it could make you cry."

"I'll bet she's fine."

"She's become an outstanding mother."

"Yes," Paul said, "I'm glad we all had a chance to be together."

"I'm glad we all had a chance to meet Libby. I think you've got a fine girl."

"Thank you."

"Thank yourself. It's not often young people know what they want. It's not often you find a young person who's discovered the essentials. They run around and play around—like Claire, they try each other out. It's not a healthy thing, what's happening with this generation. They 'get laid,' they 'screw,' " he said, "and those expressions express just what they do. There's a lot of grabbing and pawing, but very little touching. However, I see your Libby and I see Claire now, and they look like two girls who know what it means to touch."

Uncle Jerry's eyes were wet suddenly. In the cultivated atmosphere of that dining-room, with a steak sizzling up at the next table and white flakes falling on the Park and the candlelight shimmering on the long curtains, Jerry was not able to prevent the tears from sliding down his face. After he dried them, Paul expected he might see two pale spots where his uncle's coloring had been rubbed off by the napkin. Uncle Jerry, forever struggling up for air in the dark sea of maladjustment and poor mental health, had shed two tears for Love. That was the name, barely visible, painted on the ship that would come along and pull him safely to shore. It had rescued his daughter, and now he was telling Paul it had rescued him, and one sunny day it would come along and rescue Jerry too. He would find a woman who was not a mother figure, like his oversized Selma, and not a daughter figure, like the short-lived twenty-seven-year-old; all he was looking for was a woman who could touch him.

Paul realized that all evening he had been looking at his uncle through Asher's eyes; now he tried looking at himself through Asher's eyes. Libby, just then, came back to the table, and so she was seen through Asher's eyes too. When Paul tried to look at her through Jerry's eyes, it occurred to him that that may have been how he had been looking all along. It was no longer clear in his mind whether he could consider himself a realist or a romantic.

"Are you all right?" Paul whispered, as he pulled her chair out for her.

"I just put some drops in to get some air—" she said, but he smelled a perfume on her that he had never noticed before. "I was talking to Claire and Jack in the lobby," she said to Jerry.

"All this time?" asked Paul.

"Yes. They're *awfully nice,*" she said to Jerry.

"They're all a father could hope for," Jerry said, and from there Jerry and Libby proceeded, for the rest of the evening, to discuss the theatre. Paul heard her—in the hour that followed—say *art,* and he heard her say *beauty,* and he heard her say *truth.* Twice she said *objective correlative.* Of course it did not matter that she echoed him; of course she was still learning. She had come a long way already from the Pi Phi house, on whose steps he had found her a little less than a year ago. In courting her he had changed her, he had *worked* at changing her; and now he wondered if she would ever be the genuine article. Was she bright? Was she true? Would she continue to grow? Trying to improve her, had he only made a monkey of her? What a time to be asking himself such questions!

He tried to admire her for winning so completely the affection of his uncle, but he was not able to.

ON THE subway back to Queens he asked her how much it cost to have a hair set at the Carita Salon.

"Fifteen dollars."

"Just to heap it up like that?"

"They wash it and they set it. They have to tease my hair—it's so straight."

"Is the teasing figured into the bill, or is that free?"

"Did I behave badly?" Libby demanded. "Did I talk too much? I realized I was talking a lot. Oh Paul, what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You're not happy with me."

"Don't you think fifteen dollars is a lot to spend on hair?"

". . . Yes."

"Do you really, or is that to please me?"

"Both."

"And don't charm me, will you? I'm not Jerry."

"What's the matter, Paul? I *did* talk too much."

"No."

"Then what? Because I went to Carita or because I talked about it with Claire? Please tell me." She was a self-improver, and that strain in her character (which once he had loved and now suddenly it seemed he loathed) showed through her request. "Please, Paul, tell me," she said.

"I didn't know you had such extravagant tastes. My haircuts cost me a buck."

"It was a special occasion." Then she began to cry. "I'm sorry I did it. I am . . ."

"I can't afford stuff like that, Libby. We're going to have to live a frugal life. A sensible life. I'm beginning to wonder if we're in agreement. I begin to wonder if you understand—"

"Oh honey," she said, and put her head into his shoulder. "I'm stupid." And she reached up for her mound of hair and pulled it down.

His heart lurched, but he kept his mouth shut; some pins clattered to the floor of the subway car, and she became the old Libby, her hair to her shoulders.

"I'm sorry, Paul. Oh truly—I was putting on a performance to *please* everybody," she moaned. "I feel like a windmill. I feel running and pursued and like I'm bouncing all over the place. Oh Paul, I'm just exhausted, and this cold won't go away, and all I tasted all night were *nose* drops. Everybody said the wine was excellent and so I said so too."

She had buried her head in his chest and he was stroking her hair. He did it to comfort her; he got no pleasure from the spongy resilient quality of that black hair, whose crowy smoothness had always expressed something to him about the simple desires, the solid yearnings of the girl he had discovered.

After a while she took his hand and held it in her lap. "Paul?"

"Yes."

"—I don't think I can wait until May, or June. If I'm going to marry you I think it better be now. We'll move into your room and we'll be married and all this will be over. I can't *stand* it any more. Oh sweetheart, I'm sorry about my hair." She kissed his five fingers to prove it. "I knew you were upset about it. I knew it was that."

There was a Puerto Rican at the end of the car reading a newspaper. He had looked up to watch the girl cry, but now that she had pulled herself together he looked back into the paper again.

"Your uncle," she was saying, "is so nice and everybody else is so awful, and he's so unhappy."

"And so are you."

"And so am I, and so are you, and we're perfectly nice people *too*. He hasn't got anybody—"

"He's got Claire—"

"Oh she's a phony!" Libby cried, softly. "And so am I," she said. "I saw it in your eyes. Oh you phony, you were saying, why don't you cut it out. And I couldn't, Paul. I tried but I couldn't. I hate your Uncle Asher!" she announced. "I hate him! He's a disgusting man!"

"All right, Lib, calm down. Nobody's paying any attention to him at all."

She might have been hesitating, or she might have been calculating, but finally she whispered into his scarf, "You are."

"I am what?" he demanded.

"I can't talk without you getting some sour little look on your face. You're not you."

"You're imagining it." He sat up very straight, so that it became necessary for her to pull her face away. "You're just upset."

She was willing to be convinced. "Am I?"

"I think so."

"Because he doesn't even *know* me! Paul, Paul —what's wrong with me! What does everybody have against me!"

"I shouldn't have told you about him. Everything is all right."

"Paul, let's get married and go back to school tomorrow. . . . Let's go back married. *Please.*"

His immediate vision was of the two of them trying to live in his tiny room: Libby's father would cut off next semester's tuition; his own family would refuse to be present at graduation. . . . But more pleasant visions followed. For it would only continue to be as it had been before: they would study together in the library, and sleep together in his room. Only now Libby would move the rest of her clothes in, and sleep clear through till morning. They would not have to meet for breakfast; they would already be there, together. As for the families, they had obligations that they would finally admit to. And next year he would get some sort of graduate fellowship for himself; he had already sent off applications to Columbia, Penn, Michigan, and Chicago, well in advance of the closing date. Libby's father would probably continue to pay *her* tuition through her senior year—

Or would he?

It was not the first time the question had occurred to him. To whom would the registrar address Mrs. Herz's bills? But even if it was to himself, they had already figured out on a blank page at the back of Libby's American literature notebook, that what with summer jobs, fellowships, and part-time work, there would be enough to pay bills, and maybe even some left over to buy an old car. They had figured this out in the library, one idyllic night before the vacation, with the gorges and the trees heavy with snow. Now on the empty subway, the overhead bulbs went black a moment, and he wondered if he could have added wrong. He had figured up

food, rent, tuition, laundry, amusements. . . . Paul came upon no item they had overlooked; there was actually no *reason* he could think of not to marry tomorrow instead of in May. But it was with a distinct sensation of being torn apart, that he agreed.

"Oh Paul . . ." She wept now in a different key.

"We'll get a license tomorrow and the blood business, and then we'll get married at City Hall. Only a few days." He kissed her hand. "Cheer up," he instructed them both.

But she didn't cheer up. By the time they left the subway there was a scattering of Kleenex around her shoes; she gave an especially heart-rending sob as they emerged into the raw, slushy night. He steered her across the street into a coffee shop, and not until she had drunk half her coffee did he attempt a conversation; he waited until her chest and throat noises had subsided, and only an occasional tear made an appearance beneath her murky eyes.

"What is it?" he asked. "What now?"

"Paul . . . I don't think—this may sound silly . . . I don't think I could survive City Hall." She even amused herself by the sheer torpor of the remark. Her smile, however, lifted him little, curling as it did around two fresh tears.

"It takes five minutes," he said, closing his eyes.

"But I'm no orphan! I'm no culprit!" she said vehemently. "People get married at City Hall when they want to *hide* something. When they're running somewhere. When girls are pregnant they get married at City Hall. I'm not pregnant—I was spared that particular tragedy—why must I act like I wasn't! I'm not pregnant, damn it!" She dragged some grains of mascara across her nose with her Kleenex. Moral outrage was now sweeping hysteria away; she expelled a powerful breath, having thought probably of five more things she wasn't and wouldn't be compromised into being. "I'm not letting people—*parents*—force me to—to act as though I'm ashamed. To take away my dignity," she said, his student—his own words. "I'm not, Paul. You know we shouldn't allow them—"

He heard the conviction rush out of her; she had looked up to see that he was holding his forehead in his hands.

"Paul? Paul—what do you think?"

"I don't know." He did not show her his eyes. "What do *you* think?"

"I don't know . . ."

"That's too bad," he said. "I've run out of suggestions."

"How about," Libby said, after a moment—"what do you think—of a rabbi?"

"Why?"

"Oh Paul, wouldn't he be more official—more everything we want? Wouldn't it show them something if we decided to be married by a rabbi? I'm not being defiant, I simply won't cower in some corner when I get married! What kind of thing is that? You get married once. I think it should have some *weight* to it."

When he looked up it was because he had regained his control. "It should have weight. We give it the weight. You're not Jewish, Libby."

Helplessly she pointed out that he was.

He said nothing.

She blew her nose. "But—but we *are* basically religious people. Our values—oh stop giving me that sour look!"

"Well, stop talking like that. I'm not Jerry."

"Why do you think I'm so stupid!"

"Libby, I don't. Don't cry, please. Lib, I'm sorry. It's just—" he tried it slowly—"we're not, honey, basically *Jewish* people."

"Paul, they're not going to make me into a nothing. I refuse to let them force me to be married in City Hall! I'll go to a priest then. Anything!"

"I couldn't go to a priest. I couldn't be married by a priest, that's all there is to it."

"Because you *are* Jewish finally! Oh sweetie just be a *little* Jewish, will you? Till we're married? After that—oh I don't want to sound so silly. I only want this one thing—"

And then never my own way again.

He heard these last words like an echo. At nineteen she had already given him whatever she had; now she would promise him the rest forever. All she wanted satisfied was her sense of decency, which was what in her he had cared for and nurtured. She had a knowledge, this frail girl, of what her rights were in love, and for that too he was thankful and proud. They need not crawl along the ground because others wanted them to.

BUT they were married outside New York by a Justice of the Peace in the Yellow Pages. No rabbi would handle their case, which came to the couple as a surprise. Their astonishment did not, however, keep them above having dirty feelings about themselves for very long. In the study of the third rabbi they visited, Paul rose up out of his seat and cursed him.

"Isn't there a hot rabbi who performs marriages on kitchen tables? In all of this city is there no man low enough to unite two people who want to be united?"

"Try City Hall," the rabbi said, a heavy dark-jowled man who hadn't liked Paul from the start. "Get united civilly."

"We can try City Hall without your advice!"

"Paul," Libby pleaded, stretching out a hand to him. But he didn't even want to see her face. Was he to compromise himself forever, honoring this girl's weaknesses? Attending to her wishes, did he not dissolve into a spineless ass! A hypocrite! A softie!

"I marry Jew and Jew," scowled Lichtman, the rabbi. "That's all."

"We're Jew and Gentile."

"The ceremony doesn't fit such occasions."

"God damn you!" Paul shouted.

"Don't raise your voice in this office! This isn't the street! Next, you don't know anything! A twenty-year-old snotnose! You should be as wise as you are loud, then come around here! If you believe, believe—if no, turn your back! Otherwise look other places! Go be religious your own way! Don't run here to make it all right with Mama! I'm no moral-out for you. I'm not here to be amiable—that's a disgusting thought!"

"I'm not asking for my mama, Lichtman, I'm asking for my wife."

"Some improvement! You should be ashamed! Are you Catholic?" he demanded of Libby, a kind of agony suddenly in his face.

"Yes."

"So why not ask a priest? Why not ask *him* to unite you and this Jew? They have City Hall for mixtures like this."

"You don't have to be so nasty to her—"

"Shut up! You're a secular, *be* secular! Don't come tramping your muddy feet in my synagogue for sentimental reasons! I wouldn't marry you if you were *two* Jews! Now get out! You're stupid and you curse and you're a coward! Get out!"

The Justice of the Peace displayed no such force, as he had, for one thing, the gout. It was necessary for him to remain seated while he married them, though he compensated for his posture with a clear, loud, nondenominational voice. It was a Sunday afternoon and when Paul and Libby had entered, they found the JP pulled up close to an old cabinet radio, a large scrolly piece with WEAF WJZ WOR WABC marked on the yellowed station selector. The JP's wife turned off the radio during the ceremony. She was an elderly lady who wore glasses and a print dress that was a little longer in back than in front; below were nurse's white oxfords. She touched the bride at least ten times, and removed some artificial flowers from the closet and put them in a blue vase behind her husband "the Judge"—whose bandage was a little in need of a change.

When it was all over the Judge's wife put the flowers back in the closet and tuned in the radio. The couple from next door, who had been called in to serve as witnesses, hugged the newlyweds; the woman hugged Paul, the man Libby. The Judge's wife looked from Libby's ring to Paul's ring and said all there actually was to say about them; she managed more excitement than one really even had the right to expect from the wife of an old sick JP. "They match," she said. The Judge said, "Elizabeth, Paul, will you step up here, please?" They approached, after a quick glance at each other, expecting his blessing. He said, "Now you know how to get back into the city, don't you?"

"Yes," they said.

"That'll be ten," said the Judge.

He preferred not to take a check on Paul's Ithaca bank. "We're dealing with strangers all the time," the Judge's wife reminded the young couple. Libby had to give them the cash.

Two buses and a subway carried them back to New York in an hour and a half; Libby got out before Paul so as to change trains for Queens—husband and wife would meet at six that night at Grand Central with their suitcases. When they parted, so preoccupied were they, that they forgot to embrace. Paul went the rest of the way alone, back to Brooklyn to tell his family what he had done.

He got off the subway at Atlantic Avenue—where he was familiar with every trash can, every signpost, every pillar—and on the way up the street to his family's apartment, he slipped his ring off his finger and into his coat pocket. He would begin his accounting slowly, give them a chance . . . But then he saw before him that grave, ironic, savage face of Lichtman's, he remembered the insults and the pain, and he put the ring that matched his wife's back on his finger, and entered with his news.

And his father threw him out of the house. Mr. Herz had not summoned up so much courage since he had invested his life's savings in frozen foods, and gone under for the fourth time. But he wouldn't go under again! In one life how many times can a man fail?

On the train back to Ithaca, Paul wept.

"We don't need them," Libby said, cradling his hand in the dark car. "We don't need anybody."

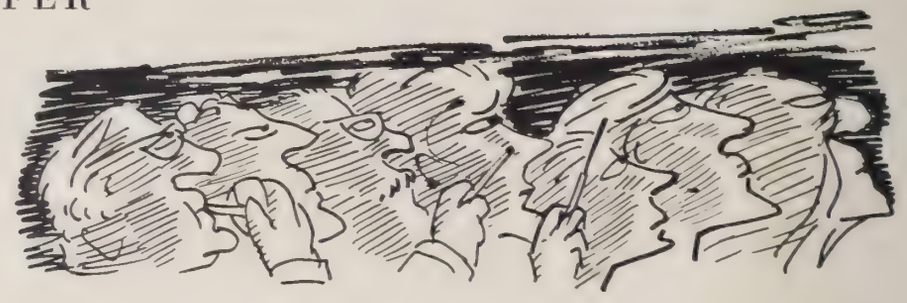
"That isn't it," her husband replied. "That isn't it . . ."

And it was and it wasn't.

Harper's Magazine, June 1962

The Interview

JULES FEIFFER



Scene: INTERVIEWER *and* KENNEDY *behind table. Microphones on table.*

INTERVIEWER: In compliance with the regulations of the Federal Communications Commission that all minority parties receive equal time on the air we have this evening a representative of one of those parties. Your name, sir?

KENNEDY: John F. Kennedy.

INTERVIEWER: And your party is, sir? Pardon me for not being up on these things.

KENNEDY: Oh certainly. We all have too many things to do. My party calls itself the Democratic party.

INTERVIEWER: Wonderful name for a party! May I ask what your membership is, sir?

KENNEDY: Well, we *were* down for awhile. But we're building up again. I'd say at least several thousand.

INTERVIEWER: Then you think you may soon be a potent third force in our political life?

KENNEDY: Well, we are having discussions with the other minority party led by former Governor Rockefeller and if these discussions go well there is every hope that our two parties will amalgamate, bringing our membership well over the five thousand mark.

INTERVIEWER: How does President Welch feel about this, sir?

KENNEDY: My communication lines with the President are not very strong. Although I will say this: while I oppose the President's policies, I think during this period of national emergency everyone should give the government his fullest support.

INTERVIEWER: Yes. How much longer do you think the emergency will continue, sir?

KENNEDY: Well, we're in the thirty-fifth year. I have every hope of it soon being over. As long as all of us are willing to keep making sacrifices . . . *(Picks up crumpled butt from ash tray.)* May I?

INTERVIEWER: Be my guest. *(Kennedy lights butt.)* I see by your biography here in front of me that you yourself used to be a President, Mr. Kennedy.

KENNEDY: That is substantially correct.

INTERVIEWER: Of what may I ask?

KENNEDY: Here. I was the President of here —the United States.

INTERVIEWER: *Very* good. That must have been before the—

KENNEDY: Yes—the secessions.

INTERVIEWER: Just exactly how did the secessions come about, sir? I'm a little hazy on my politics.

KENNEDY: Well, there was a Civil War Centennial going on at the time.

INTERVIEWER: Yes?

KENNEDY: And the South was winning.

INTERVIEWER: Uh huh.

KENNEDY: While at the same time I was doing my best to unite the Republicans behind my policies by appointing them to important administrative posts—thereby weakening their opposition.

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics.

KENNEDY: I appointed a Republican to head the CIA.

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics.

"The Interview" is adapted from a revue by Jules Feiffer, which is scheduled to open on Broadway next October. Mr. Feiffer's books of cartoon satire are "Sick, Sick, Sick," "Passionella," and "The Explainers." His cartoons appear in "The Village Voice" and the London "Observer."



KENNEDY: I appointed a Republican to head the AEC.

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics.

KENNEDY: I appointed a Republican to head the FBI.

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics.

KENNEDY: I appointed Republicans to head the Agriculture Department, the Welfare Department, the State Department.

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics.

KENNEDY: This made the Southern wing of my party rather unhappy—as you may well understand—

INTERVIEWER: Well, sure—wouldn't you?

KENNEDY: So to weaken their growing opposition I appointed a Southerner to high administrative office.

INTERVIEWER: Which was?

KENNEDY: President. This only left the liberal wing unhappy. But the liberal wing is *always* unhappy.

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics, sir.

KENNEDY: I was out of a job. Not that it seemed to matter much anymore. The Civil War Centennial had gotten ugly and in the re-creation of the Battle of Vicksburg the South used the A-Bomb—

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics.

KENNEDY: on New York.

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics.

KENNEDY: The then President—J. Strom Thurmond—you may remember him—

INTERVIEWER: I'm really not up on my—

KENNEDY: At any rate, President Thurmond was made to look very bad by this action. Many accused him of complicity. He answered by saying the South could not afford an unfriendly dagger at its throat just across the Mason-Dixon Line and furthermore, as long as he was President he would never surrender free access to West Virginia. He resigned the Presidency and went on a Latin American good will tour for the telephone company.

INTERVIEWER: It's amazing that I never read about any of this!

KENNEDY: Well, the World Series was on at the time.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, of course. The Yankees won in six.

KENNEDY: Well, the problem was with the South seceding, who could we put in as President who'd be able to mute national issues and unite the people behind him. Nobody really *liked* Robert Welch or his John Birch Society, but he *wasn't* a Communist. *Life* magazine was very strong on *that* point.

INTERVIEWER *(Looking at his watch):* And so Robert Welch became President?

KENNEDY: I admit it may have been a mistake. But at the time we felt he was the only man who could keep the South, American.

INTERVIEWER: Brilliant tactics! Well, Mr. Kennedy, yours was certainly an interesting story and we thank you for coming to our microphones—

KENNEDY *(Rises, grabs his back.):* Thank you for having me, Barry.

INTERVIEWER: Your back hurts, sir?

KENNEDY *(Limps off.): Everything* hurts. *(Exits.)*

INTERVIEWER: In compliance with the regulations of the Federal Communications Commission that all minority parties must receive equal time we have just heard from John F. Kennedy, another member of the odd-ball left—the kind of wonderful unrealistic guy that keeps America *interesting!*

BLACKOUT

Harper's Magazine, June 1962

DAVID FINN

STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR IMAGE

A well-known manufacturer of corporate images—and a few personal ones—tells why they usually turn out to be a bad idea.

A FINE mausoleum in suburban Westchester County, erected in memory of a New York businessman, bears his name, not in the usual austere mortuary letters, but in a delightfully elaborate script familiar to millions of customers as the trademark of his chocolate candy company. This is one of the great triumphs of the corporate image: proof that if a man follows through to the last he can even take it with him.

Yet some of us "image merchants" have begun to doubt this conclusion—even with regard to fame in this world, let alone the next. Are businessmen (or politicians or promoters of culture or good works) spending wisely when they budget more and more money for public relations aimed at building favorable images for themselves and their companies? Without losing respect for the proper use of public relations, I have become convinced that even the most honorable practitioners took a wrong turn some years back when they began selling the idea of images, and that they have unwittingly misled many of the people for whom they work.

The word "image" in the now-fashionable special meaning of public or corporate identity was unfamiliar even so recently as 1955. That winter, possibly its earliest appearance in print was in a *Harvard Business Review* article entitled "The Mass Image of Big Business." In *The Image,* a thoughtful book published the next year, Kenneth E. Boulding described a "public image" (the phrase "corporate image" didn't appear in his work either) as "a record in more or less permanent form which can be handed down from generation to generation." Boulding concluded that there was a need for a new science which he called Eiconics, based on an "image of the image capable of developing researchable hypotheses, testable propositions, and of producing an orderly growth of theoretical insight." It was not long after this that men in the public relations field (in an *un*scientific way) began working at their own image of images.

Consolidated Edison was a pioneer among companies trying to change their image. In 1957, Lippincott and Margulies, industrial designers, reported that Con Ed had changed from "a firm which had a personality problem if ever one existed" to "a friendly, informal, progressive" company. It accomplished this, according to the authors, through a new "jolly" trademark, new "bright" company colors, a new "cheerful" sign which said, as everybody knows, "Dig we must," an "owlish, lovable 'Uncle Weatherbee' " on TV and in the papers, and "a new (really new) kind of ad—the documentary candid which eschews slickness, impressiveness, glamour, and beauty for the sake of plain old realism."

The first "corporate image profiles" were published by the Opinion Research Corporation in its 1958 *Public Opinion Index for Industry.* That same year McGraw-Hill used a full-page advertisement to show how images can affect business. Filling the top half of the page was a photograph of a hard-bitten executive sitting hunched at his desk, staring straight at the reader and obviously in an unsympathetic mood. The text of the ad read: "I don't know who you are. I don't know your company. I don't know your company's product. I don't know what your

company stands for. I don't know your company's customers. I don't know your company's record. I don't know your company's reputation. Now—what was it you wanted to sell me?"

As a result of such proddings, American industry began to take notice. In 1959 came a spurt in new registered trademarks, a rise of 20 per cent over the previous year, including new ones for General Dynamics, U.S. Steel, U.S. Plywood, and Cities Service. So many companies became interested in the problem of identity that in June 1959 the American Management Association organized its first seminar on "Developing the Corporate Image."

The notion that images could be evaluated and, when necessary, changed also spread to nonbusiness fields. *Life* editorialized about the "Confused Image America Presents," and a book called *The Ugly American* became a best-seller. *The Library Journal* printed a report on "The Image of the County Library," and *Science Digest* published an article called "Fraternity Man Fits Public Image." In the fall of 1959 a conference was called to study "Mass Media and the Image of Science," and recently a church in New York was reported to have stopped selling choice pews to its richer members lest this practice affect its public image.

Images invaded politics in the 1960 Presidential campaign (though much of the groundwork was laid in 1952 and 1956). The daily newspaper reader became used to such headlines as "Nixon Seeks Liberal Image for Campaign," "U. S. World Image Slipping Adlai Warns," "Dems Stake Claim to Peacemaker Image." There were endless variations. One national magazine, for instance, hired a man to explore the public image of the Presidential candidates and discovered that the image of Kennedy as a family man was so strong that most voters thought he had a wife and four children.

This semantic spree proved to be a boon to the promotional services which play a part in the development of images. In the field of public-opinion testing, one spokesman, Walter Barlow of Opinion Research Corporation, has said: "As we work with it, the conception of corporate image when it is supplemented with a steady flow of information as to the state of the corporate image, both internally and externally, is one of the most powerful organizing ideas we have encountered in years." It was equally useful in the field of public relations, which according to Irwin Ross consists of a breed best called "'Image Merchants'—the men who endlessly 'create,' delineate, adumbrate, and project the most flattering available 'images' of their clients."

And yet as the image business grew, many practitioners privately expressed their concern that maybe things were going too far. Again in the words of Walter Barlow, "A tremendous amount of utter nonsense has been written on the subject of 'corporate image' and only yesterday I was asked for about the nth time if researchers or somebody could not find a better phrase. We have experimented with a number, and I find myself reaching for such synonyms as 'total reputation,' 'the collected experience gained by people from whatever source,' and the like."

Other practitioners (including this writer) began to wonder if what was wrong was not the sound of the words but their meaning. Two serious flaws in the image idea were partially anticipated by Kenneth Boulding: first, the "self-consciousness of the image and organization," and, second, the tendency of symbolic images—which become the object "of a kind of totem worship"—to substitute simple black-and-white ideas for the complex, everchanging process of reality. A third flaw—which I feel may prove to be the most serious of all—is that an overconcern with images may lead to the sacrifice of convictions for the sake of impression.

It now looks as if a good idea may have turned into a bad practice. In the midst of the last election campaign, *The New York Times Magazine* published an article calling for an end to "Creeping Imagism" and making the suggestion that "the next time someone starts talking to you about Stevenson's egghead image or Rockefeller's progressive image, don't just sit there. Grab the image. And then stomp it to bits."

WILL IT SELL PRODUCTS?

QUITE aside from these moral or philosophical reservations about corporate imagery—and despite the claims for Con Edison *et al.*—I have some basic doubts about the business value of images built largely by the usual public relations techniques. There is little question that names like Kodak, General Motors, Westinghouse, and du Pont stimulate a distinctive impression in the minds of consumers and investors. But can this impression be built artificially through a planned strategy, and how much is it worth in dollars and cents? Phony efforts to create an image, whether in the fields of entertainment, politics, or business, are always transparent. Unless something concrete is behind

How to save money on a wagon without really trying

Economy comes built-in with these '62 wagons from Chrysler Corporation. Here's how they save you money . . . automatically.



You get a lot more action on a lot less gas

Gas bills don't have to go way *up* when you switch to wagon. At least not with these. While Chrysler engineer have increased acceleration as much as 10%, they'v also improved gas mileage—as much as 7%.

Along with better economy, you get better ride- Chrysler Corporation's Torsion-Aire Ride. It's still rate by most experts as the finest suspension system on an American car.



Exclusive Alternator lengthens battery life

The batteries in these wagons will keep their "kick" a lot longer, especially in city driving. The reason is the Alternator. It provides up to 10 amperes of charge even when the engine is idling. So there's no drain on the battery; more power in reserve. And the longer battery life will save you plenty over a few years—around $15.00 or more for each new battery you *won't* have to buy.

Unibody Construction means fewer squeaks and rattles

The secret of strength is unity, and that's exactly what makes Unibody Construction a far superior way to build wagons. Unibody makes body and frame a solid, one-piece unit. It eliminates the major cause of squeaks and rattles —it's *100 per cent more resistant* to twisting forces than the conventional body-bolted-to-frame construction. And Unibody trims away useless bulk to give you more spread-out room inside!



PLYMOUTH ■ VALIANT

SIMCA CARS ■ DEFENSE DIVISIO

There's a lot less maintenance

You go 4,000 miles between oil changes . . . 32,000 miles between major lube jobs. That means you'll only have your wagon up on the rack about eight times in three years of average driving. *You'll save over $60 in lubricants alone.*

You'll also save on repairs and replacements. Mufflers are aluminized to last twice as long as uncoated steel mufflers. Distributor points are ventilated to run cooler and last much longer.





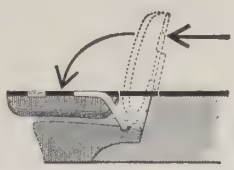
7-soak rustproofing guards the finish

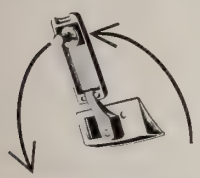
We put these wagon bodies through the industry's most thorough rustproofing to help keep them brand-spanking new. They go through 7 giant tanks and get more than 20 different rinses, sprays, and dips. When they leave the 7th tank, they're set to fight off any cause of rust—whether it comes from salted streets or the mud and gravel from a rugged hunting trip.

Practical features for wagon people

One push and the seats fold flat

In most models, it's a simple, one-step operation. You just push the back seat forward. Hinged panels automatically make a flush, flat cargo bed. (Tailgate swings down easily, has no braces to interfere with loading.)





The rear window rolls down

And it rolls down from the *outside*, where the kids can't reach. With power windows (standard on some models), you can handle the window from the driver's seat with the push of a button.

The third seat faces the rear

You'll find this in all our 9-passenger wagons. It's convenient for grown-ups (enter from the rear) and a good, safe place for the kids. Everybody likes the view.

12¢



Hidden luggage compartment

In some wagons, there's a theft-proof luggage bin concealed under the rear floor. An optional lock keeps your valuables safe.



The upholstery can take it

You won't have to baby this upholstery when you're hauling kids, tools, lumber or furniture around. Most vinyl-and-fabric interiors have more than 50% of nylon warp added to them to make them last. They're treated with special conditioners that ward off dirt and grime. And they're sewn with extra overlap to keep the seams from popping out. These fabrics will wear up to *twice as long* as ordinary upholstery fabrics.

Try them for size! Take a demonstration drive at your favorite dealer's next weekend. Take the whole family and see how much room is left over!

Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

DODGE ■ DART ■ LANCER ■ CHRYSLER ■ IMPERIAL ■ DODGE TRUCKS

MISSILE DIVISION ■ SPACE DIVISION ■ MOPAR ■ AIRTEMP ■ AMPLEX ■ CYCLEWELD ■ MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINES

the act, it has no impact. For example, a public speech, even if ghost-written, must be a true product of the speaker's personality. A classic example of this was General Eisenhower's memorable "I will go to Korea" campaign pledge which was actually dreamed up by the writer, Emmet Hughes. It could scarcely have been effective if used by any other speaker.

In business, an equally genuine image was created, and sustained over a period of several years, by Walter Paepke, who, as president of the Container Corporation of America, was responsible for a whole series of pioneering cultural enterprises. His company commissioned artists to produce works relating to famous sayings and these were reprinted in the form of institutional advertisements called "Great Ideas of Western Man." He was also the founder of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, where seminars are held for executives and scholars. This activity has been held up by many as a model of effective image-making. But was it good for business? Paepke himself had difficulty answering that question. He was once asked by an executive if "good design" really helps sell products.

"Hell," he is reported to have snapped back, "I don't know. But I don't know that getting the customer drunk does either!"

A dramatic illustration of the relative unimportance of images in corporate life—even strong and genuine ones—can be seen in what has happened to Container Corporation since Walter Paepke died. In January 1961, Ralph Eckerstrom announced that the company would change its advertising program. His statement explained that although the "Great Idea" campaign had "helped sell the company by playing up our knowledge of design," the company's present need was "to show that we are hard-hitting and sales-minded as well. We want to talk about other things in addition to design—our marketing, our machinery, research and the materials we use." *Advertising Age,* in reporting this development, editorialized that "it will be a revolutionary idea indeed for so distinctive a pioneer in image-building to be running mundane advertising discussing such prosaic subjects." Revolutionary, perhaps, yet not unsound. Paepke's way of selling his company's products was to pursue his philosophical and aesthetic interests. Eckerstrom's apparently is to stress the company's operational capacities. Either can be effective, but the ultimate result has little to do with the relative merits of the images. It is the way the business is run which makes the difference.

David Finn is president of Ruder & Finn, one of the largest public relations firms in the U. S., and author of "Public Relations and Management." A serious painter and sculptor, he has exhibited in Boston, Washington, and New York. His other interests include Ellis Island for Higher Education, the Jewish Theological Seminary, and Manpower Opportunities in Israel.

WILL IT SAVE FACE?

ALLIED to the misconception that the corporate image can *make* a business is the theory that a good image can *save* it by building "a reservoir of good will" in the public mind. In case of an emergency, it is believed, the impounded waters of friendship can be counted on to flood in and neutralize ill will.

Perhaps this is the kind of effect General Electric expected when the government action against price-fixing hit the electrical industry. No company in America has had a more impressive record of public-service activities than General Electric. Its research laboratories have sponsored the work of men like Steinmetz, Coolidge, and Langmuir. A number of its programs have been unique: General Electric originated the plan under which the company matches an employee's contribution to his alma mater, and it was the first company to make medical catastrophe insurance policies available to employees. Little, if any, of this activity had been conducted simply for the sake of impressing the public. In fact GE had once banned the phrases "public relations" and "corporate image" from its lexicon (it substituted the word "relations" to cover the subject) in order to make it clear that it wasn't indulging in an artificial buildup. The motto, "Progress is our most important product," was meant to be taken seriously. When, during the past several years, vast reputation surveys were made by GE in comparison with its competitors, positive indices were almost gratifying. Yet, when the Justice Department acted, no public outcry rose up to defend the companies involved. The supposed reservoir of good will just wasn't there. This does not mean that GE should discontinue public-service practices which fit in with the company's general business policy. Indeed, the executives concerned will undoubtedly continue this policy simply because they believe in this particular expression of a corporation's responsibility. But no general gratitude should be expected in return.

Why then, if corporate images—imagined or real—do not affect corporate destiny, do executives continue to concern themselves about the idea? I believe its tenacity has other causes.

One explanation is that people who have failed to cope with the problems of their business find comfort in the thought that it is their image, not themselves, which is at fault. Or a candidate who loses an election prefers to think that his opponent had only the *appearance* of being a better man, or a manufacturer who is losing ground to an aggressive competitor is reluctant to admit it is his product (not its promotion) that is actually inferior.

Among those most interested in building new images for their products are trade associations in industries struggling to counteract a decline in sales. This was the problem faced by one segment of the window-covering industry when in 1955, after many years of experimenting with different techniques, a new public relations firm was hired—it happened to be Ruder & Finn. Some novel ideas were developed, including an annual display of room-settings by famous interior decorators featuring the industry's products. Initially, the word "image" was not used in describing the project; nevertheless the display was developed because members of the industry felt the sales decline was due to a change in the public attitude away from their product toward less effective yet newer substitutes. But as sales continued to go down, it became apparent that the basic trouble was due more to a loss of confidence by the sellers than to the product's public image. The industry had a long history of price-cutting, methods of display and promotion at the point of sale had deteriorated, and no solutions were found for the problem of cleaning—an often-heard consumer complaint. So, while the good things which had led to the product's popularity in the first place were still there, the business was shrinking because the whole structure of the industry needed overhauling.

In contrast, the fur industry, which three years ago hired us to help stop its downward trend in sales, recognized that the trouble was in its own ranks, not in the public mind. Everybody in the industry knew that a new generation of women was growing up without feeling the same glamour in furs that their mothers and grandmothers had felt. The program started with a study by Dr. Ernest Dichter to analyze some of the factors contributing to this loss. Then the public relations program was designed, not so much to change the product's image as to change the product's nature. New designers got to work and for the first time in years striking fashions began to appear in low-priced coats, and the young miss began to see something to get excited about. Also individual furriers around the country got help on advertising, display, and sales promotion. When members of the industry saw a real chance of achieving results, they realized that business could improve only if they had something better to sell and knew how to sell it.

Not all efforts to create an image can be explained as compensations for deeper inadequacies. But the chances are that this plays some part in most programs. I would say that one giveaway sign is an executive's concern about what is commonly called "the facelessness" of a corporation, for this really means that he fears his company's inner emptiness is showing.

AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE LENT THEIR NAMES . . .

THE other day a company president called our office and said he planned to hire a public relations firm because he wanted to create an image "to feed his vanity." He was obviously pleased with the bluntness of his statement, but he was revealing more than he realized. He was the head of a successful company which dominated his industry; he had made a lot of money and had done everything he could think of to further his own position in life. Now he was getting bored. The desire for an impressive public image in his case betrayed his dissatisfaction with his business and his hunger for some greater form of achievement.

Appetites of this sort have been whetted by a persistent tendency in our society to publicize individual biographies. This is America's form of the personality cult; instead of concentrating on THE great leader as in totalitarian systems, we give a share of homage to all our minor leaders, in business as well as politics and entertainment. Every Sunday, for instance, the *New York Times* business section runs a story about a successful businessman. *Time* magazine immortalizes some outstanding citizen with an impressive cover story. *Fortune* features outstanding industrial accomplishments, and for the lesser lights (companies which gross only a million in sales) it published for many years "back of the book" stories which often turned out to be biographical features. *Business Management* and other publications carry similar profiles.

Many men thrive on such public attention;

some go along with it only for business promotion. But many others hunger after such publicity as if it were the ultimate goal of all their efforts, and are ashamed to admit so vain an ambition. For these, the idea that personal publicity helps build a strong corporate image provides a welcome rationalization for their secret desires. This motivation is also present at times when businessmen volunteer for public-service organizations and permit their names to be permanently affixed to some project for the *good of the cause*. And, it is, of course, continually in evidence in trade and professional associations where people sometimes assume responsibilities only for the personal glory of the position. The best indication of how strong this tendency has become are the dozens of different "Who's Who" publications which are issued each year, from *Who's Who in the Theatre* to *Who's Who in Public Relations*. Of the thousands of "biographies" in these immortal tomes, a large percentage must surely have gotten there by personal design—a design which was frequently justified by the excuse that it was good for their image.

THE SEARCH FOR VISION

A NEW term, "corporate ikonogenics," was introduced in late 1961 by the industrial designer Crawford Dunn in an attempt to develop the practice of image-making into a formal discipline. As a designer Mr. Dunn recognized in the modern corporate image a similarity to the sacred icons of religion. To achieve effective ikonogenesis, he recommended the complete control of *all* the images that a corporation presents to the world. The result will be an "individuating" identity plus "a deep and massive therapy." This therapy will produce meaning, insight, and a new wholesomeness.

While I think his exposition reduces the image idea *ad absurdum*,* it brings to light an important connection between the contemporary fuss about corporate images and man's old search for meaning in life. "Image," as a word, was always a basic term in the arts, and in the early twentieth century it took on a special connotation for the school of poetry known as Imagists. The Cubist painters and sculptors shattered the image of man and, more recently, the Abstract Expressionists have swept away the remaining forms. The disintegration of traditional fields of knowledge extends to religion, philosophy, and science.

Perhaps because of this, "image" has suddenly emerged throughout our culture as a particularly significant word. One runs into it almost daily, in titles for every kind of human expression. The late C. Wright Mills published an anthology on "The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking" and called his book *Images of Man*. The Museum of Modern Art organized its "New Images of Man" exhibition to review contemporary visual representation of the human predicament. "City Images" was the name of a photography exhibition at the New School for Social Research. Father Bruckberger wrote a widely read book called *Image of America*. Scholarly works have appeared like Harold R. Isaacs' *Scratches on Our Minds; American Images of China and India*. An article on "Images of Sigmund Freud" came out in *The New Leader*, and *The New York Times Book Review* featured one on "The Images of Tennessee Williams." Daniel Boorstin, the historian, has entitled his new book *The Image, or What Happened to the American Dream*.

The recent interest of organizations and public figures in images—besides compensating for self-doubt and rationalizing overweening ambition—is thus also an expression of the search for meaning in a confused period of history. The fact that corporate images have turned out to be just another fictitious wardrobe for the Emperor who still walks naked in the streets is not important. The image is so tenacious, not because it dresses up the organization, but because it answers to a basic need for finding a convincing purpose for corporate enterprise.

This last aspect of imagery is the only one which has any validity and in which public relations can make a contribution. An executive working for a large corporation, or a politician, or an entertainer, has as much right to search for an image that will help him find meaning in his life as does an artist, philosopher, or scientist. But his pursuit of reality will be illusory if he continues to fool around with the modern debasement of one of the most beautiful words in the English language. Instead he should stop worrying about his image altogether and concentrate on trying to find himself.

Harper's Magazine, June 1962

* Mr. Dunn feels that all "unenfranchised sources of noise" must be eliminated. He complains that "there is apparently a deeper need in most persons for creative self-expression than is ordinarily recognized," and he concludes that "the program must be armed with the means of effectively quarantining the corporate kibitzers, however well-meaning they may be." In short, he would create a corporate tyranny to achieve ikonogenesis.

PUBLIC & PERSONAL

WILLIAM S. WHITE



The Washington Dinner Party

The nation's political capital may have become its intellectual center . . . but recent changes in social mores cast doubt on that theory.

WASHINGTON—A great change for the worse has come over the Washington dinner party—if I may treat it here as a symbol of the whole complex of politico-social interplay in the capital.

This small institution even in the past was rather consistently overrated as a scene for significant discussion and as a germ bed for emerging governmental policies. All the same, there was a time when something worth saying or hearing was said or heard sometime during the course of an evening around the table of a Washington hostess.

Now, however, with very rare exceptions, the long night of the black tie is a stupefying affair, leaving at least some of the guests, and often the hostess too, wondering why on earth anybody ever bothered in the first place. For all I know, this may be true elsewhere—in New York, Boston, Atlanta, or wherever. But because this is a city which has now become not merely the political capital but also the intellectual metropolis of the country, the phenomenon takes on national meaning.

What has happened here is not simply that well-known decline of the art of conversation long lamented by specialists on social customs. Nor is it simply a feverish rise in snobbery's tactic of name-dropping and place-dropping. ("Jack told me yesterday . . . the White House looked awfully nice that day, and I said to Jackie . . .")

These are only surface indications of an extraordinary nothingness which seems to me to be engulfing the private people who make up the bulk of Washington society. (I mean "society" with a small "s," not a capital.) These unofficials have been overtaken by an inexplicable madness which expresses itself in a desire simply to *be* somewhere at some party, whether glittering or desperately dull, so long as Important Persons are in attendance there.

I am well aware that the wish to rub bare or serge-covered elbows with Important Persons is a very old part of human nature. What to me is new and striking is that nowadays the Washington social climber exhibits not even the smallest desire to know or even to talk to these Important Persons, or the smallest interest in what they may be doing or thinking. The cachet is now pitiably small. Once the climber wished to be able to say that he *knew* the Secretary of State, had, in fact, only last night dined with him and talked over such and such. Now he, or she, is quite content to be able to say only:

"Last night I was at so-and-so's party—and the Secretary of State was there, too."

Moreover, a large number of people here live out their lives with this painfully modest ambition as their highest goal. They go about saying to each other where they were last night and where they are going tomorrow night. One dinner party, therefore, is exactly like another, the sole interest being Who from What was there. Such a gathering produces only one glad memory—the Secretary of Defense was there; and, gee, *I* was there, too. In my memory, never has social life been so singularly personalized and parochial. The obsessive desire is not even to participate; it is only to *be*, like a hanging upon the wall, in the presence of the Important.

AT THE BUFFET

TO this unexampled human attitude I applied the term "nothingness," thinking as I did so that perhaps the word was a bit extreme. But is it, really? Is this sort of thing not a rejection of sentient life, a withdrawal before all but the barest and smallest of life's social interests? What has brought it about? And what are its effects?

As to causative factors, the field for speculation is limitless. Perhaps dinner-party talk lacks substance because most matters of substance (the Cold War, nuclear testing, world trade, and so on) are now felt to be impossibly difficult. Or perhaps the absence of social pomp which characterizes the Kennedy Administration

COMING IN

Harper's *magazine*

NEXT MONTH

ON MAGNANIMITY

England's most controversial novelist argues—with wit and warmth—that Americans have at least one virtue that is getting scarce in England.

By C. P. Snow

THE TROUBLE WITH TEXTBOOKS

A critical appraisal of the books that shape our children's minds . . . and the curious industry that produces them.

By Martin Mayer

AN ERUPTION IN PAINT

Mexico's master of "revolutionary" painting explains why the workers never like "proletarian art." With unpublished drawings.

By José Clemente Orozco

CAR SNOBS, COMMUTERS, AND CHAOS

How to rescue our cities from human cussedness on wheels.

Washington's Unseen Powerhouse:
DAVID BELL
AND HIS BUDGETEERS

By Hobart Rowen

PUBLIC & PERSONAL

has been misunderstood by the climbers. The President, the Vice President, and all of the Cabinet members who are personally known to me are unusually relaxed about the old social drills like who should sit where and so on. Both as men and as officials, they are interested primarily in people capable of doing things, of thinking things, of being political activists, of being stimulating, amusing. And it may be that the unprecedented social accessibility of the Kennedy men, their casualness, their cheerful readiness to talk to any man or woman who comes along at the buffet table, without thought of rank, may in fact have misled the climbers into supposing that substance in social affairs is no longer so valued at the top as are the people who may be assembled there.

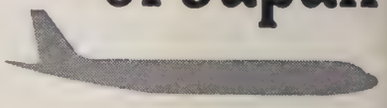
But however cloudy may be the causes of this situation, its effects are disastrously plain. Cabinet members—indeed the majority of them—are increasingly unhappy about going out to dinner at all. They cling to the old-fashioned notion that a party is tolerable to a busy official only if he can find a fellow guest who is interested in something beyond the guest list, who might give him a useful idea or listen to his own ideas and so help him clarify them. They are fed to the teeth with going out simply to give someone else something to brag about.

WORSE THAN SUMMER

THE foreign diplomats here are in even worse case. A vital part of their job is to get to know people; to pick up information about national attitudes; to strike up official friendships which can be warmer via the dinner table than is possible in official intercourse; to form unofficial friendships with neutral journalists and also with opposition politicians who, though they are down in the cellar at the moment, may one day climb again to the seats of power.

But they all find—ambassadors, ministers, counselors, first secretaries, the whole lot—that they are almost hopelessly inhibited by the circumstance that the table is planned just for people to be there and that most of their fellow American guests couldn't care less about anything

the calm beauty of Japan



at almost the speed of sound

You feel you are "in Japan" the moment your hostess welcomes you to your seat aboard a sleek DC-8 Jet Courier of Japan Air Lines. All around you is the traditional atmosphere of Japan. In the pinebough brocade of your seat cushions, the raked-sand texture of the carpeting, the symmetry of a sliding shoji screen, you catch glimpses of the calm beauty that is Japan.

But on Japan Air Lines, your introduction to the Orient is more than visual. The service, too, is delightfully Japanese. In her colorful kimono, your hostess pampers you so graciously you feel like an honored guest in a Japanese home. As she serves you a refreshing o-shibori hot towel, warmed sake or a cocktail, a tray of Oriental delicacies before your gourmet dinner, you relax in a wonderful timelessness, beyond all cares.

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JAL

JAL hostess Sachiko Hyakumura


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She's helping her rural electric do an "impossible" job!

Mrs. Hugh Glasgow of La Porte County, Indiana, doesn't mind reading her own electric meter because she's part-owner of the local rural electric system.

This is one way the Glasgows, and millions like them, cut costs and help non-profit electric systems serve sparsely settled rural areas. They're doing the job commercial power companies considered unprofitable. In fact, they said it couldn't be done.

Reading meters and figuring their electric bills doesn't faze these do-it-yourself Americans. At the start of rural electrification, rural people, themselves, pitched in to sign up members and secure rights of way for power lines. They borrow money from the Rural Electrification Administration and are building their own electric systems which now serve 17 million people. Today these people are using ever increasing amounts of electricity to live and farm better.

And like Mrs. Glasgow, user-owners continue to take part in the operation of their electric systems. For example, they hold annual meetings, elect fellow members as officers and directors responsible for system management. Working together, they are turning the "impossible" job of electrifying rural America into one of the greatest success stories of our day.

Already they've repaid $1½ billion on principal and interest on $3¾ billion REA loans . . . further proof that rural electrification is one of the best investments our Nation ever made.



AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

eyond being identified as among ose on hand.

Diplomats, of course, are a most utious breed and not one of them nown to me, not even the most ivately nonconformist, would ever y aloud what he thinks of the cur- nt Washington dinner-party in- itution. With much boring from ithin, and after long and mutually usted acquaintance, however, it is ossible to creep past diplomatic re- erve. What these fellows do say, n desperate confidence, makes one ware that the almost nightly call to ne eating-out table is regarded as ne ultimate hardship of Washing- on service—not even excluding our mously enervating summer heat.

They say that when they go out— o anything but an intimate dinner mong friends—they find themselves n a fog of pained unbelief at the uerile quality of the talk and its mitation to strictly personal inter- st. Denied even cautious discussion f policies, they will try then for ome talk about, say, books or plays. Here, too, the door is shut. The ompany within hearing frown upon uch dullness and turn quickly to ome engrossing topic such as what Irs. Kennedy ("Jackie," of course) r Mrs. Johnson ("Lady-Bird," of ourse) is supposed to have said about ome other acquaintance, about some ther hairdo, or about some other arty. I should like to be able to say hat this form of conversational con- ol is confined to the feminine sex. adly, I cannot do so. For in solemn iscourse of this kind, the male uests, if anything, will come out a it ahead.

THE CLOSED SOURCE

O say that all this is a pity is not r off the mark. For while this is in ne sense of trifling importance, it in a deeper sense of great impor- nce, indeed. The Administration— ne President, the Cabinet, and all ne rest of them—do not, of course, equire the possibility of adult con- ersations in their evenings-out to nable them to run their affairs. But oreign diplomats do genuinely need uch opportunities, for here they live r more restricted and hedged-in ves than might be supposed. In the rst place, Washington has become diplomatic center of such unparal-

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about Old Crow advertising

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Even after we *printed* the fact that Henry Clay rode out to see James Crow and *personally* ordered a barrel of Old Crow for his Washington home—some people asked about that, too! Let us simply say that probably the most thorough reading our advertising gets is from the various regulatory agencies—state and federal. We have documentation on every famous person used. As a matter of fact, we have a standing reward of $250 to anyone who sends us *documented* information relating famous Americans of the 19th century to Old Crow.



And when we advertise that Old Crow tastes the best —there is evidence for it. The fact is, more people buy Old Crow than any other bourbon. In a free market, with many fine bourbons available at all prices, is this not *convincing* evidence that many people feel we *are* "the best?"

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leled urgency—and also a scene of such diplomatic overcrowding—that it is difficult enough in the best of circumstances for a man from abroad to find out the score.

In the second place, the vast and necessary proliferation of the State Department, in human terms and in terms of its ever-expanding honeycomb of bureaus, does not invite and often does not even permit intimate exchanges of fact and impression even with Allied diplomats.

These people need to know a great deal more about us, for their good and for ours. Many times I have been amazed and deeply concerned at the ideas held by good and perceptive friends along Embassy Row of what our policies and intentions and human conditions really are. This state of affairs is not their fault. Protocol and custom require them to rely primarily upon State Department personnel for their basic information about this country, and this information is often necessarily too scanty, too oversimplified, and far too hurriedly given and received. In fact, therefore, the foreign diplomat needs enlightening and adult contacts in precisely that social situation which now so largely denies them—the dinner party.

It is here that, in a better order of things, he could talk to people who ought to know something—and ought to have at least a few impersonal interests. It is here, for one important illustration, that he could usefully enter an area of knowledge which is now all but closed to foreigners like himself—the area of Congressional thinking. But again, it is exactly here that he finds himself constantly frustrated. Let him begin on a conversation with, say, the Senate majority leader or a leading Republican spokesman on foreign policy, and the climber-dominated table at once turns off to talking about what another Washington hostess recently said about yet another Washington hostess.

It is not, however, the old fact that there *are* climbers which is so much to be deplored in this melancholy scene. It is the new fact that climbing itself has lost all passions except the one dominant passion which will be put tomorrow in the one operative phrase: *I* was *there;* while so-and-so was also there.

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

INNOCENTS IN THE BIG CITY

As they look to Herman Wouk and three other novelists . . . plus unexpected stories from Nabokov, Iris Murdoch, and India's favorite storyteller

THE thousand or so pages of Herman Wouk's new novel, **Youngblood Hawke** (Doubleday, $7.95), often tease the reader with the impression that he ought to be able to identify the characters he is reading about. The main character, it seems certain, must have been suggested by the late Thomas Wolfe. Youngblood Hawke resembles Wolfe in several striking ways: he is a large, passionate, untidy Southern writer with an immense appetite for life, a powerful drive to literary greatness, and a kind of mystical vision of America's destiny which he hopes to portray in a multi-volumed work something like Balzac's *Human Comedy*; his actual accomplishment consists of vast slabs of fictionalized autobiography that have to be cut and shaped by editors. Again like Wolfe, Hawke has a money-hungry mother in the background who is both a source of strength to him and a goad, and he dies young of a brain disease. And the list of parallels could be expanded.

On the other hand, there are several ways in which Youngblood Hawke's career does not resemble Thomas Wolfe's; and though the evidence for such an assertion is largely conjectural, it seems to resemble a good deal more closely the career of Herman Wouk himself. For one thing, Thomas Wolfe died in 1938, and Youngblood Hawke's career, like Wouk's, comes after the second world war, when the business of writing in America (and Wouk is deeply interested in writing as a business) had undergone some profound changes because of such new developments as paperback publishing, television, and high income taxes. Other details suggest a parallel to Wouk's career. For instance, Youngblood Hawke makes a highly successful play out of the concluding section of one of his novels, as Wouk made *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* out of *The Caine Mutiny,* whereas Wolfe's efforts as a playwright never gave him a commercial success.

All this is speculative, of course, and in a way inconsequential, because it is of no great moment where a novelist finds his material. But it is worth pointing out, I think, if only because it calls attention to the way the novel fuses, or hovers between, two different views of the writer in society—first, the view of the artist as a mythic figure, a culture hero, a man outside society who nonetheless serves society by presenting it with a true image of itself and a quickened sense of its own destiny; and second, the view of the artist as a businessman, an enterprising fellow with something to sell like anybody else. (Youngblood Hawke's ambition is to make a million dollars from his early books in order to finance what he regards as his real work, the *Human Comedy* that he does not live to write.)

Such a fusion is by no means uncommon in the lives of writers, as Wouk frequently points out by allusions to the lives of Scott, Balzac, Mark Twain, and others; indeed it has probably been more common than not in the days since writing became a profitable enterprise. But it seems to represent a new development in Wouk's own way of looking at things. In his earlier books, as I understand them, he had the utmost respect for the demands society puts on the individual. In *The Caine Mutiny* it is the duty of the individual to play the game as specified by the organization he belongs to. In *Marjorie Morningstar,* the artist-outsider (represented by a flimsy and affected writer of bad musical comedies) is simply an interloper, a troublemaker and immoralist, and when the heroine humbly returns to the middle-class morality in which she has been reared, she certainly does so with the novelist's full approval.

But now Wouk seems to be a good deal less sure that society is always right. In *Youngblood Hawke* he is concerned with the ambiguous conflict between talent and the world-as-it-is, which fascinated nineteenth-century novelists and found its great original at the beginning of the century in Napoleon, the outsider of humble origins who became an emperor and died in exile. In the broad outline of his career Hawke could easily be the hero of a nineteenth-century novel. The young genius from the provinces with his country accent and wrong clothes comes to the great glittering metropolis (in this instance, New

York) with his crude but powerful gifts, his ignorance of the great world, and his hunger for its beauty and his avidity for its rewards. He is tormented by his awkwardness but can endure any deprivation because of the fame and fortune that he feels sure await him. It turns out that his gifts are real enough and lead to recognition, but then the problem arises whether the great world will use his gifts for its purposes or he will make the world serve his gifts. Meanwhile he is initiated into sex and sophistication by an older woman of great allure and great skill in getting what she wants on her own terms. She becomes essential to him both as a symbol of conquest and as a guide through the labyrinths of the enchanted city. At the same time he falls in love with a younger, simpler girl who is much more the sort of person he would have married if he had remained in the provinces. Both women are essential to him, and neither can replace his old mother back home, whose greed and loyalty provide the base line against which he measures the whole dazzling trajectory of his career.

In the end the great world proves too much for Youngblood Hawke as it has for so many of his predecessors both in and out of fiction. He gets mixed up with speculators who are cleverer than he in the ways of making money; his attempt to become one of the great ones of the city by remodeling a town house leads him into hopeless confusion and debt; his income taxes mount up; his efforts to make himself into a corporation end in a legal tangle; his first success in the theatre leads to double-crossing and failure. He dies in a terrible muddle of unfinished work, unpaid bills, unfulfilled love. Elba, in the form of a room in a New York hospital, reclaims her own.

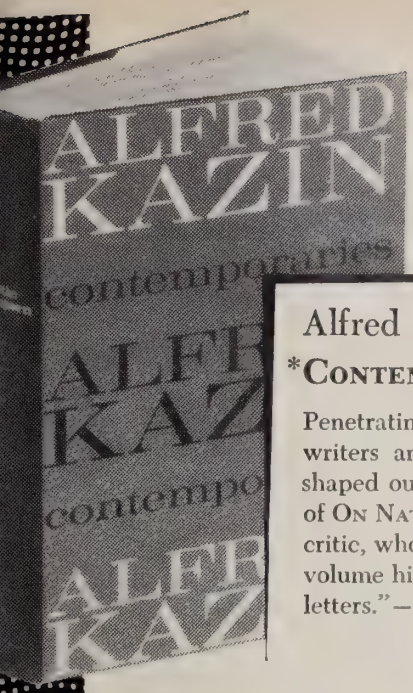
TO say that *Youngblood Hawke* follows a pattern that was developed in the nineteenth century is not in any way to discredit it. The pattern still has great vitality; it is after all an objectification of the daydream of ambitious young people in any society where there is, in the phrase John Braine used to name his novel that presents a variant on the same theme, *Room at the Top.* Perhaps it objectifies an even more universal daydream—the child's fantasy of revenge on the adult world.

Wouk has certain gifts that make his book highly readable and should insure its popular success. For one thing, he is a good storyteller; he has that ability which is worth more than diamonds to anyone who has it—the ability to make the reader want to turn the next page, to see what is going to happen next. He knows how to take the reader behind the scenes, and being taken behind the scenes has always been one of the great if unacknowledged pleasures of novel reading; Wouk provides a series of events such as most readers would like to experience and probably never will—the opening night of a successful play, both as the audience sees it and as it appears behind the curtain; lavish parties in New York apartments and on baronial Hollywood estates; tense moments in a bar in Venice or in a producer's office or in the chambers of a Congressional investigating committee. And these scenes that throng with the rich and powerful and famous are tellingly played off against humbler events closer to the reader's own experience: a grown son's attempt to deal with a mother he loves but cannot stand, moments of affection and loneliness, a father's reverence before the miracle of a newborn son. And if all this is not enough, Wouk is a hard worker besides: an impressive amount of research must lie behind *Youngblood Hawke;* much of the latter part of the book concerns complex legal and financial manipulation, all of which sounds as if it had required painstaking investigation and certainly has required skill in presentation.

Yet this extremely accomplished piece of literary merchandise is not a great novel. On the one hand it lacks the poetic feeling which is the only thing that can give grandeur to the myth of romantic genius, the myth that Thomas Wolfe lived to the hilt and recorded in his books; on the other hand it lacks the wit and irony that could give it coherence and bite as a study of the artist as businessman. When poetry is demanded, Wouk simply throws in his hand: when, for instance, he has to present Youngblood Hawke's dream of a great series of novels dealing with America's destiny, he does not give us a great spate of dizzyingly rapturous rhetoric such as the real Thomas Wolfe would have done; instead he presents the whole vast conception in the form of a brief memorandum dictated by a prosaic lawyer who doesn't even pretend to have grasped what the novelist was talking about, and the result is a paltry document.

And in place of wit and irony we get a kind of sullen peevishness that a reader may ungenerously suspect has less to do with the disappointments of Youngblood Hawke in his Wolfeian aspects than with the disaffection of Herman Wouk. The endless whining about critical neglect and incompetent reviewing may be accurate enough but it gets tiresome, and surely there are more amusing as well as more damaging things to say about reviewers than to call them time and time again "frustrated novelists" and "English teachers."

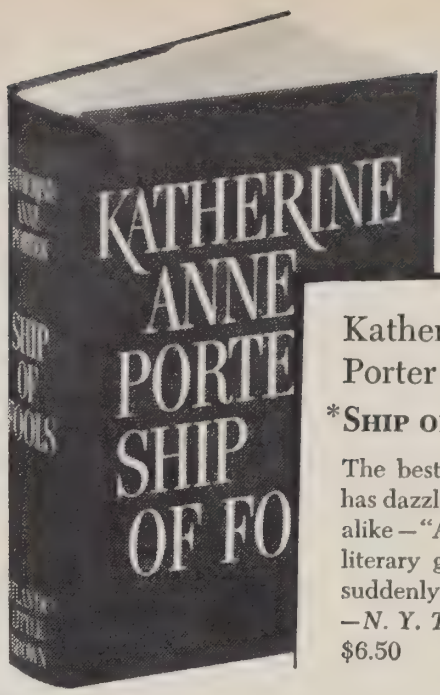
At bottom *Youngblood Hawke* seems to reveal some kind of indecision in Wouk about what a writer ought to be and more specifically what kind of writer he wants to be. He has a tremendous respect, like Somerset Maugham, for professionalism, and he has achieved it; *Youngblood Hawke* is unquestionably the work of a man who knows his business. But it also shows a hankering after what it does not achieve: that reckless amateurism that takes chances, that goes



Alfred Kazin

***Contemporaries**

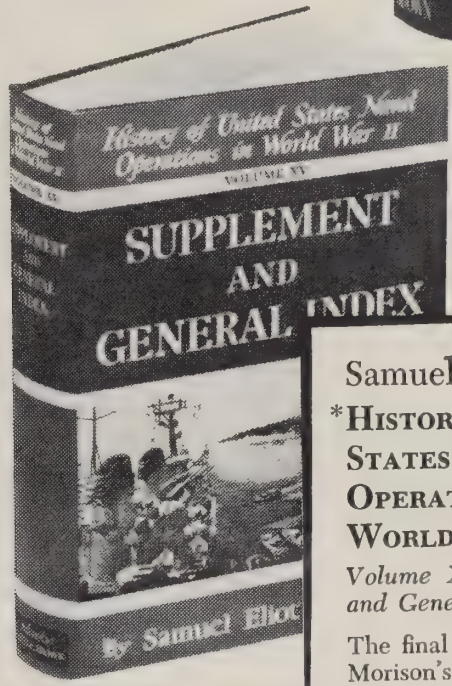
Penetrating discussions of the writers and forces which have shaped our literature by the author of On Native Grounds, "a major critic, who consolidates with this volume his high place in American letters."—*N. Y. Times.* $7.50



Katherine Anne Porter

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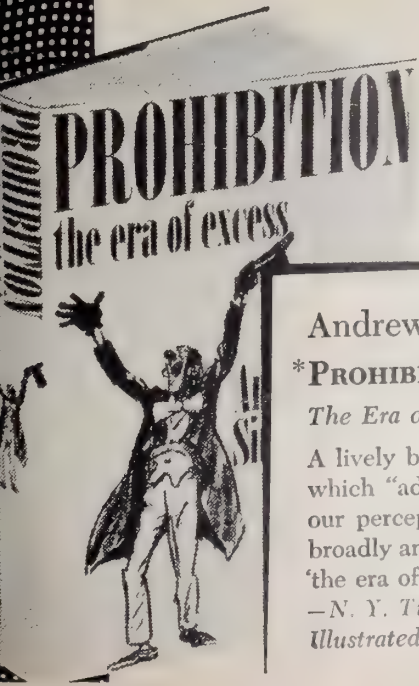
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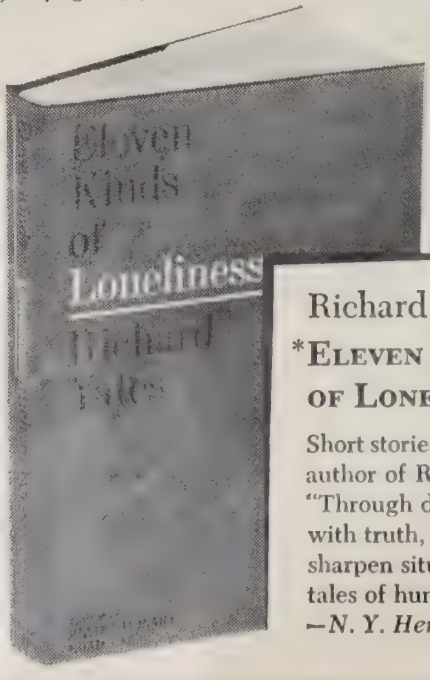


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FROM MURAL TO SKETCH

TO turn from *Youngblood Hawke* to Louis Simpson's **Riverside Drive** (Atheneum, $5) is like passing from some vast crowded baroque mural whose every square foot teems with larger-than-life figures and billowing drapery and gilded properties to a little water-color sketch in which a few delicate lines indicate the subject and the rest of the paper is left bare. What makes the difference in scale and technique between the two books more striking is the fact that there are certain crude similarities in the stories they tell.

Duncan Bell, the narrator and chief character in *Riverside Drive,* is another provincial in New York. Like Simpson himself, Duncan Bell comes from Jamaica, "full of the sadness of the provinces, . . . the thought of life vanishing without a mark." He has left his island home as a boy in his late teens to attend Columbia, sure that New York is the place where things really happen, where a mark is to be made. He has various adventures, but the unifying relationship in the novel, in so far as there is any, is a love affair, Duncan Bell's long-drawn-out, sometimes tenuous, sometimes passionate attachment to a girl named Mona. Though at the beginning of the novel she is a very young girl, Mona in one way resembles the older woman in Wouk's novel and in novels of his nineteenth-century predecessors: she represents both the promise and the inscrutability of the great city, its open flamboyant beauty and its hidden darkness. Duncan Bell's affair with her is both rewarding and maddening; in the end he realizes that he can never really know her, never come to terms with her; she is either too much or too little for him, and he leaves her to return to the quiet life of the provinces.

Riverside Drive is a first novel, though Simpson is already well known as a poet, and in some ways it is an amateurish sort of book—not in the writing, which is uniformly excellent and sometimes beautiful, but in its fictional knowingness, its organization and exploitation of the material. There are characters and situations that Simpson passes over in a paragraph or an unemphatic page where Wouk would produce chapters of technicolor. Such economy, where it really is economy, is welcome, but sometimes it is simply underdevelopment, and the novel as a whole is rather fragmentary. The story never grips the imagination of the reader; it has no narrative drive, probably because the character of Duncan Bell has no strong sense of purpose. Certainly in comparison with Wouk's characters, who are all equipped with motives as powerful as diesel engines, he seems like a cork bobbing along on the stream of events. But this is hardly a criticism; probably most of us have more of the cork than of the diesel engine in us. At any rate, *Riverside Drive* is a graceful, delicate, tender book, unpretentious and free of theatricality. The worst to be said about it is also perhaps the best: it is more the work of a poet than of a novelist.

CALLED TO THE CROWD

The Bible Salesman by Alma Stone (Doubleday, $3.95) is another story of provincials in New York, but otherwise it bears even less resemblance to Wouk's and Simpson's novels than they do to each other. Miss Stone's main character is a colored boy named Leroy, who has grown up quietly in a little town in the Deep South with his mother (now dead) and his grandmother and her old dog. Then one day he receives the call to become an evangelist; he gets a job as a Bible salesman and takes to the roads to do the Lord's work. Soon he lands on upper Broadway in New York, earning his living by working in a bar and selling Bibles on the street in his spare time. He sends for his grandmother and her old dog to join him, and reluctantly they do so, leaving behind the shack and the neighbors who have constituted home for all their lives.

So the odd trio—the boy supported by an unquestioning faith and an innocent but real practicality; the old grandmother worn with the work and disappointments of the years, more doubtful than the boy of the goodness of life but still courageous; and the silly old dog—become a part of the teeming crowd of upper Broadway, a crowd that embraces virtually all races, all degrees of sanity and poverty, every crackpot scheme of salvation and chicanery.

For such a trio the city puts on no beautiful beckoning woman's face full of promise of wealth and conquest. To Leroy it is simply a place full of souls dear to God and usually to nobody else; he is too humble to dream of greatness for himself but he does want to open a mission to help others. To his grandmother the city is a place of loneliness, of strange people and objects and ways, but like everything else she has encountered in her long life, something to be dealt with as necessary and to be loved if possible. For the dog the excitement of the city streets revivifies his long-vanished youth, and he runs away.

Miss Stone hardly makes a story of their adventures in New York. Such narrative as she offers sometimes meanders and sometimes has a jerk in it. Yet the book has a unity that arises less from any pretense at plot than from a unity of outlook—an unending delight in (and wonder at) the very livingness of life, all the outlandish and comic and pathetic ways in which the human organism, in spite of everything it has against it, persists in asserting itself and keeps on trying.

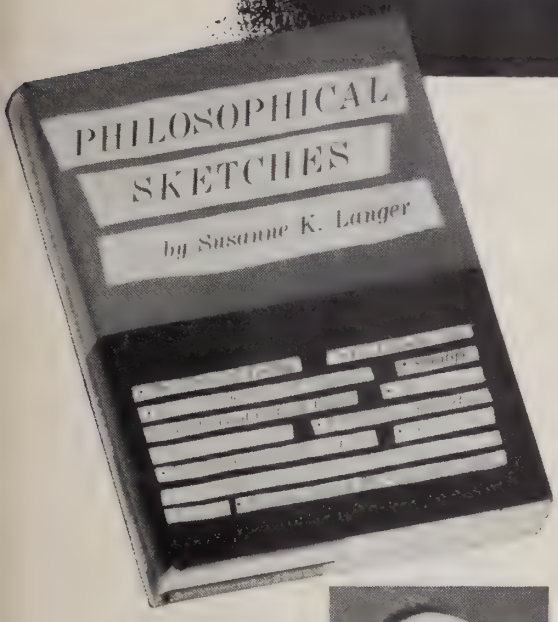
Miss Stone's pages are crowded with the marvelous oddities people produce or become. Sometimes her oddities are merely cute, but usually she has a wonderfully sharp eye for the detail that is not merely funny but that reveals in some gloriously cockeyed way the underlying poignancy of the human situation. She manages to convey the mixture of excitement and boredom, pride and humiliation, hope and despair that make up our experience of the world.

A STRANGE ONE

THERE is only one way in which the work of Vladimir Nabokov is predictable, and that is its utter unpredictability. His new novel, if novel it is, **Pale Fire** (Putnam, $3.95), is probably the strangest book that he has written so far. It is amusing to speculate what the large number of readers who were drawn to *Lolita* by its titillating sexual episodes will

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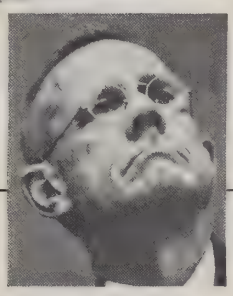
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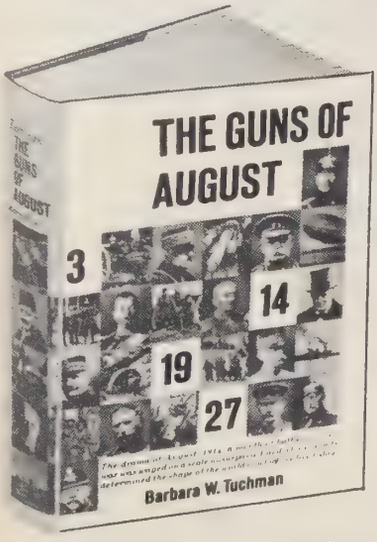
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make of it, and in fact the book is likely to prove puzzling to any reader, whatever his previous interest in Nabokov's work.

The first section of it appeared in *Harper's* in May and those who read it will remember that the scene of *Pale Fire* is a college or university somewhere in upstate New York, presumably an institution something like Cornell, where Nabokov taught for a number of years; and the ostensible center of the book is an autobiographical poem of about a thousand lines written by an elderly faculty member named John Shade. Shade's poem is a kind of meditation on the meaning of his life; it is written in simple language something like Robert Frost's.

As it happens, during the year that John Shade is composing this poem, the year that turns out to be the last of his life, a house near his is rented to a visiting professor who calls himself Charles Kinbote and who claims to come from an exotic central European country called Zembla. After Shade finishes the poem, and in the excitement surrounding his violent death, Kinbote prevails upon the distraught Mrs. Shade to permit him to take the poet's last work and to edit it for publication. Nabokov's "novel," then, is Kinbote's edition of the poem, an edition in which the poem itself gets buried under a fairly long introduction and a perfectly amazing mass of notes that tell an entirely different story from the story of Shade's poem.

It soon becomes apparent to the reader that Kinbote, who thinks that he has been John Shade's closest friend and confidant, has in fact been a complete bore and nuisance, only tolerated by the Shades because they were too gentle and polite to repulse him. A little more slowly it becomes apparent that Kinbote is utterly unfit to edit the poem, because he is incapable of understanding it. And more slowly still it becomes apparent that Kinbote is completely insane.

What has happened is this: during the year that Shade was composing his last poem Kinbote frequently forced himself upon the poet, talking to him endlessly about his obsession with the history of his native land of Zembla, and trying to convince him to make Zemblan history the subject of his poem. When the manuscript falls into Kinbote's hands he is at first appalled to discover its personal nature, and then he slowly convinces himself that the subject *is* in fact Zemblan history, though much disguised and cryptically alluded to. So the notes that Kinbote provides in such abundance develop the nonexistent secret subject of the poem, and become a lurid account of the equivocal career of the last Zemblan king.

Pale Fire is, then, an enormous hoax, but exactly where the joke is aimed is a little hard to say. Certainly it is a take-off on the monomania of scholars, their passion for finding their own concerns reflected in everything they read; just as certainly it is directed at the "overreading" of literary texts, the tendency to find elaborate systems of esoteric meaning where they do not exist. Possibly the book is a consummately suave reply to those critics who devoted the resources of their considerable learning and ingenuity to discovering vast significance in Nabokov's own *Lolita*. But just as possibly it is a reduction to the absurd of the tendency in all of us to suppose that we are the center of the universe, to take the world personally, to suppose that our own brief and insignificant spark of life (a pale fire at most) is a mighty conflagration toward which all eyes are turned in awe.

For me the whole grotesque improvisation, for all its inventiveness and wildness of fancy, becomes too big, indeed monstrous and terrifying. I would prefer to read the book as a joke, and so I would like it smaller and neater and more manageable. But I am willing to grant Nabokov the point that monomania *is* monstrous and terrifying, that a ravening ego like Charles Kinbote's, devouring everything in its path and unrestrained by any sense of the reality of the external world, does lead to something as terrible, as insane, as in retrospect *Pale Fire* seems to me to be.

THE GREAT SIMPLICITIES

AFTER the complexity of *Pale Fire* it is something of a relief to turn to **Chemmeen** by the Indian novelist Thakazhi Sivasankara Pillai (Harper, $5), for this is a simple story

of humble fisherfolk on the southwest coast of India, told in as straightforward a manner as a folktale, which it may well have been originally.

The main character in *Chemmeen* is a fisherman's daughter who falls in love with a Moslem trader, although she knows that she can never marry outside her caste and religion. She accepts these restrictions, as she accepts the whole traditional way of life in which she has been brought up, including the belief that the goddess of the sea will watch over the safety of the men at sea only as long as the women they leave behind remain perfectly chaste. But her father has ambitions beyond his station; he decides to exploit the young Moslem's attraction to his daughter by borrowing enough money from him to buy his own boat. With the boat comes prosperity, and with prosperity increasing greed; instead of repaying the loan, the father puts his profits into expanding the business, and the young Moslem is slowly ruined. The girl is in a position beyond her powers to resolve; every step she takes seems to lead to additional misery, and in the end the goddess of the sea destroys all the characters for overstepping the boundaries that have been established for them.

Chemmeen is not, as so many recent Indian novels have been and as a brief summary may make it appear to be, a novel of "emerging India," of conflict between customary manners and newer, freer ways. The characters are untouched by the modern world; they believe unquestioningly in the kind of behavior that the goddess of the sea has ordained from the beginning of time; like the figures in a Greek tragedy, they know what the divinely ordained patterns of behavior are, but their passions lead them to do otherwise, and they are punished for their transgressions.

The book has had an enormous success in India, where it has been translated into all the major languages and has won the highest literary prize the country affords. A repetition of its success in America would be surprising. Though the passions it deals with are universal enough, their expression takes forms that a Western reader is likely to find

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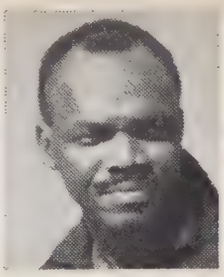
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difficult—not difficult to understand intellectually but difficult to grasp emotionally. The book has a certain beauty, but it is a remote beauty. I admire it and find it interesting as I admire and find interesting the work of certain sensitive anthropologists, but I am unable to make the jump required to participate imaginatively in the life described. Perhaps other readers will be more fortunate.

TWO ENGLISH NOVELS

ENGLISH writers continue to produce some of the best of our new fiction. Alan Sillitoe's second novel, **Key to the Door** (Knopf, $5.95), is even more impressive than his first, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning.* It is a longer, fuller work, and in some respects helps to explain the earlier book, because the main character is Brian Seaton, the older brother of Arthur Seaton in *Saturday Night,* and the filling-in of the family background increases our understanding of Arthur as well as of Brian.

Brian is a more sensitive and thoughtful boy than Arthur. Where Arthur was presented as not very reflectively riding the tide of postwar British industrial prosperity, working during the week at a dull but steady job in a Nottingham bicycle factory and getting his rowdy fun on Saturday nights, Brian takes a longer and more inclusive look at his life. It is not easy for him to make sense of it: his boyhood in the depression-ridden 'thirties when the family squeezed by on the dole, hungry and humiliated; the war years when he was too young for the service but old enough to do tough and filthy work; then his army service in postwar Malaya when he finds himself, as he sees it, defending a social class and economic interest that has done precious little for him.

A good many English novels of the last decade have been described as angry, but I know of none that does as good a job of explaining the anger as *Key to the Door.* The picture of English working-class life in an industrial town in the 'thirties is simply superb: the long, slow grinding down of what had once been a self-respecting group of people (represented by the grandfather, a skilled blacksmith with great pride in his work), until they can only regard themselves as useless appendages on society, sometimes actually having to resort to illegal means to stay alive.

All of *Key to the Door* is written with passion. It certainly has its moments of comedy and tenderness, but it is still the work of a writer with powerful feelings and the skill to express them in dramatic action. The book has none of the hysterical rhetoric of such an officially "angry" document as John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger;* it has no need of it, because in Brian Seaton, Sillitoe has created a character who looks on life with too level an eye. Sillitoe does not command the poetry of D. H. Lawrence, the novelist with whom one inevitably compares him if for no other reason than their common origins in the working class of the Nottingham region (actually Lawrence seems to be the ancestor of all the "angry" novelists), but he has the look of a major writer, and *Key to the Door* is a fine achievement.

ANOTHER excellent new novel from England is Iris Murdoch's **An Unofficial Rose** (Viking, $4.95). Miss Murdoch is a very different kind of novelist from Sillitoe, of course; though her political and social sympathies are probably not far from his, they have little to do with her novels, which are more concerned with the philosophical implications of human behavior. Her style is far more elegant too; in fact the new novel sounds as if she had been reading a little too much Henry James lately, with an unfortunate effect on her adverbs. But she certainly has one of the liveliest intelligences operating in fiction in English today.

The subject that Miss Murdoch examines in the new book is, in the broadest sense, freedom. Her story opens with the funeral of a well-to-do, middle-aged woman whose death has set off a kind of chain reaction that frees the members of her family and some of her friends to make a new start in life. It frees her husband to renew his attentions to a mistress he had abandoned years before; he in turn (by selling a painting that his wife has left him) puts his son in a position to leave his wife for another woman with whom he has formed an intense but Platonic attachment; the son's defection in turn

frees his wife to marry, if she wants to, a man who has long been in love with her; and so on.

This may sound as if *An Unofficial Rose* repeated the rather artificial game of musical chairs that offended some and amused other readers of Miss Murdoch's last novel, but in fact the shifts in relationships are managed with much more naturalness and ease. Indeed her wit, her invention, her fine understanding of the complexity of individual character and of the relationships between people, and her flair for drama have rarely been better displayed than in this investigation of how a group of people handle an unexpected opportunity to reshape their lives in midcourse.

Miss Murdoch's novels are always disconcerting, with their odd twists and sudden revelations, and readers who look to fiction for a world safer and more predictable than the one they live in will never like her work. Her books are further disconcerting because it is not always easy to tell what she is getting at, partly because of the sublety of her mind, partly because of her tendency (unexpected in a writer of such intelligence but often dramatically appropriate) to let the stupidest people in her books say the wisest things and to give the most admirable traits to the characters who are least interesting. But *An Unofficial Rose* is most disconcerting in what I take to be its general conclusion about how people use their freedom; most of the characters turn out to use their second chance in life very little more wisely than they had used their first.

TWO ESSAYISTS

IN conclusion I want to mention two recent collections of essays of more than usual distinction. One is **A Sad Heart at the Supermarket** by Randall Jarrell (Atheneum, $4.50). This book really falls into two sections: first, a group of essays on the state of culture in America, and second, a group on literary subjects. The essays on American culture deal with the low estate of American education, the isolation of the American intellectual, and related matters. These are subjects that have not exactly been neglected in recent years, of course, and the essays fail to strike the reader with the force of revelation, not because the shortcomings they point out have been corrected, but because they have become the stock-in-trade of everybody who sets himself up as a critic of American society. But Jarrell writes with a wit, an aptness of example, and a passion of conviction that make what he has to say still eminently worth reading.

The literary essays are even better. As a critic Jarrell is the precise opposite of the monomaniac Kinbote in Nabokov's novel; he has no axes to grind, he does not find hidden meanings, he hardly analyzes and rarely explicates. But he writes of literature with a wonderful enlightened enthusiasm that makes a reader look with fresh eyes on what he thought was familiar, and long to get to the works he does not know.

Aubrey Menen's **Speaking the Language Like a Native** (McGraw-Hill, $5) is a collection of essays on Italy, where the author has lived for a number of years. The first piece, on the difficulties of the Italian language, is not the best; the point that no foreigner is going to speak Italian like a native is doubtless well taken, but it is made at too great length. But the subsequent essays on various Italian towns, ancient and modern, are full of interesting observations and delightful unobtrusive learning, and Menen's style is as witty and elegant as ever.

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and Happy Life and is the love story of a young back-country girl in North Carolina. Mr. Richter's is about a storekeeper in a small Pennsylvania Dutch town, who became a Lutheran minister and spent his whole life in one or another small farming or mining community, taking cheerful and dedicated delight in caring for his impecunious charges. One feels the touch of irony in this title as in Mr. Price's. What man is simple in his family relationships, for instance, no matter how devoted the family, and especially a man who more often than not gave away what his family sorely needed?

Like all Mr. Richter's novels this one moves deceptively slowly, like a stream meandering through a meadow, seeming still, yet occasionally taking surprising turns, or speeding up over shallows, till when it finally reaches its destination it rushes out in fullness and one feels the power that has been there all along and sees, besides, that all life has been reflected in its journey. It is also a wonderful evocation of the American past, this time of the early years of the century. Knopf, $4.50

The Vigil of Emmeline Gore, by Rudolph von Abele.

There is something very nineteenth-century about this first novel—not just its title either. To be sure, the elderly lady whose soul searchings one follows here is not suffering from any nineteenth-century vapors; she is dying from a fatal disease at the end of a long and, she feels, virtuous life; and she knows it. She is even happy about it since it gives her time to re-examine her cousinly, frigid marriage and find the key to its puzzle. She goes at it with more passion, it seems, than she has done anything else in her well-ordered, pious life. And her final stumbling on the truth (led up to with the greatest skill) has a shocking effect on her and on the reader too.

Actually time is unimportant to the narrative except to the course of her disease, and there are no clues to help tell us when this happened. Indeed there is a kind of deliberate timelessness. But the aura of the sick room, the pre-Freudian way in which she "comes to recognize" her husband's homosexual life and her part in it; the minuet-like decorum with which husband and wife meet and talk has much more the air of the last century than of this one in spite of the fact that what goes on here is certainly "deep-down" self-analysis. Its insights are often illuminating and sometimes the writing is brilliant, but I found that the story suffers from the blight of all psychoanalytical case histories. One doesn't care that much about the minutiae of unknown people's lives. Yet there is a story here and the author has done a spectacular job of sustaining the difficult mood and climate in which he has chosen to tell it. Houghton Mifflin, $4

Gideon's March, by J. J. Marric.

This time Inspector Gideon's concern is with the arrangements for a State Visit to London, a kind of Summit Meeting of the Presidents of France, West Germany, and the United States, including a grand procession which will tax his police force and other security groups to the limit. One learns the extraordinary amount of labor that goes into the planning and precautions for such an affair—precautions against everyone from potential assassins to practical embezzlers and pickpockets. Terribly exciting with plots within plots and Gideon and his family at their charming best. Harper, $3.50

Short Stories

21 Stories, by Graham Greene.

Very short stories (including "Proof Positive," "A Drive in the Country," and "The Destructors," first published in *Harper's*), by the author of *The Heart of the Matter, The End of the Affair,* and *The Quiet American.* Viking, $3.95

Voices at Play, by Muriel Spark.

Four radio plays and six short stories by the lively and unpredictable author of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie.* Lippincott, $4

Pull Down Vanity, by Leslie Fiedler.

The author of *Love and Death in the American Novel* publishes three novellas and five stories, many of which, including "Nude Croquet," "The Teeth," and "Pull Down Vanity," created a furor when they were first published (in *Partisan Review* and *Esquire*). He is utterly ruthless

and frank in his fictional attack on the falseness and foibles of American manners. Lippincott, $3.95

NON-FICTION

Humorists, Columnists, TV Artists

Shut Up, He Explained: A Ring Lardner Selection, edited by Babette Rosmond and Henry Morgan.

The trouble with having humorists edit a humorist (but who else could?) is that sometimes you can't tell where the editing humorists end and the edited humorist begins. How would a newcomer to Lardner know, for instance, whether the phony and funny introductions to his plays and pieces are the editors' or Ring Lardner's own? Not that it matters much. The introduction to a play called "Quadroon" reads:

> "Quadroon" is a parody on O'Neill's lengthy "Mourning Becomes Electra," where the audience went out for dinner at intermission. Mr. Lardner has concentrated largely on the dinner.

One worries, too, about whether or not all this will seem so funny to someone who doesn't happen to be familiar with the constantly and happily intruding literary and social figures of New York in the 'twenties. One feels sorry for people whose eyes will simply glide over a cast of characters which includes:

> Tono, *a typical wastebasket.*
> Herbert Swope, *a nonentity.*

Another trouble is that after you've read a book like this everything serious you read sounds like something just waiting for Ring Lardner to satirize; he turns undue solemnity into a caricature of itself. But there's no trouble for anybody in the pleasure to be had from passages like the following (from an "Introduction" by Lardner himself, of course):

> In re Lardner's golf, the following amusing anecdote is recounted. Lardner was playing a mixed twosome with Mayor Walker of New York. They were both playing a Spalding mesh ball, which is how they got mixed. Coming to the fifteenth tee, they had halved the preceding three holes and Lardner could not remember whose turn it was to drive first.
>
> "Your honor?" he said to the Mayor.
>
> "Yes," the Mayor replied. "What can I do for you?"
>
> It is incidents like this that paint the man in his true colors. He was forever blowing bubbles. It amounted to a whim. Scribner, $4.50

Don't Just Stand There, by Inez Robb.

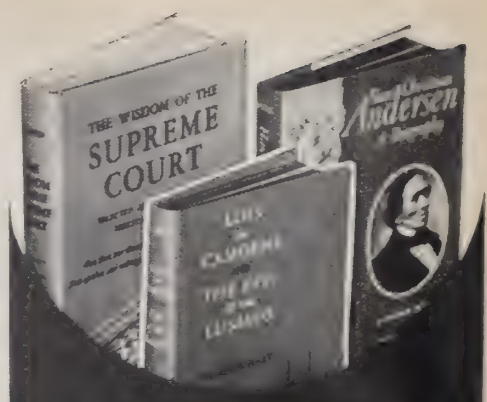
Mrs. Robb's columns and comments on American life and manners have been syndicated for years by International News, Scripps-Howard, and United Feature Syndicate. In this collection are discussions of a thousand phenomena of our times, from the Duke and Duchess of Windsor (she covered the wedding and interviewed them twenty-five years later) to husbands in general, Dodger fans, traveling and eating across America, and cocktail parties. Energetic, observant, opinionated, and often funny. McKay, $4.95

Anybody Who Owns His Own House Deserves It, by Alan King with Kathryn Ryan.

The well-known TV comedian writes of his experiences in moving to suburbia. "We bought the house for $33,000. It was listed at $12,000 but we wanted extras. We needed windows, we wanted a floor, and I thought since we were going this far it would be nice to have a roof over our heads." From there on, beginning with the arrival of the Welcome Wagon ladies, he discusses in his own way the various competitions in status symbols, from lawns, to trips to Europe, to dogs. Dutton, $3.50

Genius in the Family, by Jean and Kathy Godfrey.

A story of Arthur Godfrey's childhood and family, especially his mother. She is a composer and musician who believed that all her children were geniuses and saw to it that they were performing one way or another at the earliest possible ages. She herself, in the family's many moves, both geographic and up and down the economic scale, contributed not only her enormous energy and enthusiastic cheerfulness but money from playing the piano in local movie houses and homemade jellies which the children sold from door to door. A folksy story, rags to riches, plenty of uplift, and a familiar theatrical cast. Putnam, $4.50



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ADRIANA AND A NEW WOODSFUL OF OPERAS

Having won her way with the Metropolitan powers, Renata Tebaldi unlooses her lovely voice in a recording of the tear-jerking opera which she will sing in New York next fall.

IT IS no great secret around the Metropolitan Opera that the major reason for Renata Tebaldi's failure to sing there this season involved Cilea's opera, **Adriana Lecouvreur.** Tebaldi has sung it in Italy and with the Chicago Opera, loves it, and was insistent on singing it in New York. From where she sits, one can see the attraction. It has pretty tunes for the soprano, a death scene, an opportunity to declaim, and is a great tear jerker. But the Metropolitan said no, possibly because of what the New York press would do to such a weak opera. So Tebaldi sat out the season in Italy, and ended up by having her way. Next season the Metropolitan Opera will stage *Adriana Lecouvreur* for her.

In the meantime she has recorded the opera (London A 4359, mono; OSA 1131, stereo, both 3 discs) with a cast including Mario del Monaco, Giulietta Simionato, Franco Ricciardi, Silvio Maionica, Giulio Fiorvanti, and the Santa Cecilia chorus and orchestra conducted by Franco Capuana. One *does* shudder to think of what the New York critics will do with *Adriana.* Francesco Cilea (1866-1950) was a one-opera man (or a no-opera man, depending on how you want to look at it). The only thing of his that is ever heard, and that seldom in America, is *Adriana Lecouvreur,* which he composed in 1902. Otherwise Cilea was a respected musician who taught in various Italian conservatories, composed plentifully, and never matched the success of his one opera to hold the stage. In a way it is a pastiche opera that brings together certain formulas of Puccini, Giordano, and even Wagner. And it is obvious that Cilea had studied Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz* very closely.

Adriana Lecouvreur has a few pretty tunes that are repeated ad nauseam. There is nothing original about them, nothing original about the libretto, nothing original about the scoring, nothing original about the workmanship. The pretty tunes are fully assimilated on first hearing, and after that the opera becomes a bore. But at least there are some nice things about the recorded performance. Outside of del Monaco, who is loud and graceless (he lets out one bellow-cum-sob that will be examined with interest by the connoisseurs), the singers are stylish. And Tebaldi unlooses her warm, lovely voice enchantingly.

The woods are full of opera recordings, some of them exciting, some to be avoided. In the latter category are Verdi's **Ballo in Maschera** as sung by Gianni Poggi, Ettore Bastianini, and Antonietta Stella (Deutsche Grammophon 18680/2, mono; 138680/2, stereo) and Beethoven's **Fidelio** with Sena Jurinac, Jan Peerce, and Gustav Neidlinger (Westminster 319, mono; 3319, stereo, both 3 discs). Both performances leave too much to be desired. In Verdi's marvelous *Ballo,* a singing opera from beginning to end, Stella often is shrill, off-pitch, and uncontrolled. So is the Ulrica, sung by Adriana Lazzarini; while Poggi is but a routine tenor. Instead of this new *Ballo,* Toscanini's old album, dated sound and all, is the one to get.

As for *Fidelio,* the chief trouble is in the conducting. Hans Knappertsbusch is in charge, and he has never been known as a particularly lively conductor. Here he is positively lethargic, giving the impression of walking through mud with snowshoes. Nor is the all-important role of Leonora well considered. Sena Jurinac knows the style and is a good artist, but vocally she is past her best days.

Two other recorded operas are as convincingly presented as *Ballo* and *Fidelio* are not. They are Strauss's **Salome** and Verdi's **Aida.** The former is especially welcome, because there never has been an adequate performance on discs. The one who should have made the recording in her prime, Ljuba Welitsch, is only represented by a few excerpts. Now we have Birgit Nilsson, along with Eberhard Wächter, Gerhard Stolze, and Grace Hoffman, with Georg Solti leading the Vienna Philharmonic (London A 4247, mono; OSA 1218, stereo, both 2 discs).

Salome is a murderous soprano role. What Strauss has asked for is a singer with a voice that at once sounds childlike and has enough strength to ride over his strenuous, post-Wagnerian climaxes. The combination is seldom encountered. Nilsson's voice is enormous, but by reducing it in the opening scenes she manages to suggest the immature Salome. Later on when she lets loose to ride over the orchestra, she never gives the impression of strain. And, *mirabile dictu,* she is an artist. In her tremendous aria to the head of Jochanaan, she does not yell or try to belt the music out. She has considered the psychological implications of the role, and her interpretation is blood-curdling, both vocally and emotionally.

And she has been surrounded by a fine cast. Wächter, as Jochanaan, has all the intensity one would demand, and his rather rough-sounding voice is admirably fit for the role. Stolze is the Herod, and he too manages to suggest the plot behind the plot: his incestuous desire for Salome, his troubled family life, and the beat of angels' wings around the cistern that houses Jochanaan. Hoffman, an American active in Europe, is a superb Herodias. As usual in their opera albums, London has made a big thing of the orchestra and of the potentialities of the stereo medium. The result is a thrilling album, one of the best of recent years.

Salome has no competition of records. *Aida* has. The new version features Leontyne Price, Jon Vickers,

Rita Gorr, and Robert Merrill (Victor LM 6158, mono; LSC 6158, stereo, both 3 discs). Again the conductor is Solti, this time with the Rome Opera House orchestra and chorus. Among them, they have managed to make one of the best of all recorded versions of the popular opera. Not unexpectedly, the performance is sparked by Price, who sings beautifully. This kind of warm, unforced vocalism, from a voice of good size and range (the high C in the Nile Scene is exquisitely taken), starts recalling Rethberg and her predecessors. Vickers, the Radames, is a lusty enough tenor, though one who has not yet mastered the niceties of singing. Rita Gorr, the Belgian-born mezzo, is much talked-about in Europe. On the evidence of this *Aida,* she is an accomplished artist, and her future appearances at the Metropolitan Opera should be something out of the ordinary.

And now a novelty, Bizet's **Pearl Fishers.** At least, it is a novelty on the American operatic stage. To record buffs it may not be so rare, for at least three prior versions have been available. The newest features Janine Micheau, Nicolai Gedda, Ernest Blanc, and Jacques Mars; and Pierre Dervaux leads the Opéra-Comique chorus and orchestra (Angel 3603, mono; S-3603, stereo, both 2 discs). Bizet was only twenty-four years old when he created the pretty music to the impossible libretto. Gounod was the prime influence here, and the music could scarcely be called original. But it does have Bizet's pure melodic strain, and that is enough to carry the opera. Those looking for something outside of the standard operatic repertoire might be repaid by this. The performance is, on the whole, good, but a few reservations must be made about Micheau. Though a fine stylist, she is considerably taxed by the coloratura passages, and her singing is anything but steady. The men are fine, and Dervaux moves the score smartly along. Most music lovers know the *Pearl Fishers* only through the famous tenor aria, *Je crois entendre encore* (and especially through Caruso's recording). Leila's cavatina, though, is just as good, and the closing Leila-Nadir (what a name for a role! and it means the same in French) duet is charming. And so Second Empire!



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JAZZ *notes*

Eric Larrabee

LADY DAY

She was born Eleanora Fagan, of Irish-African-American extraction, in a Baltimore Negro neighborhood, and died Billie Holiday, in a New York hospital, a half-step ahead of the narcotics agents, a creature of hopelessness and caring, of white Cadillacs and gardenias, of legend and of something that moves unanswerably between evil and genius. To talk about her at all is to confuse three separate things: (a) a human being, (b) a myth, and (c) an artist. As (a) she lived like a wounded and hunted animal, a fact that (b) gives her a preternatural appeal—somewhat as Maria Callas or Judy Garland have—to those who are also mutilated by existence. As (c), she lives to haunt the jazz historian.

Self-evidently she was not a *good* woman; life had bitten her, and she bit back. Heroin, sex, thievery, brute violence—what would shatter you or me was normal to Billie Holiday. Out of pride and song she tried to build an imaginary person—Lester Young made "Lady Day" its ineluctable name—who would be beyond fate and love's vicissitudes forever. It didn't work; life had several more bites to take—the merciless harrying of anyone both addicted and prominent which passed, in recent times, for "enforcement" of the dope laws—and in her later years even the artist in Lady Day failed her.

I cannot claim to know how much of an artist she was. She is judged a true jazz singer—as Ella Fitzgerald, so they say, is not—and yet she seems to me to have had a sound much like Ella's, weak and nasal, best suited to ballads and to a bluesy but not-quite-contingent anguish. There is a caress in Lady's sexiness which does not connect. This disembodied, husky lisp that whines its way around a note and then draws back, as though contact with the listener were itself contaminating, is this art or an ironic joke? Across the gulf that separates us I salute her mocking shadow.

Billie Holiday. The Golden Years. Columbia C3L 21 (3). **Lady Day.** Columbia CL 637. **Billie Holiday.** Commodore FL 30008. **The Billie Holiday Story.** Decca DXB-161 (2). **The Unforgettable Lady Day.** Verve 8338-2 (2). **Billie Holiday.** M-G-M (stereo) E 3764. Also: **Music for Torching.** Verve 8026. **Solitude.** Verve 8074. **Lady Sings the Blues.** Verve 8197. **Stay with Me.** Verve 8302. **All or Nothing at All.** Verve 8329. **The Essential Billie Holiday.** Verve V-8410.